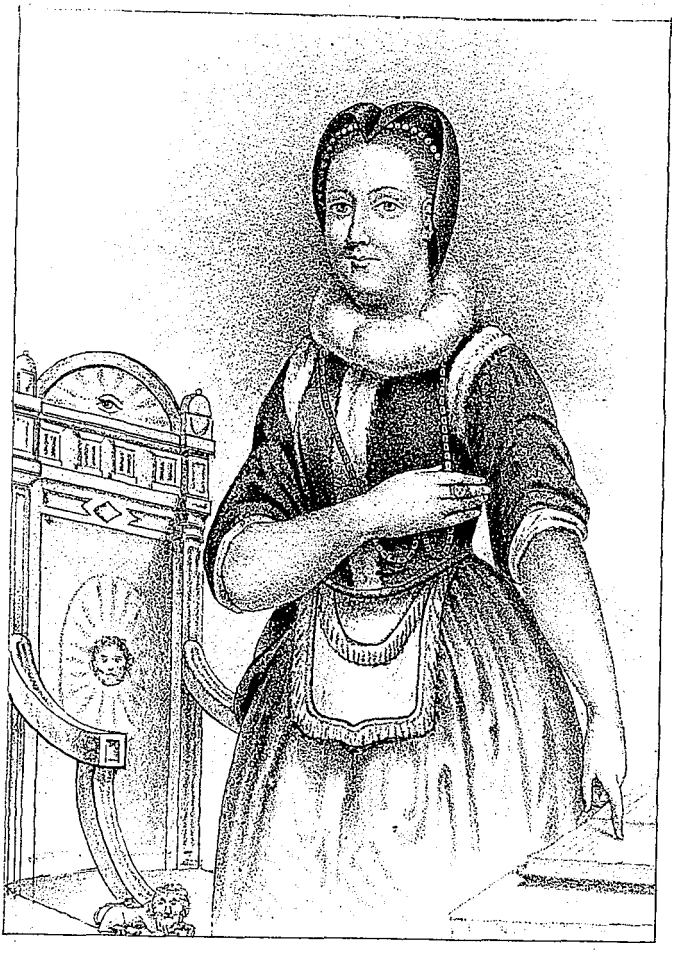


THE KENILWORTH.

THE FEMALE FREEMASON.

THE

MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Digest of

FREEMASONRY

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

(SUPPLEMENTAL TO "THE FREEMASON.")

VOL. IV.

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.

1876-7.

TO OUR READERS.

WITH the close of the Fourth Volume, Publisher and Editor beg once more to express their earnest thanks to all who have given to them their friendly countenance, or afforded to them their kindly aid!

In the present state of our monthly literature, and with countless claimants for support, on general and sectional grounds, it is necessarily no easy task to offer to our circle of slowly increasing subscribers a Magazine which will appeal to their sympathies, and invite their perusal. For it must be remembered as a fact, what many Freemasons seem to forget, that if a Serial is to be thoroughly effective and interesting, it must be supported largely, and carried on systematically. We must get our "wares" in the best market, and pay for them accordingly.

Our worthy Publisher, to whom justice ought to be done by our Craft, has continued to carry on the Magazine, in hope of better days and a more numerous subscription list. He still trusts that he may not be disappointed, and that those of us who survive to greet the close of Vol. V., may be able to report that the Magazine has left its abnormal position, and attained the normal condition of all true serial literature—whether Masonic or otherwise—namely a rapidly increasing and remunerative monthly sale.

When that "good time" shall arrive, (let us hope it will,) our Readers will have no cause to complain of the intellectual level or general character of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, which, though they have been successfully maintained in the "years that are past," may yet find, Publisher and Editor venture to believe, more sympathetic approval and hearty appreciation from our numerous and intelligent Craft.

Once more, Publisher and Editor respectfully tender to many kind Patrons and zealous Contributors their most sincere thanks and their most "hearty good wishes."



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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 37.—Vol. IV. JULY, 1876. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

We have not a great deal of Masonic news to mention or comment upon. The Quarterly Communication has past and gone, and, to us, with no satisfactory result.

Bro. John Havers, P.G.W., well-known for his many and great services to our Order for long years, proposed to make a grateful recognition of our cherished Grand Master's safe return home by a grant of £2,000 to the Restoration Funds of St. Paul's and St. Alban's Cathedral. He selected these two special objects because connected with our Masonic annals and because they pointed to the operative and speculative sides of our older Masonic history. This reasonable proposal was met by an appeal "ad hominem" as if it were a sectarian and denominational grant, and by an urgent invocation of that theory of Masonic donation of funds only for Masonic purposes—a rule which, though no doubt true in the main, has its exception, as most rules on earth have. On these two grounds apparently a majority of Grand Lodge rejected the proposal, though a committee, it was agreed, should be appointed to consider in what way such a recognition should be made. We, as we said before, regret the rejection of the original proposition of Bro. Havers, feeling that Grand Lodge has lost a good opportunity, if even it went a little out of its usual routine, of doing a pleasant thing in a graceful way.

Some brethren seemed to be apprehensive that the matter took a denominational form—a very great mistake, as it in no way did; and others took up the old story, that "Charity begins at home."

Anyhow, on one ground or another, a majority objected to the original proposition and supported the amendment, and so "cadit quæstio." We feel that in September it will be all too late to move any further in the matter, and Grand Lodge will probably content itself with recording its grateful recognition of the happy return of our Grand Master to England and the active duties of Freemasonry.

The increase of our Order continues, and we have constantly to report consecrations of New Lodges and Chapters.

We are afraid, however, that there is another side to this pleasing picture—namely, too much of a seeking of Masonic material, respectability and prosperity—for what it can give us, for what we ourselves can obtain from it for ourselves in a darker hour on a rainy day.

SONNET.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

What eye—what least observant eye—but scans
A dark cloud looming in the eastern sky,
Which still appears more ominously nigh;
Yea, half of the wide orient heav'n now spans,
Presaging wrath?—Ye Brother Ottomans
Of the Masonic heav'n compacted tie,
If ye would live, restore full speedily
A land—a sacred land, which is not man's,
But God's—to Brother Hebrew Masons, who
Your surest friends will, in return, be found;
Friends no less mystic-bound to us—to you—
Than by an instinct, shared the whole world round,
'Gainst that bleak realm—that dark, Cimmerian Clime
In which mistaken law,—our Craft's a crime.

A PŒAN.

Sing out the song of gladness, let the glorious pœan swell,
In going round the Circle we have touched the Parallel;
The day the old Sun-worshippers in ages past revered
By stronger ties of sympathy to Masons is endeared:
To-day the craftsmen, who work by Line and Square,
Shall welcome our Grand Master back to England everywhere.

The Beauteous Column stands erect—no work laid out to day,
From labour to refreshment, we the welcome-call obey,
The 'Prentice in the quarry's depths, no Ashlar Rough shall bear,
The Craftsmen lays aside his tools—the Level, Plumb, and Square;
The Master Workmen on the wall, delay the work so grand,
To greet our Royal Brother back from India's Coral Strand.

Throughout the nation far and wide the mystic legions throng,
Firm Champions in the cause of truth, the secret foes of wrong,
Each quiet street echoes with the sound of tramping feet;
They move in mighty concourse through the City's crowded street,
To give a right good hearty cheer when England's heir we greet.

No blood-stained laurels deck the brows of that fraternal band,
No dessolation marks their path, no ruins strew the land;
Their victories are o'er sin and wrong, o'er suffering, want, and pain,
As 'round the crushed and bleeding heart lov's tendrils they entwine,
Those who thus hail the head of the mystic tie, sublime.

Then usher in our gala day with joyousness and mirth,
And swell the grand old chorus, as it circles round the earth,
With kindly words of greeting from the hills down to the sea,
Our hearts are on the level, though our bodies may not be;
Then gathering 'round the festive board, pour forth the generous wine,
And drink a toast in honour of our Chief from India's Clime.

'Tis fitting on a time like this, when brethren are thus met,
To dwell on Themes each Mason loves, and never can forget,
To trace the course of Masonry until it disappears
Amid the ruins of the past, the gathering gloom of years,
Till breaking through the mists of time, it bursts upon our sight,
And pours from Mount Moriah's hill, its blazing stream of light.

Coeval with creation, though its truths illumed the earth,
'Twas in the reign of Solomon, our Order had its birth;
Among the thousands of the Craft, who at the Temple wrought,
It stamped its mighty impress on each action, word, and thought,
Two Temples they were rearing, by the aid of Square and Line,
The Outward and Material, the Inward and Divine.

The one in silent grandeur rose, no ringing sound was heard,
Of axe or other metal tool, nor one discordant word;
In perfect peace and harmony, they plied their cunning art,
The secret tie of Brotherhood, had bound them heart to heart,
And lo' the toiling legions, from the quarry to the hill—
Were moved by its mysterious power, and felt its quickening thrill.

Seven years they wrought with patient toil, and when their work was done,
The Temple with its golden spires, stood glistening in the sun.
Its splendour and magnificence enraptured every gaze,
And filled the thronging multitudes with wonder and amaze,
As Israel's crowning glory, shall its fame for ever last,
And in tradition's whispers, link the present to the past.

The other when the eyes are dim, and
fainter grows each breath,
Approaches its completion, and awaits the
capstone—Death.
If mystic tools and implements, and
symbols pure and bright,
Have served their holy purpose, and have
fashioned it aright;
The Temple of a glorious life, stands
finished and complete,
And in that Foreign country, with the
Builder we shall meet.

The Temple of King Solomon completed
'neath their hands,
The Craft dispersed and wandered forth
through earth's remotest lands,
They heard the Gavel echo, and they
saw the Trowel gleam
Amid Arabia's deserts and by Egypt's
sacred stream.
They crossed the plains of Syria, the
mountains of Judea,
In Asia and in India they were scattered
far and near.

Within the silent wilderness, and on the
desert waste,
The relics of their genius, are amid the
ruins traced,
They reared earth's grandest monuments,
her temples and her fames,
Alas! 'neath times unsparing hand—
scarce one of them remains,
Before the Chaldee's vengeful ire, the
Temple was o'erthrown,
The gorgeous fabric sank to earth—a
shapeless mass of stone.

The Temple made of wood and stone may
may crumble and decay,
But there's a viewless fabric which shall
never fade away,
Age after Age each Mason strives to carry
out the plan,
But still the work's unfinished which those
ancient Three began;
None but immortal eyes may view—com-
plete in all its parts,
The Temple formed of living stones, the
structure made of hearts.

Although the Craft for centuries is often
lost to view
Within the darkest ages, they were stead-
fast, firm, and true;
Despite the dungeon and the rack, relent-
ness bigots failed
To penetrate the mystery with which our
truths were veiled,
Within the hidden caves of earth, secure
from lurking foes,
The hallowed lights still burned undimmed,
the clouds of incense rose.

'Neath every form of government, in every
age and clime,
Amid the world's convulsions, and the
ghastly wrecks of time,
While Empires rise in splendour, and are
conquered and o'erthrown,
And cities crumble in the dust, their very
sites unknown,
Beneath the sunny smile of peace, the
threatening frown of strife,
Lo! Masonry has stood unmoved, with
age renewed her life.

She claims her votaries in all climes, for
none are under ban,
Who place implicit trust in God, and love
their fellow man,
The heart that shares another's woe, beats
just as warm and true
Within the breast of Christian, or Mahom-
medan, or Jew.
She levels all distinctions, from the highest
to the least,
The King must yield obedience to the
peasant in the east.

When troubles come, as come they must,
and fortune wears a frown,
The cruel world will shun a man, the
moment he his down,
Behold the Mason's hand outstretched, his
eyes with tears are wet,
He'll lift him to his feet again, he is a
brother yet,
The Mason finds what'er his lot, where'er
his footsteps roam,
In every clime a brother, and in every
land a home.

Though countless rights and mysteries have
sought to sway mankind,
To make their impress on the heart, or
captivate the mind,
Yet Masonry survives them all, the un-
distinguished crowd,
She saw them in her swaddling-clothes,
and in their burial stroud.
The new-born truths they fain would teach,
and which they build upon,
Where scattered rays from Masonry—the
blazing central sun.

Let those who rail at secrecy, pray tell us
what is life,
The greatest mystery yet unsolved, although
with theories rife,
Why God, the mighty builder, veils his
purposes from view,
Why nature teems with labyrinths, we
grope and wander through,
God's hallowed truths, to us revealed—the
basis of our art,
Are hidden from the vulgar gaze, and
graven on the heart.

The Temple of the Universe, which God
himself hath made,
With what a grand mosaic is its beauteous
pavement laid,
Tall mountains with cloud-chapiters, the
fabric rests upon,
Roofed with the blue ethereal sky, illumined
by the sun;
'Mid songs of birds and murmuring streams,
and thunders deep and loud,
The novice makes his progress from the
cradle to the shroud.

What honoured names on history's page
o'er whose brave deeds we pore,
Have knelt before our sacred shrine, and
trod the checkered floor,
Kings, princes, statesmen, heroes, bards,
who squared their actions true,
Betwen the Pillars of the Porch, they pass
in strong review.
O Brothers! what a glorious thought for
us to dwell upon,
The mystic tie which binds our hearts,
binds that of England's Son.

Although our past achievements, we with
conscious pride review,
As long as there's Rough Ashlars, there is
work for us to do,
We still must shape the living stones with
instruments of love,
For the eternal mansion in the Paradise
above,
Toiled as we've toiled in ages past, to
carry out the plan—
'Tis this: the Fatherhood of God, the
Brotherhood of Man.

BRO. BEST.

MAY, 1876

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

II. CREATION AND RECREATION.

(Continued from page 502.)

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."
"A cheerful countenance is a token of a heart that is in prosperity."

WORK having been established as the normal condition of man, it follows that in order that this condition may be fulfilled to the greatest possible extent, he must use his best endeavours to keep himself fitted for his task.

No machine will do its work properly, unless it be kept in good running order, and to this end wherever there is waste there must be immediate repair; and, if true economy be studied, such waste will be, as far as possible, prevented.

Now man, as a worker, is but a machine, and the waste caused by the friction of the wear and tear of brain or body, as the case may be, must be repaired by stated intervals of rest; such friction of wear and tear being reduced at the outset to a minimum by the oiling process of recreation. Which recreation, giving time as it does, either by the diversion of mental or muscular force into other than the wonted direction, or by the calling into play other qualities of mind or muscle, and thus giving rest to those in use in the more wonted or serious business of life—work—affords these an opportunity of self-renewal and repair, and thus gives reality to the term, and constitutes it in very truth—re-creation.

With regard to rest, be it mental or be it bodily, it is idle to suppose that all that is needful is afforded to a working-man in the hours allotted to sleep, be they ever so ample. Sleep, it is true, relaxes the muscle, and so rests the work-wearied limbs, and even by its temporarily benumbing influence, affords repose to the over-tasked brain. But something more than this is needed. Continued friction will wear out at last even the smoothest working bearing, and no amount of mere standing still will repair these gradual ravages of friction. Still oiling will delay its effects to an indefinite time; how to extend this delaying process to the longest possible period is the

desideratum sought by the experienced mechanician; and so, how to apply this process to the machine here in question—the working-man—is the purpose of the present investigation.

In days gone by, our forefathers, putting into practise the dictum of our wise Grand Master—"to everything there is a season"—divided the twenty-four hours into three equal parts, one portion for work, a second for sleep, and a third for meals and recreation; and this, even in these days of high-pressure, seems to be the best and most natural division. Ask the real son of toil, the man whose time is his money, one to whom "the hope of reward sweetens labour," that is one who is paid by the results of his work—the quantity he does, and not by time—a collier for instance—and he will tell you that he cannot well do more than nine hours' work at a stretch, and that he would be better in all respects for one hour less. At the very outset, then, in the division of time, we should do well to go back to the ways of our ancestors, who, 'though they marked their hours by the waning candle, were far too wise to burn it at both ends.

We do not, of course, here mean to say that an inflexible rule can be laid down for all occupations alike, but we do assert, and that without fear of contradiction, that the hours of work at the present day, are far too long either to keep the machine in good running order—that is to preserve the worker in health, or to return a good staple product—that is to yield an adequate quality of work for the time and material consumed in its production. Thus then these long hours are profitless, alike to employer and employed. The employer sees, perhaps, his hands busy for longer periods at a stretch, but then what a listless perfunctory service it is: the employed gets, maybe, greater present wage, for longer hours of toil, but how useless this is in the long-run; with the greater amount of reward comes a lessened period of its continuance, for a speedy break-down of constitution is the inevitable result. Would it not be far better for all parties concerned to shorten the hours of service, with a distinct understanding that every moment of each and all of them were to be utilised to the full?

In offices, and still more in banks, the rule is short hours, but those fully occupied; why should not this principal be extended to trades in general?

An objector may possibly say that customers cannot make it convenient to come during these shortened hours—to which we simply reply, nonsense, it is only that they will not, so long as the more lengthened opportunity is afforded them. It is definitely known that unless customers attend a bank between certain well-known hours, they cannot get their business done, and so they make it their business to go between those hours. Most assuredly the result would be the same at the shops of the retail trader, if the same rule were in force. But, our supposed objector might here urge again, this may be all very well with those who can afford to keep banking accounts, that is with the well-to-do, but how about the poor, with whom every minute means bread: to which we merely point as answer to the savings-bank, the place of business of the poor, where the hours are most limited of all; besides, if their hours of labour were shortened too, as we propose, for we have no class-interest at heart, they would be on precisely the same footing that they are now.

It is the public, then, with whom the matter really rests, and to whom the appeal must be mainly addressed. Only within the last few years many a change for the better has been made; the witty, but kindly "Punch," following the lead of the gifted and feeling poet Hood, has appealed, and by no means in vain, to our fair readers on behalf of their poorer sisters; and, only recently, a worthy member of our national legislature has procured for brain-workers directly, and indirectly as a natural consequence for all classes of the community, the inestimable boon of occasional whole-day intervals of rest and recreation. But, although these are steps in the right direction, enough has not as yet been done, and if a thoughtless public will not bring about a better state of things by curtailing the hours of business where they are unnecessarily long, the legislature must take the matter up, and guard alike employers and employed, from such a prodigal and useless expenditure of their powers of production. It has done this already to a great extent in the case of factory hands, but why should the one who

makes the article be tenderly guarded from the evils of overwork, whilst the seller of it must be up early and late, not to meet a necessity or suit a real convenience, but only to humour the foolish caprice and to foster the indifferent carelessness of the purchaser? Depend upon it that more real business would be done in the shorter time allotted to it, and would prove as profitable to the master, as beneficial to the servant, for short hours promote a rapid business-like way of getting through work, and are thus, in the long run, as conducive to the interest of the employer as they are to the health of the employed.

In the second place there is another consideration why the whole of a man's working hours should not be passed behind the counter or in the confines of the shop, dawdling through an amount of work that would be far better done if compressed into some hours less time; namely, if a man be thus occupied from the moment of rising, to the moment of retiring to rest, where is an opportunity afforded him for the cultivation of his mental faculties? Where his time for recreation?

Granted, for a moment, that the workman is regarded as the mere machine of his employer. Granted that he must squeeze out of his machine all the work he can, yet if the machine is to run properly it must have oil and sometimes repair. So, too, if the man is to work well he must have his times of rest, and his hours of recreation:

> "All work and no play,
> Makes Jack a dull boy!"

Listen to the weary soul, sighing out her very life in despairing slavery—

"Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour,
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

And say, gentle reader, *should* this be so.

Listen! yet once more, to her appeal:

"Oh, men, with sisters dear!
Oh, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives
Stitch—Stitch—Stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap."

And say, *shall* this be so.

So much then for the moral force brought to bear by the public; now for the question as between masters and men. Every man, it is true, is in a certain sense a machine, but then this only holds good in the same way of the employed that it does of the employer, when they are together concerned in the production of wealth. Both are equally men, both have souls as well as bodies alike. And now, how does the wise man direct a master to treat the servant that does his duty?

> "If thou have a servant, let him be unto thee as thyself . . . . . set him to work as is fit for him . . . . . but be not excessive towards any . . . . . Let thy soul love a good servant, and defraud him not of liberty."

Let not masters, then, be too exacting; nor let the public, for that is the gist of the matter, drive them to be so. Give fair day's wage for a fair day's work, expecting, in return, a full day's work for a full day's wage. Fix a fair proportion of the day for work, and insist that during this portion it shall indeed be work. Then give up the remainder to improvement of mind and recreation of body. Found

reading-rooms and institutes; fill the ranks of volunteer corps; build gymnasiums, and use them; establish cricket-clubs; promote all kinds of harmless and healthy amusement. Into these studies and these sports alike enter heartily during the hours freely given up to them, but when work is the order of the day—work! Give, in short, to, work, to play, to rest, each their fair proportion of time, and thus in your periods of Recreation, fit yourselves anew for your hours of Creation.

THE BROKEN TESSERA.

The following most interesting little story has recently appeared in one of our able American contemporaries:

"Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour."

When Philadelphia was about to be evacuated by the British Army, under Sir Henry Clinton, June 18, 1778, there was a merchant, one Hubbard Simpson, largely engaged in the sale of English goods, who had become highly obnoxious to the American residents, for supplying the British commander with mercantile facilities, and with information that had been used to the detriment of the American army.

This man was in high repute with Sir Henry and his immediate predecessor, Lord Howe. From the former he now received a notification in time to enable him to sell his goods and depart under the protection of the British army.

It was not possible, however, to dispose of so large a stock at short notice. To sell upon a credit was impracticable, so far as any of the American merchants were concerned, and as for those in the Tory interest they were not to be trusted. To make a cash sale in the present state of the funds was impossible. Thus Mr. Simpson revolved the matter in his mind till the very day preceding the evacuation. A final notice from Sir Henry found him undecided, sitting in his crowded warehouse, soon to be devoted to spoliation and fire by the incensed Americans.

Now, this man was a member of the Masonic Fraternity. Before the breaking out of strife he had held a distinguished place in the provincial Lodges. Although his understanding of right and wrong, in the present war, differed from that of the majority of his countrymen, yet the most zealous patriot could not accuse him of inconsistency or turpitude. What he had professed to be from his youth—a warm loyalist—he still maintained; and this had led him to adopt the unpopular side in the revolutionary struggle, and to follow the British army, even at the expense of a large portion of his property.

As things now stood he was likly to lose more. Already he had begun to contemplate the idea of throwing open the doors and departing, when a rap was heard without, and, in answer to his invitation, an old friend, Mr. Jonas Lee, entered and asked a conference.

This person, come at so critical a moment, was a person of note in the city—one who had suffered more than most others for his attachment to liberty—and a zealous Mason.

For three years and upward no intercourse had been held between the pair, once fraternally intimate; they had only acknowledged each other's acquaintance by a nod of recognition when they met on the streets.

The object of the present call was stated in a few words.

"My old friend and Brother, I have heard of your approaching danger, and am come to offer you a service. We have taken opposite sides in politics; but you have sustained your choice, like myself, at great sacrifices; and, while I can but regret you are arrayed against our common country, I yet respect your honesty of purpose. Masonry knows no principle but duty, and this is your hour of oppression; therefore am I come. My influence is now in the ascendant, and I hereby offer to you in Brotherly truth. For old time's sake I will take charge of your property, otherwise the spoil of our soldiers, and before to-morrow morning, will sell it for you at the best time and advantage, and hold the proceeds subject to your order."

The grateful merchant was profuse with his thanks.

"None of that, Brother Simpson. My own heart is a sufficient reward. You can say all that when we meet again. Time presses. You are in immediate and great danger."

A clear sale was forthwith made of the whole property, amounting to more than fifty thousand dollars. No documentary evidences relative to the debt were retained by Mr. Simpson. Prudence pointed out this as the only course that promised a successful result.

At parting, while yet the boat was waiting at the pier, and the drums of the American advance guard were sounding in the suburbs of the city, Mr. Simpson took a gold piece from his pocket, broke it in two parts, and handing one to his noble-hearted friend, observed, "you and I used to debate the purpose of the ancient *tessera;* now we will make it a practical question. Whoever presents you with this fragment of gold, to him I authorize you to render up whatever in your hand belongs to me. Farewell."

Years rolled by, and Jonas Lee heard no more from his old friend. With great difficulty, and by the aid of powerful friends at headquarters, he had succeeded in disposing of the property without much loss; and by a judicious use of the money he had become rich. Old age then crept upon him. His daily walks about the city began to be shortened. The almond-tree flourished. The grasshopper began to be a burden. From year to year he drew nearer his own mansion, and finally confined himself within his retired apartment to await the summoner of all flesh.

One day, as he was reclining in the listlessness of old age, with but the word of God and the person of his good wife for companionship, and the voices of his grandchildren ringing from the next room in happy harmony, he was accosted by a beggarly-looking young man, who prayed a gift of money "for a poor shipwrecked foreigner, who had lost his all and barely escaped with life itself."

Jonas Lee was not a person to refuse such a demand. He made him a bountiful gift of money, clothes, and kind words. But when the foreigner was about to depart, he walked up to Mr. Lee's couch, and, pressing his hand with thankfulness, he dropped into it a worn and ragged piece of metal, and asked him if he would accept that piece of gold as a token of a poor beggar's gratitude? There was something peculiar in the foreigner's tone, which led Mr. Lee to draw out his spectacles and examine the offering intently. What was the surprise of his wife to see him rise from his chair, draw a similar fragment from his bosom, where it had been suspended by a ribbon for a long time, and applying the pieces together, to hear him triumphantly declare: "They fit! they fit! The broken *tessera* is complete! the union is perfect! Thank God, thank God, my Brother is yet alive!"

The foreigner turned out to be the youngest son of Mr. Simpson, who had been shipwrecked, as he stated, to the great hazard of his life. Preserving the golden fragment, he had landed at Philadelphia, ragged and poor, charged by his father with a message to Mr. Lee. Why the former had so longed delayed his claim does not appear. The history informs us, however, that he followed the British army through the rest of the war, and amassed a large fortune by some successful government contracts; gone to England; embarked *in some extensive speculations* there, and finally, retiring from business immensely wealthy, was made a baronet for his loyal services.

His son was received with open arms, and introduced into the best circles of Philadelphia. The report concerning the Masonic part of the transaction became public, and gave a new impetus to the Order.

But when a full account of his stewardship was prepared by Mr. Lee, and the property, both principle and interest, tendered to the young man, the proffer was met by a letter from Sir Hubbard Simpson just received, in which he declined receiveing a shilling of it, and presented it with his warmest regards to his old friend and Brother, Jonas Lee.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Fast Young Ladies.

I CONFESS that I write this paper with some little fear, and no little pain. My own idea of women is in itself a very high one, and I greatly object to see the halo of romance and of "sentiment" which ever surrounds them, according to my view, brought down to the material forms and

matter-of-fact reality, the prosaic utterances of this "grossier" and uneasy generation. It is a remarkable fact in the history of the world, and of man, that the very moment woman becomes the plaything or the inferior creature, there immediately sets in personal demoralisation and national degradation, the recklessness of unclean living, and the saddest phasis of debasing civilization. Woman was given to be the help-meet for man; not the slave or the puppet, the jest or scorn, and whenever men forget that truth, and take away from woman her earthly mission, or her divine characteristic, so to say, there and then we pave the way both for the hurt of society, and the degradation of the "homo," man. Hence it becomes a very melancholy fact to note and to feel that we have arrived at such a point in the progress of our own artificial social life to-day and the normal condition of society, that we have to recognise as a very striking feature of the times in which we live, of the manners which hem us in on every side, of the women whom we know and value, and worship and worry, and bless and bore, and cruelly ill-treat, and often savagely beat, by the way, in our great English amenity; that "some" are "fast," not as opposed to slow, but "fast" absolutely "per se." What, then, does "fast" mean? This euphonious epithet would simply convey the quality of rapidity, so to say—would imply that certain young women, tired perhaps of the rules of a cold conventionality, and not afraid of "Mrs. Grundy," like to get the "bit between their teeth," to do just as they choose, without regard to the mind or morals, or anything else you like, of a decent but less go-ahead society.

Fastness may, I think, be also described as excess in various ways—excessive love of dress, excessive independence of thought, excessive freedom of speech, excessive liberty of action! Seeing the change which has come over society, and to which a distinguished judge warningly alluded the other day, we are often tempted, like the "old French Commandeur," to cry out, "Mais ou allons nous?"

It is rather difficult to say, as the Irishman answered, who was asked where the road ended, "Bedad," says he, "it has so many turnings that niver a bit of an ind will you ever come to." Of course he was wrong, as the old proverb is still true, "It's a long lane that has no ending." Then, though perhaps it's not much use prosing on the subject—or heaping up the agony, for the evil, such as it is, like the Gaul is at our gates, the practical question appears to be, how best shall we deal with, how best shall we amend, how best shall we put an end to what so many loudly deplore and eloquently denounce?

What is the truest and safest method of removing altogether this plague spot—if it be a plague spot—from civilized life, from our homes and hearths, from that domestic existence, which all true Englishmen so greatly value and so manfully praise? Now I do not take, for one, so serious a view of the situation as some people do. In the first place the proportion of this "growing evil," as it is termed by some, is, in my opinion, a good deal exaggerated, and the "fastness" of our young women is only a "vertigo," as I regard it, which, like other fashionable maladies, from time to time affect society and our individual life. As I have often before remarked in these papers, every departing generation looks on the young one treading on its heels, as lax and light, as flippant and forward, as degenerate and disobedient in comparison with itself, and we are all of us, more or less, fond of croaking and making things out worse than they really are. Still there are, I fear we must conscientiously admit, fast young ladies in these our days, and "fast young ladies," (though ours, I may observe, is not the only generation in which fast young ladies have appeared,) and we must therefore seek to deal with the question as it comes before us so constantly, is so dinned into our ears, is before our very eyes, and is so loudly and emphatically condemned as one of the great drawbacks of our existing civilization. First of all let us keep before us this undoubted fact, that fast young women, after all, are the excrescences, not the natural products, of social and domestic life. They are the parasites which protrude themselves in luxuriant growth, not the real and valuable and well-grown trees!

Now, fastness assumes various features, and indulges in various gyrations amongst us. We have the fast young lady in dress, in language, in habits, and in opinions.

The fast young lady in dress and appearance too often cuts her hair short round her forehead, as if a stable-boy had held a circular basin over the "caput" and the old family coachman had clipped it as only coachmen can clip hair. And though I admit freely that such a style often adds "piquancy" to laughing faces and bright eyes, yet I must fairly say I can't abide it. Neither do I like the frizzy style, or the French poodle fashion, nor the hair turned back over the head, nor the "Postillon de Longumeau" "chic," and one hardly knows what or next. Of course, it is a very difficult thing for any gentleman to profess to decide how a woman should wear her hair, but all fashions based on some vitiated taste of the day are to be greatly deprecated, in my opinion. I like, as an old staff officer said the other day, to see a girl "neat about the head," and, while nothing so much adds to the appearance of our young women as hair well and becomingly arranged, so nothing takes away so much from their "tout en semble" as untidy hair, uncared-for hair, or hair crimped or frizzed, or "bedevilled, sir," as my gallant friend so pointedly observed.

Then, as to dress, they say our girls dress too high and too low all at the same time. I do not believe it as a rule. It is, if anything, the token of an older generation, which still will be young, despite years and wrinkles, and "Time's withering hand." Extravagance in dress is an old cry, and one which I have heard all my life, and under this head, despite, no doubt, much of much foolish expenditure, it is the few not the many who err. But one thing I do abominate, and that is the "peg-tops," and the "springs," and the "Grecian bend," and "female doubling-up," and that ungraceful walk which pull-backs, or peg-tops, are giving to our lithe, active, handsome English girls! The best defence I ever heard of "peg-tops" was from a young lady, who said that they "kept her feet dry, and that before she wore them she was always catching cold." O, fair Jesuit! There are fast young women in language! I confess that I do not believe that under this head there is much harm to be found, or much blame to be awarded after all. I admit when a young lady tells you confidentially that "we put on our nose-bags at two," thereby inviting you to luncheon, or that she means to "wire-in into the phiz," or that she intends to "rub it in well into her pater and mater," one regrets the perversity of language, and wishes both for a more feminine and classical utterance. But all this is, after all, only a passing folly, and one that is sure to wear itself out. Ethel, so fast and noisy to-day, will soon settle down into a sleek and decorous young married woman, and so let us laugh at this "rococo" language of young women to-day, as knowing that their hearts, after all, "by the mass, are in the trim," and that theirs is only a little exuberance of frolic, and that they certainly mean no harm. I confess, though I may be wrong, that I prefer Ethel's scampering lingo to Mrs. Manfuddle's choice outpourings, who, if report be true, is a bad-tempered old cat, and has been heard using expletives to her patient maid.

Then we have the fast young women as to habits and manners. They are generally, as they say, given to the "stable," and talk knowingly of horses in "horsey" vernacular, and speak of Dick, and Kit, and Ben, and Watty familiarly. These young paragons wear the colours of of the "animals" they have backed for a "pot;" and they make bets at the Derby and Oaks, and Goodwood and Ascot, and have regular little "Books." They have been known to smoke "cigarettes," and to say that "girls can take care of themselves," and that "they don't want 'chaperons,'" nor do they mind what other people say." Let all such be warned affectionately in time. They are treading on very slippery ground, rather dangerous ground; for nothing in this world has so tended to confound the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice, as that very affectation of despising the opinion of others. After all, public opinion, if somewhat apt to be extravagant at times, is a great moral restraint, and a good moral restraint on us all alike—a valuable social strainer, and regulator, and ventilator; and all who perversely set themselves against the "dicta" of society's recognized code of what is, and what is not, "pour les mœurs," in my opinion, act very foolishly and very wrongly—I don't care who they be. I hope all my young lady readers will not be angry if a very old boy says to

them, with all interest and kindness, "Remember nothing is or can be right which is diametrically opposed to the common sense view of the world; even in little things —above all, in all things moral —that which which is antagonistic to the normal dictates of prudence, propriety, self-respect, and self-elevation, is itself a snare and a pitfall for weak wills and wavering resolutions. All society, all customs, all ways of living, all habits of thought are bad which ever lead any one to forget that modesty, and gentleness, and purity, and simplicity, and amiability, and true-heartedness are the most comely graces of a woman.

And then there are those who are fast in their opinions and speech; outspoken in words, somewhat free perhaps.

Well, the miasma of Rationalism and Scepticism, if it has infected the young men, has not so far, thank God, at all really affected our women, and therefore we should make allowance, as it seems to me, for honest utterance and independence of thought, and liberty of discussion, so long as that comeliest attribute of woman—her reliant, trusting, reverential spirit remains unscathed and unalloyed. At any rate I, for one, prefer the free, bold views of Minnie and Gerty to the sanctimonious theories of that old impostor, Mrs. Dufferly, or the whining rhodomontades of Mrs. Duberly. If Minnie is a little bold, and Gerty a little reckless after all not much harm is done; and I have always liked (and always shall like) the free outspoken sentiments of honesty and sincerity, even if a little "exaltés" to the cold sycophancy of polished heartlessness, and the worldly indifference of dilapidated Epicureanism. And then when I remember that, after all, these very girls so decried, so well-abused, so hastily condemned, are those ever prompt to help in every good work around us; that they fill our churches, work in our schools, labour in our districts, and toil often in our sisterhoods, hospitals, and refuges, why should we do them the injustice, I ask, as to say, or even to suppose, that after all this outer display of Life's Vanity Fair is anything more than on the surface? Like all epidemics it will have its way—run its course—and then disappear into the thin air! So you see that I have come back to where I began, and that the result of my treatise is that our girls are not so bad by a long way as they seem to be, and often make themselves out to be. Indeed, I fancy that they are a good deal better actually often than those good old females who are so fond of pulling them to pieces, and, as they say, making them keep their proper places. When the old generation—of which I am one—is in its grave others will arise, no doubt, to complain, "How fast our girls are become!" Nay, those very laughing girls we see to-day with their clipped rats' tails, and patches of hay on their heads, and peg-tops, &c., will talk in heartrending accents to well got-up old beaux and shaky male friends—How dreadfully fast their Lotties, and Violets, and Amys, and Nellies are becoming! So runs the world away, my masters and my mistresses, and so it will always run until the end comes, when its painted show, and idle follies, and vain conceits have vanished never to return, when the "day dawns and the shadows flee away."

A WORD FOR OUR BOYS.

READING in the last issue of the MASONIC MAGAZINE "Our Young Women" it appeared to me "Cælebs," in writing up our young women, rather strongly wrote down (perhaps unintentionally) our young men. Now, although I agree with nearly all "Cælebs" says in his extremely well-written article, I can scarcely hold with some of his ideas of our young men; for, he seems to me, to dwell too much on the worst and too little on the best side of their characters. We can scarcely judge of a young man leading an idle life, and who has never had occasion to call out his best energies, until the actual time comes for him to put them forth—I use the the words "young man" advisedly, as, doubtless, it is seldom a man or woman lives many years before they have occasion for showing what metal they are formed of. We may instance numberless brilliant examples in officers of our own British army, showing the change which can be made in mens lives when they are required to come

out of a listless life; in those who lead—or rather, who used to lead—in the ordinary course of events, when not on active or foreign service, so indolent a life, except for sporting and other pleasures, called by some frivolous amusements, but still requiring nerve and judgment. But can it be said that hunting in the midland counties, where a quick eye and a ready hand is ever required to save many a cropper, and a long, hard day's shooting does not help to turn out the British officer the man he is? And we see often the dandy officer of the ball-room turn out a man of steel, and ready to bear all hardships with the merest private, and lead his men to the deadliest charge, when required, with that gallant "esprit de corps" so especially shown in our own army? Although I have taken the case of an officer, I only put forth that as an instance; for the same amount of gallantry—or call it what you will—is to be seen in all classes of society; which, I think, shows our present race of young men not to be quite so degenerate as "Cælebs" would represent, and consequently not so much beneath the clever and sparkling young women with whom they are to spend their lives. Granted, that very many young ladies are very pleasant, entertaining, and instructive companions; yet, I think it will be admitted, some few (say very, very few) are rather bores, and Charley and Harry are occasionally only too glad to get away from a "quiet evening and a little music" and have a cigar or hand of whist at their club, where there is less restraint. I do not allude to a class of men whose ideas do not go beyond smoking and drinking, and whose natural instinct seems always of a vicious nature and without one elevating thought, these I turn over to the tender mercies of "Cælebs," let him deal with them as he lists, and crush them without mercy, it is but their dessert; but let us hope they are, as we wish them to be, in the minority. I think we may take the great increase in all athletic sports, and the zest with which they are followed, as a good sign of our times, and as an index to the improvement of our young men. What is more likely to follow a strong, healthy body than a healthy mind? and the well-braced arm which can pull over a four-mile course at racing pace is not less likely to have a weak head on its shoulders than the weed with weak eyes and green spectacles who loafs about with a book constantly under his arm, and looking like a sapient blockhead—but *perhaps* in reality is a very clever young man. It is also a great evil of the present age in many men to ape an amount of fastness they do not possess, and to be more ashamed of owning to a good action than any amount of folly. We see this from boys at school upwards, who so often try to show themselves up in an exaggerated form of abandon, which, if analysed, would be found only in its mildest form. Men are not always so fortunate as they might be in the matrimonial venture. Tom, for instance, is expected to fall in love with Bella "because the estates join." Well, who is to blame for this? But Bella is in many cases more likely to be ready to ratify the treaty of her sapient parents than Tom; who, as a rich man, has plenty of girls to fall in love with him, or his estate. Thus, he is apt to look upon Bella—if the marriage takes place—as a creature of her parents, and she then looses cast in his eyes. Again, a rich man may overhear the remark from his true-love, as Hugh Chalcot did, "I do not care for the man, but he is so awfully rich." Well, this of course is pleasant, and calculated to raise the moral tone of our young men; even less than the ever-present match-making mamma, who is the bugbear of so many men of property. Again, how many young men are there in the present day with small incomes who would be only too glad to marry and settle down in a quiet way with the girl of their choice, but which said girl has Dress, House, Horses, Carriages, &c., in her mind; and he who would devote his life to her might as well sigh for the moon.

Can we wonder, then, that we have many specimens in the present day of fast young men, and that many are supercilious and vain—fond of club life (where, at least, everything is a reality), and seek amusements in which the opposite sex take no part; but with all this let us be thankful that in all classes may still be found—not always on the surface, in many cases a long way down, but still there—that almost priceless pearl—the *heart* and *feelings* of a true English Gentleman. R.

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SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

ON ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY, JUNE, 1876.

Now Summer's ray hath 'woke—all nature 'woke—
And blooms each tree in its full leafy pride;
While fleecy clouds and streams more cheery glide.
'Tis John the Baptist's day—here, 'neath this oak,
One asks me why his special smile invoke
As on this day? his baptism was full wide;
Yet did but serve as a great watery guide
To a more hopeful, a more easy yoke
Than erst prevail'd—'twas to prepare love's way
In each estrangèd, each divided breast;
And like vast ocean's all commingling sway,
To ev'ry land and ev'ry clime, unblest
With love, its mystic paths more ready make
To speed the joy, of which we now partake.

TRIADS IN MASONRY.

WE take this interesting paper, as we think it worth reproduction, from our able contemporary the "Philadelphia Keystone:"

Freemasonry is full of triads. It has three degrees, three Grand Masters, three chief officers, three knocks, three jewels, three working tools, three steps, three members as the minimum of a Lodge, and many others. These usages have come down to us from the remotest times, and of themselves are marks of the antiquity of the Craft. In the earliest ages of the world of which we have any history the number three had a mysterious significance.

In the beginning God devoted three days to the architecture of the earth, and three to the creation of its occupants, and the light-bearers in the heavens. He first built, and then furnished our glorious mansion, and each in a triad of days.

The principle of triads runs through all mythology, prevades every form of ancient worship, and is well worthy of study.

The Trinity of the heathen Mystics consisted of the male and female principles, and the sun, forming their magic triangle. Layard tells us the equilateral triangle was the symbol of the Babylonian trinity.

Egyptian worship was always in triads. On the wonderful temple-island of Philæ, in the Nile, Isis, Osiris and Horus were the sacred three, and the interior of the great Temple is filled with their annals. And each district had its favourite trinity of gods, to whom the people paid reverence. The Egyptian priests were taught to believe in but one God, but this belief was only imparted secretly to initiates in the Mysteries, while the profane world were invariably polytheists.

The land of Egypt was actually divided by the number three, one-third being owned by the priests, one-third by the king, and one-third by the soldiers. An analogous division obtained, centuries after, in Peru, where the Inca owned one-third, the Church one-third, while the people tilled, but did not own, the remaining third. Plato, the greatest name in philosophy, taught that one beneficent Deity rules the universe, and that He is triune in nature, with love as His chief attribute.

Triads appear, too, in the earliest known languages. In the Semetic tongues, spoken by the Assyrians, Babylonians, Phœnicians, Jews, and Arabs, the root-words, with rarely an exception, consist of three consonants, so that their most fundamental characteristic is the tri-literality of their roots.

The idea of a Deity three in one, is, according to Gladstone, found in Homer. And Fort tells us that the numeral three is a substantial norm in Teutonic mythology. The Scandinavians related that the world was supported by the ash tree Yggdrasil, which sprang from three roots. Three gods ruled in their celestial system, Odin, Thor, and Frey. To decend from things celestial to those terrestial, the Laplanders, and most of the northern nations, are in the habit of using a cord tied with three magical knots for raising the wind. During the Middle Ages three judges were required to be present in order to hold a court of justice, and each judge sat upon a chair

that had three legs. An analogy to the three judges we find in the three principal officers of a Masonic Lodge necessary to be present to open it. An old German regulation prescribed that three members made a guild. In Norway possession of a dwelling was symbolically delivered by cutting three chips from the door-post and giving them to the purchaser. Service of a legal writ was made by the officer cutting three times into the door post of the party served and placing the summons over the transom. The Welsh Bards denominated their poetical histories triads, and recorded all of their facts in groups of threes. The Grecian goddess, Hecate, reputed to have been a mysterious deity, had a triple form, and was hence named Triformis, and she ruled ever the three periods of human existence—birth, life, and death, and the three parts of creation—heaven, earth, and the under-world. The first three of the seven liberal arts and sciences fostered by Freemasonry, were also scholastically termed the *Trivium*, viz., grammar, rhetoric, and logic.

Any reference to triads would be incomplete without a mention of the tripod, or three-legged stool, on which ancient prophetesses and wonder-workers sat while exercising their office, and, in this connection, we may mention that editors are always supposed to sit on a tripod when they fulminate those leaders that startle the world. Hurrah for the tripod, or rather, to adopt the form of the triad in giving expression to the thought, three cheers for the tripod.

But we have traced enough analogies to prove the universal adoption and force of the triad. In heaven and earth, among gods and men, three is matchless as a number. But in Freemasonry we are most interested in its application, and how numerous they are. Who can forget the three degrees he has received, or the three pillars of wisdom, strength, and beauty, represented by the Master, Senior, and Junior Wardens? or that supremely beautiful illustration of the number three, "Seek and ye shall find; ask and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you." The words, taken from our First Great Light in Masonry, not only exemplify the introduction of the candidate to the Brethren, but also as well the whole future course of his life. Every Freemason who continues to ask and seek knowledge, that is "more Light" in Masonry, finds and receives it, and no portal of truth remains closed against his earnest knock. Let us highly esteem Freemasonry, the science and the sacred three. Like the three magi, or wise men, it has come from the East to enlighten the world. The cathedral of Cologne vainly boasts of possessing the bodies of these magi, and a monument is there erected to their memory, whence they are denominated the "three kings of Cologne." Among our German Brethren of the Continent this legend is preserved in the Craft. However it is no legend, but historic truth, that Freemasonry was the first conservator of science and theology. All of the great philosophers of antiquity were members of the Mystic Fraternity of their time. which is in the line of ascent of our Craft, and taught therein the truth of religion, and the most advanced secular learning. We have reason to believe that Freemasonry existed in the beginning and middle, as it will to the end of the world—a triad that covers all time. The past has been, the present is, and the future will be ours.

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* 508.)

THE third Minute Book of this old Lodge commences with a list of the members in 1786 and 7—and the account of their quarterly subscriptions, from which it would appear that they were all free from arrears—with only a single exception, and that brother only owed for one quarter. We rather fancy there are a great many Lodges now-a-days would be glad to report so satisfactory a state of their financial condition. It may perhaps be of interest

to give the names of the brethren who were members at this time, at all events to the Freemasons in the Province of Suffolk.

There were 31 in all, but one, Bro. Dagueville, we think the name is, appears to have resigned; and their names occur in the following order:

John Spooner; Robert Manning; William Lane, Senr., who is called throughout the records the Operative Mason; Samuel Ribbans, Robert Tovell, John Blomfield, James Woolward, John Humphry, Thomas Askew, Benjamin Huggins, Joseph Scholding, Joseph Dobnam, William Lane Junr., Thomas Smith, Inn-holder; Robert Turner, Robert Coles, Robert Cole, Robert Worth, John Ripshaw, John Gooding, William Morriss, Thomas Smith, William P. Johnstone, Hugh Dyer, Richard Smith, Benjamin Dikes, William Marmall, Richard Lewis, Philip Hunt, Thomas Hinsby, William Churchman. In the list of members for the following year we find the name of William Middleton, Esq., no doubt this is the gentleman mentioned in our last paper as one of the candidates for the Prov. Grand Mastership of Suffolk.* Bro. Middleton's name with the affix carefully given, appears in 1789, and 1790, and 1791, as still belonging to the Lodge. And in the last-named year occur the names of James Devereux, C. Metralcourt, George Marven, and George Jermyn, all well sounding names, but who the owners were we are not now able to ascertain.

Under date December 27th, 1786, St. John's Day, we find the following minute: "Last Lodge night a motion being made by *several* brethren" (a new idea by the way) "and it was unanimously agreed to that every member of this Lodge being absent from dinner on either of ye Festivals of St. John, to forfeit 1s. to ye fund of this Lodge"—from which it would appear that at this time both Festivals were kept.

The Summer Festival, now known as the Feast of Roses, is evidently the outcome of this old custom, though it is not now held on the Saint's day. Neither is the Winter Festival kept on the 27th December; but whenever the Lodge happens to meet during that month, and the W.M. Elect is installed—and it is worthy of consideration whether a return to the old custom of a century ago—is not desirable, and the Lodge might attend divine worship as it did sometimes then, and celebrate the Festivals afterwards.

Amongst the other Officers at this time we note a Senior and Junior Steward—and we think it best to call attention to this fact—for these Officers are not now appointed in this Lodge we believe, nor in many others, which we think is a great mistake; their duties are to look after the brethren at refreshment under the guidence of the M.C., and they should see that the banquet is properly served, that the waiters do their duty, and the guests paid due attention to. In the "Freemason's Manual," an American work of some reputation, amongst other duties attached to their office, the Deacons are required to examine and *welcome* visiting brethren, and the Stewards are to provide refreshments and make a regular report of the expense to the Treasurer, also to see that the regalia of the Lodge are in good order and always ready for use.

On appointment to office, the following is the address made to them by the Installing Master in America:

"Brothers—You are appointed Stewards of this Lodge. The duties of your office are to assist in the collection of dues and subscriptions; to keep an account of the Lodge expenses; to see that the tables are properly furnished at refreshment, and that every Brother is suitably provided for; and generally to assist the Deacons and other Officers in performing their duties. Your regular and early attendance will afford the best proof of your zeal and attachment to the Lodge." From this it is apparent that the Office is by no means considered unimportant, and the appointment of junior members to fulfil its functions will only the better prepare for other and more onerous duties.

On February 11th, 1787, a Lodge was convened at the "Sun" in order to join in procession to attend the funeral of Bro. Fenton, a member of the Perfect Friendship Lodge. The following Lodge night a pedestal, cushion, and stool were ordered for the use of this Lodge, and they were accordingly provided at a cost of £2 13s. 11d. by the meeting of the Lodge held in May,

* He afterwards became P.G.M. as will be seen further on.

when also a motion was made that a small subscription should be made towards the expense of the Burial of Bro. Thomas Colman, who was unfortunately drowned—which was done. One is always glad to come across these little evidences of the benevolent character of our Order. Mere names are nothing, and one can get but little idea of the status of the Lodge unless one knows the social standing of its members.

One night we find a brandy merchant proposed, on another an exciseman is admitted, and he soon after proposes another officer of that much maligned body. At the June meeting, 1788, Bro. William Middleton, Esq., was proposed by Bro. Ribbans as a member of this Lodge, and his admission money, 10s., was paid into the hands of the Treasurer. Bro. Middleton's attendance at the Lodge has been before noted.

In February, 1789, William Wade, Clerk to the Collector of Excise, was proposed—and was admitted in March.

We are glad to notice a pencil note "free" against the names of visiting Brothers about this date, 1789. Mr. Thomas Wright, carpenter, of Copdock, Suffolk, was proposed at the meeting in December, which shows how various were the callings of the members of the Lodge at this time; we very much doubt whether a carpenter would have much chance of admission now. On the 2nd March, 1790, we find Bro. Russell of the Philanthropic Lodge, Long Melford, Suffolk, a visitor of the Lodge. This Lodge is not now in existance, at all events it is not in the Cosmopolitan Calendar; but perhaps our courteous friend, Bro. the Rev. C. J. Martyn, Past Grand Chaplain, the present Rector of Long Melford, could inform us.

The following Lodge night a visiting Brother from St. John's Lodge was present—but which of the St. John's we do not know.

Amongst the members present on the 5th October, 1790, we find the name of William Middleton, Esq., P.G.M. for the County, but there is no record as to when or where he was installed—except the note below. It is a curious fact that the present justly-esteemed and very popular P.G.M., Lord Waveney is also a member of this Lodge.

The next Lodge night, the 2nd November, the following Minute occurs: "It was this evening proposed, and unanimously agreed, that a Lodge be convened for all the members of the Lodge that choose *to pass the chair*; and those absent, to be summoned for that purpose on Wednesday, the 3rd inst.; and it is further unanimously agreed that the tickets of admission on the day of Installation (sic) of Bro. Middleton shall be 10s. 6d. each." Accordingly on the following night we find that no less than 12 brethren passed the chair. Probably this was done to qualify them to attend the Installation of Bro. Middleton, as only W.M.'s, P.M.'s, and actual Wardens have a vote and seat in P.G.L. Allusion has before been made to this custom of giving brethren the rank of P.M., who never were Installed Masters, and there is therefore now no occasion to refer to a most objectionable practice, now happily obsolete.

At a meeting, held December 7th, amongst the disbursements, we notice one that would strike our London brethren—"Paid to a Blue-coat Boy 1s". The Blue-coat Boy alluded to, however, was not one from the famous Christ's Hospital in London, but the little old building known as Christ's Hospital at Ipswich, founded we believe in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But why the boy got 1s., and what he had to do with the Freemasons, we cannot tell. On St. John's day of this year, a watchmaker, stationer, "gent," and upolsterer (sic) were proposed for initiation, and in the following March we find a wheelwright initiated.

The provincial clothing, we fancy, must have been a very different sort of thing to what it is now, when a full suit costs six or eight guineas, especially if got up in Bro. Kenning's best style. Under date April 5, 1791 we find—

"To two Provincial Aprons, 3s. 6d. each, 7s."

We very much doubt whether a Prov. Grand Officer could be found now, who would condescend to wear a 3s. 6d. apron. On the 16th March, 1791, a general Lodge was convened at the "White Lion," St. Mary, Stoke, Ipswich "to attend ye funeral duties of Bro. T. Askew, in the churchyard of St. Mary, Stoke." Twenty brethren were present from the British Union, twelve from the Perfect Friendship Lodge, and

five visitors. On the 30th of the same month we find that a General Lodge was held at the "Golden Lion," to attend the funeral duties of Bro. P. Hunt, who was also buried at St. Mary, Stoke, Ipswich. Eighteen members of the British Union were present, 13 of the Perfect Friendship, and 7 visitors.

In the Ancient and Accepted Rite abroad, as no doubt many of the readers of the "MASONIC MAGAZINE" are aware, what are called Funeral or Sorrow Lodges are always held, and in that valuable work, the "Monitor of the Ancient and Accepted Rite," by Bro E. T. Carson 32°, we find an account of the grade in which these ceremonies are performed.

The degree is called Perfect Master, the fifth grade of the A. and A. Rite, and the second of the Ineffable series. Bro. Carson says: "This grade was originally established as a grateful tribute of respect to the memory of a departed worthy brother." Its ritual and lectures furnish many interesting details of the mode of his interment, and the honours paid to his memory. The ceremonies are gloomy and funereal, and well calculated to fill the mind with solemn thoughts. In this grade are held the Lodge of Sorrow, and are performed the funeral ceremonies of any brother of the sublime degrees. The Lodge is hung with green tapestry on eight white columns, four in each side, at equal distances. It is illuminated by sixteen lights, four in each cardinal point. *

In Scotland, we see by the "Freemason" as well as in America, Sorrow Lodges are frequently held. In this country, however, we rarely or never read of such a thing in the "Freemason," not even in the A. and A. Rite, which seems curious. The reason is probably because so few Masons are buried as Masons. In the United States, a great parade is made of Masonry—not so, however, in England. Except under very extraordinary circumstances, such as the Installation of the Prince of Wales, or the annual meeting of the Prov Grand Lodge, in our various Provinces—the Masons in England rarely appear in public at all, and as the Constitutions only allow of a Masonic Funeral at the express desire of the deceased brother made (publicly, we believe) before his death, of course the occasions are few and far between, when Sorrow Lodge could appropriately be held, except by brethren of the high degrees, who are few in number —not more, we suppose, than a twentieth part of the Craft.

To return, however, to the Minutes of the British Union Lodge—we find an interesting one under date May 3rd, 1791:

"This evening a motion was made by W.S.W., in full Lodge assembled, to send to the Royal Cumberland or Freemason's Schools ye sum of £1 1s., and £1 1s. towards ye expenditure of the new Regalia, which is now fitting out at ye Grand Lodge, in honour of ye Prince of Wales, Grand Master of England. Ye above was seconded by ye R.W.M. and J.W., and unanimously agreed to by ye brethren present." Now that we have another Prince of Wales Grand Master, it is worth while considering whether the Masons of England could not do something to celebrate his accession to office, and at the present moment when we are writing* to make a thank-offering for his happy return to his native shores after a journey, not lacking in peril to himself, to our great Indian Empire. A gift of £500 or £1000 to the fund for the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral would be a most appropriate recognition of the care of the G.A.O.T.U., and a tribute to the memory of a former Grand Master, Sir Christopher Wren, the Architect of that stately edifice — *Verbum Sap.* At the Lodge meeting, August 2nd, 1791, we find the Lodge was visited by Bro. Bazil Hown, or Heron, D.P.G.M., who appears to have been accompanied by Bros. J. R. Willett, P. G., Treasurer, and J. Thompson M.D., P.G.S.W.; the P.G.M. Bro. Middleton was also present. We venture to think that if all Prov. Grand Masters made it a point of visiting every Lodge in their province, where it is a small one, once a year, and where the province is large, as in E and W. Lancashire, once in every two or three years, it would tend to uniformity of working—would bring them face to face with the real working Masons, and not merely the ornamental ones (like ourselves, we fancy hearing some of our good brothers

* The French say sixty-four,—16 in each corner of the Lodge.

* April, 1876.

say), and the result would be, a better selection of Provincial Grand Officers, than is now often made—the doing away of many abuses that now exist, and it would prevent much of that heart-burning and petty jealousy, which unhappily have an existence even amongst Masons. It often happens, however, that the P.G.M. is a nobleman, whose political or other public duties prevent his paying that attention to the duties of his high office which his station demands. In such cases we submit he should appoint as his deputy. an energetic brother of good social standing—a long purse and much leisure. Such men, and they are to be found, we are persuaded in every province, might worthily fulfil the duties delegated to them, to the advancement of Masonry in general, and their own provinces in particular. In September, 1791, it was found that the present expenditure was greater than the finances would allow, and the quarterly subscription was accordingly raised from 4*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*, a rather large increase. Two brethren resigned in consequence, but the great majority of the brethren appear to have been in favour of the change.

James Norford, a visiting brother from the Royal Edwin Lodge, Bury St. Edmunds, was present at the December meeting. This Lodge, like the rest mentioned before, appears to have gone the way of all flesh ; but when it became extinct we do not know.

So ends the third volume of the Old Minutes. The books are in bad condition, pages are cut out, and scarcely a leaf is whole. The Minutes are put in in the baldest possible way ; but still we think we have found a little to interest the brethren of the mystic tie as to what occurred in our lodges, and what manner of men composed them, from the middle to the end of the eighteenth century.

Since writing the above, Grand Lodge has refused to subscribe to the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral and St. Alban's Cathedral, on the motion of our distinguished Bro. John Havers ; so much the worse for Grand Lodge, but we will hope that this decision is not final.

(To be continued.)

AN ITALIAN COUNT.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

(From Appleton's Journal.)

PART II.

(Continued from page 504.)

"FROM that moment the leader of the band treated me with additional respect. There were two other ladies, but they abandoned themselves to despair, and continued to sit and cry, and wring their hands, but all that was lost upon our brave banditti—what did they care for sobs and tears? I did try to infuse a little courage into the poor souls, but they seemed to take a sort of comfort in their misery, and no doubt consider me to this day a heartless monster.

"The leader was a tall, and, under other circumstances, I might have called him a particularly handsome man. From the first he treated me with much consideration. Besides having the advantage of speaking the language, I had the audacity to brand the outrage as it deserved, and I do believe the fellow liked me the better for my assurance. I shall never forget his face—it was that of a hero of romance. There was a peculiar scar over his right eye, which gave it the appearance of being double-lidded, but did not at all detract from his good looks ; another scar divided his chin, as if it were cleft by a deep dimple, only the healed, white flesh was plainly visible. He was really so grand-looking a man, with a countenance changing with every phase of feeling, that, had I met him as an ordinary acquaintance, or a high dignitary, I might have been very favourably impressed. Don't laugh, Jack, when I tell you that he actually laid siege to my heart up there in the mountains, and put me in such terror that I told him I was a married lady. And, further, Jack, it was one of our old comicalities that aided me in this deception ; for I never shall forget when I had my birthday party, Miss Susy, that dreadful great-aunt of mine, made us both jump over a broomstick, and declared that we were man and wife. I was only thirteen, and you were fifteen, and don't you remember how I cried about it?"

"Complimentary to me," said Jack, with a grimace.

"Oh, but, Jack, we were much too good

friends ever to get married," she responded, with such inimitable voice and honest manner that he burst into a laugh, in which she joined.

"Never mind," she added, still laughing. "My noble robber ceased his gallantries in a degree, and after a while I learned that his grace, elegance, and dignity, covered a heartless, selfish, utterly cruel, and murderous character. However, they gave us a good supper of roast-venison and fruits. There were no potatoes, but plenty of hard bread and good butter—cakes and honey came afterward. My chief did the honours of the table, which was a flat, projecting rock, covered with a rich crimson cloth, which I suspect had once covered the graceful shoulders of some rich captive.

"The smooth tongue of our treacherous captor did not blind me to the danger of our situation. We had not been brought to this depôt of murder and plunder for the mere pleasure of the enjoyment of our company. They don't stop travelling carriages on stormy nights among the mountains for purposes of friendship or conviviality. You may suppose I did not sleep at all that night. An old-fashioned clock, such as are used in many of the inns in that country, struck the hours upon my waiting ears till morning. The bandits had dispersed in clefts of the cavern. I could hear the rain dripping from the rocks. Here and there a torch flared dismally in the gloom, only making the thick darkness above, and the strange, picturesque perspective below, more ghastly and phantasmal. My couch was composed of beautiful leopard skins, and formed a luxurious resting-place, but I was so much occupied in watching the shadow-like spectres that flitted along the granite walls and niches that I could think of little else. I felt sure that every precaution had been taken to guard the cave, and did not, therefore, make any effort for our release.

"The next day passed gloomily. Early in the morning the bandits left the cave, and we were cared for by four or five dark Italian women, so throughly destitute of beauty that I ventured to imagine them male robbers dressed in female garments. Several of them bore marks of great brutality of treatment. I asked one of them how she had lost so many fingers. She answered me nothing, but, as you will hear, have since learned the reason.

"The band came in again at the close of the day. They talked a great deal, and seemed angrily disputing. They brought no prisoners. Not long after that the chief of the bandits came toward where I sat, and threw himself on a heap of skins near me. He required of me the names of the people I knew in Naples and other cities in which we had sojourned. Two of them were rich bankers. I saw his eye glisten as he wrote them down in his tablets.

"'It is customary,' he said, 'and I tell you this because I appreciate your extraordinary courage, to send to the friends of the prisoners some token or other memento that will appeal to their humanity; in other words,' he added, with a sarcastic smile, 'their pockets. For instance, last month I had a very pretty countess here, and I sent her seal-ring and one earring, with a very small clipping of the ear attached—nothing that would disfigure her permanently, upon my honour,' he said, seeing the shudder which I could not conceal. 'Sometimes I sent a batch of pretty ringlets; it is only occasionally I remove the finger with the ring.'

"'You are a monster!' said I, feeling it impossible to restrain my indignation. Would you believe it? He laughed and looked pleased.

"'Now I was thinking,' he went on, 'in case your brother were to be represented—'

"'Don't touch him!' I exclaimed, forgetting everything in this new terror; 'he is ill and feeble, it might kill him. If it must be, and you thirst for blood, I can better part with my whole hand then he with a finger.' I held out my hand and he had the audacity to press his hateful lips upon it.

"'I admire you more for your courage than your beauty,' he said, and then I thought I had cause for trembling. I shall never forget his look, or my inward terror. Instantly I snatched my crucifix.

"'For the sake of God!' I cried, and thrust it close to his eyes, 'Let us go!'" He started and crossed himself violently. His eyes alarmed me with their fire, which did not seem vindictive. He evidently relented, whatever his purpose might have been, and declared that I should not be harmed. All he wished from me was a letter

written from his dictation; and as for my brother—bah! it was easy enough to procure a finger or two without injury to us.

The cold, almost polished brutality of the man made my blood run fire, but I concealed my aversion and wrote the letter to his satisfaction.

"'Signora,' said he, 'pardon me for saluting your hand; you would rule well.' With these words he left."

Jack thought at that moment it would be no hard task to kiss her hand, she looked so beautiful, so spirited.

"On the third day we were blindfolded, and marched for hours over the strange, rocky road. On each side of me was a brigand. Then we were seated, threatened that if we removed our bandages we should die. There was a long silence, then a loud, clear whistle, and presently the sound of horses' hoofs. How long we sat there before the bandages were pulled from our eyes I had no means of knowing—probably from three to five hours. Of course we were ransomed and at liberty, and now you have the true story."

Miss Louwin drew a long breath and shivered a little. "It don't sound much in the telling," she added, laughing nervously, "but really I can give you no idea how very dreadful it was."

"Almost equal to an Indian fight," said Jack.

"No, not quite so bad, for sometimes the brigands are merciful. And I could account afterward for the mutilation of the poor women. A finger was actually sent to our friends, purporting to be Hod's—the heartless wretches!"

A servant entered bearing cards on a silver tray, and a note, which Miss Louwin asked permission to read. Looking up a moment after—

"An invitation from Fanny herself," she said brightly. "Miss Regis receives on Wednesday evening. I am to bring a cavalier. Horace is away, Jack"—and her dimbles were bewitching at that moment—"take pity on my unprotected state—be my most devoted for that one night, I am dying to wear my Paris sea-green, made by Worth himself; and then you know the pleasure of escorting *me*. We shall be the lion and lioness of the evening. Isn't that tempting?" Her eyes danced with mischief.

For a moment Jack wavered; then he entered into the spirit of the thing, still wondering why he had never before admired the peculiar graces and loveliness of his old friend and former playmate. She was witty, handsome, rich and distinguished. Jack waked suddenly up to the fact that he should enjoy himself remarkably in her company, at the same time that he should not feel compelled to pay her strictly lover-like attentions. Her story had imparted a new charm to their friendship. Jack thought of her all the way home, and was continually making comparisons between her and his unfaithful love. She had suddenly become of new importance; her unromantic friendship seemed strange to him in the light of this late experience. Fanny was pretty, but beside this woman, with her expressive eyes and her hair almost black, Fanny's blond beauty seemed quite insipid. He began to think of the count with complacency. He could also recall Fanny in her pale blues and pinks without internal sighs. That night he dreamed that Fanny brought him a covered basket; out of the basket flew a bird with a bright plumage, and lo! when he had secured it after some trouble, it turned into pretty Miss Louwin.

Punctually at half-past nine Miss Louwin entered the handsome parlours of Papa Regis, leaning on Jack's arm. Her first exclamation on meeting him had been:

"Jack, how well you look!" and he longed to tell her that she was absolutely radiant in her dainty laces and delicate shades of colour.

"You don't know how proud I am of our friendship," she said, later. "It proves that a man and a woman may be really attached to each other without any of the sentimentalities of love."

Jack shrugged his shoulders. A queer sensation travelled electrically from nerve to nerve. "Good heavens!" he thought, "am I really going to be so foolish as to fall in love with an old friend?"

"Are you not in the least romantic, then?" he asked.

"What a question! Romantic? yes. No girl in her teens can beat me at castle-building. Jack"—and the sweet face grew thoughtful—"I am growing old."

"Very," said Jack demurely. "I feel aged myself."

"Oh, twenty-nine is not old for a man, but twenty-seven for a woman! Dear me, Mrs. Regis has on a new wig, and—oh, Jack!"

He looked round at her startled cry. She hung almost a dead weight on his arm, and seemed to breathe with difficulty.

"What shall I do? Where shall I take you?" he asked quickly.

"Some seat, Jack. I never fainted in my life, and"—giving a little gasp—"I won't now! There, I'm better—only I should like to sit down." He led her into a little side-room, quite empty.

"Only not to see *him!* Oh!"—she averted her face. Was Jack jealous? There was a sort of fierce feeling toward the unknown *him.* "Come closer, Jack; let me whisper—that horrible brigand—the chief of them all—he was talking with Nelly De Mot. Good Heavens! what does it mean? I am not mistaken—it was he"

"Talking with Miss De Mott! Why, Miss Louwin, that was Fanny's count! Good heavens! and you are sure?"

"Let me have only a moment's speech with him—nay, only let me meet him face to face. I will not flinch; but you'll see he will. Why, of course, it is he; double eyelid, cleft chin, and all. Oh, Jack! dear Jack! Fanny is saved to you, after all."

Jack bit his lip.

"We won't talk of Fanny," he said, dubiously, his pulse fluttering, his heart beating, with a new, strange sensation, as violent as it was for the moment entrancing. "But about this count——"

"Count!" she said, with sarcastic emphasis. "Yes; he may be a count, but I know him for one of the most terrible of the Italian banditti. Rich, is he? Yes; I shouldn' wonder. He has plundered enough to be the possessor of millions. Count, indeed! Won't Fanny be ashamed of herself now? No doubt her heart is as much yours as ever; she was only taken by the title. I'm so glad for you!"

"Thank you, Miss Louwin," said Jack stiffly; "only allow me to add that you flatter me by the acuteness of your penetration."

She looked at him with wider opened eyes, then her glance fell, and a quick crimson overspread her cheeks. She had read something in the eyes that looked in hers. She was startled, astonished, overwhelmed, unmasked. She had made him her idol all along, and didn't know it till that moment revealed the knowledge to her.

"*You* were my little sweetheart once," Jack murmured, in accents almost inaudible, "but, by heaven! I never knew what love was—till to-night."

"Oh Jack—and Fanny——"

"Fanny may—find another count," he said with vehemence. "She has proved herself selfish and soulless, and the man who wins her may wear her, and welcome. She is shut out of my heart for ever—and, Bessy," he added "you are shut in. May I keep you there?"

She looked up with swimming eyes and quivering lip. It was a peculiar sacred moment to her, having just discovered where her own heart had been all these years.

"Oh, Jack, if you had married Fanny, I should never have known—but now, now! No, no! I could'nt spare you to Fanny now."

"Then we will go together and see his banditship," said Jack, passing her arm through his. "I am curious to know what he will do first."

The count has just brought an ice for Miss Fanny, and was making his way toward her with great dexterity, when his eyes fell upon Miss Louwin, whose remark, addressed in his own language to Jack, had arrested his attention. At sight of her he started, his hand described a rotary motion, and a part of the cream fell on his scrupulously smooth and delicate shirt-front. He stepped back a pace, as well as he could, and seemed endeavouring to hide his agitation.

"Signor, we have met before," said Miss Louwin, fastening her eyes upon him. "You were then in the character of a host who compels his guests. I hope you left your comrades well."

The man turned white to his very lips. There was clearly no escape for him, as he had recognised the woman who had been his prisoner. He did, however, make a showy denial, but it was too late.

"You evidently mistake me for some one else," he said, with recovered dignity,

and hastened forward with the ice. That was the last ever seen in society of the brilliant Italian count. The matter got noised abroad, though, for Fanny's sake her father kept it out of the newspapers. It was subsequently ascertained that the man was a count, the representative of an old family, but had become so impoverished by his vices that he took to the life of a *mountain-outlaw.* And he had filled his empty coffers successfully, for he was rich enough to satisfy even the greed for pleasure of a New York belle. It is probable that he will always regret his leniency toward his captivating captive.

Fanny did not mourn violently or long. Naturally, after a season, she tried all her faded little acts upon Jack again, nor did she cease to exercise her blandishments until she received the cards for a wedding.

As for Bessy Louwin, the herione of the past, she was the prettiest and the happiest bride the sun has smiled upon this many a day.

WHISTLE DOWN THE BRAKES.

BY B. B. FRENCH.

(*From Loomis' Journal*)

When we hear the young apprentice
Who has only pipp'd the shell,
Grandiloquently striving
Of Masonry to tell—
Giving his elder brethren
A touch of knowledge vast!
We whistle down the brakes, boys,
He's moving on to fast!

When we see the young-made Master
Oft rising on the floor,
When with words—but not with wisdom—
His shallow mind runs o'er,
We wish some one a whisper
Into his ear would cast—
"O, whistle down the brakes, boys,
You're moving on too fast!"

When with erring footsteps onward
We behold a brother move,
Whom in our hearts we've cherished
With an ocean vast of love—
When we know he has forgotten,
In his cups, the sacred past—
We cry, "Whistle down the brakes, boys,
He's moving on too fast!"

All along the world's broad-guage road
We're rushing toward the tomb—
Look ahead, the track's encumbered,
O'er the future hangs a gloom;
Stop the train—a switch is open!
The Whistle shrieks its blast—
Down! down! hard down the brakes, boys,
We're moving on too fast!

When with Truth's banners flying
We sweep toward life's goal,
Our locomotive Virtue,
Fired with Religion's coal—
Relieving the afflicted,
Raising the downward cast—
O, whistle UP the brakes, boys,
We cannot move too fast!

ZOROASTRIANISM AND FREE-MASONRY.

PART I.

WE take the following, by special request, from a new Bombay Masonic Magazine, under the editorship of Bro. Trant, to which we wish all possible prosperity. This lecture is an interesting one, as showing how the Parsees look on Freemasony, and we are bound, it seems to us, to allow in the Magazine a full expression of opinion on, and full consideration of, all such subjects:

On Wednesday, the 22nd ult., a very interesting Parsee Masonic meeting was held at the Masonic Hall, Mazagon, under the auspices of Lodge "Rising Star," Lodge "Rising Sun," Lodge "Eastern Star," and Lodge "Cyrus." The object of the meeting was to celebrate the Jamshedi Naoroz Festival. This meeting, which is an annual one, is an occasion of great rejoicing among Zoroastrian brethren. Naoroz literally means a day of great rejoicing, and the day is, in fact, the Parsees' "New Year's Day." The origin of the festival dates from the time of Jamshed, the third king of the Peshdadian dynasty. He was the first who introduced amongst the ancient Persians the principles of civilization and the proper mode of

reckoning time. For some time past the the Parsee Freemasons have held a grand meeting on that Anniversary, and the one just held was equal to any of its predecessors. Amongst those present were—Worshipful Master K. R. Cama, M. C. Murzban, R. C. Bahadurjee., J. D. Wadia, Jamshedjee Cama, formerly a Treasurer of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Scotland, Dr. C. F. Khory, Darashah Dorabjee, Darashah Chichgur, Dr. Atmaram Pandurang, and many other well-known Parsee Masons. The programme of the evening was a very entertaining one,—the principle feature being the following address by Bro. K. R. Cama, who said :

Dear Brethren,—The natives of Bombay, who first bestowed any thought on the subject of Freemasonry, were the Parsees. But a good deal of misconceived and unfounded prejudice against it was entertained and exhibited in the Parsee community, when, more than half a century ago, an earnest spirit of inquiry, regarding the principles of Freemasonry, was first aroused among the foremost and intelligent members of that community; and when a few of advanced views among them were anxiously solicited to ascertain how, in the event of their joining the institution, they and their act would be viewed and received by their co-religionists. This attempt to ascertain the feelings of the people called forth criticisms adverse to the institution, and discouraging to the inquirers. Freemasonry was, in the absence of any correct knowledge about it, denounced to be a Christian institution, as one requiring its initiates to reverence and acknowledge Moses and Jesus as their prophets; and upon this and other misconceptions the aspirants were warned not to join an institution which, it was further alleged, was in several respects at variance with the exact observance of the Zoroastrian faith. The *Bombay Summachar*, the pioneer of the native press, the first vernacular paper that was ever established in Bombay, boldly opened its columns to the discussion of this subject, and freely, and without allowing itself to be daunted by any fear of the invectives of the ignorant and the bigotted of its race, confessed to having an admiration for Freemasonry, and wrote of it in very approving and commendatory terms. The editor, a highly respected and learned Parsee gentleman, was much before his age, and so firmly and sincerely convinced of the holy purposes of our Order, that he boldly ventured to publish his ardent desire to belong to, and to be a member of it. Unfortunately, fifty-three years ago—for it was then that the controversies took place—there was not a single Masonic Lodge in existence in Bombay, nor were there the requisite seven Masons to get up one, to confer the degree on the aspirant, as can be gathered from the reply the editor received from a European Mason, a friend of his, to the effect that there were scarcely to be found more than three Freemasons then in the island. The editor expressed himself much disappointed at this unfortunate circumstance, allowed his ardour to cool down for want of means to satisfy it, and died without succeeding in having his wishes gratified, to see the light for which he was so much and so long anxiously awaiting. But, if we believe in the doctrine of descent from father to son of innate aspirations and desires, his grandson testified to it when he became animated with the same laudable desire; and, fortunately, the times happened to be more favourable for him than they were for his grandfather, and his wishes were destined to be soon fulfilled. Judging from the able and useful career the grandson has led in Freemasonry, and having heard of the many estimable qualities of the heart and mind of the grandfather, we may be permitted to indulge for a moment in fancying Freemasonry in very high repute and great favour among us at this date, if a Parsee of Furdoonjee Murzban's erudition and talents had fifty years ago succeeded in getting himself admitted into our Order. It is indeed interesting to peruse at the present day the arguments of the former age which were levelled against the admission of Zoroastrians into Freemasonry. Our white-bearded and venerated brother C.N. Cama had, in his boyish days, interested himself in these controversies, indicating how early he was predisposed to take part in any inquiries of the kind that were set on foot, and had copied them out himself from the newspapers. I came to know of these discussions of an age anterior to my birth through reading his manuscript copy,

and felt so delighted to learn therefrom that there existed an earnest advocate of our Order in the Zoroastrian community more than fifty years ago, that I caused the old controversies to be printed in a collected form in a pamphlet in the year 1862. I have no doubt you will feel much interested in its perusal. It seems, then, that when English education was so little appreciated as to necessitate it to be gratuitously offered to, and coaxingly thrusted on, the native community, there were only a very few who cared or were able to draw a distinction of meaning between the two English words Masonry and Missionary; apparently both sounded alike to their uneducated ears. The latter word was familiar to them long before; and the former, when it came to be first introduced among them, was naturally, from the similarity of sound, confounded with the latter. Owing to this miscomprehension of terms. Freemasonry was proclaimed and denounced to be at once and associated with, and derived from the Christian religion; and, indeed, an outward colour and semblance was, in their minds, given to that clamour, by it having come to be known that Freemasons of different castes and creeds were generally expected, disregarding their sectarian prejudices, to dine together on the same board. There was an extraordinary prejudice then against Parsees dining with men of other beliefs; a man proved to be guilty of it, was, in fact, socially ostracised. A desire to dine with aliens in religion was seriously taken to amount to a desire to forsake one's own religion, and to give preference to a strange one. Happily, however, with the spread of education, and a better comprehension of the Zoroastrian religion, these prejudices are not now met with, in the intensity of foregone days. Yet one must be very bold to say that they are entirely removed and are now extinct totally. Even at the present day there are not a few among us who, though they fully appreciate and acknowledge the good to be derived from Freemasonry, and express themselves inclined favourably to it, and who, indeed, from their worth and position, would shed lustre on our Order were they to belong to it, yet persistently refrain from joining us, on the plea of conscientious scruples which they say they feel for dining with men of other races and religion. Another objection raised against Freemasonry in the olden days was based upon a misinformation that its votaries, when dead, were subjected to the Masonic funeral rites services, at the deprivation of their own sectarian ones—an acquiescence in which custom was felt to be fatal to a Zoroastrian entering a Masonic Lodge. But, in truth, leaving aside all the vague denunciations hurled against Freemasonry, let us examine in earnestness if there is anything in the principles and constitution of that institution which would reasonably prove to be an obstacle to a Zoroastrian from belonging to it. The main test of union between Freemasons of different colours, creeds, and climes, is their common belief in only one true and living God. Belief in one God implies disbelief in many gods. Belief in the true God implies disbelief in the false gods. Belief in the living God implies disbelief in the inert gods, in idolatry, &c. Believing in only one true and living God, a man of any religion is admissible to be made a Freemason, and, from the moment he is initiated in its mysteries he is a brother to that extent for all the purposes of Freemasonry, although he may not be a brother by consanguinity, nationality, or religious profession. No one, however otherwise qualified by his moral worth, can be accepted in Freemasonry who believes in more than one God or in false gods, or in unliving gods, or in idolatry, &c. But the principal condition above referred to being satisfied, Freemasonry does not care to bind its votaries to any other particular dogma. Every one of its members is free to worship his only one true and living God, after the manner of his people and the injunctions of his religion, and is equally free to believe in any amount of dogmas provided they are not inconsistent, derogatory, or revolting to a profession of belief in one God. Hence a wider union is attained in Freemasonry, extending to professors of all monotheistic religions on the face of the earth, than is possible to be acquired if restricted exclusively among members of any one single religion only. Freemasonry on this principle is of the widest extent, exerting its benign influences over the four quarters of the globe.

The sharp and repelling corners of religious differences are here carefully, and of a deliberate design systematically, overlooked. The consequence is, that, though Freemasonry cannot properly be called a religion, as it wants the two essential elements to make it so, inasmuch as it does not claim to have any particular prophet or any particular volume of the sacred law that can be called its own, yet in a certain sense it can be called a cosmopolitan religion, inasmuch as it embraces within its fold professors of all the monotheistic religions existing on the face of the earth. This is the genuine secret and beauty of our institution. Now, the same conditions which are imperatively necessary for one to become a Freemason, are equally necessary to admit one in Zoroastrianism. It must be remembered that in remote antiquity, when the forefathers of the present Hindoos and Parsees lived together as one race—when, in fact, the division separating Hindoos from Parsees had not yet taken place—the religion of the land was the religion of the race. A change of thought slowly crept in among the advance portion of the nation, and a separation was the consequence. The reformers were called Zoroastrians. They repudiated the national religion; no one was considered of the the reformed party who did not subscribe to the following articles of faith which are to be found in the 12th Ha of the Yacna, and which I hear give rendered into very free English:—"I join in annihilating the worship of Devas (false gods). I profess myself to be a believer in Mazda, (the Omniscient) as taught by Zoroaster. I am opposed to the belief in Devas (false gods). I am a follower of the law of Ahura (the living). All the universe I attribute to the wise and good Ahura Mazda (the living Omniscient), the pure, the majestic, for everything is his, the earth, the starry firmament, &c. I adhere to the development producing wisdom. I keep property (cattle) protected from thieves and robbers. I keep the homes of Mazdayoenians (the reformers, believers in the Omniscient) protected from harm and penury. I do not lend myself to bring harm to them, never even if thereby I were to escape losing my body and life. I repudiate the rule over me of false gods, evil, mischievous, adept in harm, the most disgusting, the most believing, the most pernicious in all existence. I denounce sorcery and all other evil knowledge. I denounce the domination of false gods, of those believing in them, with the sincerity of my thoughts, words, deeds, and tokens. Thus Ahura Mazda has taught Zarathustra in the several conferences that took place between them, and thus Zarathustra has promised Ahura Mazda in all those conferences to disacknowledge polytheism, so have Vistaep Furshostra Jamasp promised to repudiate the sovereignty of false gods, and so do I likewise, I, a believer in Mazda as taught by Zarathustra, disbelieve in the supremacy of false gods." Here is a belief in only one true and living God, and a disbelief in many and false gods, beautifully and pointedly expressed in several ways. Thus far, then, Freemasonry and Zoroastrianism stand on the some platform, and hence there is nothing in Freemasonry which should hinder a subsciber to the above-detailed articles of faith from fraternising with a brother Mason, who also, as is known, is required by the Masonic constitutions to subscribe in the form of a written declaration to just similar articles before he is ballotted, or allowed to enter and put his steps within our precincts. But yet there is another common ground between the two systems which remains to be seen. When Lodge "Rising Star" was first established for the benefit of the natives of India, considering the nature of the numerously different faiths professed by the natives of this country, for whose sole benefit this Lodge was founded, it was deemed absolutely necessary to introduce one more test which would go a good way in clearly establishing what natives were qualified by their religion to be received in that Lodge, and what not. The additional test was proposed to discover and ascertain the religious belief of the aspirant as regards the next world, and hence the question was framed as follows—"Do you believe in a state of rewards and punishment in after life, according to deeds done in the flesh?" This test implicitly indicated, supported by the constitutions, that Freemasonry believed in rewards and punishments in the next world, not according to one's belief in certain dogmas,

but according to one's deeds done in the flesh, and so it was made a *sine quiá non* for all native candidates. Now, this belief is quite consonant with the Zoroastrian notions of rewards and punishments.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OLD FISHER'S TALE.

That's where your brother sank, boy; that's where my son was drowned;
Eight years have passed since then, boy, eight winters have come round.
'Tis sad to think about it, but I can't forget it quite;
No; I can recollect as well as though 'twas but last night.
I'll tell you all I can, boy, as you've ne'er heard before;
I'll try and tell you all, boy, before we get to shore.
You don't know much about it, boy, save bits heard now and then;
It makes me feel so sad, my boy, to talk about our Ben,
For he was such a noble lad—so manly and so brave;
'Tis sad to think that such as he should find a watery grave.
'Twas such a day as this, boy, when last he put to sea;
Yes;—much about this time, boy, that he sailed from the quay;
And we went down to see him start—he smiled and waved his hand;
We watched until his large turned sail was out of sight from land;
And then we strolled along, lad, towards the little bay,
You helped me take my lines up, and stow them all away.
Ah! you were but a baby then, not more than five years old,
But full of fun and courage, lad, and strong as you were bold.
The evening tide came in, my boy, but Ben did not come home;
A breeze sprung up at sunset, lad, that lashed the waves to foam.
We watched out on the tall cliff, your mother, boy, and I;
And marked with failing hearts, boy, the dark and lowering sky.
I watched alone all night, my lad;—I paced both cliff and shore.
At early dawn I heard a shout above the waves wild roar;
I strained my eyes to seaward and saw a struggling form,
Then shouted in return, lad, above the howling storm,
I knew it was my Ben's voice, lad, and and rushed down to beach;
But oh, my son had sunk, boy, far out beyond my reach.
I madly sprang into the surf, but it was all in vain,
He rose but once again, lad, called loud, then sank again.
Next morning from the beach, a wreck, we saw his boat drift by;
The Lord had taken Ben, boy, to be with him on high.

DOUGLAS EDGECUMBE.

FAIRY TALES UTILISED FOR THE NEW GENERATION.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. III.—PUSS IN BOOTS.

WE all of us know the story of "Puss in Boots;" who does not? Even little Kitty says to her big brother, "Henary, dear, read me the story of 'Puz in Boots.'" The old tale pleased us long years ago when we were very little, and full of the golden dreams of youth; it even has a lingering charm for us when maturity has given us something more important to think about, or when old age makes us look back with a sigh on the days that are no more.

Now, I think that we all admire "Puss in Boots" as a very clever, bold, outspoken somewhat determined party. She was evidently, as we say so vulgarly, "up to snuff"—she knew what she was about,—she would not be put upon by any one, not she; and so like people of her "cloth" in this queer world of ours, she got her own way and won the day. Well, I do not wish to linger too long on the actual story of "Puss in Boots," because, though amusing enough at first sight, there is another side to it, and it is just that other side that I am going to dwell on now, for the edification

of all who peruse these lines. Do not suppose, however, that I am going to preach a sermon. A sermon is a very good thing in its way, in its proper place, at its proper season, and it is just possible that the writer of this modest essay may in his time have done such a thing, though with what effect he must leave in that happy phasis of uncertainty, most becoming, both to his own modesty and so serious a subject, not here lightly to be touched upon. All that I wish you to remember, kind readers, is that this is an Essay, not a Sermon! If you want any further definition of distinction you must consult Johnson's Dictionary; but all I can say is an essay is not a sermon, and a sermon is not an essay. I also hope, and shall endeavour, in this humble effort in the "didactic line," as some one says, to give a little good, wholesome, old-fashioned advice to those who are so sagacious as to discern the soundness, and the morality, and the intellectual power, which abound for the intelligent Freemason always in the well-filled pages of Bro. Kenning's Magazine. "Puss in Boots" is, after all, then, not quite the thing—not perfectly satisfactory; for poor puss represents also, I fear, that combination of "brass" and boldness which we sometimes meet with in society, and which, though some may admire, mentor like, I am bound to condemn as well "ore rotundo," as "currente calamo." Somebody has said that ours is a very "cheeky age," and though that somebody is probably, after all, nobody, yet there is some truth, no doubt, in the assertion, as certainly ours is an age which thinks no "small beer" of itself—an age which rather likes apparently to hear its own praises sung—if you may judge by the language of some of the most successful scribblers who have earned its approval, and received its rewards. Cardinal Manning once said that our own age was "one of a flowing tide of generations, neither the wisest nor the best," and in that concise statement in the abstract we may perhaps all agree. But is it not, after all, the fact that in every age men always so talk? Is not this the character we give for the most part of ourselves, and of the age, or the ages, which have preceded us? We are all more or less "laudatores temporis acti," we invest the past with the colouring of romance; so different, we say, from our own prosaic present; and we often boldly contend that other generations seem to be wiser and better than we ourselves are!

Old Johnson, as we know, laughed heartily at Lord Monboddo's "superior savage," and made his lordship very angry; but the old boy was right, as he generally was; for, to say the truth, this is an ancient fallacy which, however, we all seem to like to perpetuate. Each age, remember, is "sui generis," and has its own greatness and littleness, value, and worthlessness—good and evil. I, for one, neither believe that our own age is "wusser" than other ages, or that it is better—more civilized, more anything—than other ages; and, above all, utterly disapprove of the cant with which many noisy professors of something or other, like to indulge in whenever they write about it.

But, to come back to our story. "Puss in Boots" appears to me to be an excellent type of those clever but unprincipled members of society who, wherever they are, vitiate the tone and injure the temper of the hour, who live for No. 1, for material enjoyment, whose motto is, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die," and who are both selfish and slippery, dangerous and defiant all at the same time. We all of us know well, do we not? many a Puss in Boots—clever, cultivated, empressé, agreeable "clairvoyante," and cool—who yet does infinite harm in the society she adorns, in the generation to which she belongs, and who, by the use of chaff or cheek, gets the better of the unwary, and simply shuts up the less unscrupulous. That such a character as "Puss" may have some good qualities in it is not denied; that she gives to society more than she takes from it, may be at once freely conceded. But, what then? It is under the guise of this most artificial character, this painted outside show, that so much evil—yes, moral evil—is persistently done. We are all of us such creatures of conventionality; that for us for the most part success gilds iniquity, and prosperity is the keynote of all our social harmonies. We do not ask what "*Puss in Boots*" *has done*! No, there she is "en evidence" before our very eyes, smiling, serene, well-dressed, agreeable, cultivated, fascinating, and what

matters it to us that poor Puss's antecedents are very questionable, (ask Inspector Grummer), and that her moral propriety of conduct is very much open to doubt. It is a mistake for us to ask for too much, or to look too deeply below the surface of things. Let us regard things as they are—let us be reasonable and practical, and philosophical to boot; and, above all, do not let us forget that good old refrain:

"Take the goods the Gods provide you,
Lovely Thais sits beside you."

Alas! this is the old, old fallacy amid the "fallentis semita vitæ," which has benumbed the consciences of thousands of our kind, and with the art of Mephistophiles has condemned many a Faust, to say nothing of injured Marguerite, to endless sorrow and shame. Yes, disguise it as we may, cover it up as we will with the rank luxuriance of sceptical thought, this world of ours has been given in all its ages, and still is, to shams and to impostors—to the cunning charlatan and the brazen knave. For the world, curiously enough, despite its high moral tone and "pompous preludes," seems rather to like being taken in, and hugs its chains complacently and calmly enough. After all, probably there is, and must be, some pleasure in being deceived, since we all often prefer hypocrisy to sincerity, and treachery to truth! So wags the world away, and in its revolving-cars, like as you may see in some busy fair, the rogue and the honest, the faithful and the betrayer, the kind and the malignant, the good and the bad—all seem to move on pretty much alike around the customary circle! Nemesis no doubt will be here one day an unbidden guest at this Sybarites feast, but we shall most of us be cold in our graves and long forgotten, before this world's blind judgments are overruled, and its unsound decrees reversed. I do not wish however, to be too hard on "Puss in Boots," not only because I do not see why, like Diogenes, I am to keep railing from my tub against all which my fellow bipeds admire, but simply because I fully admit also that "tour les gouts" are "permis," if not "respectables."

Yet, I venture to-day to say, that I, for my part, much prefer in all the concerns and company of life, that modesty which needs no allurements, that truth which never wavers, that purity of purpose, that unselfishness of disposition which make No 1 give way to No. 2, and do not consider it fair, even among "chief friends," to inquire irretrievably your neighbour, simply to gratify your own personal dislikes, or to accommodate your own pressing interests. I fear that, after all is said and done, "Puss in Boots" only represents the earthiness of earth, the worldliness of the world, the lesser and lower if outwardly agreeable characteristics of human nature, and therefore, despite the courage and cleverness, the attractiveness and the address of poor Puss, we should always be on our guard lest we ever forget that all this is only outside show, a skilful varnishing, and that beneath it all, alas, we miss entirely these truer emotions which should control, and those higher aspirations which should elevate this fleeting life of ours. I know many a "Puss in Boots" in society, so do you, whom I think a pleasant companion and an agreeable member of our little circle, not a bad vis à vis, not at all a disagreeable associate à tête à tête; but yet when the music is hushed, the lights have flared out, when the flowers have withered, I feel more than ever how unsafe a companion, how unfit a helpmate for all the cares, and crosses, and troubles, and sorrows, of life.

No, depend upon it, though "Puss in Boots" may be admired by this world for that outward brilliancy and success which often attend on the audacious and unscrupulous, here we should be very much mistaken indeed, if we ever allowed ourselves to think for one moment, that such a state of things could give any of us real happiness, or illuminate for us with any true or abiding light the often dreary pathway of earthly existence. As I do not desire to seem to write too severely or too harshly, so I will only add that, as I have always been taught to look on life as a "real thing," I feel bound to point out to my readers to-day that, though the world has lost none of its fascinations, it has lost neither anything of its short-lived emptiness; and, like a good many other fragile and painted toys, "Puss in Boots" will also in turn pass away like all things here, to point the moral and adorn the tale for all who can think, for all who can discern the the real from the unreal, the true from the false, the good from the evil, amid that

chaos of conflicting doubts and struggles, and fears, and follies, and trickery, and heartlessness, and baseness, which we often conplacencallly "the world." If any one thinks that my colours have been laid on too deeply, or are even too sombre in themselves, let them bear in mind that I am like the aspirant of old, seeking for the "temple of truth," and that while I say all this and seek to limn with faithful brush a veritable picture of all that lies before us, no one more fully admits than I do, that there are two sides to everything, and that, on the contrary, even the world's opinion is, in the long run (though it often takes a long time forming), unfavourable to all that tends to weaken, to betray, to injure, to degrade humanity. Even "Puss in Boots" will never find a niche in its "Walhalla," and will be handed over to that reproving chorus of scorn and contempt which, like the avenging Eumenides of old, seems ever to accompany us all here poor mortals that we be, who play our little part on the shifting stage of human life.

SPRING.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL.

Authoress of "Rhymes and Sketches to Illustrate the Cleveland Dialect," etc.

Fair Nature now is wide awake,
And dons her robe of green;
Flora her offerings now doth bring,
To deck her beauteous queen.

The birds rejoice to see her drest,
And loud their matins sing,
To give a greeting to her charms,
And hail the hopeful Spring.

The Cuckoo now gives forth her note,
And flies from tree to tree;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! she blithely calls,
And fills my heart with glee.

My childhood's days come back again—
She calls to mind the hours
When I with merry children
Went forth to gather flowers.

Again I wander by the brook,
Or climb the moss-grown hill,
And listen to the trickling
Made by the mountain rill.

My hat again is garlanded
With wild flowers of the Spring;
I feel as joyous and as free
As wild birds on the wing.

The dream is o'er, Cuckoo again
Recalls me from the past;
And all the golden days of youth
That were too bright to last.

But still her notes I love to hear,
And still I love the flowers;
And still the Spring hath charms for me,
To cheer life's evening hours.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE EDUCATION OF SOCIETY.

As this paper of our contemporary, *The World*, has been reproduced in *The Times* we also think it well to call the attention of our readers to it here.

The education of society should, it may well be thought, be thorough and complete. Yet, as a matter of fact, it remains pretty well where it has always been. The men and women of the great world neither know more nor less. A certain cant of superiority may vein the conversation of drawing-rooms, and the cant of art is a sort of fashionable epidemic during the exhibition of the Royal Academy; but the basis of solid knowledge upon which that conversation rests has not become deeper or more solid with the supply of the countless new materials of its structure. It is not too much to say that with ninety-nine men out of a hundred no specific addition is made to the facts of what may be called their purely educational knowledge after they leave school or college. In other words, while they are graduating in the world's academy, they do nothing to increase that store of book wisdom of which they may have gained possession when as yet *in statu pupillari*. Their views of literature and history remain to the end of their lives what those views were when they passed the last examination and answered the last question. If they have travelled a good deal, they will have increased their knowledge of geography; if they are unusually observant, they will have acquired some novel ideas on the subject of politics and government. To put it differently, they may amplify indefinitely

their knowledge of nature and of man, but they will not amplify their knowledge of books. This, it may be said, is the highest education, and we have lately been reminded that such it was esteemed by the Greeks. It must be remembered, however that we in these days have a history and literature behind us of some eighteen centuries, which the Greeks had not. Beyond the daily and weekly newspaper, which is skimmed rather than read, the enormous majority of intelligent gentlemen whom one encounters, day by day and hour by hour, absolutely avoid print. Perhaps the best proof of the very slender character of the attainments, and the very limited degree of miscellaneous information, of which the class of whom we now speak can boast, is the admiration invariably excited by the fact of one of their number betraying something that is only a few degrees removed from shere ignorance on questions of art, of history, of literature and science. There never was a time when it was easier for a person ambitious of that renown to purchase the cheap distinction of omniscience among the circle of his club friends. He has but to travel a little, observe a little, catch up a few shibbololteths of artistic criticism, allude now and again to the writers of antiquity and of tne renaissance, and he will quickly come to be pointed out as a monument of universal knowledge. It is true that if he presumes too much upon his reputation he will be avoided as a bore; but then he may have the satisfaction of reflecting that he has for a brief while not ineffectively posed as a prodigy. That the volumes replete with learning and information, with which the press teems find readers is of course true; but with very few exceptions, it is not from the rank and file of society that these readers are taken, while attendance at learned lectures is no more a proof of an enthusiasm for learning, than an attendance at church of an enthusiasm for religion, or the mere circumstance of being an *habitué* of theatres or fine-art galleries implies an acquaintance with the rudiments of dramatic and æsthetic criticism. Mr. Matthew Arnold may inveigh with airy bitterness against the Philistinism of the middle classes of England, but at the present moment these middle classes are the depositaries of no inconsiderable amount of knowledge and culture. It is the wives and daughters of men who are not social stars of the first or even of the second magnitude that are the chief patrons of the literature of the day. In this there is nothing surprising. Society has the highest and most distinguished sanction for the course that it adopts. Criticism of a *menu* and the arrangement of guests round a dinner-table are, in the most illustrious quarters, points of such paramount importance that the mind cannot be distracted from them by any purely literary occupations. Such a confession would not be generally allowed. The polite world may be intellectually naked, but it is more or less anxious to veil its nudity. The appearance of a considerable interest in all matters that appertain to literature, science, and art is still kept up, and there are even ladies of fashion who languidly impress one with the idea that they are positively fond of poetry, just as there are exemplary people who simulate a devotion to the Opera. Feminine hypocrisy is never seen to greater advantage than when subjects of intellectual or semi-intellectual significance are concerned, and the young lady who raves about Mr. Tennyson, or declares that she adores and understands the writings of Mr. Browning in public, devours and appreciates nothing but second-rate romances in private. The real truth is, that, notwithstanding its ostentatiously proclaimed sympathies with the human intellect in all its works and manifestations, its occasional interludes of æsthetic prattle, its *penchant* for old china, pictures and collections of every sort, the lectures which it frequents, and the Bees at which it improves its mind, society in the present day is far too occupied with its distractions and pastimes to care much about its education; and when "Society" talks of topics which involve education, it has abundant reason to be satisfied if it can adroitly conceal its ignorance.

We do not agree with all the writer ingeniously puts forward, but we think it better to let him speak for himself, as, doubtless, his views, ably expressed as they are, will find not a few supporters.

But we always like to hear both sides of a question. There is a great deal in that. People are too fond of hearing one side only.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER IX.

THIRD SERIES OF SYMBOLS.

(*Continued from page 532.*)

"When the temple of Serapis was raised from its foundations, there were found symbols inscribed on stones, called hieroglyphics; of these some were in the form of a cross; and such of the Gentile converts to Christianity as pretended to understand the hieroglyphics; said that it signified the life to come."
SOCRATES.

The explanation of the above emblems appears perfectly reasonable, because it is analogous to the Hermesian system of hieroglyphics, as corrected and explained by the literary investigations, and important discoveries of our own times; but the concluding figure, which is now to come under our consideration, is not quite so easy of interpretation. It is both complicated and indistinct, and offers no certain clue to enable us to form a correct opinion. The circle and San cross are clear enough, but the figure by which they are connected, has, I confess, puzzled me not a little, although the Hermesian symbol for *Government* bears some distant resemblance to a part of it.

It may be an imperfect attempt to unite the vesica piscis with the phallus symbolized by the San cross; the former being the geometrical sign of recognition amongst the epopts of Egypt. This symbol, which was of great importance in every system of Masonry, was formed by the intersection of two circles whose diameters are equal. It was formerly engraven on the tombs of the early Christians, as a fish; in allusion to the three days entombation of Christ, of which the sign of the prophet Jonah was a legitimate type, because a fish had been the tomb of Jonah for the same period; and it was the only sign which Christ deigned to give to the inquisitive Jews. In the above situation the fish was understood to represent the blessed name of Jesus; the initials of Ιγσους Χριστος Θεου Υιος Σωτηρ, forming the word ΙΧΘΥΣ, a fish.

But the fish or vesica piscis has been applied to another purpose in Masonry. It was formerly the emblematical Jewel worn by the stewards, and I have no doubt, considering the nature of their office, that it was adopted in allusion to the fish which St. Peter drew out of the sea for the purpose of providing for the temporal wants of himself and his Master, as the stewards of a lodge provide for those of their brethren. In fact the whole of the Masonic emblems serve to prove that the early Christians introduced many of them into our speculative system. But to return to the subject under our more immediate notice.

The vesica piscis often appears on the Egyptian temples, and especially on the throne of Osiris; referring to the doctrine of the priests on the subject of their trinity; and representing geometrically the birth of Orus, as the son of Osiris and Isis. It constitutes the chief element of the figures seen on the thrones of the Pharaohs, to represent *materially* a knot of love, and *scientifically* the birth of harmony, out of the contending elements of discord. It entered into the design of the structure of the central room in the great pyramid, and was connected with the entire train of Egyptian Masonry* which that pyramid, internally and externally, embodied and comprised.

The symbols before us, however, were evidently intended to refer to physical generation, and in that character were highly venerated by every ancient people as emblems of the Deity or Demiurgus, in his prolific power of producing the fruits of the earth for the benefit of his creatures. But the origin of the phallic worship is attributed to Ham, the Jupiter Hammon of the Egyptians; the base rites of which prostituted religion are, by the just decrees of providence, stamped with that eternal brand of reproach, the hieroglyphic symbol of his crime, which is so well calculated to impress upon the minds of men, and keep alive the memory of that primeval turpitude committed by the most ancient idolator, and the earliest tyrant after the deluge.†

Faber, however, thinks that the phallic orgies were the invention of Melampus, in honour of Bacchus or Noah; and that

* Bardwell. Temples. p. 59.

† Maur. Ind. Aut. vol. ii. p. 167.

Cadmus carried them into Phœnicia, and that the emblems before us were the insignia of the Cabiric deities; and adds, "bene igitur notat Rircherus, ut Hebrœi Baal-Phegor colerent ad sterilitatem avertendam. Hisce præcipuè de causis, sicut Arecæ vulva, ita Noaci phallus erat symbolum; amboque, in nefandis Cabirœorum mysteriis arcanum Bacchi sive Osiridis, regenerationem more quodam umbratili exhibuerunt."*

The symbols themselves was no secret, though their legitimate meaning was known only to the initiated, for they were publicly displayed in the temples, and placed in the grasp of their deities. Nor could there be any mistake about them for they were the same on the shores of the Ganges as on those of the Nile. The phallus of Egypt and Greece corresponded exactly with the lingam of the Indian Brahmins, and is met with in the same abundance on the walls of the cavern, temples, and pagados of Hindoostan as on the massive structures of Egypt. Nor was the emblem esteemed less powerful in one country than in the other. It was worn round the necks of women to make them fruitful; and of children to avert the diseases which infancy is subject to. It was, indeed, an universal amulet.

It is highly probable that these symbols formed the badges which were worn during the celebration of the mysteries of Baal Peor.† Thus in the porticos of Carnac were placed colossal figures 15 feet high; and on the outside were two statues 33 feet high; each with a cross or phallus in his hand, which among the Egyptians was a symbol of fertility. When the temple of Serapis was demolished, several of these emblems were found amongst the ruins; and a learned hierophant who had been converted to Christianity interpreted them to signify the Life to Come. He also told them, according to Sozomen,‡ that an old tradition was in existence, which predicted that when those symbols should be discovered the temple and worship of Serapis should have an end. This symbol was held in such extreme honour that Ptolemy Philadelphus, at one of his magnificent festivals, exhibited a phallus of gold, 120 cubits long and 6 cubits in circumference, richly adorned with golden crowns, and surmounted by a bright star of burnished gold. It was fixed upright to a splendid car, and drawn in procession to receive the homage of the stupefied Egyptians.*

On this hypothesis my conjecture appears to be confirmed by the actual occurence in our Tablet of a triad of these symbolical crosses or phalli, to represent Osiris, Isis, and Orus; one being divested of its upper limb, the others having it placed in two different positions, viz., horizontally and diagonally. These were acknowledged emblems of fertility, and referred to the physical worship of the deity in his creative capacity; a form of devotion which prevailed to a very great extent in Egypt; whence many of their gods are furnished with the cross and circle united.†

This was the Crux anasata, which "Rircher supposes that Hermes received from the patriarchs (before the flood, I presume) by tradition. Of this there can be no proof. Certain it is, however, that by the descendants of the patriarchs after the flood, the figure of a cross was ever esteemed a most sacred sign, whatever may have been its origin or mystery. It occurs among the hieroglyphics of the Brahmins; on the Egyptian obelisks, and has been found on monuments among the ruins of Aeum in Abyssinia.‡

The upper limb of the Hermetic cross, as in the specimen before us, sometimes deviated from the horizontal line in the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Diodorus says the priests bore in their hands a pastoral staff, on the top of which was the figure of a plough; and indeed the representations of a priest bearing this kind of lituus or crosier are of frequent occurrence in the monuments of that country. Spincto gives it in this form ☩;‖ which indeed was

* Fab. Cab. vol. ii. p. 109.

† Numb. xxv. 3. Our translators have rendered the passage, "joined themselves to Baal Peor," but the more correct construction would be, "wore the *badges* of Baal Peor."

‡ l. vii. c. 15.

* Athenæus. l. v. c. 5.

† For many examples of this remarkable fact I would refer the inquisitive reader to "Knight's Pictorial Bible," vol. i. p 444. where he will find representations of the deities grasping this symbol. A copious explanation of the Hermetic Cross may be found in sect. 48. of the Hist.—"Landmarks of Masonry."

‡ Dean. Serpent. p. 138.

‖ See his Tables. iv. fig. 6.

FREEMASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON W.C.

a legitimate Santic cross. The hand-plough was indeed the ancient sceptre of kings, as well as the symbol of authority amongst the priests. Thus Dr. Clark says,* "this curious relic preserves a model of one of the most ancient instruments of agriculture known in the world; the primeval plough of Egypt and of the Eastern world, held in veneration from the earliest ages, and among all nations, considered a sacred symbol, an emblem of power and dignity, a sceptre fit for kings, and even gods to wear, a type of natures bounty, and of peace on earth. To the invention of the plough may be referred all the mysteries of Ceres, and many of the most sacred solemnities, the rites and the festivals of Egypt and Greece."

The Crux Ausata of Hermes is represented by ancient writers, not only as a most sublime hieroglyphic, but also as a mysterious and powerful amulet, endowed with astonishing virtues. It exhibits one of the most complete mathematical figures, "habentem longitudinem atque latitudinen, et quatuor angulos rectos, possessing at once both length and breadth, and having four right angles, at once allusive to the four cardinal points of the world, and typical of the four elements."† This symbol was ultimately used as a letter of the Egyptian alphabet, and called Gaut. It corresponded with the Hebrew Gau, though different in shape; but its mystical signification was the same. The crux ausata was however formed by a combination of the cross and circle, or, as they were considered by the heathen, their two greatest deities, the phallus and the sun; and assumed this form ♀. Ultimately the lunette or rising moon was added to the compound symbol, and completed the hieroglyphic which constituted the true representative of Hermes or Mercury thus, ☿ and to perpetuate the honour which was designed to be conferred on this great benefactor to the human species, he was identified with the planet which revolves nearest the sun.

The Hermetic cross signified also an Ear of Corn, and as corn was one of the productions of Mother Earth, which conferred unbounded blessings on man, the Spica, or Ear, had a phallac reference to Isis, the goddess of reproduction and abundance; as well as to Cueph; and is not only found on coins, engraven in Kircher and Montfaucon, as an hieroglyphic of the deity, but forms the characteristic of many others. And it may be remarked here that at the initiation of an individual, he was usually marked with the cross, in common with any other symbol of the deity, into whose peculiar service he had now formerly enlisted.

The stigma or mark of the newly initiated member of the Dionysiaca, was a sprig of ivy, as the symbol of Bacchus; and it was by this mark that Ptolemy Philopater determined to force upon the Jews in Egypt the acceptance of his religion.* In India criminals were branded with an indelible mark to denote the nature of their crime, one of which was the yoni. The ordinances of Menu prescribe the peculiar mark by which each fault was distinguished. "For drinking spirits, a vintner's flag; for stealing sacred gold, a dog's foot; for murdering a priest, the figure of a headless corpse; &c. And they were condemned to wander over the face of the earth branded with these marks, that they might be deserted by friends, treated by none with kindness, and received by none with respect." With the above interpretation of the symbol before us, the Egyptian Isis may be identified with the Philistine Dagon, which signifies either *fish or corn.* "Hence Philo Byblius, the Greek translator or Sanchoniatho, explains Dagon as being also Siton. Ceres or Isis, or the ark, was the goddess of corn, because she preserved the stock requisite for the sowing of the new world; and as, under the name of Atargatis or Adar, Daga, or Derceto, she was likewise a mermaid; so Noah, or the merman Dagon, was likewise Siton, or the god of corn or agriculture."†

In a word, although the god Dagon is represented in our scriptures as a male, it was depicted at Tyre and Ashdod as a female with the lower part of a fish; and in Syria, as a female throughout; and she was designated by the same symbol as Isis, viz., a lunette.

As Isis and Ceres were the same deity in different nations, so the Hermetic cross

* Clark. Vol. v. p. 296.
† Maur. Ind. Aut. vol. ii. p. 360.

* 2 Mac. vi. 7.
† Faber. Eight Dissertations. vol. ii. p. 184.

was sacred to the Eleusinian goddess—or at least connected with her worship; for adjoining her temple in Arcadia were two gigantic stones, one of which was upright, and the other placed over it horizontally, forming altogether a correct specimen of the San cross. They were called Petroma, and contained an aperture in the upper surface, wherein was deposited a mask shaped like the head of a wolf (loup) which was borne by the aspirant at his initiation.

This ceremony has been adduced as the origin of the name of Lewis, as applied to the son of a master mason, who was sometimes called Loufton, Looton, Loveson, or Loupton; in French, Loveteau. The soul of the perfectly initiated epopt was hence termed *the young wolf* (louveteau-jeune loup.) Macrobious says the ancients observed an affinity between a wolf and the sun, whom the candidate represented when he was performing the circumambulation of the mysteries, from east to west by the south. "At the approach of the wolf," they said, "the flock disperses;" alluding to the stars, the celestial flock, which disappear at the approach of the sun.

The above is the French explanation of the origin and application of the word Lewis. Our explanation is more simple and pleasing. The Lewis, which was allowed a place amongst our emblems about the middle of the last century, is the same given to the son of a Master Mason. In operative architecture it is an instrument used to support heavy weights which are to be raised to the higher parts of a building by being inserted into the surface for the purpose. In like manner when a Master Mason falls into the vale of years he becomes incapable of active exertion, and is supported, succoured, and nourished by his son, the Lewis, who is able and willing to bear in his father's stead the burden and heat of the day.

The analogy holds good in the druidical mythology of our own island. On our ancient British coins we find an Ear of Corn, "which was an attribute of Ceres or Isis, even amongst the Britons; for she is styled by the bards Ogyrven, Amhad, the goddess of various seeds; and we are told that the aragoe chief of the world, or in other words the diluvian patriarch, formed the curvatures of Ryd, which passed the dales of grievous waters, or the deluge, having the fore part stored with corn, and mounted aloft with the connected serpents.

In the mystical process of initiation, the arkite goddess devours the aspirant when he has assumed the form of a *grain of wheat*; and that the aspirant says of himself that he had been a grain of the Arkites, which had grown upon a hill. Hence the priests of this goddess are styled Hotigion—bearers of ears of corn; and it was the office of Aneurin, her distinguished votary, to protect the ear of corn on the height. Thus it appears that this symbol was sacred to the Arkite goddess; or Isis the goddess of the lunette.*

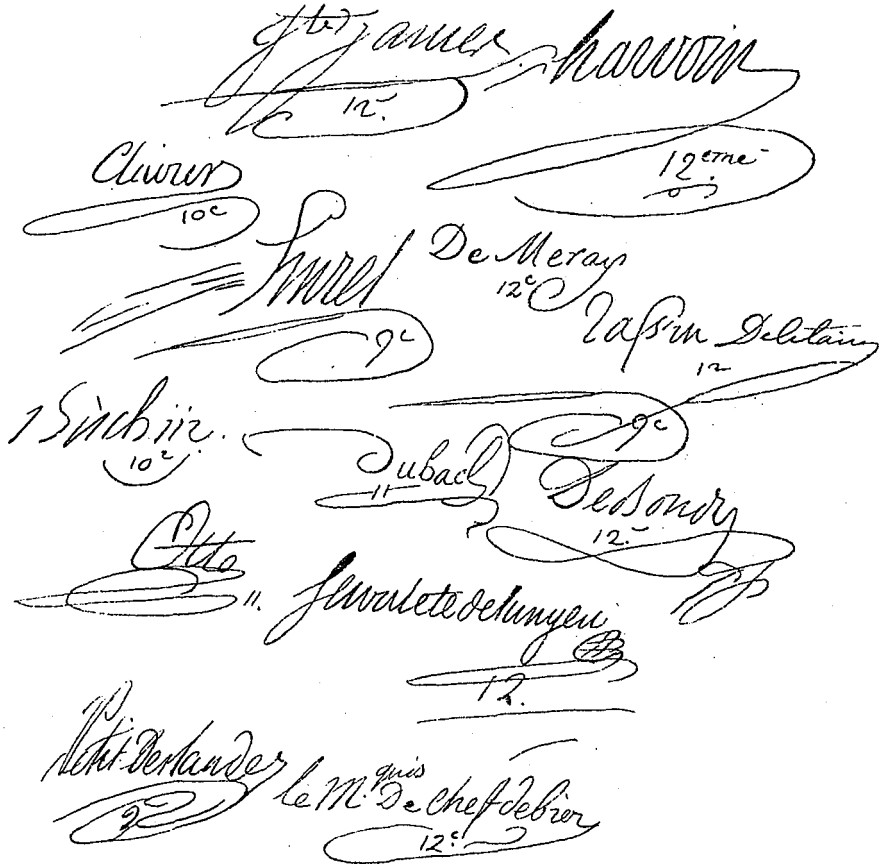
And further, as a grain of corn, being committed to the earth, produce other fruits in its own likeness, so it was made an emblem of marriage; and in ancient times wheat was cast upon the head of the bride on her return from church as an emblem of fertility. The custom was derived from the heathen. Selden says: "Quanquam sacra quœ fuere in confarreatione paganica, utpote Christianismo plane adversantia, sub ejusdem initia, etiam apud paganos evanuêre nihilominus farris epsius usus aliguis solennes in libis conficiendis, diffringendis, communicandis, locis saltem in mounullis semper obtinuit. Certe frequentissimus apud Anglos est et antiquitus fuit liborum admodum grandium in nuptüs usus, quæ BRIDE CAKES id est, liba spousalitia seu nuptialia apellitant. Ea quæ tum a spousis ipsis confecta tum ab profiniquis amicisque solenniter muneri nuptiali data."†

An Ear of Corn was further symbolical of the resurrection and a future stake, and is frequently used in this sense in the sacred writings. Thus the close of life at mature age, is compared to a shock of corn fully ripe.‡ And to the same purpose Euripides, as quoted by Cicero in his Tusculan questions.

Quæ generi humano angorem nequicquam ad ferunt,
Keddenda est terra terra, tum vita omnibus
Metenda, ut fruges, sic jubet necessitas.

Our Saviour compares himself to a corn

* Dav. Dru. p. 604.
† Ueor. Heb. Tom. iii. p. 633.
‡ Job, v. 26. Gen, xxv. 8, Job. xlii, 17.



See Archæological Corner, page 571.

of wheat falling into the ground, but afterwards producing much fruit.* The prophet Hosea speaks of growing as the vine, and reviving as the corn;† and indeed the return of vegetation in the spring of the year has been adopted very generally as an expressive symbol of the resurrection. The Apostle Paul uses this very simile in reference to a renewed life. The sower sows a bare, naked grain of corn, of whatever kind it may be, as wheat or some other grain; which after a proper time rises to light clothed with verdure, covered also with a husk, and other appurtenances according to the nature which God has appointed to that species of seed; —analogous to this is the resurrection of the body.‡

The Spica was also a symbol of Hermes himself, or his hieroglyphical method of instruction, supposed to be embodied in the anaglyph before us; for Hermes is reputed to have accompanied Oseris in his famous expedition to improve and reform the world, and to teach mankind the blessings of agriculture.

From such a combination of symbols it would be easy for the hierophant to vary his lecture according to the comprehension of his auditory; for it includes a reference to the deity and his works—to the starry firmament and planetary system—to natural and physical objects—the arts and sciences—the occult secrets of magic, talismans, and astrology—and I think also to the promise of a Mediator made to Adam at the fall of man—to a divine lawgiver—to the unity and trinity of the Deity—to the destruction of the old world by an universal deluge—to the resurrection and a future state—and to the universal redemption of mankind. And we find also hints towards the formation of the mind to piety, obedience, and many other moral virtues, and mental qualifications.

(*To be continued.*)

Our Archæological Corner.

British Museum. Addit. MS., 23,675, fo. 13, 1783.

Notte des informations a faire en Angleterre sur plusieurs objets qui interessent la A E B R de Paris.

We publish this very interesting document, we believe for the first time. In itself it reflects great credit on these brethren who signed these instructions, and whose names appear on the title page. Perhaps some French brother can throw a little light on the brethren whose names and signatures we give, and on the MS. itself.

1. LE CHASSEUR.

Lord North, Lord Sandwich, on quelques uns de ceux qui sont lies avec eux, pour eoient donner quelques eclaircissements sur l'avanture d'un chasseur, homme instruit, et bien éduqué, qui participé à une chasse du renard, dans laquelle le deux lords se trouvient; le chasseur Etrangér n'etoit comme de personne; il lui est arrivé quelque chose de fort étonnant dans le chateau du Seig. chez lequel la chasse se faisoit; et l'etranger a disparu sans que l'on ait pû découvoir ce qui'l etoit devenu, non plus que d'où il etoit sorti.

2. CONSTITUTION BOOCK.

La A R à la premiere édition du livre des constitutions maçoniques, impremés en 1723; il seroit utile d'avoir aussi les editions de 1738, et de 1767, ax A.

3. EXTRAIT A PRENDRE DANS LES PAPIERS PUBLICS.

S'il y a eu des feuilles périodiques en imitation de celles—et qui ayent remplacé le Spectateur; il seroit bon des informer, si elles font mention de la confrérie des francs maçons; et dans—Extraire les articles, et prendre avec soin les dattes; et les titres des ouvrages qui en parlent. il me paroit impossible que le folliculaire des années 1721, '22, et '23, gardent un silence absolu à le sujet. Ils doivent aussi en avoir parlé en 1727, 1740, 1756, et 1767.

4. QUESTIONS DE VIEUX MACONS.

Questionnes des maçons bien vieux, qui soient sans partialité et sans fanatisme, (?) sur les idess que l'on avait de la maconnerie dans leur jeunesse; et leur demander quelques détails sur les variations que la

* John xxii. 24. † Hosea xiv. 7.
‡ 1 Cor. xv. 37. See Calmet in verbo.

maçonnerie à èprouvé, tant dans le'but quelle se propose, que dans les moyens qu'elle a Employé.

5. LES SEIGNRS. ASSOCIES AUX CONFRERIES DE METIERS. ANSD.

Est il, *on nest il pas d'usage en* Angleterre que les Seigneurs et gentlemen se fussent inscrire sur les registres des differentes cotteries des metiers, selon leur goût où leurs liaisons, cela est en usage dans d'autres pais.

6. DENOMINATION.

Q'uelle est l'origine dela denomination free maçon ? et Quelle difference y a'til entre free et accepted ?

7. MANUSCRIT DE LA BIBLIOTEQUE D'OXFORD.

Que pensent les maçons sensés, au sujet des questions attribues a Henri VI., sur la maçonnerie ? le manuscrit est il à la Biblioteque Bodleine a Oxford ? l'Ecriture est elle sans contestation, du Celebre Locke ? les remarques sont elles deson style et de son genre ? de Sçavans prophanes ont ils en connoissance de cette piece ? en ont'ils discuté l'autenticité avec le flambeau d'une critique éclairée, et de bonne foy ?

Si Henry VI. est regardé in contestablement comme auteur des detes questions ; les Anglois rejettent ils done le témoinage de l'historien David Hume ? qui nous dit de Henri VI. "He was fitted, both by the softness of his temper and the weakness of his understanding, to be perpetually governed by those who surrounded him, and it was easy to foresee that his reign would prove a perpetual minority." Hist. Engl. v. iii., p. 169.

8. M. DE VALLENCY, A DUBLIN. VALENCEE.

Si l'association maçonique est ancienne, et s'èl ya quelque moyen d'eprouver son antiquèté M. de Valency Colonel du génie doit plus que que'n soit connoitre les preuves, et être en état d'en donner l'apperçu ses recherches et ses de'convertes prétieuses le mettent a même de n'avoir plus dedoute, sur l'existence où nonneté et le but de la maçonnerèe ; il demeure ordinairèment a Hammer-smith a'six milles de Londres.

DATTES DES PATENTES DE CONSTITUTION.

Pourroit on Savoir à la g. Loge de Londres la *datte des premiers constitutions* accorde'es a des Loges des differens eta'ts de l'Europe.

TABLEAU DES G. M.

* Pourquoi dans l'edition des constitutions de 1767, faisant la Liste des grands maitres de l'ordre, n'aton mis le No. 1, qûâ Montagu, qui fut Elu en 1721.

A. Il faut aussi se procurer l'appendix imprimé en 1777 on 1778.

DOCTEUR FALC.

Il Seroit a desirer (?) de se procurer une notice historique appuyée sur des temoinages digne de foy. Sur le Sejour du docteur Falc en Angleterre, l'opinion qu'il ya donné de lui son genre de vie, et touttes les circumstances qui peuvent interesser sur cet homme extraordinaire que l'oudit mort depuis quatre mois.

B. Prendre des renseignements sur l'Isle de Mull ; sur la réalité de l'existence des Maçons dans cette Isle et sur les raports des Stuarts avec l'ordre des francs Maçons.

Les f. f. Soussignés membres du conseil des Echarpes blanches, invitent le f. Bouzy devouloir bien pendant son Séjour en Angleterre prendre les informations les plus détaillées qu'il lui sera possible sur tous les objets contenus dans cette notice. Il les obligeroit aussi de s'informer des noms et addresses des Maçons les plus instruits, tant d'Angleterre que d'Ecosse. A Paris le quatre fevrier mil sept cent quatre vingt trois.

THE TROAD.

We gave some time back in our pages a review of Dr. Schliemann's interesting book on his Excavations in the Troad, and we think it well to call the attention of our readers to the same topic, as it is a matter of some moment historically and archæologically to us all. In the "Times" of June 4th, appeared one of the most striking papers we have for some time perused on this very subject, and we gladly seize the opportunity of commending it to the notice of our readers, as it deserves the attention and admiration of all alike for the animation of its style, the knowledge of the subject it displays, and the soundness of its remarks on so "vexata a quæstio."

A visit to the Troad will equally delight the traveller whether, like myself, what he most cares for is natural beauty, or whether he takes a strong interest in spots haunted by great memories, and bearing deep vestiges of the life of remote generations. Had even Hecuba been no more to me than I to Hecuba, the Plain of Troy would still have been, in my eyes, a scene of rare loveliness, and I should have been content to gaze on the grand features of its vast surroundings, irrespectively of the historical or fabulous associations its very name conjures up. The Plain of Troy is intersected from east to west by several mountain ridges of moderate height, formed by the spurs of Mount Ida, and enclosing valleys, through which flow three principal streams—the Doumbrek, or "Simois;" the Kemar, or "Thymbrius;" and the Mendere, or "Scamander,"—all these classical names must be understood to rest on hypothesis—the former two flowing into the old or new bed of the last-named, as all other outlet to the sea is precluded by a swelling ridge, which runs along the coast from Ujek, above Beshika Bay, to the Sigæum Promontory, at the entrance of the Hellespont. The lowlands in the plain and the valleys being thus shut in on all sides but one, are swampy, and, owing to the want of good drainage and culture, unhealthy and desolate. But the verdure of the fields and pastures, and the crops growing here and there where patches of the soil have been but scratched, give evidence of unsurpassed fertility, and the brushwood on the hills, and the park-like groves of oak on the mountain slopes, conjure up to the imagination the dense forests by which the uplands must in primitive times have been mantled, feeding the moisture, checking the rush of the waters, and tempering the extremes of heat and cold in one of the most genial and salubrious climates on earth's surface. At every step as we rode the freshness, the vastness, the homeliness, the wildness of the region we traversed, delighted us by their unceasing variety, while, when we drew rein on the summit of any of the ridges, on any of the sites to which tradition attaches peculiar importance, the panorama of land and sea which stretched before us, the great landmarks which dotted the horizon around us, called forth expressions of such rapture as could hardly be expected of men at our time of life, and schooled to rein in any feeling which might tempt us to make fools of ourselves.

East of us rose Ida, with her long diadem-like snowy crest of Mount Garganus, enthroned as queen of the region, stretching forth, as her arms, woody slopes, some of which reach far down towards the sea, while the main cluster centres round the masses of Karadagh and Mount Dedeh, in the rear of that locality of Balidagh and Bounarbashi, where, if Troy was not, it seems, at least, so natural to wish that Troy had been. West of us lay the coast, flanked all along by its high land, beyond which gleamed the blue waves of the open Ægean Sea, with its islands rising loftily here and there; next to us, Tenedos, the ubiquitous, obtruding everywhere on the landscape; further off, Lemnos, vast and mountainous; and more towards the north, where the waters contract themselves at the entrance of the Hellespont, the low ledge of Imbros, over which Neptune looked down upon Troy from the superior height of rocky Samothrace. North of us, across the plain, was the Hellespont, its deep-blue surface all studded with white sails, and the sky lightly streaked by the vanishing smoke-wreaths from the funnel of many a steamer. Beyond that strait, on the European side, the coast of Thrace stretched low, bleak, and forbidding; and far away, dimly perceptible in the thin haze of the sea, the grand pyramid of Mount Athos, at 80 miles distance from us as the crow flies.

Nothing in the world could be more enjoyable than the weather that befriended us throughout the trip. Nothing more fresh and vivid than the blossoms and young foliage on every tree; nothing more joyous than the music of lark and nightingale, alternating with the notes of frog and owl in that perpetual succession of sun and moonlight; nothing more peaceful than the herds and flocks lowing and bleating in those levels, than the lowly stork-haunted habitations, and the peasants themselves, forgetting, as it were, all difference of race and creed, living in harmony and security with wide-open cottage doors, neutralizing, by their innocence, the baneful influence of their vile Government; the Greek, by mere thrift and good courage, insensibly, and yet irresistibly, ousting the more indolent and

desponding Mussulman. Such a sweet, solitary home as Mr. Frederick Calvert has contrived to build for himself on that hallowed ground, close to the ruins of the Temple of the Thymbrian Apollo, such a farm as, with little capital and much industry, he is converting into a princely estate, might well wean from the world many a weary heart, and clip the wings of many an unsatisfied ambition.

And over this idyllic paradise where once a frail woman's beauty arrayed Asia and Europe in arms, the battles of Troy are once more fought by scholars bent on fishing historical truth out of the deep well of a poetical myth, bewildering themselves and the world by their dissertations as to what and where was Troy, and establishing theories where conjecture itself seems almost hopelessly at fault. Was the site of Priam's Troy at Hissarlik, on the spot where Ilium Novum subsequently arose, and where Dr. Schliemann has lately opened the earth to so great a depth and extent, or was it on the more sublime ground near Bounarbashi, round the hill of Balidagh, where men are supposed to have traced the circuit of the wall of Pergamus, and even to have brought Hector's tomb into light? All these questions have been and must be answered by the light of Homer's verse and by the bearings of the landmarks of Ida, the Scamander, Imbros, Tenedos, the Sigæum, and other hills, streams, islands, and headlands to which frequent allusions occur in the great epic. Listen to Maclaren on one side and to Le Chevalier on the other, and see how satisfied every party leader and partisan is with his own view, how plausibly he stands by his own and demolishes his adversary's argument; hear how much has been, how much may be, said on both sides—as, indeed, on all sides of all questions—and then tell us who shall decide where so many and such valiant doctors disagree? "The identity of the site of Troy," one will tell us, "may be made out by two springs, one warm and one cold, flowing into, or from which flows the Scamander." Aye, but what if at Hissarlik the springs which must have been there have dried up, and those at Bounarbashi are not *two* but *forty*, and all cold? "Round Homer's Troy," says another, "flowed Scamander." But what if the river has altered its course, and its confluence with the Simois has been removed from its original spot? What, besides, if the names are misapplied, if what we call Simois were Homer's Scamander, and if the sources of one river, which it seemed natural to trace to the mountains, lay, after all, in the plain? "Troy," a third teaches us, "or at least its citadel, occupied a lofty, craggy, and conspicuous situation." But what if time has smoothed down its asperities, and the accumulation of the soil for 30 or 40 centuries has levelled its slope? "Troy," a fourth reasons, "was not too far and not too near the sea." But what if land has encroached upon the water, and the line of the shore has advanced far beyond its ancient limit? It is even so. Every critic, like a bad tailor, strives to fit the ground to his own theory when at a lost how to shape the theory, so as to suit the particulars of the locality. Every one proves that his own pet Troy is Homer's Troy, or at least that it would be amazingly like it, had not untoward circumstances conspired to make it so unlike.

Notwithstanding this irreconcilable discrepancy of opinion, however, it is not easy to deny that Dr. Schliemann, Mr. Frank Calvert, and, last, but not least, Mr. Gladstone, all partisans of Hissarlik, have good reasons in their favour, and that Bounarbashi seems, indeed, too far inland, and the ground of it too rugged to allow of chariot races being run in its immediate vicinity, or of Achilles chasing the flying Hector three times round the walls of the city. But, on the other hand, the site of Hissarlik is mean and circumscribed to a small space *not very lofty*, and by no means craggy or rugged, and the area which is assigned to the town is barely sufficient to accommodate a moderate-sized citadel, "about the size of Trafalgar-square," as Dr. Schliemann himself said to Mr Gladstone. The world is doubtless greatly indebted to the good German doctor by whose rare energy and at whose heavy expense such extensive excavations have been made, and so many valuable relics of antiquity have been brought into light. But it is difficult to look into the broad and deep trenches he has opened, to view the mountains of rubbish he has heaped up, and to examine the basements and foundations of the buildings he has laid bare, without feeling as if the conclusions to which his dis-

coveries have led him to take away our breath. The Palace of Priam which he has found consists of three small chambers, where it seems hardly conceivable that the King's 50 daughters-in law could be stowed away. Dr. Schliemann's Scæan Gate seems to lead nowhere in particular, as the Royal Palace, which rises athwart it on a higher foundation, is barring all progress, allowing no way either into or beyond it. Nothing more puzzling, also, than the hole in which the doctor has laid the foundation of the Tower of Ilium; the trench from behind which the Trojan bowmen shot their arrows, or the seat from which the ladies "with the long Court trains" sat watching the chances of the fight as it raged in the plain beneath. Nothing more wonderful than the "sacrificial altar in the temple of Minerva, with the drain for carrying away the blood of the victims," the altar a mere lump of earth which is rapidly crumbling to dust, and of which hardly a vestige will probably be found by any visitor looking for it six months hence.

I am in the predicament of that Frenchman who said of himself, "Ce que je sais, je le sais mal, mais se que j'ignore, je l'ignore parfaitement." I know so absolutely nothing of the subject, that I dare not even imagine that Dr. Schliemann has been carried away by his sanguine enthusiasm; but certainly a chill of disappointment and scepticism seized me as I traced on the ground the localities upon which such great names have been bestowed, and to which such high importance is assigned in the doctor's map. Homer's Troy dwindles and shrinks down to almost contemptible proportions in Dr. Schliemann's hands, and one is amazed and humbled to find out of what wretched molehills the great mountain of the Iliad and Odyssey has been evolved. Dr. Schliemann had, doubtless, very arduous problems to solve, very serious difficulties to contend with. He had to deal with a Troy built on the site of an old Troy several centuries after Priam's city was levelled with the ground, or, perhaps, of more than one old Troy, for Ugo Toledo, no mean Hellenist and Homerist, said—

> "Ilio raso *due* volte e *due* risorto
> Splendidamente sulle mute vie,
> Per far piu bello l'ultimo trofeo
> Ai fatati Pelidi."

The date of Priam's city is, by Dr. Schliemann, forced back far beyond the period assigned to his fall by common chronology—2000 years beyond Homer's own age. The ground to which the doctor devoted his search revealed to him, in super-imposed layers, the edifices, the weapons, the implements, and even the knick-knacks of four, or perhaps five, distinct epochs, which, in the very act of excavation, could not fail to be thrown together, and so jumbled as eventually to defy classification and description.

It were highly desirable that men of mature knowledge and sound judgment should give Dr. Schliemann's achievements due consideration, and that they should put the ingenuous, but, perhaps, hasty conclusions he has arrived at to the test of actual observation on the spot, and it would also be most just and reasonable that the doctor should, as he hopes, obtain from the Ottoman Government the long-solicited Firman empowering him to pursue those labours by which he has won so great a name for himself at the same time that he has bestowed an inestimable benefit on the learned world. It may happen then that Mr. Gladstone will find himself at liberty to fulfil the promise he made to visit the doctor in his house or tent at Hissarlik, where the inspection of those ruins may suggest a modification of some of the views developed by the English scholar and statesman in his "Homeric Synchronism," should he ever prepare a new edition of the work.

For my own part, I am content to live with the present age, and to take at second-hand whatever knowledge better men may supply with respect to the past. A visit to the Troad, I think, will have the effect of satisfying many men—as it has satisfied me—as to the length, width, and depth of their own blessed ignorance. No human research, however active, can keep pace with the rapidity of the obliterating force of time. The pall of many ages lies on the ruins of the world of Homeric tradition. Unlike the Roman Campagna, the plain of Troy can be travelled over for miles without ever, or very rarely, meeting those relics with which one might expect so renowned a ground to be strewn. Whatever is dead in the old Trojan world is also buried. Where the antiquarian's spade

has not been at work the smooth land tells no tale. Of the cities, only the sites are pointed out. The tombs are only tumuli. And therein, perhaps, lies the peculiar charm of the Troad. The region is so hoary as to have attained a second infancy. It is to all appearance not a land used up or exhausted, but rather a virgin soil, ready to be drained, tilled, sowed, planted, and peopled anew. The impression is—or was, at least, to me—in the lovely spring weather, that of freshness and sweetness, of vigour and health.

A STRICKEN HEART.

(*Written for the Masonic Magazine.*)

In every bush the sweet birds sing,
On every bough the buds have come;
All nature speaks of balmy Spring,
Of resurrection from the tomb.

The scented may on every hedge,
The cuckoo calling to his mate;
A gladsome look is everywhere,
And only I am desolate.

A world of happiness around;
The picture of a fair young life;
So full of hope, and peace, and love,
As though there were not fear and strife.

I stood at brink of mossy dell,
And listened to the warblers there;
And wondered at sweet Philomel,
As loud he chanted to his fair.

Why sing the birds on every tree?
Why glow the fields with bright wild flowers?
What all this vernal wealth to me
Who nevermore have happy hours?

Be still, sad heart, no more repine;
Should all the world be sad for thee?
What, if the brightness of thy life
Have gone, and joy no more can be?

The earth is fair; some hearts are kind;
And nature now how glad she seems;
The young lambs gambol in their joy,
The morning sun hath rosy beams.

The verdant meads are wet with dew,
The modest violet hangs her head
In mossy brake where daffodils
Have bloomed on saffron, tinted-bed.

Take heart of grace, and look on these,
And thank the Maker of them all,
That He hath made a world so bright,
And granted joy to great and small.

Doth Death come only now to thee?
Hath Love betrayed no other one?
Aye, tear-drops fall from other eyes,
And gloom comes when the day is done.

The grey clouds sail across the sky,
And cast deep shadows o'er the meads;
There is no joy for cloistered nun,
Nor grey-clad friar who tells his beads.

The fire of life hath long gone out,
The glow of love long quenched hath been;
And only the cold grey of life,
Remains for these; no more is seen.

Yet they are well content, and thou
Must learn to be resigned as they,
Remembering that, though Spring-time now,
The Autumn is not far away.

With patient waiting peace will come,
And grace to bear thy weary load;
So pray that when thy earthly home
Thou leavest for that bright abode—

In those celestial mansions where
An everlasting Spring-time reigns,
And there shall be no summer glare,
Nor melancholy Autumn strains.

No winds that sigh through empty aisles,
Of leafless trees in forest vast;
Thou wilt remember, yet forget,
The pain of life which now is past.

So welcome Autumn's slow decay,
And welcome death and Winter's pall,
When "flowers are in their grassy tombs,
And tears of dew are on them all."*

May, 1876. 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.

(*Continued from page 536.*)

Col. Fishwick, F.S.A., author of the History of the Parochial Chapelry of Goosnargh noticed in the January number

* This exquisite thought is from "Hood's Poem on Autumn."

of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, and of a History of Kirkham which I have not seen, is preparing a new History of Garstang for the Cheetham Society, which, from the pen of so competent an antiquary, cannot be otherwise than instructive. The *Cherestane* of Domesday Book, Baines supposed that name "to imply the church pool;" whilst Dr. Whitaker looked upon Garstang as its Saxon name, derived from *Gari* or *Garri*, a personal appellation, and *stang*, from the Latin *stangnum*, a pool. Of more importance to the student of English constitutional history is that relic of a polity much older than the Norman Conquest, which existed in the constablewick of Garstang until a recent period, viz. the election of constables on a hillock adjoining the river Wyre, writing their names on slips of wood, &c., an evident lingering of some of the freeburgh customs of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, if not of the Celtic tribes themselves. It would be not only curious, but of great value as well, to all who wish to study the history of our English liberties, to search for relics of similar customs in other parts of the country; for if not preserved now, all traces of them will soon be lost for ever. I remember in my boyhood the election of constables for Langbargh wapentake taking place at the Langbargh whinstone quarry, where the high road crosses from Stokesley to Gisbro', but am sorry to say I never was present. Now that I am writing and publishing a History of the district, how I wish I had witnessed the proceedings, shorn as they undoubtedly were of their ancient fair proportions. Yet one might have discovered a perfect bone, or so much of one, as it were, as would have enabled one to describe the whole skeleton, and in some measure restore it for the readers, as geologists do the extinct animals of the prehistoric past. Of Col. Fishwick's industry, his recently-published "Lancashire Library" is a fair example, giving a bibliographical account of books on topography, biography, history, science, and miscellaneous literature, relating to the County Palatine, including an account of Lancashire tracts, pamphlets, and sermons, printed before the year 1720, with collections, bibliographical, critical, and biograpical notes on the books and authors. Such a work, though necessarily deficient in some things, must have taken long and laborious years in its compilation, and application which would have been worse punishment than tearing oakum in a prison to any but a true lover of books,—which, as the wise bishop of Durham (Richard de Bury) well declared nearly six centuries ago, "are teachers whose instructions are unaccompanied with blows or harsh words; who demand neither food nor wages: you visit them, they are alert; if you want them, they secrete not themselves; should you mistake their meaning, they complain not, nor ridicule your ignorance, be it ever so gross." Col. Fishwick is no mere bookmaker. "Under the title of the 'Literature of Lancashire,'" says he, "I have not included books which were published in the county, or were written by Lancashire men, yet do not in any way refer to the county. Works to be included in my list must be written about or refer to Lancashire places, persons, or things. The only exception to this rule has been made in the case of some few theological pamphlets printed in the seventeenth century, which are so curious and valuable that their admission will not be regretted." It is not a book from which I can cull my readers a few choice extracts, so as to set them a longing for the whole. It is essentially a book of reference, and a valuable one too. No public library, and no scholar's private library, will be complete without it. Part I. treats of Topography; II. of Biography and Family History; III. of Poetry, Fiction, and Miscellany; IV. of Works partly relating to Lancashire; V. of Tracts and Pamphlets printed before 1720 ("as a rule," he says, "Tracts and Pamphlets printed since 1720 are excluded, because after that date their number is so great, and many of them so perfect valueless, that to have included them would have defeated the object in view"); and Part VI. favours us with an account of Sermons and Theological Treatises; added to which we have Indexes which, in addition to the alphabetical and chronological arrangement, makes the contents of this handsome quarto volume of much easier access. Had Col. Fishwick done nothing more than compiled and published this very valuable work, he would have deserved well of Lancashire and of the literary world It is one of those useful books which can never pay its

author in a pecuniary point of view, nor yet bring popular applause, and it is well for the nation which has men, like Col. Fishwick, able and willing to work in so useful a manner—content to receive no other recompense than the pleasure of doing something which will be of utility to society, and the approbation of that "fit audience though few" of which Milton sings. Lancashire, though one of the poorest agricultural counties of our country, has long been famous for the indomitable energy of her sons. Her manufactures have stood conspicuous in the markets of the world; the beauty of the "Lancashire Witches" has been deservedly commended, though I never could see them anything superior to the maids and matrons of our other counties— for, thank God, female loveliness is no monopoly—but I know of nothing in which Lancashire stands out in such bold relief from our other counties as in the number of gifted authors, male and female, who have helped to increase every department of our glorious English literature; a literature which can never perish, whatever New Zealanders, or others may sit on broken arches of London Bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, or even when the ruins themselves shall have perished, and no arch remains to sit upon. So long as Col. Fishwick employs himself in such useful literary labours as he has now been engaged in for years, "may his shadow never grow less."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE NEW SCHOOL DIRECTOR.

We take this amusing little "skit" from our fraternal contemporary, the "New York Dispatch."

Mr. Timothy Search was highly elated over his election to the vacant chair in the School Board of his district, and he at once began to take a great interest in educational affairs. He wanted plain teaching, he said; didn't want any high-falutin learning forced upon the scholars, and declared that he would kick the first teacher out of the school-house who attempted to stuff the children with any new-fangled notions.

Therefore, the new director was startled when his most promising son told him that the teacher proposed to introduce Algebra into the school.

"What kind of a study is that?" asked Mrs. Search. "Timothy, I'll be bound that it's some outlandish book that Dominie has writ. My son's brains shan't be stuffed with it!"

"Doesn't the sound of the name tell you what kind of a study it is?" answered Search. "Why, it's the history of a new fangled animal related to the zebra, I suppose. Blamed if he shall teach it in this school district!"

That very afternoon the new director visited the school for the first time. He was graciously received by the new teacher, who was listening to a class in geography.

"I understand, sir, that you want to introduce the history of the Algebra into this school?" said Search.

"I had thought of doing so."

"Had thought of it, eh? Well, let it go no further than that. I don't want my children to know anything about such outlandish animals. The Algebra may run wild in his native country; but we don't want him troubling the children in our schools, that we don't."

"But, Mr. Search, the new study will assist the scholars in mathematics."

"See here, that's thin. If I would read the history of the rhinoceros, could I substract any better than I do? Would the biography of the giraffe enable me to multiply with more facility? Now, sir, answer these questions, and tell me how the history of the Algebra could advance the children in arithmetic?"

"You misunderstand me, sir," said the teacher, "Algebra is not an animal—no more so than hydrostatics."

"Hydro-thunder!" exclaimed Search. "I suppose you'd like to introduce acrimonics into the school. With my consent no tom-foolery shall be taught in this district. The algebra is as much an animal as the gyascutas is, and if I hear another word about teaching its history to our scholars, I'll be blamed if you can't leave."

"Sir, I regret that we differ. What shall I teach?'

"Teach good common sense, sir," said Search; "teach that this world is flat, as reason and our eye-sight tell us. We don't want any round worlds swingin' on nuthin'

in this district, and we don't care if the sun is ninety-five millions miles off. Teach the boys that Andy Johnson was a better man than Columbus, and if I hear that you try to make them believe that Martin Van Buren was elected President honestly, durned if you can't leave this district. We had a feller teachin' here once who talked about Cromwell, Braddock, and a lot of other old Romans, and I worried the d'rectors till they turned him off. You needn't teach the girls anything in particular; they learn too fast anyhow. That other teacher filled their heads full of Cleo——sombody, till they called the boys Antony and Cæsar. We want good, solid education. If you know how old Crœses made his money, tell the boys, but don't stuff their heads the full of the filthy habits of algebra, or any other wild beast. The show business is not payin' this Summer, and we don't want our boys to be Barnums and Dan Rices. You might tell them how Ben Franklin caught thunder and lightnin' in a bottle, for that is scientific, but tell them to keep away from walnut trees in a thunder-storm."

"You've no objection to me teaching a little hygiene?"

"I have sir, no new-fangled doctrines in this school, I tell you. No high giene and no low giene, but if you want to introduce Robinson Crusoe into the school, I'll assist you. But no such studies as algebra and high giene while I am director. After 'while you'll want to teach that the earth isn't half as big as the sun. Darn your highfalutin stuff!"

The teacher has a hard row to hoe in Timothy's district, and he doesn't teach algebra either.

REVIEW.

THE WHITEHALL REVIEW, 125, Fleet Street.

This is a new weekly paper, and applicant for public patronage. It has begun very well; and we think it likely to find a good deal of support. It is clearly and ably written, and its poetry is much above the average. We quote a specimen:

THE GHOST OF LOVE.

IN the still night the clock's slow sound
And once the stirring of a fading fire
Are all I hear. The midnight gathers round
Me and my lone desire.

A passing footstep in the street,
A passing voice that bids a friend good-bye,
In some strange fashion with my fancies meet
And mix with memory.

And as all thoughts and memories
Have for their soul and centre only you,
Even these passing midnight fantasies
To that one goal are true.

A foot that lightly passed my life,
A careless voice that lightly said, "farewell,"
And thenceforth spoke no more, were yours,—and if
You cared, I cannot tell.

Yet, let me rear, for love's dear sake,
My air-built castle in the clouds of thought,
A harmless structure, which no shock can break
By hopeless fancy wrought.

I am no more alone. Across the room
I look and see you in your common place;
The firelight, in alternate glow and gloom
Is playing on your face.

Dear, loving Shadow! Cross to were I sit
And lay your hands in mine, and let your eyes
Search through my soul, and let my fancy flit
Through flower-wov'n phantasies.

Closer, dear Shadow! On my breast
Lay your fair head, and let my arms enfold
You, and that precious world of peace and rest
Priced at your heart of gold.

Closer, dear Shadow! Through the years
We two have travelled, and the end is nigh.
How blest it were, beyond all words and tears,
If thus we both could die!

Is love not proven? Could we be
Dearer and closer, or were joy more sweet,
If you, dear Shade, in very deed were she,
And love with love could meet?

Ah! faithless Shadow! For the light
Is even now a-fading from your eye,
The passing footstep echoes on the night,
The voice repeats, "Good bye!"

We also think that the Prose has a good deal of merit, and we take the following pleasing story as full of promise and pathos:

A MAN OF SCIENCE.

I WAS walking along Oxford Street on a certain rainy, and windy, and unpleasant afternoon in the month of April, 1876. "A morn, the loveliest that the year had seen, last of the Spring, yet fresh with all its green," had wooed me from my chambers and had drawn me to the streets. In the square on which my chamber windows look the trees and the grass were of "a glad bright green," as Chaucer sweetly sayeth, and the sparrows chirped cheerfully. By way of a spring-tide marvel the London skies were blue; and being in a lazy mood, and being made still lazier by the beauty of the day, I strolled into the streets bent on passing an idle hour or two in the pursuit which is pleasantest to me. To flaunt an umbrella or an overcoat in the face of such a morning would have seemed an unwarrantable outrage on its lovely promise. I left umbrella and overcoat at home.

I was not alone in the foolish confidence I had reposed in the bright skies and warm sunshine. For when the skies suddenly darkened, and a sharp gust of wind, moistened with coming rain, flew round the corner, and I, dreading the impending downfall, took shelter beneath the blind of a photographer's shop, I found myself in company with a good half-hundred others, who blocked up the pavement and huddled close to the shop-front for shelter. The rain and wind beat in fierce gusts upon us, and the cover was inadequate. The rain danced from the pavement opposite as though myriads of sparkling tiny creatures were madly waltzing there. The crowd about the photographer's shop grew denser, and wet wayfarers, glearing and breathless, moistened those against whom they pressed as they sought a place in the centre of the throng. I could afford to be amused at the sight, since I held the one place of greatest advantage. There is always enough in such an assemblage to amuse you if you only care to look for it. But I saw suddenly what I had not looked for and had not expected to find there.

You have seen, of course, the splended performance of Mr. Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." You remember distinctly that picturesque waving scanty grey hair, that venerable beard—that look of bepuzzlement of precasting terror and sorrow with which he wakes on the Katskill mountains. The sight I saw recalled these things at once, and irresistibly. If you will think of it you will probably be of opinion that a very bad hat of the chimney-top pattern would somewhat detract from the dignity of Rip Van Winkle's figure as he stands there in Sleepy Hollow in the first tragic surprise of his awakening. The old man who reminded me of Rip Van Winkle wore such a hat, and looked dignified in it. The native manhood of face and figure shone like that of the returning Ulysses through rags and tatters. A venerable beard. A face livid and furrowed. A pair of shaggy and overhanging eyebrows. Eyes large, full, mournful, desolate, as though they looked fixedly at some great grief. What grief the inward vision might look on I could not guess, but I saw in another second that those mournful eyes were dark. The dignified tatterdemalian was blind.

To me, living as I do by my eyes and through them; finding my livelihood and most of what makes it worth having by the fact that I can see, there is something especially dreadful about blindness. I fancy that my terror of it and my pity for it are something intenser than common. Have you any faith in that occult force you sometimes hear of, which is said to convey an emotion, or a sympathy, or a thought, without any apparent medium whatever? Have you ever looked at a friend with the fixed intention of compelling that friend to look at you? My look or my pity somehow brought those blind open mournful eyes upon me, and they looked at me, seeing nothing, until my own almost drooped. There was a look of hunger in the face which almost made you forget the physical want so clearly lined there.

The skies cleared and the crowd gradually melted, going off into apparent space as London crowds will, and leaving little track of its elements behind it. As the crowd dissolved I saw that my Rip Van Winkle was accompanied by a child. A daughter, perhaps? A question to be answered in the negative at once. The child was plebeian all over, whilst the man, whether his ancestors were near or remote, had *had* ancestors somewhere.

As the child, holding the hand of her companion, went slowly along the pavement, I noticed that the old man's shoes were wretchedly worn and tattered, that his clothes were in the last stage of greasiness, raggedness, and seediness, and that he carried suspended before him a cigar-box. I passed him, and as I did so he threw open the lid and exposed his wares, a few boxes of vestas and fusees. The child's right hand was clasped in the old man's left, and he bent down over her with a helpless dependence. As I went by she offered mutely a little box of vestas which she carried in her left-hand. I sometimes hear from philanthropists who have reduced mercy to a science, and who adminster charity by machinery, that an indiscriminate almsgiving is criminal. But shall I harden my heart against one case of genuine want for fear that a score of imposters may profit by me? Let them profit. Do I not profit also. I held a sixpence towards the child. She drew back a little and dropped the hand in which she held the vestas. "I ain't got no change," she said. I made a motion with my hand and she advanced her own and took the coin and curtsied. The old man raised his battered hat, and guessing at a purchase, said "Thank you." I walked a little further on and made pretence of looking in at a window. Glancing back, I saw the child give the coin to the old man. He tested it with his fingers and with his teeth, and the two then turned away together and passed down a street to the left. I suspected gin. I was a little interested in the man and wished to see if my suspicions were just, I sauntered slowly after them, and saw the child enter a baker's shop. When she emerged with a small loaf I could almost have cried at the eager way in which the blind trembling hands reached out for it. It touched me too to see that those blind trembling hands tore off the top of the small loaf for the child before they conveyed an atom to the old man's lips. The two sat down upon a door-step round another corner. The stone was still wet with the recent rain, but they were heedless of the discomfort, and munched greedily at the bread. I left them there and went away—a little angry with myself for being well-dressed and well-fed. I wandered along Oxford Street, constructing as my manner is, a whole cargo of stories to account for my Rip Van Winkle's poverty. The weather gave signs of becoming permanently unpleasant, and I turned homewards. I had got into Holborn when I saw the old man and the child once more. The little creature smiled as she saw me and once more curtsied. I heard her say "There's the gentlemen," and the old man once more raised his battered hat, looking blindly before him the while. When an hour before he had said "Thankf you," his voice bore out my impression of his face. It was a cultivated voice, a little set and stiff in pronunciation perhaps—as the voice of the self-educated are sometimes apt to be. I welcomed this second falling in with him. "Have you sold out your stock," I asked the child. She answered that they hadn't sold nothing. "But," she added, "you gin us a tanner, and," with a mixture of the sexes, "another lady gin us tuppence." The old man stood still whilst the child spoke, and held the battered hat in his hand. The blind face flushed a little as he said "I am very much obliged to you, Sir." Perhaps you will be able to guess why I felt a little ashamed of myself. I seemed to have reminded the old man of an obligation, although I had assuredly no such design. He took an uncertain groping step forward and pulled at the hand of the child.

It was partly through a feeling of awkwardness which would not let me say "Good-bye," and which yet seemed to wake some sort of farewell necessary that I walked along by the blind man's side. I suppose he knew by my step that I was still there, for he turned his melancholy eyes on me as if waiting for me to speak. I said some indifferent thing or other about the weather. He answered and we glided into talk. I told him in a minute or two that he had been well educated.

He answered "Yes," and added with a little pride, that he was quite self-taught. It was one of his deprivations, he said, that he could no longer read. He could have borne anything better than the loss of sight. All his speech was broken and interrupted by a terrible hacking cough, and his stoop was painful in its helplessness. He asked me suddenly if I knew anything about mechanics. "For two or three years," he said, "I have had no chance of speaking to anybody who could understand me. I am the inventor of perpetual motion, Sir. I have mastered the problem which has puzzled mechanicians for centuries. Will you come and look at my invention? Shall I bring it to you? I knew little or nothing about mechanics, I answered, but should be glad to look at his invention. "Take me home, Lizzie," he said eagerly, and the child turned at once into one of those dreadful courts which lie off Holborn. As I followed, the old man apologized for the place. "I have never seen it," he said, "but I know it is as vile a hole as a man could well live in. You're not afraid to come, Sir?" "Not at all," I told him. The place was frowsy and miserable. Rotting garbage lay about the broken pavement, and the day's rain had awakened a score of evil odours. He led me into a wretched room on the ground-floor of one of the decrepit houses. The place was unevenly paved with battered and broken bricks, and the walls were moist and discoloured. It was almost void. A plank stretched from one heap of bricks to another did duty for a seat, and there were a ricketty table and an old tea-chest in the room. Nothing else, except a heap of sacking and shavings in one corner. As we entered the forlorn apartment the old man held up his hand in a listening attitude, and I heard a faint clicking sound like that of a clock. He released the hand of his child and went gropingly across the room to the tea-chest, and stooping down, produced from it a cigar box. Holding this in both hands, he came with that pathetically uncertain footstep back to the table. H laid the box down and untied the string which fastened the lid. "Look here, Sir," he said, and I advanced to the table. There was a tiny steel hammer hanging from a brass rod and falling perpetually upon a little catch which rose from a polished brass case; and there were two small metal cubes darting to and fro along the rod from which the hammer was suspended. Might I take it from the box? I asked. The old man laid his hands jealously over it. He took it out himself, however, and laid it upon the table. "These cubes of metal," he said "are magnets. They are turned by a circular spring within the box, and they keep the steel pendulum in motion. The hammer on the pendulum strikes the latch as it falls and gives the spring one coil. It wastes exactly that one coil in working the magnets. A feather's weight on either side would destroy the balance, and the machine would stop. It has been going now for more than three years, and will continue to go as long as the material endures. "Could you not find a purchaser for your invention?" I asked again. People, he told me, had offered to buy this one,—indicating the little piece of mechanism before him,—but he would'nt sell it for the world. "I worked at it for years. I helped with my own hands to make it. What could pay me for it?" "But surely," I remonstrated, "you could find somebody who would buy the patent and bring out copies of the thing." "Whom could he trust," he asked. Before he lost his sight, one man stole his specifications and tried to bring it out for himself. There was a mistake in them, however, and the man was an ignoramus who could not rectify it, "and so," he said, "I escaped that time. No, no, Sir. This is the one invention of the world. The solution of tremendous problems lies here, Sir. I can't pursue them now. But I have started them,—I have started them,—and I shall be remembered. This little machine, Sir, is the key to a new world of discovery. There is an El Dorado of thought opened by it—a golden world of new knowledge." There were tears in the blind eyes and on the furrowed cheeks as he said this.

We talked a little further. He made no appeal for help or charity, wretchedly forlorn as his condition was. I left a coin in the hands of the child and bade him good-day, promising to call upon him again. When I reached home I found that my affairs called me to the Continent. I returned to town on the 18th of May, and in company with a friend sought the

old man's room. The door was locked, and as we turned away a women addressed us asking if we wished to see the blind man who used to live there. "Used to live there?" I asked. "Where is he now?" "Dead an' buried this fortni't past," the woman answered.

We wish the "Whitehall Review" all success.

MASONIC CYCLOPÆDIA.

Dear Bro. Kenning,—

The old saying runs, "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip," and that is certainly made good as regards your Cyclopædia.

You will remember how towards the close of 1872, we talked it over, and how also, when Bro. Mackey's elaborate work appeared, "a whale among the minnows," it seemed to us, "pour le moment," needless to persevere with our proposal.

About this time last year you recalled my attention to the matter, saying that you thought you saw your way to the "placing" on the Masonic literary market of a Cyclopædia, not to large, not too verbose, cheap and condensed—a neat and compendious book of reference.

The summer intervened, and about October I began my work.

But, as you will call to mind, nearly two months' delay occured in the beginning of 1876, owing to the printing arrangements, and then another six weeks nearly, owing to necessary retranscriptions of certain portions.

The compilation of any Cyclopædia is a hard task, but that of a Masonic Cyclopædia especially so, despite my collections and preparations, for, as you know, I have the largest collection probably of collated MS. and references of any one in England. In a Masonic Cyclopædia the difficulty, always confessedly great, is augmented by the carelessness of our own writers, who give dates which are anachronisms, references which cannot be found, and quotations which cannot be verified. I have spent many a weary half hour in finding out mistakes which ought never to have been made, and rectifying inaccuracies for which there is no excuse. I may observe here that it is a very easy thing to reprint printed matter, to "print upon" what is already before the public, or even to make up copy with printed clippings; but to transcribe a book of many hundred pages of original matter, especially when one's handwriting is not of the best is for men of ordinary calibre like myself a very uphill task. I have, I believe, every Cyclopædia that has been written, barring an Italian one, and nothing so much strikes one, how much original work and references remain to do in order to ensure accuracy in every respect. So on June 15th I find myself thus far safely advanced; all up to the end of G. is in the hands of the printers, and the letter H will soon be. I give beneath a specimen of H, which I think will convince my readers of the bonâ fide character of the work. I will just add this, it would be a pity to spoil a practical standard Masonic work of reference by any hurry or impatience.

I am now, as you are aware, daily working hard at the work, and I have no doubt to complete my undertaking towards the end of the year.

All I can say is to-day, to our kind friends and subscribers, if any disapprove of a delay which is quite unavoidable, they can have their subscription returned; but I think that they will all gain by a more careful elaboration of the work, and during the remainder of the year we can receive names of subscribers until December 31, 1876. Then the list must finally close The large number of names we have already is a hopeful sign of the awakening interest on matters archæological, and I trust when the Cyclopædia at last appears it will neither belie the kindly patronage of my brethren nor disappoint their just expectations. In the meantime I recommend that all those who have not subscribed for a copy to send their names to George Kenning, 198, Fleet-street, London, E.C., and I am quite certain of this, that they will all get their money's worth, and, indeed, a good deal more.

I am, dear Bro. Kenning,
Yours always fraternally,
A. F. A. Woodford, P.G.C.

10, Upper Porchester-street, Hyde-park-square, W., June 15, 1876.

P.S.—The subscription price is 7s. 6d.

H.—Kloss cites no less than nine contributions to Masonic literature under this letter.

Hache, Chappie de la.—Chapter of the

Axe, the 32nd of the 90 grades of the Rite of Misraim.

Hack, Jacob W. B. E. Von.—The name is also written "Haack," was in 1762 member of the Lodge "Gur Eenigheit" in Frankfort, A.M., and from 1764 until 1766 its W.M. He was also a member of the Strict Observance. Kloss mentions two or three of his addresses, and especially one which he delivered December 27th, 1768, at the admission of Louis VIII., Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt, when he appears to have been W.M. of the Lodge "Zu den dei Distelu," at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

Hacquet.—A French brother, formerly a "notaire" at Port-au-Prince, and one of the founders of the General Grand Lodge of the "Rite Amien et Accepté," in Paris, 1801. He was also a member of the Grand Orient in 1804 and 1810, and was President of the Royal Arch Chapter at Paris in 1814.

Hadamar, P.H.—W.M. of the Lodge Vereiniggten Freunde,' in Mayence, who delivered an address at the Whiter St. John's, 1819.

Hadly, Benjamin.—An English brother present at the Special Lodge at the Hague for the reception of the Duke of Tuscany and Lorraine, afterwards the Emperor Francis I. Anderson and Eutich Noorthouck, in the Constitutions of 1738, 1767, 1784, mention the names of John Stanhope and John Hollyendaf as the Wardens. Preston, however (Oliver's Edition, 1861) states that Bro. Benjamin Hadly and a Dutch brother were the two Wardens on that occasion. Of him nothing more seems to be known.

Hagar.—Bro. Dr. Oliver has used the difference as existing between the sons of Sarah and Hagar, as significant in the teaching of older Masonry of the necessity of gender freeborn candidates, We believe, however, that the teaching is entirely modern, and the question of freeborn (see "Freeborn") rests upon an entirely different ground, the need of which has long since passed away.

Haggai.—The Prophet, born in Babylon, and with Zerubbabel and Joshua aided to restore and dedicate the temple at Jerusalem, B.C. 516. His name is given to the Third Principal in a Royal Arch Chapter. Curiously enough, Bro. H. Warren found his seal during his researches in subterranean Jerusalem.

Hague.—The capital of Holland, called also "La Haye, and Haag," in Dutch it is Gravenhage. Freemasonry was founded practically there in 1731, by the special Lodge which, under a dispensation from Lord Lovel, G.M., initiated the Duke of Tuscany and Lorraine. There is no trustworthy evidence, in our opinion, of the Lodge Het Vredendal, or Frederick Venda, which is said to have beem founded by an Englishman in 1637, some even say from 1519 to 1601, on an English warrant, though, as far as we know, no warrants were given until the 18th century. A French lodge seems to have been founded there in 1734, "Loge du Grand Maitre des Provinces unies et du resort de la Generalite," at the Golden Lion at the Hague, by Vincent de la Chapelle mainly. A Dutch Lodge, was formed it is said, in 1735, under the name of "Le Venerable Zele." There seems also about this time another Lodge, termed L'Union, to have been formed by Von Dagran, and this, and the Veritable Zele, and the Lodge La Royale, the third in order of consideration, led to the formation of the National Grand Lodge, December 25th, 1756.

Haiber.—A French brother, who translated Kurtis's History of Pope Innocent III. Paris, 1838.

Hale.—More properly Hele. Means to cover, to conceal. It is clearly an A. Saxon word, and is derived, it has been often suggested, from the A. Saxon Helan, which it is said is pronounced "halan," to cover or conceal. The word is still in use in the West of England we are told, and a "helliar" is said to answer to the Latin "tegulator." It has been, however, pointed out that as the word "Hillyer" or "Hilliar" is also used, it may come more properly from "hilan," A.S., to conceal or cover, not "helan." There is another meaning to it, which probably comes from the Saxon "hael," exemplified in the old form, "drinc hael," "waes hael," or from the old word heyle, hale, healthy. It is a word well known to Freemasons. "Hele," in the sense of conceal, was an expression in use among the old guild formulæ, though the word "heyle," health, was also written "hele," and is to be found in many of the guild ordinances. Some one has suggested that the word may be also a corruption of "halde," to hold fast or firm, but we prefer the more obvious or A. Saxon use. This is one among little indiciæ of the real Antiquity of our usages and ritual.



See "Early Indiciæ of Freemasonry," Page 50.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 38.—Vol. IV. AUGUST, 1876. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

We have very little to report this month, except the onward advance of Freemasonry as well abroad as at home.

It would almost seem as if recent foolish charges and minatory denunciations had done Freemasonry generally good, and tended to raise it even in public opinion. Such is the effect always of unwise persecution and bombastic anathemata, they bring about an inevitable reaction in the minds of the serious, the thoughtful, the tolerant, and the fair. The one great danger which Freemasonry has to contend with just now, is its own material prosperity, the increase of its members, the too easy admission of aspirants.

There is, as has been often said, a "tide in the affairs of men" individually, and so there is also in that of nations and institutions.

Prosperity and popularity are two main ingredients of earthly success; and, as often happens, Freemasonry just now, being both popular and prosperous, finds that many "waiters on Providence," who look at all things from a pure worldly point of view, are very axious to partake of its prestige, and to claim its privileges. Hence, we have on all sides a great pressure of new members, and all Lodges require to be guided both by care and circumspection, in the admission of those who are knocking at the door of Masonry.

We should look a little further than social position, present well-being, and the claims of good fellowship. A "Buon Camarado" is a good thing, but it is not everything, and Freemasonry, to be really strong, to hold its own, to make its way, must depend upon the moral character of its "Alumni," as well as on its own inherent claims to consideration and respect.

The controversy in regard of Bro. Havers's proposal is not ended. So far, all the preponderance of argument is on our distinguished brother's side.

A new element in Masonic life is the libellous pamphlet. It is certainly novel, but not likely to prove successful. We deem it alike un-Masonic and unworthy of Freemasonry. In one province, which shall be nameless, this pamphlet system has been for the last twelve months apparently the O.K. thing. Let us hope we have seen the last of these foolish ebullitions. Angry and personal pamphlets generally proceed from a morbid vanity, from a little mind, from inflated egotism, or crazy perversity.

THE DAFFODIL.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL,

Authoress of "Rhymes and Sketches to Illustrate the Cleveland Dialect," &c.

Merrily waves the Daffodil,
When Spring's fresh breezes blow;
It nods its head, and seems to say—
I come to make a show.

The Snowdrop now has pass'd away,
And its fair place to fill,
Like burnish'd gold, now blossometh
The flaunting Daffodil.

Short is its stay, but ere it dies
Fresh flowers come forth to view;
Each in succession takes its place
The glorious Summer through.

Fit symbols of our transient stay
In this brief world of ours;
We bloom awhile, then sink to rest
Like Summer's fairest flowers.

Such joy as flowers on us confer,
If we but strive to give,
To those who tread life's path with us,
Then not in vain we live.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE EARLY INDICIÆ OF FREEMASONRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. 1.

THOUGH I do not profess or propose to be strictly chronological in my series of articles and illustrations, I think the idea a good one per se of calling the notice of the Craft to early evidences, or proofs, of the existence of Freemasonry. If so be that my papers are received with favour by my Brethren, any question of consecutive chronology can then be satisfactorily adjusted. Indeed, the subject will probably grow under my hands, so to say, and many early and unsuspected illustrations will probably turn up when our attention generally is turned to the subject.

I take up a book to-day, a reprint of Veldener's Erschiedenis van het heylighe Cruys, or History of the Holy Cross, printed by him in 1483, in which we find some curious points and tokens, as I think, of Masonic lore. This has been edited by J. Ph. Berjeau, and was published by C. J. Stewart, 11, King William-street, Strand, in 1863. It is a most interesting book, and deserves perusal and study. It has been most admirably edited and printed. Some of our readers may have heard of the ancient and curious History of the Cross, which is said to have been written by Rufinus, first a friend, afterwards an opponent, of Jerome the great early father.

The Empress Helena is said to have discovered the true Cross, the wood of which was said to have been in the Temple at Jerusalem. This history is the legend of this wood from its first growth to its subsequent use, and its alleged discovery. The present history, rhymed by an unknown German author, is, without doubt, the translation of a Latin one, and is in all probability built up on Rufinus's original ecclesiastical history, "The Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine," and probably later MSS. in Latin and French. Two of the latter exist in the British Museum, and a specimen of one of these will be given.

There are only three known copies of the work—one in Lord Spencer's library, one in the Royal Library at Brussels, and one in the library of Mr. Schinkel, at the Hague.

Veldener, who was born at Wurzburg, is well-known in the typographical history of Holland, and it has been suggested by Mr. Berjeau, in his extremely well-written preface, that he obtained the "blocks" from the "Brothers of the Common Life," whether in Holland or in Germany.

Mr. Berjeau says, "A most interesting feature of the History of the Cross, as it has been transmitted to us by Veldener, is the close relation of this work to the secret societies of the middle ages, and particularly to the early Rosicrucians. Although we cannot here properly enter into extensive disquisitions on this subject, we may at least designate the present book as the most ancient printed monument relative to the mysteries of philosophical Freemasonry. The numerous persons who are still in our times initiated in such mysteries, and are curious to trace back their origin and their mode of transmission, cannot fail to be struck by many engravings in Veldener's book. The very number (thirty-three) of the leaves on which it is printed—which is a puzzle for common biographers—will be particularly suggestive to "Roseæ crucis equitibus." The lovers of Egyptian mysteries, in their descent through the Dark Ages, will easily follow in Plates 3, reverse of A ii., 21, reverse of 61, 25 reverse of B iii., and 37 recto of C i., the four emblematic trials of earth, fire, water, and air The two plates 52, reverse of C viii., and 55 reverse of D ii., will be at once recognised by the humblest member of the Craft as a representation familiar to him, while plates 52 and 53, D i., will be sufficiently significative to more advanced adepts in Scottish Freemasonry. No less interesting is the composition of the Cross, formed of four different species of wood, in which a mediæval Rosicrucian saw most certainly the emblems of the four elements as he saw them in the inscription:

"Iammin. Nour. Rouah. Iabesheh.
Water. Fire. Air. Earth."

This extract, of course, attracted my attention, and I looked carefully at the plates; but, to say the truth, though I note some familiar emblems as the Sun and Moon, I do not feel quite so certain as Mr. Berjeau seems to be on the subject; but I recommend our Masonic students to study the plates for themselves.

But while I was carefully studying the old

block prints, one print struck me however as very Masonic; and, though I may also be mistaken, I leave it to the appreciation of all Craftsmen and Master Masons. It appears before the title-page.

We give the verse of the legend which refers to the scene itself, in the Dutch, French, and English :—

Hier doet David ter seluer vren
Sijn hof vaste ende wel bemueren
Oeck suldi dat claerliken verstaen
Dat hi hier sijn ghebet heeft ghedaen.

Ici David d'un mur fait entourer sacour,
Contre les indiscrets pour server de barrière.
Et vous saurey aussi que, chaque jour,
En ce lieu le bon roi recitait sa priere.

King David soon, when this he found,
His garden closed and well walled round,
And you must clearly know that there
He thenceforth after made his prayer.

With this I leave No. 1 to the kind consideration of my readers.

I will only add that the book from which I have taken these extracts and illustrations is well worthy the attention of all Masonic bibliographers and students; like my Bro. W. J. Hughan and my Bro. R. W. Little, and many more. Those who take an interest in such studies, as well as regards the high grades as the Craft—should at once procure a copy of the work, as it is an ornament to any library, and is both interesting, and curious, and valuable for all Masonic archæologists. My Dutch Brethren, if they do not know it, should give it their patronage.

Mr. Stewart was so kind as to lend me his block engraving, which forms the illustration, and I am glad to express my sense of his obliging courtesy.

AN EARLY MASONIC BOOK.

BY ALBERT G. MACKEY, M.D.

WE take this most interesting paper from our contemporary the "Voice of Masonry" or June.

It has been supposed that the earliest printed book in which Freemasonry is alluded to as an organized institution, is the Constitutions of 1722, of which but a single copy is said to be extant, and which was recently re-published by Bro. Richard Spencer. Kloss mentions nothing earlier than the Constitutions of 1723, for when he published his Bibliography, the copy of 1722 was unknown.

But there is in the valuable library of Bro. Carson, of Cincinnati, another work of the year 1722, to which I have hitherto seen no reference. A brief account of it will, therefore, I think, be interesting. For an examination of the work I am indebted to Br. Albert Pike, to whom it had been loaned by Bro. Carson.

The work is a small 8vo., of lxiv+199 pages, and bears the following title:

Long Livers: A Curious History of such Persons of both Sexes who have liv'd several Ages, and grown Young again: With the rare Secret of Rejuvenescency of Arnoldus de Villa Nova. And a great many approv'd and invaluable Rules to prolong Life: Also how to prepare the Universal Medicine. Most humbly dedicated to the Grand Master, Masters, Wardens, and Brethren of the most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of the Freemasons of Great Britain and Ireland. By Eugenius Philalethes, F.R.S. Author of the Treatise of the Plague. *Viri Fratres, audite me.* Act. xv. 13. *Diligite Fraternitatem, timete Deum, honorate Regem.* 1. Pet. ii. 17. London: Printed for J. Holland at the Bible and Ball in St. Paul's Church Yard, and L. Stokoe at Charing Cross, 1722.

Eugenius Philalethes was the pseudonym of Thomas Vaughan, a Hermetic writer who published in 1652 a translation of the *Fama Fraternitatis.* But it is not probable that he is the same author who, seventy years afterwards, published the work now under review. It is not important, perhaps, to identify this second Philalethes. The only matter of interest to the Masonic student is, that this Hermetic work, written, or at least published, in 1722, one year before the first edition of Anderson's *Constitutions*, contains a Dedication of 60 pages, inscribed with the following heading:

To the Grand Master, Masters, Wardens, and Brethren of the Most Ancient and Most Honorable Fraternity of the Freemasons of Great Britain and Ireland, Br. Eugenius Philalethes Sendeth Greeting.

This long dedication contains very little information on points of Masonic history, but there are a few passages that may be

cited, rather for the implied than for the positive statements that they make.

In the first place, the writer alludes to higher degrees of a Hermetic character, to the attainment of which the primitive Masonic degrees were preparatory. Thus he says, addressing the Freemasons:

I present you with the following sheets as belonging more properly to you than any else. But what I here say, those of you who are not far illuminated, who stand in the outward place, and are not worthy to look behind the veil, may find no disagreeable or unprofitable entertainment: and those who are so happy as to have greater light will discover under these shadows somewhat truly great and noble, and worthy the serious attention of a genius the most elevated and sublime. The spiritual celestial Cube, the only true, solid, and immoveable basis and foundation of all knowledge, peace and happiness. (*Page iv.*)

This is the first time that we meet in any work, with a reference to a higher and more occult system of Masonry, connected with the Hermetic philosophy. And this it must be remembered, was only five years after the "Revival," and one year anterior to the publication of Anderson's "Constitutions."

In the next paragraph, the author alludes in distinct terms to the revival of Masonry in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He says:

I, therefore, my dearest Brethren, greet you most heartily, and am glad of this opportunity to rejoice with you, inasmuch as it hath pleased the Almighty One, eternal, unalterable God to send out His *Light* and His *Truth*, and His *vivifying* Spirit, whereby the Brotherhood begins to revive again in this our isle, and Princes seek to be of this sacred Society, which hath been from the beginning, and always shall be; the gates of hell shall never prevail against it, but it shall continue while the Sun and Moon endure, and till the general consummation of all things; for since God, my dearest Brethren, is for us, who can be against us? (*Page iv.*)

A few quotations from this early work on Freemasonry—the very earliest now extant—may be deemed of interest. They will show that the writer was fully cognizant of the symbolic, the religious, and the philosophical character of the Institution, and that he wrote evidently under the impression that at that day others besides himself had connected Freemasonry with Alchemy.

Remember that you are the salt of the earth, the light of the world, and the fire of the universe. Ye are living stones, built up a spiritual house, who believe and rely on the chief *Lapis Angularis*, which the refactory and disobedient builders disallowed; you are called from darkness to light; you are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood. (*Page v.*)

* * * * * *

Remember then what the great end we all aim at is. Is it not to be happy *here* and hereafter? For they both depend on each other. The seeds of that eternal peace and tranquillity and everlasting repose must be sown in this life; and we that glorify and enjoy Sovereign Good *then* must learn to do it *now*, and from contemplating the creation gradually ascend to adore the Creator.

You know, no one is worthy to be of you that does not know, or at least love, one or more of the seven liberal arts, which in some sort depend on each other: Music, Harmony and Proportion run thro' all; but the grandest and most sublime of all is Astronomy, by which it has been given to men from above to do such wonders and has so amply displayed the glories of the Most High. (*Page vi.*)

It seems at that early day, as well as in the present times, adversaries were to be found who charged the Masons with being Atheists. To this accusation, Eugenius Philalethes makes a long reply, concluding in these words:

If to all this [to reject pagan idolatry and modern superstition], and believe only in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth and of all things visible and invisible, the most grand, essential, the prime, eternal, everlasting, fundamental article of the most holy, catholick, universal and Christian faith (of which we are) makes one an Atheist, such, my dearest Brethren, are we all, and we glory in it. Let the infidel and pagan world say what they will, we shall have the suffrages of all Christians, under whatever other denomination distinguished, who cannot be so inconsistant with themselves as to take

umbrage at those who believe the prime article of their (that is, our) holy faith. (*Page xi.*)

The next few pages are occupied with a series of instructions to the Craft for their government in the conduct of life, which differ, not at all, from what are contained in the "Old Charges," which were published by Anderson in the succeeding year. Next follows a history of the progress of the true religion, which he claims to be that of Masonry, for the corruption of the antediluvian world, through the patriarchal world, and the times of the Jewish kings, until its final consummation and purification by the coming of Christ, whom he calls:

Our great, our immortal Master, who came into the world to do the will of our Father which is in Heaven and whose brethren we are (as he says himself) if we do so too. (*Page xxxiv.*)

Having thus detailed the progress of religion, which he treats as if it were the same thing as the progress of Masonry, he concludes by telling us what is the true Masonic profession of faith:

You see now what is our profession; it is the law of nature, which being almost lost, was endeavoured to be retreived or at least somehow kept up by the shadows of Moses, but entirely restored by the law of grace, by Jesus Christ, the Son of God. (*Page xxxv.*)

The theory advanced by Philalethes, that the Universal Religion and Speculative Masonry are identical, and that the history of the progress of the one is that of the other, is the same as that which was advanced a century afterwards by Dr. Oliver in his "*Theocratic Philosophy of Masonry.*"

Unlike Anderson and the writers who followed him, Philalethes establishes no connection between Architecture and Masonry. Indeed, it is somewhat singular that although he names both David and Solomon in the course of his narrative, it is with little respect, especially for the latter, and he does not refer, even by a single word, to the Temple of Jerusalem. The Masonry of this writer is not architectural, but altogether theoscopic. It is evident that as a Hermetic philosopher he sought rather to identify the Freemasons with the disciples of the Rosicrucian school than with the Operative Masons of the Middle Ages. This is a point of much interest, considering that the work was published only five years after the "Revival." It goes far to show that at that early period there was a school of Hermetic Masonry, very different in its historic theories from that established at the same time by Desaguliers and Anderson. The following quotations, at near the close of the Dedication, will not, therefore, by its thoroughly Hermetic character, surprise the reader:

And now, my Brethren, you of the higher class, permit me a few words, since you are but few; and these few words I shall speak to you in riddles, because to you it is given to know those mysteries which are hidden from the unworthy.

Have you not seen, then, my dearest Brethren, that stupendous bath filled with most limpid water, than which no pure can be purer, of such admirable mechanism that makes even the greatest philosopher gaze with wonder and astonishment, and is the subject of the eternal contemplation of the wisest men. Its form is a quadrate sublimely placed on six others, blazing all with celestial jewels, each angularly supported with four lions. Here repose our mighty King and Queen. (I speak foolishly, I am not worthy to be of you,) the King shining in his glorious apparel of transparent, incorruptible gold, beset with living sapphires: he is fair and ruddy, and feeds among the lilies; his eyes, two carbuncles, the most brilliant, darting prolific, never-dying fires; and his large flowing hair, blacker than the deepest black or plumage of the long-lived crow; his royal consort vested in tissue of immortal silver, watered with emeralds, pearl and coral. O mystical union! O admirable commerce!

Cast now your eyes to the basis of this celestial structure, and you will discover just before it a large bason of porphyrian marble, receiving from the mouth of a large lion's head, to which two bodies displayed on each side of it are conjoined, a greenish fountain of liquid jasper. Ponder this well and consider. Haunt no more the woods and forests; (I speak as a fool,) haunt no more the fleet; let the flying eagle fly unobserved; busy yourselves no longer with the dancing idiot, swollen toads, and his own tail-devouring

dragon; leave these as elements to your *Tyrones.*

The object of your wishes and desires (some of you may, perhaps, have attained it, I speak as a fool,) is that admirable thing which hath a substance, neither too fiery nor altogether earthy nor simply watery; neither a quality the most acute, or most obtuse, but of a middle nature, and light to the touch, and in some manner soft, at least not hard; not having asperity, but even in some sort sweet to the taste, odorous to the smell, grateful to the sight, agreeable and delectable to the hearing and pleasant to the thought; in short, that one only thing besides which there is no other, and yet everywhere possible to be found, the blessed and most sacred subject of the square of wise men, that is,——. I had almost blabbed it out and been sacriligiously perjured. I shall therefore speak of it with a circumlocution yet more dark and obscure, that none but the Sons of Science, and those who are illuminated with the sublimest mysteries and profoundest secrets of Masonry may understand——. It is then what brings you, my dearest Brethren, to that pellucid diaphanous palace of the true disinterested lovers of wisdom, that triumphant pyramid of purple salt more sparkling and radiant than the finest orient ruby, in the centre of which reposes inaccessible light epitomized, that incorruptible celestial fire, blazing like burning crystal and brighter than the sun in his full meridian glories, which is that immortal, eternal, neverdying Pyropus, the King of gemms, whence proceeds everything that is great, and wise, and happy.

These things are deeply hidden from common view, and covered with pavilions of thickest darkness, that what is sacred may not be given to dogs, or your pearls cast before swine, lest they trample them under foot, and turn again and rent you.

The body of the work which follows this long dedication is of no interest to the Masonic student, as it is merely a treatise on longevity, containing lists of long livers in all ages, interspersed with Hermetic prescriptions for the renewal of youth and the indefinite prolongation of life.

It is the dedication alone that will attract attention, because having been written, according to the date appended to it, on March 1st, 1721, although not printed till 1722, it gives incontestible proof that at that early period of the revival of Masonry in England, and the establishment of a Grand Lodge, there were some who extended the Masonic system much further than the publicly recognized degrees of the lodge, and connected the Institution with higher degrees, and more exalted knowledge, derived from the Hermetic philosophers or Alchemists.

Neither Anderson nor Desaguliers give the slightest indication that there was in their day a higher Masonry than that described in the Book of Constitutions of 1723. The Hermetic element, it has been hitherto supposed, was not introduced into the Masonic system until, at least, the middle of the 18th century. The fact, therefore, that a book is in existence, printed in 1722, but written in March, 1721, two years before the appearance of Anderson's edition of the Masonic Constitutions, and one year before the publication of the edition of Roberts,—which book contains a dedication to the Grand Master and Officers and Members of the recently organized body of Freemasons, in which Dedication the connection of Masonry with an operative element and with Architecture, is wholly passed over, while there are continual references to its possession of higher degrees, in which the symbolism of the Hermetic philosophy is constantly referred to—all this, so very different from what we might have expected from the tenor of the early English publications on Freemasonry, makes this Dedication a matter of much importance and interest to the investigator of Masonic history.

If, as Eugenius Philalethes plainly indicates, there were, in 1721, higher degrees, or at least a higher degree in which knowledge of a Masonic character was hidden from a great body of the Craft "who were not far illuminated, who stood in the outward place and were not worthy to look behind the veil," by which it is clearly implied that there were at that period, another class, *who were far illuminated, who stood within the inward place, and looked behind the veil,* why is it that neither Anderson, nor Desaguliers, nor any of the writers of that day, nor any of the early

rituals make any allusion to this higher and more illuminated system? The question is worthy of investigation, and hence this book of Philalethes introduces a new element in the historical problem of Masonry. And it is for that reason that I have made such copious extracts from it, as the book itself is, if not unique, certainly very rare.

SONNET.

(*For the Masonic Magazine*)

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

How sweet to breathe the pure transparent air
Of these blue mountains high, that far recede
Into the distant cloudy skies, and lead
My thoughts to that far loftier mountain, where
The angel did the lov'd disciple bear
In spirit, and from thence did bid him heed
The heav'n-wall'd city which with golden reed,
He measur'd, and whose structure lies foursquare,
Equal alike in length, and breadth, and height,
By which Paul metes the Architect's vast love,
Which passeth knowledge. O, ye sons of light,
Mark here, then, your instructions from above—
Love's mystic lore, declar'd by Paul and John;
And know the sacred square ye stand upon.

MAY MASON.

(*From the Craftsman.*)

JEAN GOLD.

"George, where had I better send?"

"Eh, what?"

"I do believe you have not heard one word I have said."

"Oh yes my dear, Ginx's baby, to go to the poor-house is the question before the house."

"Ginx's baby indeed! George, if you will be kind enough to put that everlasting old paper down for a moment, I will be greatly obliged, for there is a question *before the house in truth.*"

"Well, well, my dear do not get excited, there is time enough. There, I am all attention. What is it?"

"I suppose I shall have to tell it all over again. Do you remember about a woman with a baby who came to Mrs. Adams' last fall? She gave her name as Martha Gray, and had a marriage certificate bearing the same. If you ever half-way listened to me, you might have known she is dead and was buried yesterday. Of course Mrs. Adams can not keep the child. She would not have taken the woman in had she not come in a storm and begged so piteously. You have probably forgotten Mrs. Adams, but she is a poor woman mother used to help; she as all she can do to take care of her own family, and something must be done with the child. It seems a shame to send it to an orphan asylum and worse to the poor-house."

"Regular little Ginx," chuckled George, "committee must be appointed immediately to look after it."

"A committee of one will do all the work, as usual," she imposingly said, as she arose from the breakfast table, "as you do not seem to look upon it except as a matter for fun."

"Pardon me," said her brother, a good natured old bachelor, who was a little more apt to see the ridiculous side of things than his younger and more energetic sister. "I hope you do not want me to make it serious, for I really cannot; you certainly do not want me to adopt a six months' baby?"

"I am not a simpleton quite, besides the child is two years old. But you do not seem to have heard, or remembered at least, what I have told you before, that the mother had papers showing her husband to have been a Mason. Mrs. Gray said her husband, when dying, told her to apply to the Masons for help, for they had neither kith nor kin nor friends in this country, and the child has not a relative nearer than a great-aunt or cousin in in England. While her husband could

work, they lived well enough, but he had a fever and died leaving her destitute. They lived in Buffalo then, and she received aid from a charitable society; she would not go near the Masons for she had an insane idea that they would take the child from her, and, with a hope of returning to England she clung to her baby, drifting from one place to another, till she came to Mrs. Adams' door, half dead and wholly starved. It was her wish that after she died the child should be given to the Masons, and I asked you at the beginning, where, or to whom, I should send to find out about it."

"Whew," whistled George, opening his eyes comically, "here is a mix! My Anti-Masonic sister writing to a lodge, interceding with them to adopt a baby. What is the child, a boy?"

"No, a girl."

"Oh, you ease your conscience then that she can never be an active member. Why do you not write to Harrison, he will attend to everything for you with pleasure," he added with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"You are determined to be very disagreeable this morning," said his sister, haughtily, leaving the room.

"By jingo, but she will be in a mess if she does not look out. Rica, of all persons in the world to have gotten interested in a Mason's baby; when her Anti-Masonic views nipped in the bud her own happiness. Bah! Harrison was to quick, he is not so used as I am to her impulsively ferocious way of speaking out her mind, and she generally has a mind to speak. If he had let her cool down a little, she would have listened to reason and been won to his side, easy enough. All she needs is a little guiding, she will go just as you want her to if she feels that she holds the reins in her own hands. But it was not a case for my interference, however, it will not be a bad thing for him to know that she is interested in a Mason's baby." After this soliloquy over his cigar, George St. John wrote on a slip of paper, "Mount Zion Lodge, Boston. As good a one as I know of." "It is near and is the one Hugh Harrison belongs to," he reflected as he sent the slip of paper up to his sister, and then walked leisurely down to his office, once there, forgetting the whole affair.

Rica St. John was vexed enough to have anything to do in the matter. Mrs. Adams had enlisted her sympathies in behalf of the widow and child when they first came, and seeing them often had only made Rica more and more anxious to help them; indeed the little girl, a brown haired pet, had won Rica's heart completely, and its lisping "Auntie" was very dear to her to hear. Martha Gray gave evidence of having belonged to a good English family. The history they gathered from her, little by little, was sad. On a sorrowful life from early childhood, the husband's death fell the crowning sorrow. The mother-love seemed to have been nearly crushed out, in the year of utter desolation and destitution, since he died, and, with a faith she had never had for herself, she gave her baby to Miss St. John, without a struggle, saying simply, "The Lord will provide for her."

"But the Lord leaves the providing for some one else to do," thought Rica a little bit wickedly, remembering the widow's last words, with the letter, she was having so much trouble to get written, in her hand. "I suppose we must be instruments," she added, a little more graciously, "but I wish He had picked out any other creature on the globe, to have been this special instrument. I can only hope Hugh will not hear of it, that is, my part." And the letter was sent.

Ten days passed, in which various communications had been received and answered by Rica from a gentleman, Mr. Gerard, by name. Everything so far was satisfactory, arrangements were all made for the public adoption of the child by the Mount Zion Lodge; its future provided for, nothing remained but to send for the child.

Rica re-read the postscript of the last letter, "Can a suitable nurse be provided at S——, or shall I bring one from Boston, when I come for her on Thursday?"

To this Rica replied, "A girl that the child knows will go with her for a few months, till she gets used to her strange home."

Two weeks from the day Martha Gray was laid to rest, an elderly gentleman knocked at Mrs. Adams' door, and asked for the Masonic baby.

Mrs. Adams a little flustrated by her distinguished early call, and not daring to even show up her valuable baby to a

stranger without Miss St. John's consent, sent covertly for that lady, while she kept her visitor in the front room, very much amused by her various pretexts, of the baby being asleep, etc. When at last she saw Rica coming down the street she said, with a curtsey, "Miss St. John is coming sir, and I think the baby is awake now."

Baby had on her best "bib and tucker," and with rosy cheeks fresh from her morning nap, looked too sweet and innocent to be a Mason, Rica thought. Mr. Gerard's memories were of some little angel faces he had seen on canvass, and one little one, dearest of all hid away under the daisies. He took her kindly in his arms, and she, to give him a good hug, wound her fat arms around his neck, and lisped a very delightful babyish welcome.

"What is her name?" he asked, turning to Rica.

"She has none but Baby. Her mother gave her none; she expressly wished that she should never be called after her, for fear the curse over her life should continue with the name. She did not even wish her to keep the name of Gray. It was her fancy, and I suppose we ought to respect it now."

"Certainly," said Mr. Gerard slowly, "Will you name her then; as her nearest friend, you will be her god-mother I suppose?"

"I, oh no, if you please, I am an Anti-Mason," said Rica with a very deep blush as she met the earnest look he turned upon her.

"Are you, and why?" he asked innocently, playing with the baby in a manner that showed he was evidently accustomed to little ones.

"Oh, I do not know—for various reasons, I am very strong against them,"—answered Rica, hesitating over her words, conscious she was not showing any of the strong points of an enemy. But somehow this elderly, dignified, "lovely" old man, was not one to charge upon with her petty artillery. If it had been Hugh, sitting there instead, she would have felt no hesitation whatever. On the contrary, would have argued till both were exhausted, and then not yielded so much as she had in the first words to this grey-haired enemy.

"I hope you will not be so strong against us, in the future, Miss St. John. I hardly think you consider us even now quite heathen, or you would not have turned this little one over to our keeping so readily. You are not afraid to trust her to us are you?"

"No, certainly not," she smiled at the question.

"Then you must believe there is some good in us?"

"Yes, *some* good," she said slowly.

"But about baby's name, I have a fancy to have you name her. I want you to keep interested, you see, in the Masons."

"I am very fond of the child, and shall always be interested in her welfare. And if I must suggest a name, what do you say to May Mason? She was born in the month of May. Her mother died, and she is now adopted in May. It is an eventful month for her. It will also carry out her mother's wish in losing the name of Gray."

"May Mason, it is a very good idea and shall be carried out. I see I have only a half-an-hour before the train leaves. Can she be ready?"

Baby was carried out to be made ready, and Mr. Gerard turned to Rica, "I am very glad to have had this meeting with you, Miss St. John, and only wish I had a longer time so that I could convert you to Masonry." She shook her head. "I know I could," he laughed pleasantly, "and whenever you come to the city, if you will let me know, my wife and self will be very happy to call and give you full accounts of baby May."

"I shall be glad to meet you and your wife," said Rica cordially, "and hear of baby, and—I am not afraid of being converted.

He laughed. "Do not be to sure. You have my address?"

"Yes."

Baby, or we may as well call her now, May Mason, came back ready for the journey. She had looked upon the unusual bustle about her, as a sort of holiday fun, and had been very joyous, till it came to going herself. Whether the carriage frightened her, or the by-bying, more serious than usual, made her feel instinctively she was leaving her old and only friends, she sobbed and cried as though her heart would break.

Miss St. John stood it as long as she could, and then taking the child from the

girl's arms, soothed her in a few moments. "There, pet will go with auntie now," and so Miss St. John rode to the depôt and saw them into the car. A little finesse was then used, and Miss St. John went back without any formal leave-taking with baby May.

She had a very amusing note from Mr. Gerard a few days after, with a graphic description of their journey, and of the howling Miss Mason set up when she discovered she had been fooled away from her friends. Evidently her initiation into Masonic arms had not been on the most gentle terms. She had screamed most persistently during the baptismal rite, and had even slapped Mr. Gerard in the face, when he, thinking she might favour him as the oldest friend she had there, had attempted to pacify her. On the whole, Mr. Gerard feared she had inherited all her mother's dislike to the Masons, and imbibed some of her Anti-Masonic "aunt's" opinions, and for such a little rebel, Miss St. John need not have minded being godmother. He was glad to say at the last, little May was boarded in a *good* Mason's family, and was, all considered, doing well.

Rica was much amused by his account, and yet worried. She missed the little thing greatly. She had found it pleasant to have something to love and care for that loved her back, and had felt several twinges of conscience in that she had given her up so quickly to the Masons,—not that she feared but that they would do well with her, but would the little one get the kind of love she might have given her? She might have kept her. George would not have minded, but it was too late now, and other cares crowded the baby out of her mind for a time. Spring melted into Summer, and Summer was melting into Autumn. Cities were vacated by all who had means to get out of them, but the heat had found its way to country and seashore, and nobody knew where to flee from it. Mr. and Miss St. John were at Newport, when the last mentioned received a letter, forwarded from S——, from Mr. Gerard about May. The child was ill; had been for several weeks; they had taken her into the country where they were staying, hoping the change would be all she needed, but it was not, and he felt he must write Miss St. John without more delay. The child was grieving herself to death. She kept up, now that she was sick, a constant moan for "Auntie," and the physician said if they had the least idea who the child wanted, to send for her quickly, if they wished to keep her alive. He had Mrs. Adams come for a few days, thinking she might answer, and the first day, May brightened and seemed better, but the second, she went back to her plaintive moan, and he took the liberty of writing, knowing the interest Miss St. John had once in the little girl, and feeling sure she must be the one she cried for, to ask her if she would come to make them a visit for baby's sake, baby, who was now so dear to them all.

This was the sum of the letter Rica read.

"George," she said, a moment after, entering her brother's room, "I must go to Southport immediately. I have just received a letter from Mr. Gerard; the baby is sick and they want me. Will you find out about the trains, quick, please?"

"Southport—Gerard—baby—have you gone crazy Rica?"

"No," she answered, coolly, "you have doubtless forgotten all about the baby I sent to the Masons last Spring. I have not time to repeat the story now, so please act without knowledge, or, rather, I do not need to trouble you." She rang the bell sharply. The hall boy answered in an instant. "Go to the office, and ask when the first train leaves for Southport."

George scarcely had time to collect his wits, when the boy returned and snapped out, "5.15, due Southport, 11.55 p m."

She had two hours, time enough to pack her trunk. When the express had whizzed out of the depôt with Rica in it, George turned with a prolonged "Whew!" his favourite ejaculation, "I wonder if it was not all a trumped up story. Hugh Harrison is coming here to-morrow."

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard welcomed cordially Miss St. John. Baby May was asleep when she arrived at midnight, but early in the morning Rica heard the little weak voice calling "Auntie," and wondered if it could really be herself the child meant, or if it were not rather the mother, and she had forgotten the mother-name; anyway she would hasten with her dressing and find out.

The child had changed so that Rica at first almost doubted if she was the once fat, rosy-cheeked May. Thin, white, with a sickly pallor, her eyes heavy and sunken, her whole form wasted, too weak even to hold her head up. "She looks like her dead mother," thought Rica, as, with tears in her eyes, she went towards her.

"Where is auntie's pet?" she asked in the old way, as near as she could with the pain she felt in her heart.

May smiled, a weak, sad, satisfied smile, and tried to put out her hands.

Rica took her in her arms, petting and kissing her, while May lay perfectly still and content.

When Mr. Gerard came into the room, she looked up and said prettily, "Auntie come, me kiss you; me good baby now; me naughty no more." And she was not naughty, but she was very, very sick. For days and nights she was not out of Rica's arms. For when little clinging hands are about your neck, and a little life rests on your care, you are not very apt to tear the hands away, or withold your care, on the selfish plea of being physically tired yourself. Any way, Rica St. John was not one to do so. The perfect trust with which May rested in her love, made that love rise sufficient for all she must endure for her, and she kept her watch faithfully, and was rewarded at last by seeing the child grow a little better.

May was lying asleep on a pillow in Rica's lap one afternoon, when the nurse girl entered with a card in her hand. "Hugh Harrison," Rica read, and whispered, "Where is he?"

"Down stairs," whispered back.

"Tell him I cannot see him. I am with a sick child."

"I told him so, but he says he must see you. If you can not come down, he will come up here."

"Tell him I cannot do the one, and he must not do the other."

"Perhaps we could lay her on the bed. He said he would only keep you a moment, and if you don't go down, I am sure he'll come up, he is awful determined-looking."

They succeeded in getting the child on the bed without awakening her, and then Rica went down stairs. She never stopped to think of herself or realize her tired and exhausted state, till she entered the parlour to meet Hugh Harrison, the first time after their quarrel, which had broken an engagement between them, if it had not broken their hearts. She had laid her burden out of her arms for a moment, and it was as though everything had gone from her, even strength to hold herself up, to speak or to act.

"Rica, for heaven's sake, how you look!" He started forward and steadied her into a chair. While she, perfectly unnerved, burst into violent weeping. The nerves, strained to their utmost the past weeks, whatever they might have undergone before, were taking their revenge, Hugh's inopportune visit being the last straw. It was some time before she could control herself; she cried from sheer mortification at last, at showing herself so weak to Hugh, of all others in the world.

"How came you here?" she asked, after regaining control of her tongue.

"I came for you," said he quietly, "and it is well. I was detained on the yacht and only reached Newport yesterday. George told me you had gone crazy; had come to this place to nurse a Mason's baby through scarlet or spotted fever, or small pox, for all he knew. And begged me, if I had any Masonic power, to use it here, and take the child from you, if I could not take you from the child, before you had taken the disease yourself and died. I promised to bring you back with me to-morrow, but you must leave this house immediately." He spoke in his old imperative way. It was pleasant to Rica to hear it again, and she lay back in the chair watching him walk up and down the room, thinking how quick he had fallen back to his old natural manner, and how, like "old times," it was.

He turned, caught the amused smile on her face—she looked more natural with it—and colouring slightly, he said, taking her hand in his, "Rica, there is not to be any more foolishness between us, and we will not mind for explanations. I have the right to take you away, for you are worn out and ill. We will have a dozen nurses for the baby, but you must go with me."

"I must not go with you," she answered gently, but she left her hand in his; "the baby needs me—"

"So do I need you ten times more than she."

"Do you? You are looking very well. May moaned and grieved for me day and night, until she was worn to a shadow, and you did not even get sick, said Rica," saucily.

"I did not suppose you would go out as a nurse among the Masons," said he, with a frown.

"I would not, had they all been like you," she retorted, with a pout. "Mr. Gerard converted me," she added, mischievously.

"Thanks to Mr. Gerard," said Hugh, dryly, "and I will take the new convert to my heart."

"You will have to take May, if you take me," said Rica, soberly. "We are not to be separated again."

"We might open an asylum for unfortunate Masonic orphans," said Hugh, with an air of resignation.

"*We*, indeed! You may consider yourself fortunate if you are taken in as an 'unfortunate,' sir."

"Taken in, I may be, but unfortunate no more; thanks to little May Mason's influence over her 'Anti-Masonic' Auntie."

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

III. Temperance.*

"God causeth...to grow.. that He may bring forth food and wine that maketh glad the heart of man."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging."

What says a follower of the Royal Solomon?—"Wine is as good as life to a man, if it be drunk moderately; what life is then to a man that is without wine? for it was made to make men glad. Wine measurably drunk, and in season, bringeth gladness of the heart and cheerfulness of the mind. But wine drunken with excess maketh bitterness of the mind with brawling and quarrelling." In this burning question of the day, then, we must distinguish carefully between use and abuse.

But what, one might say, has this question, however important it may be, to do with social, or in other words the national, prosperity? Surely it is purely a matter for individuals. Granted! but inasmuch as the nation is a body corporate made up of individual units, so whatever affects those individual units affects, in the long run, the corporate body; and, thus, this question of Temperance, inasmuch as it affects the processes of Creation and Recreation, by which our national work is done, by deteriorating the one by an abuse of the other, is of most material importance to the nation at large.

To return for a moment to our old simile of the machine, we know that if it is to prove of lasting use, it must remain in good working order, and to this end every part of it must be of the best quality, and must be carefully preserved in this condition. Now as one—and that a most important part of our machine—is the working classes, and as it is to them that our attention is just now more particularly directed, it is important to see how this question of Temperance affects them, for it is upon them quite as much as upon any other class of the community that our national prosperity depends.

At this present time we know by sad experience that drink is the ruin of thousands in all classes of society, and we shall do well to inquire first, whether the custom of drinking alcoholic liquors is, or is not, beneficial. If it be not, stop it at once, and our subject is at an end! If it be, then let us discover in what way we can control it and prevent its abuse.

Now, it is quite clear that if wine—and under this name we may for our present purpose recognise other forms of consumable alcohol — were not beneficial we should find its use distinctly forbidden in Holy Scripture; but the very reverse is the case, for we find its use as a medicine recommended by St. Paul; we find its use as a food pointed out by the Psalmist;

* We have published this able paper, but we do not go the whole way with Bro. Tebbs. We dislike unnecessary interference, and feel sure that the remedy must be found in increasing education and effective magisterial control. Some of our good brother's positions are a little questionable.

who also, we find, together with other inspired writers, speaks of it as affording life-giving cheerfulness and mirth; nay more, we find our great Teacher not only using it Himself, but even creating it miraculously for His servants' enjoyment. What we find so strongly condemned is its excessive use, which then, as now, brought a man to misery and sorrow.

Were we required to abolish the use of alcohol, we doubt not that it could be done in time, almost, if not quite completely, by forbidding its use by the young, and for this reason: one of the essential constituents of the body of a man, and even of his blood, is alcohol; now it has been found that the human economy will produce as much of this substance as is normally required from other articles of food of itself; hence, if the young are not taught to supply it directly to the system, the system will, in healthy subjects, supply its own want. Alcohol, once more, is a necessary constituent of the body, because it is a heat-giver, and heat is a necessity of the animal functions; but the young are hot-blooded, hence alcohol is, as a rule, utterly unnecessary for them. Possibly as a man advances in years it may become necessary to administer a heat-giving stimulant to the flagging functions of the body by administering alcohol more or less directly. Well then, administer it, but remember that it is in this way reduced to the level of a medicine the administration of which is best left to the medical adviser. Hence, we may see that in the majority of cases alcohol is not a necessary of life. Still, in many cases, it cannot be contradicted that, judiciously partaken of, it assumes the character of food; for we cannot deny that the man who takes a glass of beer with his meal will consume less solid food, and yet be as well fitted for his work as the total abstainer. Nor must we slur over the third aspect of the question, that alcohol taken in moderation is to many a means of enjoyment, and whilst we find even this use of it to be in accordance with God's revealed word, and whilst we reflect that it is a gift of the Almighty Architect Himself, we cannot, with reason, condemn its moderate use even in this respect.

From these considerations, then, we can only come to the conclusion that Temperance means moderate use, and that it is abuse that we must do battle with and overcome. That there are persons who should forbid themselves, or be forbidden by others, any use of the stimulant, we do not for a moment deny; such cases, for instance, as where the use of alcohol in any shape is incompatible with health; or, where men, whether by any bodily or mental predisposition to excess, or by an insatiable craving for strong drink induced by their own intemperate habits, which habits of excess have induced a state of the blood called alcoholization, should never partake of such stimulants at all. These extreme cases having been briefly disposed of by the application of total abstinence, we now propose to consider in what way or ways the immoderate use of alcoholic liquor can be restrained; for it is altogether absurd to attempt to deny to sane and sober men that which is to them a positive nourishment and enjoyment.

Now, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," is a proverb so old, and so universally unquestioned, that it passes as a truism; equally true is its converse; and, if true with respect to things in general, it is no less true with this one thing in particular that we are now considering—alcohol.

There can be no doubt, as we have just seen, that used in moderation alcohol is more or less beneficial to many constitutions, but here and there we find one to which it is absolute poison: to such an one we would say, as we should of other poisons, by all means avoid its use, but avoid also bigotry, and let those to whom nature has given a capacity for its employment, enjoy it. There are certain constitutions to which various kinds of meat, vegetables, and fruits are altogether unsuitable; nay so liable are the bodily functions to change that what, at one time, will do the greatest possible good, will, at another, do the very same person the greatest possible harm; should then all such things be forbidden to all alike? If they were we may rest assured that we should soon all go altogether foodless and drinkless. Nay, even light and air would have to be included in the same category, unsuited as they are to all persons at all times. On the other hand, in certain cases the most deleterious

substances, the most deadly poisons even, in skilful hands will work a cure where all else fails. But, abused, these very substances would entail certain death; are we, therefore, to forbid their use? By no means, for a following out to its legitimate conclusion of such a deterrent principle of forbidding to all that which is hurtful to some, would result in putting an end to life universally. Now, that those poor creatures who are compelled, whether against their will or against their better judgment, to consume alcohol in excessive quantities, should be altogether debarred its use, cannot be for a moment a matter of debate; for not only do they destroy themselves soul and body, but they bring want and desolation upon all around them, casting their belongings for subsistence upon the earnings of their neighbours, many of whom are only just able, even by dint of hard work and self-denying sobriety, to provide for their own families. Restraining such then from their evil propensity is undoubtedly the duty of society, not only to them but to itself. We restrain men from injuring themselves by the abuse of other articles of more or less common use as poisons; or from doing themselves injury by the improper use of weapons or machinery, so we must prevent the same evil from happening by the abuse of alcohol. How? is the great question which has perplexed us for years.

Here, at the outset, let us distinctly understand the nature of the obligation under which we lie to provide any such precautionary measure; for we have seen that some such course of procedure not only would be beneficial, but is, and is rapidly becoming more, imperatively a necessity for the welfare of both society and individual members of society.

Now it is just possible that in adopting any measure of restraint the respective interests of the body corporate and some of its individual members may come into conflict; which interest is to be preferred? Clearly that of an innocent society against that of an individual wrongdoer. If then there be any disagreeable consequences attendant upon the deterrent process that we have in contemplation, they must fall upon such individual offender, and not upon that society against which, as a member, he offends.

Now society requires alcohol in moderation, whilst individual members must, as an act of mercy, if for nothing else, be kept from using it. Which is to be the party under restraint? Clearly the individual. Some men, bereft of reason, would throw themselves beneath the railway train which is a necessity to society at large; how would you remedy this? Would you abolish the train? No, but restrain the lunatic, confining him, if such a course were necessary, to prevent further attempts of a like nature. Just so with the so-called dipsomaniac; he must be restrained, by force if necessary, until cured of his malady, and not society deprived of its benefit, or even enjoyment, by reason of the individual's inability to check a propensity which proves his ruin.

This, then, is the first point gained, that inveterate drunkards must be restrained like other monomaniacs dangerous to themselves and to society at large, whilst society is left to its moderate use of alcohol.

But this will not suffice; we do not destroy a noxious weed by stripping it of its fruit, nor shall we cure drunkenness unless we seek out its root and eradicate it. How then and where are drunkards manufactured?

Rarely (almost never, unless there be some predisposing defect of mind or body,) by partaking of alcoholic liquors in moderation at home; frequently by their immoderate use in company. It is the friend's "one drop more" that usually does the mischief. If there be felt the predisposition of body or mind just mentioned, the best remedy is the kind-hearted medical adviser; if the poor soul wearied with sorrow or trouble be tempted to drown its cares in the temporary oblivion of the wine-cup, then the only remedy is an unswerving trust in the Merciful Physician of souls from whom these troubles have come, and for whose sake they must be manfully borne, and who—never let it be forgotten—will, if asked, give abundant strength to bear them. But these are not the cases with which we are now mainly concerned; it is with those who, for some reason good, bad, or indifferent, are led or driven to neglect their homes for the public-house that we have to deal.

But before considering the inducements

to give way to the vice of drunkenness more immediately connected with the victims themselves, we may here note two or three evil practices of society or sections of society, to which may be attributed at least a portion of the drunkenness of the working-classes. One of these pernicious courses is the paying, or allowing to be paid the workmen's wages in public-houses. The firm pays the overlookers, the overlookers the workmen, and as this last process is carried on in a room in some neighbouring public-house, a certain fixed sum is required to be "spent for the good of the house;" surely all firms could, and ought to, put a stop to this practise by paying the men at their own office.

A similar result accompanies the holding of Benefit Societies at public-houses; if, as we propose later on, Working Men's Clubs are established, the Meetings of all such Benefit Societies can very well be held in the room belonging to the Club.

The third practise, whilst it is, perhaps, the most pernicious of all, is also the most easily remedied, inasmuch as it is introduced and kept alive by persons who, although they do the harm through good nature, are ignorant or heedless of the mischief that they cause: it is the habit of giving drink in an indiscriminate way to people who deliver messages, parcels, goods, and the like. If the case be taken of a man delivering goods to many different places in the course of the day, supposing that at one half only of these, the custom referred to is pursued, it is frightful to contemplate the consequences of the drink daily consumed by the man thus treated. Let a resolute front be shown to all demands for gratuities in the form of drink (indeed, there can be no possible ground for gratuities to such people as porters at all, if their employers pay them fair wage, and such gratuities become a heavy tax upon householders of small means) but where messengers have to be recompensed for services performed, let it be always in the form of money, which, if our suggestions propounded below be carried into effect, it will not be possible to squander in intoxicating liquor. It having been seen in what manner society may prevent such part of the mischief as is brought about, however unintentionally, by its own means, and the blame of which therefore lies at its own door; let us turn our attention to the things most fraught with mischief amongst the working-classes themselves.

The principal causes which lead or drive men to drink and to the public-house, in a general way, we find to be an insufficiency of nourishing and appetizing food; a miserable, comfortless home; a lack of amusement; and a want of so-called "good" company. Of late years, too, increased wages and lengthened hours of leisure, without the capacity of rationally employing them, have led to an alarming increase of drunkenness; this source of the evil can only be stopped by education, to which, together with the other subjects of food, amusements, comfortable homes, and the like, we hope to have further opportunities of directing our readers' attention at length; meanwhile, and until such can be ameliorated or provided, as the case may be, seeing that our working-classes are led or driven to congregate at the public-house and form habits of drunkenness, let us as a first step see whether those places of public entertainment, so-called, could not be materially improved, so that whilst they should fulfil the purpose for which they were primarily designed, as places of temptation to working-men they should no longer have an existence.

Whilst, then, landlords are providing decent, tidy cottages, worthy the name of home; whilst the wives are endeavouring to keep them so by habits of cleanliness and frugality combined with a cheerful demeanour, so that the husbands can amuse themselves at home, and learn to love to stay there better than to seek entertainment abroad; whilst for the young, not yet advanced to the dignity of householders, there is established the Working Men's Institute or Club—call it what you please—only set it, and keep it, going; whilst all kinds of manly sports are provided for the summer evenings, and harmless games of skill, added to the quiet pleasures of the reading-room for the winter's night, or the rainy, workless day; and whilst refreshments good and cheap are provided on the premises of such establishments for those who, having no home or housekeeper, need them; let us sweep the

public-house as at present existing, with that sink of all iniquity—the tap-room—from the face of the land. For is it not there that the lewd song and indecent jest is heard? Is it not there that the poaching raid is planned? Is it not thence that, maddened with drink, men turn out to fight, and one is carried to the grave, the other to the felon's cell? Is it not there that the stuff is vended that excites, not quenches, the thirst, and drains the hapless victim's pocket? Is it not there, again, that the wage is swallowed up, which spent, the wife and the child go naked and hungry? Is it not there that is born and nurtured vice, want, crime, ruin, madness, and despair?

Places of refreshment and rest, however, for the traveller there must be; so must there also places where alcoholic beverages of tested purity shall be sold to the regular customer. Let vendors of liquor then be of two kinds; the keeper of the house of refreshment for travellers — the true "licensed victualler," and the simple retailer of beer, wine, &c.

The former houses might be of recognized classes or grades to suit the various social positions and means of customers, just as are the refreshment-rooms at the larger railway-stations. Let these be subject to inspection to insure that none but bonâ-fide occupants of the house, or travellers, are served—and none of these in excess. In these houses, too, this further rule should be strictly carried out, that no liquor should on any pretence (unless the sudden emergency of illness) be served to any customer who did not at the same time partake of solid food; this rule, it might be urged, would infringe too much on the liberty of the subject, to which we would reply that the restraint, being only of a temporary nature, and being besides as good for the health of the individual (drinking between meals being undoubtedly a most injurious practice) as for the well-being of society at large, might cheerfully be borne.

The latter division of vendors, should possess a license to sell over the counter only, so that all inhabitants of the place should be compelled to carry their purchases home for consumption; to this latter class, too, should be appointed inspectors, who should see this provision carried out, as well as insure that the liquor sold should be perfectly pure and unadulterated, and of a stated strength.*

The number of vendors in both classes should be strictly regulated in proportion to area and population, care being exercised that this proportion should be so determined that a fair living could be made without resort being had to adulteration, or a so-called "pushing" trade; for it is quite evident that the holders of public-houses in neighbourhoods where they are much in excess of the actual requirements of the people cannot possibly obtain a livelihood unless they break the law, even as it stands at present, either by drugging their liquor which has been previously diminished in strength by being increased in quantity, or by forcing more drink upon their customers than they would otherwise consume.

Congregating for the express purpose of drinking on the premises of those to whose interest it is that the greatest possible amount of liquor should be consumed, and the greatest possible profit made of this quantity, being thus done away; whilst the people have been educated to seek in other and more rational directions for amusement than in mere drinking for drinking's sake; there can be no doubt that, whilst society at large is left to use and enjoy those good gifts with which God has blessed it, the abuse of them would soon be a thing of the past, and that drunkenness, with all its concomitant evils, at least as a national vice, will be heard of and deplored no more.

Lastly, to those who are sufficiently strong-minded, and of course sufficiently blessed with health, to abstain for the sake of example, it need hardly be pointed out that the same Divine Spirit, that prompted the warning against "putting a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in our brother's way," declared also that "he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death;" and yet further, promised that those who shall "so let their light shine" here as to "turn many to righteousness" shall, in the hereafter "shine as the stars for ever and ever."

* Why should not the working man have a right to sit down and drink his beer as well as anybody else?—Ed.

SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

Old Ocean's tide, late at the full I view'd,
Until his rippling flow of waves was spent,
And ebbing, then returning elsewhere went;
On other distant shores again renew'd.
For his wide arms not sole our shores include,
Nor sole our isle, but each isle, continent,
And ev'ry strand, throughout earth's whole extent;
Save arctic shores, where his great multitude
Of billows cannot pierce each frozen bay.
So doth our Craft, like Ocean's arms, embrace
Earth's varied realms; each creed, and diff'ring race,
All climes, all kingdoms, tongues, love's common ray,
Who own:—but how, alas! can smile its light—
On bigot souls, more dark than polar night?

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

BY A VERY OLD BOY.

CHAPTER I.

L'Amour et la Fumée ne peuvent pas se cacher.
—FRENCH PROVERB.

I DO not exactly know whether all those who read this little story in the MASONIC MAGAZINE will feel as I have felt in writing it; but if their kindly sympathies and personal interest go any distance on the road with me, my purpose will be gained, my labours will be rewarded, and theirs will be as mine has been, I venture to believe, much of genuine gratification.

In life we all of us look at things often from very different points of view, and with many and various coloured spectacles, Some of us assume a genial, or a desponding, or a *doubting*, or a morbid estimate of things and persons in general and in particular, and on no one question so much as that which must form the "staple" of the following chapters, do we all of us, for one reason or another, differ so much and differ so widely. But still disagree as we may on abstract principles, whether in respect of its advisability, its seasonableness, its reality, and its importance, it meets us at every turn we take in life; it confronts us like a "pilgrim grey" at every milestone of our journey; it greets us in youth; it addresse us in manhood; it even overpowers sometimes the prudence and propriety of old age.

"L'amour soumet la terre, assujetit les Cieux,
Les Rois sont a ses pieds, il gouverne les Dieux,"

sang Corneille of old; and there is, I apprehend, no valid denial, be we who we may, no possible refutation of this world-wide, life-governing axiom, whether in our general or individual psychology. If, then, in the "Roman d'une heure" I am going to tell you, all may seem very common place indeed and matter of fact, do not disdain the words of the narrator. I admit that it is not a sensational story, and appeals in no sense whatever to our admiration of the grotesque, the horrible, and the impossible. My hero is an ordinary Briton, of good health, good digestion, good position, and good morals. My heroine is given to no flights of fancy, to no aspirations after the marvellous or the weird! She is a simple, straightforward, honest, English girl, who is not at all likely to fall in love with a "ticket-of-leave," or to forget ever that she is both a woman and a lady. You will see in these truthful chapters no well-dressed ruffians, and no "diablesses en crinoline;" you will neither be alarmed, nor agitated, nor subdued, nor startled; even the poetry of imagination will be wanting, the dry and liquid emotions of our moral and spiritual nature will not be aroused. So prepare yourselves for a very prosaic utterance, and—yes! a very slow! story. But I must not go on in this way too long. I hear already the prompter's (printer's) bell, and it is time that the curtain was raised, and that I began my Fantoccini Show.

Those of us who know well the suburbs of London are aware that there are many

very pleasant houses on the banks of the Thames, that great and goodly river which we all so praise, and yet all so abuse in many ways. Some of them are larger, some of them are smaller; you find here the stately mansion, with shady trees and sloping meadows to the Thames; you see there the comfortable villa, or the effective "cottage ornee," nestling amid surrounding foliage, like—what shall I say?—white swans on some shrub-befringed lake. Here, with all the comforts and luxuries always of a well-appointed English house, are the abodes of many well-contented classes of our English civilization. The banker and the peer, the millionaire and the middleman, the professional, and the professor, the large class of persons with "limited incomes," all have sought for a pleasant "gite" somewhere, and have found it on the banks of the Thames. Many are there who have set up their "tent" amid limes and laburnums, amid foliage and flowers, and croquet lawns and gay gardens, while Old Father Thames goes meandering along, bullied every now and then by steamers full of cocknies, or deeply complaining of the noise and inhuman vulgarity of steam launches and of steam yawls. Some of us will recollect to-day perhaps, many a sheltered nest, many a genial homestead, where in summer-time we have taken pleasant counsel with the true, the fair, the merry; where all that softens life, and where all that sweetens life, may often be seen and realised in the most attractive of aspects, and where many weary travellers have found for themselves a veritable "oasis" in this great sandy desert of time, in this weary wilderness—the world. It was in the garden of one of these "cottage ornees," then, with its neat and flower-lined terrace, separated from the Thames by only a pleasant strip of turfy expanse, that four people were sitting in the shade one summer's afternoon a few years ago. Of these two were ladies and two were gentlemen.

Of the ladies one was elderly, the other was young, not, indeed, "sweet sixteen," but "there-anent," and the two gentlemen were young men in the early prime of life, say from twenty-six to thirty.

The elderly lady had so peculiar a countenance, that any one who saw it never forgot it, while her young companion had an expression so very charming, that you would be tempted to say, "it's a face that Millais would like to paint."

As the antique rule still holds good, "seniores priores," I will begin with my elder friend. A long, thin, careworn, line-marked visage, very white, with two little, stiff frizzed bows of grey hair on each side of a broad, clear forehead, and two dark grey eyes, and thinnish eyelashes, make up the outward appearance of Margaret Margerison," or "Miss Margerison," as her friends liked to call her. Few who ever met the scrutinizing gaze of those deep set eyes, so calm and so intense, ever forgot them. Miss Margerison was an old maid of an older school, now passing away, and dressed with the greatest simplicity, yet care, and was a wonderful exemplification of outward neatness and decorum; no wanton curls, no stray ends of ribbon, but all on that nicely adjusting dress, with its accompaniments and etcetera, told of preciseness and regularity, of character and competence. But as I may say a little more about Miss Margerison later, I turn to her fair companion. And yet when I try to describe her with the best intentions in the world, I find my powers of description fail altogether. In fact I won't try; but this I will say, few people ever saw her without deeply admiring her, or, as her maid said, "falling clean head over heels in love with her at once." Some ardent youth, some fervid hero, may long for a detailed account of "so much grace and beauty, &c.;" but I hurry on, for fear of the consequences to myself and others. I am like the Frenchman, who said, in a moment of great peril, "je m'en sauve, Madame." Yet when I tell you that her eyes were of the bluest, and her lashes of the longest; that her hair was coiled round her head in masses of the richest brown (no chignon); that her figure was faultless, and her expression most striking, what more can I say to recommend Lucy Longhurst to the warm spmpathies of my readers? If not the brightest and best" of earth's daughters, she was very bright and very good indeed, and I hardly think that I ever saw a pleasanter face or a sunnier smile than hers, and I am quite sure you, kind reader, will not find a prettier young woman on the "longest day's march."

Of the two gentlemen who formed this

interesting "partie carrée," one was in the usual easy dress of Englishmen to-day, about four o'clock on a summer afternoon in the country, a dress which, with every recommendation, seems always to me, I confess, to be a little too free-and-easy, except for active purposes, of fishing, shooting or farming. For he had on one of those loose fitting suits, of a grey tweed, and one of those convenient "wide-awakes," which even the clergy are now patronizing. Some one has irreverently said that perhaps wearing this head gear may end in making them a little more wide awake, too. But I reject the remark, as clearly proceeding from an ill-regulated mind. And a very good looking young gentleman indeed was was Mr. Walter Mainwaring, junior partner in the well-known large city house of Mainwaring and Marlby, and who for some unknown reason, instead of being chained to his desk in Philpot Lane, was here enjoying evidently a "dolce far niente;" lightened up as his idleness evidently was by the "wreathed smiles" and approving presence of Lucy Longhurst. If any of my readers can explain the reason for this unwarrantable neglect of his business by a British merchant, let them do so to their own satisfaction. The other young gentleman was evidently a clergyman, though not of the more severe type. His dress was not marked by any of those peculiarities of mystic attire which some of our younger clergy much affect, and which sometimes startle plain-going folks very much. Indeed, if dress is to be a criterion of doctrine, the Rev. William Williams was probably what is often termed "broad," though what that is we hardly know. I find no fault with his dress, which was simple and straightforward, and well fitting, and well made, and set off the figure of a neat, compact young man of twenty-seven, inclined to be square-built, as they say. But here I must stop to-day. Before I leave this portion of my tale, I will just repeat a scrap or two of conversation in the housekeeper's room, though how I heard it matters nothing, as it may, perhaps, throw a little light on the real state of affairs. I do not know or say that it will; but it may. "Now you see Mrs. Murray," Mr. Walters, the stately but bachelor butler, was saying to Miss Longhurst's good looking maid: "I don't think much of that parson. For the matter of that I don't think much of parsons generally, except for their proper duties on Sundays and other days, and for splicing two fond hearts," and here the butler's voice became very soft and his appearance very sentimental. "And for my part," he went on to say, "I wish good luck to Mr. Mainwaring." "I am quite certain," was Mrs. Murray's answer to the butler's fervid address, "my young missis knows what's what as any young lady in London; and I do know that she has a high opinion of Mr. Mainwaring. And between you and me, she does not, I may confidentially tell you, think much of the reverend gent." What a deal of the life of society goes on in the "lower regions," as we term them. Those servants of ours, of whom we know so little all the while, are perfectly familiar with our most private affairs, are conversant with our views and feelings, our dearest hopes, our innermost longings; and discuss them one and all, and settle them for us one and all, most distinctly and dogmatically, clearly and contentedly, without hesitation, and without misgiving, without a doubt, and without a difficulty.

(To be continued.)

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Eccentric Young Ladies.

I was rather nervous about writing the last article, I am very nervous about writing this, as I approach a subject as difficult as well can be for a man to write about. And yet I do not see that I can well avoid it if I wish to write honestly, truly—not merely for the sake of scribbling—but with an earnest desire to improve and to do good. Well, the truth must be told; the present age, which seems, so to say, satiated with the humdrum course of events and habits, is looking out eagerly for something queer, "bizarre," startling, sensational. We notice it in everything around us just now—literature, art, society, habits, words, acts. And the

mania has reached our young ladies, no doubt through others who began it; but still it has reached them. And we observe that "position of affairs" in countless forms and ways before us, hour by hour among them to some extent.

The adoption of paint, the use of stibium, the various cosmetics and dyes, which makes some charlatan's fortune, the washes and the powders, the false hair, and the false everything else, are all tokens sure and sad enough to the thoughtful and observant, that a detrimental change has taken place in the habits and feelings of our youthful and domestic angels on this particular point. I remember a time, although long ago, when such an idea would have been laughed to scorn by our young ladies themselves, when paint and enamel would have been looked upon as a disgrace to a young woman, and all these outward manifestations of a most vitiated taste in dress, &c., would have been at once repudiated and put down. But times change, and we change with them. You see to-day—and it is a sad sight to see, a very pretty girl "painted-up," as they say, "to the eyes"—the eyebrows are darkened, the under lids are stained, and everything seems fictitious about them. What can they do it for? Whom do they please? Whose admiration do they seek to gain? I confess I cannot, and do not, understand it, except upon the hypothesis originally suggested—that a love of "bizarrerie" has over-mastered their good sense and their true hearts! All these outré fashions, and all these questionable transformations, all hail from a bad school, and seem to point to lower circles alike in morals and manners; not, I mean, as to society generally, but to a questionable layer of earthly formation, which is equally hurtful to those above it and those beneath it. I have often said to myself when I have beheld the "Persian bloom," or the exuberant "Pearl Powder," an evident sign of "pink and white," carefully put on, "my dear girl if you only knew how you disfigure yourself, how you take from your many charms, you would at once desist from so foolish and so pernicious a habit. All such "getting-up" is hurtful to you, alike in "hygiene" and "morale," and will take from your youth and add to your age many years. A few years hence you will be an old woman, dried up if "decoltee," with a seared and withered face, and you will have thrown away that grace which would have lasted your life, and that freshness of youthful beauty which would have outlived many a storm. How can you be so reckless and so perverse?" I do not suppose that my grumble and my complaint will much affect the laughing Constance, or the merry Muriel, the fashionable Alethea, or the advanced Julia; but still I cannot forbear to impart alike my confidence and my regrets to a confiding and patient public, and to them. I do not enter here to-day on the wider question of "les mœurs." I, for one, do not believe that in this respect our young ladies are worse than their elders; and, indeed, I am quite sure they are not. Neither do I, for one, at all endorse the often grovelling complaints of men as regards our young married women and our young ladies. For the men are a great deal to blame for the present state of things, in my humble opinion.

The ingenious and ingenuous defender of "Our Boys" talks of club life being a reality and pleasure. Well, I have lived at one time a good deal in clubs, and I, for one, utterly deny such a proposition. Club life, though pleasant and amusing, and agreeable enough, is not a reality at all, except as it conduces to the convenience and comfort of gentlemen. That it certainly does, and, no doubt, is a very good thing in its way. But, if I were a young man, I should prefer a comfortable home with a good little wife to all the clubs in the world!

At present the men will lead bachelor lives, though they are married, and the women are often left to their "own devices" all the day. The husband walks off with his cigar after breakfast; he's going to the City, or the Club, or Tattersall's, or fifty other places, he says, partly truly, partly falsely, and the women have to get on as well as they can by themselves. But the woman did not marry for this! When the husband returns for a late dinner he's bored, or blasé, he's lost his money at pool or whist (afternoon whist), something's gone wrong in the City, he says, and the wife suffers. Or, perhaps, they eat a hurried dinner before going to the play, during which "cher sposo" says, "Capital good cook at our Club. What a deuced

bad cook you've got, Maria!" and evidently votes home slow, and openly announces that he should have preferred a dinner elsewhere. Do not let us probe too deeply where that elsewhere would be! What can women do? Very often they become reckless, very often they go their own way, as "Monsieur" goes his; and if, like the "Devil on Two Sticks," we could look into the houses and homes in London, how very many sad and severed hearts should we behold? Have any of my readers ever read Octave Feuillet's "Pour et Contre?" If they have, they will remember how well he pourtrays the injured, suffering, magnanimous young wife, full of charms and cleverness, well educated, a delightful companion, whom her husband deserts for his club, and—well, never mind. It's not a good thing to be too inquisitive in this life, and the next worse thing to knowing too little is knowing too much!

I hope, for one, that all this effervescence and exuberance of our "eccentric young ladies" is passing away, and is already on the wane. I have seen lately some of the most charming girls I ever saw, and some of the best dressed young women I have ever looked upon. On their pleasant faces you find no traces of rouge or paint, or purple, or white. I saw no meretricious ornamentation, and no eccentric attire! We must not lay too much stress upon dress. The dresses of one generation are not the dresses of another, and though our grandmothers liked low waists for instance, we do not. Much of this extravagance of the "outward adorning" arises from the mistaken theory that thus it is necessary to attract and please the men!

And so I end this paper as I began it, not denying the fact, but believing it to be greatly exaggerated. In my opinion our "eccentric young ladies" are the few among the many, and I trust that, even in their eccentricity, they will never forget that they are "ladies," and will, as Mrs. Gamp says so properly, "always endeavour to behave as sich."

MASONIC AMATEUR PERFORMANCES AT PLYMOUTH.

Two Amateur Performances were given at the Plymouth Theatre on the 14th and 16th instant, by some Members of the Craft, in aid of two most deserving charities namely:—The Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, and the Royal British Female Orphan Asylum at Devonport These affairs were most successful, and gave the greatest satisfaction, at least if we may judge by the repeated and long sustained applause of a well filled house on both occasions.

The entertainment on the 14th commenced with the following appropriate prologue, written and spoken by Bro. Major Shanks, K.M., F.R.G.S., Royal Marines Light Infantry:—

PROLOGUE "A."

Ladies and gentlemen, by fate's command
I now before these footlights take my stand
As spokesman for our histrionic band;
Heream I sent just briefly to foreshow
Unto the crowds I see above, below,
(Who no doubt wonder much, and well they may,
What on th' occasion there can be to say,)
Why—especially in such fine weather—
In this playhouse we are met together.
Ours is the task to tread this honoured stage,
And yours to give both cash and patronage,
For meagre penury once more demands
An ample tribute from all lib'ral hands:
In aid of orphans' homes we play to-night,
Expecting to afford you great delight,
And earn some money for the noble pair
Of Institutes named in our bill of fare.
There can be none here now but will admit
The two Asylums for whose benefit
We tread these boards, most richly do deserve
That we their interests should warmly serve.
Your cash, you may be sure, will help to save
Some wretched children from a pauper's grave;
Long might those orphans mourn their fate in vain,
Of bitter want, and piercing cold complain;
Long might those poor ones beg their scanty meal,
And still unpitied make their sad appeal;
But true benevolence with godlike power,
As guardian angel, stays the evil hour;
Imparts to poverty a prompt relief,
And pours the balm of joy o'er every grief.

What happiness 'twould be if all could feel
For pangs that simple kindness oft might heal;
If all could comprehend the gen'rous flame,
And be led on by philanthropic aim
To win, by deeds of charity, true fame;
To show as much desire for public weal
As for each selfish end we all reveal;
Then many poor weak hearts would live and hope,
That now in bitterness and sorrow mope;
Many who now give way to sad despair,
Would happiness and sweet contentment share!
To you my brethren of the *mystic tie*
I need not say, "pass not affliction by,"
Your duty and your glory is to try
To give relief, and dry each tearful eye:
May Masonry throughout the world extend,
Then man of man will be the certain friend!
Ladies, I need make no appeal to you,
For, in your hearts, you all are Masons true;
Although, no doubt, you think we're very rude
The fair sex from our Lodges to exclude.
But to the outer world I may appeal
And boldly say, you will most surely feel
Still closer drawn to Him who reigns above
By every deed of charity and love.
Then give your utmost; ne'er put out the flame
Of charity within you, for its fire
Is so ethereal that its passing gleam
Conveys the joy mere gold cannot inspire.
We hope that your dramatic appetite
Will be but whetted by the plays to-night;
And that you'll come on Friday:—but be blind
To all our faults; to all our merits kind.

The favourite play "Colleen Bawn," was then produced, and with scarcely more than an exception, the characters could not have been in better hands. The part of Eily O'Conner was taken by Miss Maud Randford, who showed throughout a deep sense of the confiding and true affection for her secret husband which the author evidently intended, Miss Masson played the part of Ann Chute to perfection; while "Sheelah" found a most admirable representative in Miss Louisa Dalby; and Miss Harvey was a very good Mrs. Cregan; these ladies are professional actresses, and came down from London expressly for this occasion. The gentlemen played the parts entrusted to them with very great success, and where all did so well it is almost invidious to particularise any, but we must mention Bro. Pike, who, as Myles-na-Coppaleen brought out all the best points of the part, showing a noble regard for the Colleen Bawn combined with true Irish generosity. Danny Man found an equally good representative in Bro. Lucas, who is a first-rate actor and whenever he appeared he kept up all the exciting interest of the play until it culminated in that splendid sensation scene, of the attempt to drown Eily O'Conner; these two impersonations were undoubtedly most successful. Hardress Cregan met with a good interpreter in Bro. Curteis; Bro. R. Franklin (1st Lodge of Ireland), sustained the character of Mr. Corrigan with all the requisite assurance which belongs to the part, whilst Bro. Rendel and Bro. Twose were very effective as Kyrle Daly and Father Tom respectively.

On the 16th the evening's amusement again commenced with a Prologue also written by Bro. Shanks, but spoken on this occasion by Bro. Curteis, and which was very well received by a densely crowded house:—

PROLOGUE "B."

Ladies and gentlemen now gathered here,
Lend for a moment an attentive ear
To what I have to say about our aim,
Before you greet the actors with acclaim—
Before the merry laughter moves you all
From box to pit—from gallery to stall.
Blest be our work to night, we seek to gain
Assistance for the helpless, and we fain
Would minister to those who now are left
To poverty's neglect—of care bereft:
Would soothe the *orphan boy's* pathetic woe,
And guard *the maiden* from each hurtful foe.
Friends of the widow and the fatherless,
(As you desire that God should aid or bless,)
Do you, in deeds of charity and love,
With gen'rous rivalry, unwearied prove;
Be 't yours to dry the widow's burning tear,
The wretched orphan's poverty to cheer;

To soothe the bed of sickness, to impart
Hope to the hopeless, heal the breaking heart.
Such deeds are worth the doing—they, at least,
Can give true pleasure to the human breast.
For this we amateurs now tread the stage,
You, too, who hear me, in this cause engage;
We do not wish to-night to use our power
Merely to frisk away an idle hour;
We seek to aid in charity's design,
And all true hearts in this good work combine.
With true delight our histrionic crew
Exert themselves to win applause from you;
And feel supremely gratified to be
The humble instruments of charity.
For thus supporting our design so well
We thank you all; but words would fail to tell
The fervent gratitude we all must feel.
In such a cause I know I ought to speak
In terms as strong as these poor words are weak.
(*Prompter's bell heard.*)
But words are useless. Besides, 'tis certain
The prompter wishes now to raise the curtain.
Yet listen while a few more words I say
Ere we begin to represent our play;
Conspicuous though our many faults may be,
Mild be your judgment, gentle your decree.
Let your applause our timid hearts inflame,
Pleasant to actor is the glad acclaim.
And the enchantment of your warm esteem
Will banish fear and give us joy supreme.
Now, feeling sure you'll praise, if praise be due,
We'll do our best and leave the rest to you.

This was followed by the Ticket-of-Leave-Man, and we have seldom or never seen the piece better acted either by amateurs or professionals; the repeated calls for all the performers at the close of each act proved only well the audience was pleased. At the end of the 3rd act, Hawkshaw (Bro. Shanks)—who, as he was then changing his dress for the next act could not present himself—was so vociferously called for, that the manager had to go in front of the curtain and explain the cause of his non-appearance, but even then it was some time ere the call ceased. The character of Bob Brierly was splendidly acted by Bro. Hussey, who is a well-known and much admired amateur, but he even excelled himself, and his delineation of mental anguish when all hope of getting an honest living appears gone, fairly brought down the house. Hawkshaw (Bro. Shanks) was first-rate acting throughout, and the cool but quick-sighted detective was admirably pourtrayed by him, he seemed to have grasped the character and acted it to the life. Jem Dalton was undertaken by Bro. Lucas, whose ability is well-known, his disguises were capitally got up, and when he outwitted the detective in the office scene his acting was simply faultless. Moss (Bro. Mutten) was the most perfectly gotten up old rascal we ever saw, and the manner in which the impersonation was rendered was beyond all praise. The rôle of Mr. Gibson was well played by Bro. Bond; and that of Green Jones by Bro. Pike, who acted with great life and spirit and afforded much fun by his eccentricities; Bro. Dyer made a capital landlord, and Bro. Moore did duty as second detective most satisfactorily; Miss Masson as May Edwards was extremely touching, and her fine acting was throughout appreciated by the audience. Miss Randford made a very lively and amusing Sam; his Granny, Mrs. Willoughby (Miss Harvey), notwithstanding her good acting, seemed to have as much as she could do to keep Master Sam in order, Emily St. Evremond, with her ups and downs in life, is a very difficult character to deal with, but it was very fairly pourtrayed by Miss Dalby.

The farce on both occasions was "Raising the Wind," in which Bro. Newcombe took his favourite rôle of Jeremy Diddler, and was, as he ever is, most energetic and amusing; he was ably supported by Bro. Holmes as Plainway, Bro. Avery as Fainwould, and Bro. Kennedy as Sam, who all made the most of their respective characters. We believe a considerable sum will be handed over to the charities already named as the result of these entertainments.

NOTES ON THE OLD MINUTES OF BRITISH UNION LODGE, IPSWICH.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

I HAVE read the notes on the old Records of the British Union Lodge, No. 114, Ipswich, with much pleasure, and am glad that they have been so efficiently made by our Brother Emra Holmes (the numerous titles are omitted which follow his name, for which I ask forgiveness).

The history of the old Lodge is well worth preservation, and to complete as far as possible the information on the subject, I have answered Brother Holmes' questions which he has fraternally addressed to me through the medium of the Masonic Magazine.

The transcript of warrant of the Lodge should have been given if the original is to be obtained, and also date of its constitution. By reference to some of my lists it appears that the Lodge was warranted January 21st, 1762, as No. "270, Green Man, Ipswich, Suffolk." Subsequently it became "214, Philby's Coffee House, Ipswich," and its name is correctly given as British Union Lodge in my lists of 1777 and 1779. In consequence of the alteration in numbers in A.D. 1781, it became 173; in A.D. 1792, 147; at the union of December, 1813 (1814 list), 180; in A.D. 1832, 131; and in A.D. 1863, 114, at which it still remains. The Lodge is well entitled to its centenary warrant, which the members thereof are doubtless proud in possessing.

The "Royal Alfred Lodge," mentioned in the Records September, 1770, was held at Diss, Norfolk, No. 404, and was struck off the roll of Lodges A.D. 1790.

The history of Masonry noticed in the *minutes of 21st December, 1777*, was in all probability the noted "Illustrations of Masonry," by William Preston, the best work of its kind issued in this country during the last century. Published originally in 1772, and a second edition in 1775, with many additions and editions subsequently. For years it was dedicated to the M.W.G.M. Lord Petre, and well deserved the extensive support it received, as did also a less pretensious work, the fact. We are open to prove that there are "Spirit of Masonry," by Brother Hutchinson, which first saw the light in 1775.

Bro. Holmes cannot evidently be aware of the character of the Book of Constitutions bought by the Lodge on the 6th January, 1778, or he would not have said, "10*s.* 6*d. rather a high figure for the work.*" It is a large volume, with frontispiece, quarto size, first title being of date 1767, with pages, and an appendix of pages. It is a very scarce work now, and a clean good copy is worth many half guineas, which our Brother would discover if he found a copy for sale anywhere. The Constitutions of last century contained a long traditional account of the Society, and a valuable history of the Grand Lodge *from* 1717, *which* added much to the bulk and real worth of the volume, and have rendered the various editions from 1723 to 1784 prizes much sought after and highly appreciated by Masonic Bibliographers.

We most heartily endorse Bro. Holmes' remarks as to *Masonic Banquets*, and especially so when he says, "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.*"

Though we do not expect to live many years in this beautiful world, we yet hope to see the day when the Grand Lodge will require Lodges to keep a separate and independent Fund for Refreshments, or pass a law that no portion of the funds shall be devoted to any purposes but those strictly in accordance with the demands of the Society and charity generally.

On the 5th June, 1781, I see it was decided to subscribe for a copy of the official Grand Lodge Calendar. They were issued in 1777; but prior to that date their place was filled by the authorized Lists of Lodges by Pine or Cole from 1723.

We cannot understand Lodges in the present day being without such useful publications as our Masonic Calendars.

The visitor at the Lodge held in June, 1782, was from the "United Traders' Lodge," held at Cross Street, Hatton Garden, at the sign of the "*Pewter Platter;*" and why its name cannot be found in the "Cosmopolitan Masonic Ca-

lendar," is because of the simple fact that it ceased to exist in 1800. It was No. 16 in 1782, and was warranted December 24th, 1723. When the Lodge was cashiered its number was 15.

The present calendars are little, if any, guide whereby to trace the old Lodges, as so frequently their names (if they had any) are not given, but only the houses in which they met. Owing to this reason, "ye Twins' Lodge, Norwich," noticed in the Records, March 4th, 1783, I cannot trace, for all the Lodges meeting in that neighbourhood (twice as many as now) are all called by the signs of the houses in which they assembled. If the *number of the "Twins"* is given I could easily trace it!

"*To pass ye chair*," so often mentioned in early records of Lodges, was necessary as a preliminary for the *Royal Arch*, under the "Modern" and "*Ancient*" Lodges.

The Provincial Grand Master selected from the nominations of the Lodge was William Middleton, Esq.

No. 426 Lodge, which sent a deputation to the annual festival of the Lodge on St. John the Evangelist, 1784, was called the Lodge of St. George, and became 342 A.D. 1792. It was struck off at the *Union* of December, 1813. It is a singular fact that all the visiting Lodges mentioned by Brother Holmes in his interesting sketch of the "British Union, No. 114, have ceased to work long ere this, and the old Lodge at Ipswich alone left to keep the light of Masonry burning brightly. Long may the members thereof continue so to do, and prove worthy of their privileges.

Addenda.

The "Philanthropic Lodge," Long Melford, Suffolk, mentioned by Bro. Holmes, in the "*Masonic Magazine*" for July, was held in Long Melford for many years after 1790. The Lodge was constituted in 1788, and on April 18th, 1792, its number was changed to 437. At the "Union" it became No. 501, and finally No. 331; it ceased to exist between 1851 and 1859, but exactly when we cannot say.

We cannot agree with the statement by Bro. Holmes that "*in the United States a great parade is made of Masonry—not so, however, in England*," as it is contrary to more public Masonic Processions in England in a year than in all the Grand Lodges of the United States in the same time; and as there are only about one-fifth the membership in this country, we fail to see that a great parade is made of the craft "*across the big pond*."

We cordially agree with the suggestion of Brother Holmes, that Provincial Grand Masters should visit their Lodges as often as possible, and we have often advocated the appointment of Provincial Grand or Grand Lodge Lectures as in the United States. We should do well to imitate our American Brethren in that respect, and many Grand Lodges in the United States should take as models our Royal Masonic Benevolent Institutions.

AMERICAN KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

We take this interesting paper from "The Times," as we think that it deserves noting and perusal, being the view of an "Outsider," as regards the Templar organisation in the United States, and valuable in its facts:—

As I mentioned in a former letter, Philadelphia is likely this year to be made, on account of the Exhibition, the scene of many gatherings, more American, and therefore, so far, to foreigners more interesting than even the Exhibition itself. We have just had a gathering of Knights Templars on so grand a scale that it has eclipsed, even in the eyes of patriotic Philadelphians, the "greatest of World's Fairs." Happily there is no real rivalry between the old love and the new, but, on the contrary, they play into each other's hands. The Exhibition imparts exceptional lustre to the visit of the Templars, causing them to be welcomed with even more than the usual courtesy and cordiality, while they in their turn give to the average number of visitors to the Exhibition a very marked addition, which it sorely needs. Up to the moment of their arrival the number of paying admissions had never, I believe, reached 20,000, except, of course, on the opening day. But early this week it suddenly rose to over 40,000, and though this high rate has not been steadily maintained, the attendance has been far better than in any previous week. If the other lions of the season do half as much for the Exhibition as the Templars have

done, that famous virtue of the Philadelphians—their hospitality—will not be entirely its own reward.

It is just possible that some of your readers, though they may happen to know what a Knight Templar usually is in England, may wonder all the more by what mystic process he can have developed leonine proportions in America. In England he can scarcely be considered to have much of the lion about him. Some of his countrymen are, I fear, ignorant enough to associate him with cheap vans, brass bands, banners, and holyday excursions, like those of the Odd Fellows to the Crystal Palace, or even to confound him with that still more misunderstood or unappreciated sect the Temperance men or waterdrinkers. His warmest admirers would find it hard to realize the possibility of a great town, containing something like 800,000 inhabitants, devoting itself for nearly a week to his happiness and glorification, cheerfully submitting to such varieties of torture as overcrowding in summer weather, interrupted traffic, endless speechifying, and nocturnal serenades, in order that he might enjoy and confer the pleasure of showing himself in full uniform on a grand parade. Nor is it only on parade that the uniform is displayed. It is very becoming, and the "soldiers of the cross" have been good enough to gladden the eyes of Philadelphians with it every day from morning till night. The sword, especially as worn by civilians, is naturally the most striking feature, its handsome scabbard of white, emblem of purity, being stamped with the emblem of fervent piety, a red cross. The uniform consists of a dark blue coat and trousers, a cocked hat, with white and black plumes—the mixed colours denoting that the heads of even Knights Templars are not without some alloy of human infirmity, however sound their hearts—a white baldrick, sword belt, and yellow gauntlets, on which again figures the cross. The warrior's breast is often covered with strange devices worn on the left side, like the decorations of carnal warfare, but intelligible only to the initiated. It is calculated that no less than six thousand Knights have come to Philadelphia, and as they go about everywhere in their uniforms, sword and all, giving a martial aspect to hitherto peaceful *tables d'hôte*, pastry-cooks' shops, and street-cars, the town has looked much as if it had just been relieved and revictualled by a victorious force, and the rescued citizens were showing their gratitude in the usual human way by asking each of the deliverers "what he will drink." For not the least striking part of the story is that all these 6,000 warriors, the majority of whom are fine men who ought to have fine appetites, are Philadelphia's guests. They bring with them, too, about 3,000 ladies, not exactly members of the Order, into the deeper mysteries of which nothing female can be initiated, but associates or lay sisters, as it were, freely permitted such simpler exoteric rites as eating and drinking. They are, further, allowed to dance with the Knights, and even to wear some of the less unintelligible badges, a privilege, seemingly, extended to others than the actual companions-in-arms of the knights, for half the ladies one now meets in the streets have some sort of Templar decoration. Philadelphia has thus an unexampled opportunity of showing her hospitality to some ten thousand mouths. She, in fact, practically invites the whole Templar world to her feast. One guest—an Englishman, representing the "Preceptory" known by the euphonious and romantic title of the "Diamond of the Desert"—has come all the way from the Cape of Good Hope. Two others from distant American States had to travel 500 miles by stage before they could reach a railway. Up to the last moment there was reason to hope that representatives would be present from Hongkong and New Zealand. A few came from Canada, wearing the white cloaks which form a part of the uniform of Knights Templars in England. But the majority came from various parts of the United States. They generally arranged to come in parties by specified trains, and in that case found at the railway station, no matter at what hour they arrived, a deputation from their Philadelphia brethren, and a full band to receive them with all the honours due to warrior pilgrims on the march, and escort them in triumph to their respective hotels. Sometimes, not content even with this homage, the Philadelphians went part of the way to meet their brethren. A special engine carried the Grand Recorder, Sir

Charles Meyer, and the Grand Treasurer, Sir Richard Mark Muckle, some sixty miles to meet one party, and though the return train was two hours late, and did not reach Philadelphia till 2 a.m., there at the station were found the faithful deputation and band, ready to sacrifice their own sleep and murder that of all citizens within earshot of their serenade rather than be the least wanting in respect to their illustrious guests. The guests are permitted to pay for their rooms and for anything they may choose to order in their hotels. But if they like to stroll down to the nearest "commandry," they can, from morn to midnight, get some sort of light meal, taken standing, without ceremony, as if on the march. They must be content, however, to "wash it down" with some liquor that does not intoxicate, unless, indeed, claret punch is to be considered an exception to this rule. It is excepted, perhaps, partly as a drink too harmless to have any effect on the stout Templar head, and partly, it may be, to prevent any undesirable confusion in the popular mind between Templars and Temperance men.

This proud privilege of thus keeping open house for the whole Templar world belongs specially to the Philadelphians, but the other expenses are shared by their brethren of Pennsylvania. The theory of the entertainment is that the Templars of Pennsylvania are the hosts, and all other Templars, no matter whence they come, the guests. These gatherings are yearly, each State playing host in its turn to all the world, and once every three years the Templars of all the States unite for what is called a grand camp. There are, I am told, 50,000 Templars, in round numbers, in the United States, from 5,000 to 6,000 in Pennslyvania, and about 2,000 in Philadelphia. These last divide themselves into seven "Commanderies," some of which, not satisfied with the honour of providing perpetual refreshments to all comers, give in addition evening receptions and balls. On Thursday evening the "Grand Commandery," or Governing Body, of all Pennslyvania gave a reception, to which, I am told, nearly 10,000 tickets of invitation were issued. Two fine buildings were converted into one by a connecting bridge; still, as it was well known beforehand that they would not hold half the number of invited guests, the majority wisely contented themselves with walking in at one door and out at the other, thus securing the double advantage of making room for their successors, and themselves escaping to some less crowded entertainment or getting early to bed. Many must have been utterly worn out, for Thursday was the chief and culminating day of the festival, and on it were held the installation and the grand parade. The object of the installation, at which the new officers for the current year have to be sworn in, is obvious enough, but that of the parade, which consists in marching under a hot sun up one set of streets and down another, is, to an outsider, not quite so clear. One may conjecture that the Knights sacrificed themselves in order to impress the Philadelphians with a just notion of their military strength and discipline and to gratify a peaceful population with a martial display. They certainly had a hard day of it. At 8.30 a.m. they mustered some 8,000 strong, and paraded till nearly 1 o'clock. A few of their very great dignitaries were in carriages, and small bodies of cavalry protected the van and rear. But the great majority, among them some veterans of considerable age, were on foot. They are a fine body of men and their marching past and saluting were surprisingly good, considering what few opportunities their every-day avocations as merchants, shopkeepers, or mechanics allow them for the exercise of their military duties at Knights. The installation of officers was held an hour or two later, and was largely patronized by ladies, who, in America, seem to take far more interest in the Templars than is taken by their sisters in England. But this difference is, of course, only in accordance with the very different degrees of estimation in which they are in England and America respectively held.

Why the Templars are made so much more of in America it is not altogether easy to see. They have long ceased to claim any special interest in the Holy Sepulchre, and the primary objects for which they now exist are, I am told, the "protection of innocent maidens, helpless orphans, and the Christian religion." But the maidens and orphans are, to say

the least, quite as able to take care of themselves as those of England, and the same may, perhaps, be said of the Christian religion. For the eating and drinking, which may be considered, as it were, the subsidiary duties of the Order, the aptitude is, in either country, about the same. It is possible that in England the growth of the Order is checked by our old world prejudices and institutions, and has not the free air and open space to develope itself which it finds in a new country. It is hard, for instance, to imagine our leading men induced even by the prospect of wearing *quasi* military uniforms and swords to parade through the streets side by side with our working men, even if they could get the whole population to turn out as they do in Philadelphia, and admire them. But here the very first men of State and City—such as the Governor of Pennsylvania and the Lieutenant-Governor and the Mayor of Philadelphia—are Knight Templars, no less than the humblest mechanics. The grand reception on Thursday evening, to which the Knights brought their wives and families, presented a marvellous variety of costumes. On the other hand, if in England the Templars have to contend against aristocratic prejudice, one might expect that in America they would find a scarcely less formidable foe in that Republican simplicity, the essence of which is supposed to consist in a lofty disdain for titles and parade. The chief officers among the "Sir Knights," as they are quaintly styled, enjoy appelations high-sounding enough for a German Chapter. It might be thought, too, that another obstacle to so elaborate a holyday would present itself in the American passion for business, or, as their detractors put it, for dollar-hunting. The prominent citizens of Philadelphia are with scarcely an exception, engaged in pursuits which would seem to leave very little leisure even for duties so sacred and important as those of a Knight Templar, or which might, at least, suggest that the best way in these degenerate days to protect maidens and orphans was to draw, not a sword, but a check. However, there must be something in the American character or soil which has enabled the Order to triumph completely over these and other obstacles, and to conduct their pageant on a scale which, in its way, has no parallel in the Old World.

ZOROASTRIANISM AND FREEMASONRY.

(Continued from page 26.)

PART II.

IT must be observed, and it cannot be too often repeated, that in Freemasonry the recompense promised is to be, not according to any particular belief, but emphatically according to the actual deeds done in this world. Just this is the Zoroastrian doctrine of rewards and punishments. These are promised in Zoroastrianism strictly, literally, and unquestionably according to deeds done in the flesh, without any extraneous help of any kind whatsoever. No intercession will help a Zoroastrian, no amount of sacrifices will carry him on to paradise, no belief in any particular set of dogmas will open to him the gates of heaven. No; he must rely on his own righteousness, whatever that may be. He must stand or fall on his own merits. He must have thought well, spoken well, and done well; and, carrying with him these passports, no barriers will intercept his passage to the highest of Beheshts. But we are sinful mortals, and what man born of woman can say that he is all righteous? Ahura Mazda knows this human weakness, and he has provided remission of sins of commissions and omissions, if one with a contrite heart opens his mouth in a spirit of remorse and repentance. The strict Judge is not wanting in mercy, as can be evidenced from the contexts of the different Patels that are recited. But a persistent, deliberate course of sin and pollution has no chance whatever of being ever forgiven. Zoroastrians are rewarded and punished literally in the measure of their thoughts, words, and deeds. One may practise the virtue of benevolence, and has not the other virtues fructifying benevolence into palpable good. His reward is of the lowest degree; the lowest paradise is the residence of his soul, after it has fled from the mortal coil into which it was confined in this life. Another is, in addition to being benevolent, "benevocent" also—if I may be allowed to coin such a word in the English language—but has not attained to the highest virtue. His

reward is indeed one step higher to that of the former, but inferior to that of one who has culminated his good intentions and speeches in this life by realising them into action. The man who is beneficent proclaims his supremacy over all. The grandest of virtues, and the crown over them all, is active universal beneficence; and he who practises that virtue attains to the highest of heavens, the Garothman itself, where Yazads and Ameshaspands all vie to sing the praises of the living Omniscient, Ahura Mazda himself. Thus a Zoroastrian must naturally find utmost pleasure in meeting with a Freemason brother, because he knows the brother has the same common belief with himself as regards the rewards in the next world. In what other system can he find believers whose notions of the principle of recompense in after-life can come so close to his? In meeting a Freemason, a Zoroastrian meets one who is in accord with him on the two main most important principles of his religion, viz., a belief in one God, and in rewards and punishments in after-life in the measure of one's deeds here below. The more we contemplate, the more we are convinced that Zoroastrians should flock into Freemasonry rather than shun it, if they desire to meet and associate with men of a like belief with them. But an objection might be raised that, as, according to the extract given above from the 12th Ha of the Yacna, a Zoroastrian binds himself to relieve distress and affliction if found in Zoroastrian homes and among the Zoroastrian clan, and since a Zoroastrian Freemason will have to go beyond his Zoroastrian circle and offer the same relief and assistance to other homes and clans which he would to those of his co-religionists, after he has joined a Masonic Lodge in which he boundedly recognises no caste distinctions, and where all are equally claimants to his assistance and help, the Zoroastrian Freemason will put himself under an embarrassment. As a Freemason, it is acknowledged that a Zoroastrian is bound to extend brotherly love, relief, and truth to his brethren of the Craft, be they of any caste, colour or clime. His sympathies ought not to be confined to his own people. His charity ought not to know any bounds, save those of prudence and justice, and his obligations towards his family. To him all the world should be an extensive brotherhood. Granted all this as perfectly true, and as what ought to be, and yet nothing that has appeared in the 12th Ha can possibly prevent a Zoroastrian Freemason from helping a Christian, Mahomedan, or Hindoo Freemason. In Freemasonry our principle is that, though our sympathies should be universal, they are to be regulated and adjudged according to the means at our command. If our ability is only limited, our practical sympathy should be limited also and displayed, confining ourselves prominently and immediately only to the household of the faith. Again, though we are bound to succour those of the household of the faith, our first and direct duties are towards our own family. We are not to seek, with our limited means to benefit Masonic brethren to the detriment and privation of our own families. But, if our means allow commensurate to it, our sympathies should expand. So on this principle, though immediate claims can be preferentially made first by our own families, then by the household of the faith, that need not necessarily dry up the fountain of benevolence, benevocence, and beneficence against all other claimants. Though Zoroastrianism is held to be *the* religion, others based on the same principles are not to ba disregarded, since they are in the Avesta, honourably mentioned and respected. There is no intolerance towards the rest of the world. It is not maintained that the good and the pious can be found only in that religion. On the contrary, it is plainly stated that, beyond the pale of Zoroastrianism, piety does exist, and is to be respected and revered. The Farvardin Yasht abounds with the names of the virtuous and the pious that have existed in the land of its composition. There spirits are invoked with a view to following their good examples. In this Yasht, the pious of other countries and religion are not ignored, as will be seen by the following extract: "We call upon the spirits of the pious men and women of our own country, of those strange to us, of Iran, Turan, Salem, China," &c.—in fact, of all the countries of the then known world. "We call upon the spirits

of the pious men and women, whenever born, of those who have in the past, of those who do now in the present, and of those who shall hereafter in the future, follow the good religions." Whilst the Zoroastrian recognises his own as the best religion in the superlative, other religions recognised in the Avesta are called better religions in the comparative degree. Whilst the Zoroastrian religion is always mentioned in the singular, the next best ones are always in the plural, indicating that to one to be followed there were several to be respected and esteemed. It can be reasonably maintainted, then, that the followers of the other next best religions were certainly to be respected, honoured, and fraternised with; and to them, out of the abundance of our means, we should contribute our surplus to allay and mitigate their misery and helplessness. If good thoughts, good words, good deeds gain heaven to a Zoroastrian, irrespective of any sectarian doctrines and dogmas, why should we imagine that it can be closed to those possessing these very virtues in the same degree, merely because they have their own different dogmas? And are not the inheritors of heaven worthy to be associated, sympathized, and fraternised with? But what are these next best religions? it might be asked. Surely they are not those which do not require a belief in one God, or in a state of reward and punishment in after-life according to deeds done in the flesh? If we are asked which of the present existing faiths were in mind when the next best religions were referred to in the Avesta, we must confess to our inability in indicating any one—for the best of reasons, that they were not then known. But this much we could say, that any religion meant by the term better religions must have been monotheistic, with a belief in a state of reward and punishment according to deeds done in the flesh. Guiding ourselves upon that assumption, we could safely include all existing monotheistic religions, within the area of the better religions, excluding all polytheistic, and such other religions as are disbelieving in rewards and punishments in after life in the measure of our deeds. Now, we know for a certainty that none are admitted into Freemasonry who believe in polytheism, in transmigration of souls, &c., and hence, once being assured that one is a Freemason, a Zoroastrian can freely fraternise with him without waiting to inquire to what faith he belongs. True, Zoroastrians are enjoined not to associate with Darvands, and unfortunately, in common parlance, a Darvand is one who is not a Zoroastrian; and at once a bigotted member of that community exclaims against his co-religionist Freemasons for associating with what are called Darvands, i.e., Freemasons of alien religions. But a Darvand in the Avesta, let me tell you, is not necessarily a follower of other religious; he is and can also be a Zoroastrian himself. In the Avestaic language, a sinner is a Darvand, and a virtuous man is an Ashavan, Asho. Those Zoroastrian sinners whose due is infernal punishments are ever called Darvands; those, on the contrary, whose claim is for heavenly rewards are called Asho. In all the relations in the Avesta, the good and the bad are in general terms called Asho and Darvand. Of course, through bigotry people do come to call all opprobious names to the followers of other religions, and in this way in the popular mind a non-Zoroastrian is assumed to be a Darvand. But whatever is mentioned against Darvands in the Avesta is no to be supposed to be intended to be all applied to every non-Zoroastrian; on the contrary, the references are in great part to bad, sinful Zoroastrians. The particular non-Zoroastrians who are disacknowledged in the Avesta are called the Devyaenas, believers in Devas, in polytheism, &c. They are not, of course, within the fold of Mazdayaenas; and all Deveyaenas, irrespective of what their other qualities may be, are not to be associated with. Do the Masons associate with disbelievers in one God and in the resurrection of the body? But Darvands are to be found in every religious community in Freemasonry too. Sometimes, I am ashamed to acknowledge, they are actual sinners, and they unquestionably are to be found in numbers among Zoroastrians.

When it is said that a Zoroastrian should shun a Darvand, it properly means that he is required to shun a sinner, whether he be of his own religion or of any other.

(To be continued.)

THE FALLING SNOW.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

I WATCH to see the dim procession pass—
The struggling, shadowy shapes that come and go;
I sit and watch, through clouded panes of glass,
Through gauzy curtains of the falling snow.

The fairy phantoms of the peopled air
Come softly gliding to the earth below;
I sit and list, I list in vain to hear
The feathery foot-fall of the falling snow.

No sound, save now and then a muffled hoof,
And muffled wheel, and in the silence, lo!
I sit and worship 'neath my whitening roof—
The world keeps Sabbath for the falling snow.

White wings are fluttering all around to-day,
Unseen, unheard—the loved of long ago
Alas! why miss and mourn I, more than they,
The forms that rest beneath the falling snow?

FAIRY TALES UTILISED FOR THE NEW GENERATION.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. IV.—JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

WHO does not remember "Jack and the Beanstalk?" and once we believed in him, did we not? How we admired his courage and his adroitness? his brave heart and unconquerable will? Well, time has passed from us since then, and probably has laid its heavy hand upon us. We have seen cares and crosses not a few; we have stumbled on through trials and difficulties very many, and here we are to-day very foot-sore, a good deal dispirited, hopes have turned out to be illusions, and fond dreams have faded never to reappear. What has Life taught us and brought us? Are not our memories to-day full of vivid associations of the shadows which have fleeted, and the friends who are no more? Well, if the ardent aspirations and warm yearnings of youth are over, have we nothing left us? Surely we have. Have we not all gained that experience of the world and of man which is always so important, and everywhere so valuable? Experience of the world, did I say? Why, the longer we live in it the less we understand it, the more we cling to it, the more disappointing it becomes to us! If we have obtained nothing from the world but its experience, that will, believe me, profit us nothing. For, after all the world's experience, what is it? Whether we have lived a longer or a shorter time, whether our way has been prosperous or clouded over; whether, for us, all has gone bravely and well, or ours have been the penalties and the vicissitudes of this sublunary scene; whether we have lived largely with our kind, or looked on the world from a philosopher's sanctum, matters but little, our greatest experience is but comparative ignorance at the very best, so to say, our highest knowledge of the world, but a passing possession.

It has been said that all worldly persons—all persons experienced in the ways and habits, and feelings of the world—are heartless. I do not say so much; but, at any rate, they are often, as it seems to me, rather callous, and not a little cynical! For the world has thrown over them its blinding "mirage," and imparted to them its deceiving lore. The world has made them in the world, and of the world, enthralled by its pleasures, devoted to its pursuits, absorbed in its cares, and proud of its citizenship! Their ideas are bounded by its horizon; all else appears excitement, or fanaticism, or folly, or madness. They have risen in it, and they have prospered in it, and have made themselves a tenement and a name in it; and, as for it, they only care to live, so beyond it they do not care to look. How changed they are from what they once were, and yet they hardly knew it, or perhaps suspected it themselves. Once they were full of courage, and energy, and hope, and trust, like the resolute "Jack," now exertion is a bore, and thought a labour. The world goes on very well, and they are very well to do in it. They can buy the current coin of

civility, comfort, convenience, adulation; the world is a very good world, after all, why not leave it alone? Why bother our heads with plans and proposals for alteration, and for amelioration, which seem very doubtful, and are certainly not needed! And so we float on with the tide down that great River which is always carrying on to the Eternal Sea the drifting boats, great and small, of men! If some one has sung, with some truth, each one can and must "paddle his own canoe," so be it; but let the skilful oarsman in "Rob Roy" remember that there are dangerous quicksands and treacherous currents, and fatal maelstroms in that broad expanse of water, and that too often the cranky outrigger is submerged, and the ill-directed skiff goes down! I never like then to hear people talking to-day, as you may often hear them, in disparagement even of the inexperienced fervour of the unworldly faith, and the living trust of youth. There is just now a cold scepticism, which, like the famous "Upas Tree," of Gladstonian simile, poisons all on whom it casts its berries or its shade.

Youth has many errors, and not a few shortcomings, but it has a fine instinct often, a love of the beautiful, a reverence for the true! Youth cannot believe in the colder counsels and calmer appreciation of age. The world is before it gay, smiling, inviting—it believes in it. It has not proved that it is full of deception and tricks, and lures! yea, and lies! It does not know how soon its blue sky is overcast, and the hurrying clouds tell of the impending tempest, of the destroying tornado. Youth often laughs at you when you tell it these green meadows will not be always green, these flowers will not always bloom, these songs will not always sound pleasant to the ear, Circe's draught will not always appear agreeable to the taste, or that blight and decay, and grief and desolation will one day make the scene before you grievous to the sight. Youth laughs on! It has promises and hopes, and dreams and fancies, and trust and sympathy of its own; why should it mind the gloomy vaticinations of some prophet of ill? If dark days will come they will come, none can stop them, or avert them; and when they come each will be prepared for them! And here is just the mistake of youth. Those years do come, and those changes do come, and foreboding fears and punishing memories do come; but we are not prepared for them when they do come. No, Life and the world have surrounded us with their illusions and deceits, and we have forgotten both the past and the future in the present!

But if, like as with Jack, the progress of years has destroyed our fairy ladder, our higher hopes, our heavenward aspirations, his mythic tale still whispers to us all of courage, perseverance, and trust.

Life may leave us, as life does leave us all; but life, happily, is not everything. The world deceives and deserts us, but the world is not our all in all.

Time and the world, life and humanity itself must one day pass away, but beyond the dull, sad plains of earth lie the "everlasting hills;" and once we have gained the ascent, once we have crossed the dark intervening river, earth and the world will look like specks in the distance. We have left folly, deceit, baseness, and sorrow all far behind; the fog has lifted, and all is clear in the brilliancy of God's own unfading light, to those who at last have reached the better country far away.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(*Continued from page 35.*)

CHAPTER X.

THE REFERENCE TO A LAWGIVER.

"The crowd with silent admiration stand
And heard him as they heard their god's command;
While he discoursed of heaven's mysterious laws,
The world's original and Nature's cause;
And what was God, and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose;
What shook the steadfast earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant sun.
* * * * * * * *
O happy monarch, sent by heaven, to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace.
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain."

DRYDEN'S OVID.

IN every religious institution, whether true or false, the covenant between the creature and the Creator has uniformly

been said to have emanated from a power superior to ourselves. The Lawgiver, as the reputed medium by whom the code was promulgated, was aware that no system would be received and adopted with implicit faith, if it were considered to be an invention of his own. And as the Jewish law was assuredly delivered to Moses by the Almighty himself from the summit of Mount Sinai, written by the finger of God on two Tables of Stone, and accompanied by the most awful sanctions to convince the people of its divine origin, so every bold imposter in the heathen world, who made innovations in the simplicity of the patriarch mode of worship, in like manner feigned to have received his instructions from on high.

The pretext was plausible, and generally attended with complete success. The pseudo prophet, having taken the precaution to ensure by austerity and self denial, accompanied by acts of severe devotion, the previous affections and goodwill of the people, found little difficulty in persuading them to receive his code as a divine present which could not fail to operate for the benefit of the community. And the people, being rude and uninstructed, would entertain no suspicion of imposture, particularly if the promulgation of the gift were accompanied, as it generally was, by a miraculous attestation.

A few instances will suffice to show that this was really the case.

To begin with India, which is one of the most ancient nations on the globe, it is believed by that people, who still remain under the influence of the religion of their remote ancestors, that Brahus, the creator of all things, having in his hand certain sacred books containing a code of laws and institutes which he intended to reveal to mankind for their observance, that they might be happy both here and hereafter, when he was on the point of communicating them to his creatures, fell into a slumber from the fatigue consequent on the government of the world during the continuance of which the books were surreptitiously abstracted by an evil being called Hyagriva, who was envious lest man should enjoy the proposed happiness, and hoped to destroy it by the annihilation of the holy Law intended by the divinity for his sanctification. To effect this purpose with impunity, the giant swallowed them, and hid himself in the lowest depths of the abyss.

In alarm, lest this invaluable treasure should be lost, Brama depicted Vishnu, the second person of the Trimurti, or sacred triad of deity, to seek out the delinquent and recover it. Having ascertained that the evil being lay at the bottom of the ocean, Vishnu assumed the form of a gigantic fish, "a million of leagues in length, and blazing like gold," and, plunging into the waters, found the monster lurking in his hiding-place. A furious combat ensued, which ended in the death of Hyagriva and the recovery of the sacred Books of the Law, which, being placed in the hands of the Creator, were communicated to man for his guidance and direction in every transaction of life.

Here we have a distinct account of the revelation of God's law, combined with a divine incarnation, to prevent the evils arising out of an ignorance of the will and pleasure of the Deity. It was universally felt and understood that the absence of such a code, while man remained in a state of nature, would leave him exposed to errors and practices which would be fatal to his happiness both here and hereafter.

A still more striking imitation of the delivery of the Law to Moses, was exhibited in the revelations of the Magian pseudo prophet Zoroaster. For as the former was lost sight of for forty years by his countrymen, before he was commissioned to deliver them from their bondage, and at length received the Law from God himself out of the midst of thunder, and lightning, and fire on the summit of Mount Sinai, so the latter secluded himself from public observation for a considerable space of time in a cave; and when he came forth feigned that he had been admitted into the highest heavens, and there received from the Deity seated in the centre of a bright and burning flame of fire, those laws and institutes of religion which are contained in the Zendavesta, and still constitute the sacred code of Persia; and appointed select portions of it to be read periodically in public by the priests for the edification and instruction of the people.

This is too evident a coincidence with the most striking events in the history of Moses to be accidental; for here we have

the appearance of the Divinity in a burning flame, as he actually appeared to Moses at the Bush, as well as the delivery of the law from the burning mountain. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that this accomplished impostor had studied the Jewish Scriptures with attention, and applied the miraculous information which he found there to the furtherance of his own personal schemes as a reformer of the national religion of Persia. And by infusing a portion of the Jewish system, which was really of Divine authority, he succeeded in placing it on a more liberal and permanent footing.

This appears still more probable from the nature of the doctrines which he promulgated, and which were the counterpart of the Mosaic system. He taught that there was one Supreme Being, independant and self-existing from all eternity. That under him there were two angels; one—the angel of light, who is the author and director of all good, and the other the angel of darkness, who is the author and director of all evil; and that these two, out of the mixture of light and darkness, made all things that are. That they are in a perpetual struggle with each other, and that where the Angel of Light prevails there the most is good; and where the Angel of Darkness prevails, there the most is evil. That this struggle shall continue to the end of the world, when there shall be a general resurrection and a day of judgment, wherein just retribution shall be rendered to all mankind according to their works. After which the Angel of Darkness and his disciples shall go into a world of their own, where they shall suffer, in everlasting darkness, the punishment of their evil deeds. And the Angel of Light and his disciples shall also go into a world of their own, where they shall receive, in everlasting light, the reward due unto their own good deeds; and that after this they shall remain separated for ever, and light and darkness be no more mixed together through all eternity.*

In like manner Pythagoras retired to a cave at Crotona, and remained there in fasting and mortification until his body was reduced to a skeleton; when he came forth and declared that he had been admitted into Hades, and received instruction from the gods. These divine communications he propagated in his schools or lodges, through the medium of rhymes, which were called his Golden Verses; and his instruction was so sublime that he was respected as a person who had been consecrated by the Deity himself. He taught the unity of the godhead, which he defined to be a complete circle, whose body is Light and his soul Truth; that he was neither sensible nor passable, but invisible and intelligible. His next class of deities consisted of three kinds—gods, demons, and heroes; after which he said that all the air is full of souls, which induce dreams and presages of sickness and health, with divinations and foretelling future events.

He pretended to confirm his sacred mission by a series of miracles, which are gravely related by Porphyry, Iamblichus, Laertius and others who have given the particulars of his life. I subjoin an instance of this reputed power:—"A ship coming into the harbour, and his friends anticipating that it contained some of their merchandize, Pythagoras said that it contained a dead body; and when the ship came in it was found that he had prophesied correctly." It was affirmed that whatever he foretold always came to pass; and therefore Aristippus said he was named Pythagoras, from speaking things which were as true as if they had been uttered by the Pythian Apollo. He was reputed to possess the attribute of ubiquity; and Porphyry gravely asserts that in one and the same day he was present at Metapontum in Italy and Tauromeniunn in Sicily, with his friends in both places, and conversed with them in the presence of a number of people at the same hour; although these two places are many days journey asunder.

The image of Diana which the Ephesians worshipped, was esteemed sacred, because it was reputed to have been given to the city by the celestial deities.* It could certainly have no other claim upon their sympathy; for this celestial present appears to have differed materially from the Diana of Greece and Rome, and is represented as an ugly little statue, with several tiers or rows of breasts—intimating that she was at Ephesus regarded as universal nature—the mother of mankind. The image was

* Prid. Con. vol. i. p. 215, with authorities.

* Acts xix. 35.

attired in close fitting garments covered all over with cherubic figures, amongst which we find the human form with that of lions, oxen, eagles, and winged quadrupeds. Her arms from the elbows are extended horizontally, each bearing a lion couchant; she had a heavy necklace suspended from her neck, inclosing a crab-fish, and is crowned with two towers one upon the other. The same may be said of the sacred shield of the Romans; the image of Rehea which fell from heaven in a field in Phrygia; the palladium of Troy, &c., which were imitated the fictions of other nations.

The history of China affords another instance of the universality of the belief that the laws and duties of religion, in order to be entitled to implicit credence, must necessarily be derived from heaven. of spirits, and other magical practices, A philosopher called Lao-Kiun, who is represented as being versed in the arts of divination, invocation conceived the design of reforming the national religion. For this purpose he erected sundry temples, and consecrated them to the ideal spirits, by whose assistance, as he asserted, his miracles were performed.

These proceedings contributed to increase his popularity, but failed to enlist the leading people of the country in his scheme. He therefore resorted to the pretext of a divine revelation, and secretly affixed to the gate of the royal palace a Tablet or book full of hieroglyphical characters and symbols, and propagated the belief by means of his numerous followers that it had been sent by the gods as a rule of faith and practice for the observance of the Chinese people. The leading principles of this book inculcated an obscure notion of a trinity. Thus it was said that the fountain of true wisdom was TAO, or eternal reason; which was ONE; One produced Two; Two produced THREE; and Three produced all things. This proceeding was decisive. The king was converted, and the sacred Tablet was borne in solemn procession to the palace and enclosed in a shrine of gold.

This tablet was subsequently translated into the Chinese language by Lao-Kiun himself, and contained the following characteristic legend:—"A virgin, inspired by heaven, wandered into the wilderness, became pregnant by a sunbeam, and, although a maid, brought forth a son. Being unable to give suck, a Lotus flower came to her floating upon the water, opened itself, received the tender child and suckled it. The mother, absorbed in meditation, was conducted by angels to heaven. A holy hermit took the child from the bosom of the flower, and fled with it to Camboya, where it obtained the name of Godama. At twelve years of age Godama performed miracles, returned to Siam, preached a new doctrine, and was called or regarded as an incarnation of Buddha."*

In the north of Europe similar pretensions were worked out by a similar process. The reformer, whose name was Sigge Fridulfson, having penetrated from the East into the wilds of Scandinavia, assumed the character of a prophet, and took the name Odin, the chief deity of the country, who was the same as the Phenician Thoth, the Buddha of India, the Fo of China, the Mercury of Greece and Rome, and the Hermes of Egypt; for in fact the religion of every country under the sun, was nothing more than a modification of the patriarchal scheme, adapted to the circumstance or private views of the individual who first introduced it.

Our Archæological Corner.

To the Editor of the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

I think your proposition of "keeping two or three pages, in future, purely for Masonic Archæology," an excellent idea, and hope it will receive hearty support at the hands of the brethren. As "example is better than precept," I have much pleasure in offering as a contribution an exact copy of an Extraordinary Warrant in the possession of the Britannia Lodge, No. 139, Sheffield, (constituted in 1765, and numbered 189 under the "Moderns" in 1813), which, I venture to think, is worthy of finding a place therein.

Grand Lodge to delegate to a subordi-

* Theog. of the Hindoos. p. 92.

nate or Provincial Grand Lodge the power to *grant Warrants, form Lodges,* &c., also the power, to such Provincial Grand Lodge, to elect (annually) its own officers or successors is, to say the least, unique

It is extremely desirable that copies of such, or similar documents, should be published.

Primarily, because the originals run great risks from fire, or of being otherwise destroyed, or lost.

Secondly, by the incalculable advantages of such being brought prominently before all Masonic students, and,

Thirdly, it is by the un-earthing and publication of such treasures that our history may be written.

I am, fraternally yours,

S. B. ELLIS.

[COPY.]

Atholl, GRAND MASTER.

Jas. Jones, S.G.W.; *Wm. Dickey,* D.G.M.; *James Read,* J.G.W.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

WE, THE GRAND LODGE of the Most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, (according to the Old Constitutions granted by His Royal Highness Prince Edwin, at York, Anno Domini Nine Hundred Twenty and Six, and in the year of Masonry Four Thousand, Nine Hundred, Twenty and Six), in ample Form assembled, viz., The Right Honourable and Most Noble Prince John the Third, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Atholl, Marquis and Earl of Tullibardine, Earl of Strathtay and Strathardle, Viscount of Balquider, Glenalmond, and Glenlyon, Lord Murray, Belveny, and Gask, Heretable Captain and Constable of the Castle and Constabulary of Kincleaven, Hereditary Keeper of the Palace of Falkland, one of the Sixteen Peers of Scotland, and in that part of Great Britain called England, and Masonical Jurisdiction thereunto belonging, Grand Master of Masons; the Right Worshipful William Dickey, Esquire, Deputy Grand Master; the Right Worshipful James Jones, Esquire, Senior Grand Warden; and the Right Worshipful James Read, Esquire, Junior Grand Warden; with the Approbation and Consent of the Warranted Lodges held within the Cities and Suburbs of London and Westminster; do by these Presents, authorize and impower our Trusty and Well-beloved Brethren, Free and Accepted Masons, who at the time of this present Writing are or hereafter shall become inhabitants of the *Counties of York, Chester, and Lancaster* to congregate, form and hold a Provincial Grand Lodge *in the Town of Sheffield and County of York* aforesaid, independent of any former Dispensation, Warrant, or Constitution, ordered, given or granted by US, or any of our Predecessors, Grand Masters of England, to any Mason or Masons residing within the Masonic Jurisdiction aforesaid; such Provincial Grand Lodge, when duly constituted, to be held Annually, Half-yearly, Quarterly, Monthly, or at any seasonable Time, or Times as Occasion shall require. And we do hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint Our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Brother *Hugh Cheney of the Town of Sheffield aforesaid, Esq^r.* to be Our Provincial GRAND MASTER; Our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Brother *Daniel Plowmann of Sheffield, Gent^n* to be Our Provincial Senior Grand Warden; and Our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Brother *William Trickitt of Sheffield, Cuttler* to be Our Provincial Junior Grand Warden within the Masonical Jurisdiction aforesaid; who, together with the aforesaid Provincial Grand Master, and his Deputy when appointed and installed, and Provincial Grand Wardens shall be addressed by the Stile and Title of The Right Worshipful Grand Master, Grand Wardens &c. And we do hereby further authorize and impower our said Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master *Hugh Cheney, Esq^r.*, his Deputy, and Grand Wardens *Daniel Plowmann* and *William Trickitt* with the Approbation and Advice of their Grand Lodge, to grant Dispensations, Warrants, and Constitutions, for the congregating and making FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS, forming and holding of Lodges within the Jurisdiction aforesaid, according to the most Ancient and Honourable custom of the Royal Craft, in all ages and Nations throughout the known World. And We do, by these Presents, further authorize and impower our said Trusty and Right Worshipful Brethren, the Provincial Grand Master, Grand Wardens, and their legal

Successors, when in regular Grand Lodge formed, to hear, adjust, and impartially determine all and singular Matters of Complaint, Dispute, Debate, or Controversy, relative to the Craft within the Jurisdiction aforesaid; strictly requiring all and every of our Worthy and Loving Brethren within the Jurisdiction aforesaid to be Conformable to all and every of the good Rules, Orders, Issues and Decrees, which shall from Time to Time be ordered, issued or decreed by the said Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Lodge; herein reserving to ourselves our ancient Prerogative of hearing Appeals; and Administration of such Things as shall (*bonâ fide**) appear absolutely necessary for the Honour and Benefit of the Craft in general. And, lastly, We do hereby authorize and impower our said Trusty and Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master, and Grand Wardens, together with their lawful Associates being the installed Masters, Wardens and Past Masters of the Regular Lodges within the Jurisdiction aforesaid in Grand Lodge assembled to nominate, chuse and instal their successors to whom they shall deliver this Warrant, and invest them with their particular Jewels and Masonical Powers and Dignities as Provincial Grand Officers, &c., &c., &c. And such Successors shall in like Manner nominate, chuse and instal, &c. their successors, &c., &c., such Installation to be upon or near every Saint John's Day, the Twenty fourth of June, during the continuance of the said Provincial Grand Lodge for ever.

Providing the said Right Worshipful *Hugh Cheney, Daniel Plowmann, William Trickitt* and all the successors, Grand Officers of the said Provincial Grand Lodge do continually pay due respect to the Worshipful Grand Lodge of the Most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, by whom this Warrant is granted, otherwise this Warrant and Constitution to be of no Force, nor Virtue. Given under our Hands and Seal of the Grand Lodge in London, the *Fifth* day of *September* in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Seven Hundred Eighty and *One*, in the Year of Masonry Five Thousand Seven Hundred Eighty and *One*, and *in the Seventh* year of the Grand Mastership of His Grace the Duke of Atholl, &c. &c. &c.

Charles Bearblock, Grand Secretary

* Printed in italics.

This Warrant is on parchment, measuring 20 in. by 16 in. I have indicated by *italics* the actual signatures and other portions written, all the rest of the Warrant being printed. There is a broad margin on the left hand, wherein appears "No. 217," under this number is a red seal, to which is attached a ribbon $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. wide of two colours, viz. light blue and light yellow, in equal proportions. At the foot of the margin is written as follows: "Note—This "Warrant is registered in the Grand Lodge "Vol. 8, Letter H." Another bit of ribbon of same colours, but only $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide, is thread through the parchment at the bottom of the margin, and another piece is in the top righ-hand corner of the Warrant. The fact of this Warrant being printed suggests that if others were not actually issued, they were contemplated, and it is just possible the publication of this one may lead to others being discovered.

N.B.—Bro. Cheney's and Bro. Trickitt's names are in the list of members of the Royal Arch Chapter (Paradise) prior to 1783. I hope to be able to resume the publication of those extracts next month.

S. B. Ellis.

Sheffield, 1st July, 1876.

MASONIC ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.

Sir and Brother,—In looking through Dr. Birch's interesting Court and Times of Charles I., I noted the following references to the Rosicrucians, which I think will prove of interest to your readers. I venture to suggest that if all our reading brethren would jot down the stray notes they come across, respecting this interesting body, it would prove a valuable addition to our knowledge of the brethren of the Rosy Cross.

Yours fraternally,

Emra Holmes.

P.S.—The brethren of the Rosy Cross degree (which many think an emanation from the Alchemical Secret Society), the

Knights of the Rosy Cross, or Royal Order of Scotland, and the Rosicrucian Society, composed as it is of Masons, must all have an interest, near or remote, in their reputed ancestors, and I think that your proposed archæological notes in the MAGAZINE may well contain references to matters connected with the high degrees as well as those that appertain strictly to the craft.—E.H.

THE COURT AND TIMES OF CHARLES I., BY DR. BIRCH. PAGE 173.

Extract of a letter of the Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville :—

"But the sweetest news, like marchpane, I keep for the banquet. Now the French Ambassador is departed, a certain heterochta is coming upon the stage. A youth he is, I hear, with never a hair on his face; and the principals by whom he is sent, and whom he is to represent, lies concealed in this town : and in one word, to solve this riddle, is the president of the Society of the Rosy Cross;* whose said ambassador, on Sunday afternoon, hath appointed to come to Court, with thirteen coaches. The proffers he is to make his Majesty are no small ones; to wit—if his Majesty will follow his advice, he will presently put three millions (viz. 3,000,000 pounds) into his coffers, and will teach him a way how to suppress the Pope; how to bring the Catholic King on his knees; how to advance his own religion all over Christendom; and lastly, how to convert Turks and Jews to Christianity; than which you can desire no more in this world."

The above is an extract from a letter of a Mr. Pory, quoted by Mr. Mead, who adds :—

"Thus he; and promises me a letter this night. What think you? for I know not. Is it a game or a verity?"

Following close upon this is the letter from Mr. Pory to the Rev. Joseph Mead, which is dated from London, 26 Nov., 1626 :—

"The young ambassador of our President of the Rosy Cross did not appear this afternoon at Whitehall; but they say he proffereth his 3,000,000 to be paid in May next. We all fear he will prove but a mountebank, and his project but a second part of England's joy. He sent a letter unto the king, the copy whereof is this :—

'Glorioso et dilecto Filio Dei, et nostro Domino Carolo, Imperatori Britannico, &c.

ORIGINES.

Indicatur hisce, præsentibus regiæ tuæ majestati proditionem summam adversus tuam et meam personam a me detectam esse : ideoque velim mihi dari . . . . satellites regios, qui comprehensos proditores . . . . deducant.

M. PHILLIPUS.'

His name they say is Phillipus Ishbertus; and his ambassador's or messenger's name (which is but a youth) Origines."

* * * *

Following this is an extract from another letter from London, November 27th, which runs as follows :—

"There is a stranger hath been two years in London, and some say is the same, who, as hath been heretofore reported, told the Prince Palatine, at the beginning of his election to the Crown of Bohemia, of all the misfortunes and calamities which have befallen him since that time, and nevertheless advised him to accept it. Whosoever he be, he yesterday sent a letter to our King, by David Ramsay, a copy whereof we took from the original immediately after he had been with the King.

He gave Mr. Ramsay further instructions, as to tell his Majesty that, if he pleased to grant him allowance, he would send this next Sunday and impart many things unto his Majesty, of moment and secrecy; and that he would perform it by the mouth of a young child, whom he had already anointed and such like. I tell it you for news; but for my part I have but a small faith in the business, supposing it is either some fantastical folly; or, if more, that it will tend to imposture."

A further letter from the Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, dated from Christ College (Cambridge), 2nd Dec., 1626, contains the following :—

"For the Rosy Cross president you shall see his ambassador appeared not at the time appointed by the enclosed of Mr. Pory, dated on Sunday afternoon. It seems his Majesty would not give him audience. You shall see here his letter to the King. The contents methinks argue

* The Rosicrucians or Alchymists.

it comes from some whose brains croak. It is said here that the King should say, if he could tell where to find him, unless he made good presently his proffer of gold, he would hang him up at the Court gates; whereby it seems he is latent and undiscovered, and meant so to be; but use a child for his minister and messenger, whose innocency and age might secure him from his usage, as himself the principal was like to find. Some think it is somebody whose brains are cracked; others a plot to have got access unto the King in private for discovery of some matter against the duke; others otherwise as fancies lead them."*

SERMON

Preached by Dr. COSENS, P.G.C. for Worcestershire, before the P. G. Lodge at St. Thomas's Church, Dudley, June 10th, 1876.

ST. MATTHEW xxii. 36—40 verses, :—"Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the secondis like unto it, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

A great father of the ancient Christian Church laid down this rule:—"In necessary things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity." This is, in truth, a general maxim, and each will be using it in a different way. A certain class of people make so many things necessary that there is no room left for liberty; another class makes so many things doubtful that no room is left for unity. But in one point in this saying there can be no misinterpretation; no room for cavil—"in all things charity." It seems to imply this—See the best of your neighbour in all things, and try to imitate it. See what is good, and just, and true, and beautiful in others; and though firm in your own opinion, and strong in your own faith, yet admit all that charity ought to admit for others; they have their rays of light perhaps not as bright and pure as their own, but light for all that. When the Great Teacher spake the parable of the Good Samaritan, He did not say that the Jew should cease to be a Jew and become a Samaritan; nor that the Apostles should leave Jerusalem and join Samaria, because there was a good Samaritan. But what he *did* say was, that the Jew should feel that the Samaritan was his neighbour, and might be his example. The great principle of charity is, in fact, the only abiding reality amid all the transient and evanescent creations of this changeable world. Charity belongs to the immaterial part of our nature, and when we fail in it, it is because the material part of our nature has the preponderance. "For the corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth." Our material nature, our intellectual powers, our mere moral powers may be enviable; they may exalt us far above all other men: just as the lofty peaks of the Alps far transcend the broad valleys stretching at their base. Men look up and wonder at their height, but they think not that they must bear the rude blasts of the elements upon their snow-crowned heads, and their sides be furrowed with the storm. They are of an amazing loftiness, but they are removed far away in an atmosphere of their own, where all is chilly and cold; while in the lowly valleys and upon the mountain slopes the grass grows green, and all seems bright, and lovely, and gay. The mind is great and noble; truth and justice are sublime; wealth confers comfort, and sometimes satisfaction; but love is dearer than them all, more transcendant, more omnipotent. Now, the injunction of the Great Master in my text, is one without reservation or qualification. It is not a command for any country, or people, or creed. To love one another, as Chris gave the commandment, was new, in that it became a moral obligation laid upon the nations of the world. It was a stumbling block to the Jew in the exclusiveness of

* This was one of the several attempts made about this period to draw the King's attention to the mischievous influence of the Duke of Buckingham; but Charles had too completely given himself up to the fascinations of the favourite to heed such manœuvres.—E. H.

[Too much stress must not be laid on the popular impression of the Duke of Buckingham's influence over Charles I. This Rosicrucian attempt was clearly an essay of Charlatanism. All contemporary gossip has to be carefully sifted.—ED.]

his faith. Roman and Greek knew of no such doctrine; the military ardour of the one and the refined philosophy of the other recognised no such fellowship with the people of other kindreds and tongues. This great commandment is one given to us directly by the great God Himself; it belongs to no subtle theism, it is the result of no Judaic derivation. Love began with man when he lay a babe upon his mother's lap, and as he has journeyed onward through life, at evening tide, when the day's toil has been done, in gratitude and in love he has pitched his tent a day's march nearer God. Now, I greatly fear, that one of the worst deformities of the world in which we live is its want of charity. Not, I mean, in any remissness in blazing abroad what it does in the form of subscription lists; or in letting the left hand know what the right hand does; but there is a want of charity of heart, there is a lack of the hearty sympathy of men tenderly affectioned for all estates, conditions, and qualities of their fellow men who cry to them for succour; sympathy, which is thoroughly in harmony with the words of my text, and which knows no reservations or qualifications. When a fellow man stands before us needy and destitute, my text teaches us that he puts forth as a man the holiest claim to our consideration which human language can express. He stands before us, our brother; we see him, our brother, and if we love him not, if we have no bowels of compassion for him, though we make great professions that we love God and offer up long prayers, we are liars; for if we love not this brother whom we do see, how can we love God whom we have not seen? The fundamental principle of all true religion, as is also the foundation stone on which the fair temple of the Craft has been erected is charity. For ever lovely in itself, it is one of the brightest gems that can adorn our Masonic profession. It is the best test and sweetest proof of the sincerity of our religion. Benevolence, attended by Heaven-born charity, is an honour to a nation whence it springs, is nourished and cherished. Happy is the man who has sown in his breast the seeds of benevolence, he envieth not his neighbour, he believes not a tale when told by a slanderer. And as we are brethren, let us be ever ready to listen to him that craveth our assistance, and from him who is in want let us not withold a liberal hand. The commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," sounds in our ears the holiest strain which can touch mortal ears, than which not all the choir of heaven can tune their golden harps to more exalted accents; that neighbour is a man, thy brother. In ancient Rome a being stood helpless and alone in the midst of the great amphitheatre, surrounded by the Senate, the patricians, the flower of the Roman youth, the heroes, and the orators of the eternal city. Appeal he had none, but he raised his hand aloft and cried, "I am a Roman citizen," and straightway the assembled multitude rose as one man and the blue vault above echoed the shout of sympathy, which like a nation's anthem, rose to heaven. So shall it be with us. The stranger, naked, hungry, and destitute, may have no appeal to make to us while he stands in the midst of the great theatre of life, but when he lifts his helpless and beseeching hands to us, he is a liar who says, "I love God, but love not thee as my brother also." And let me also point out to you that the Great Apostle lays down a rule for our exercise of Christian sympathy, when He takes that broad line of charity, "Let us do good unto all men, and especially unto them that are of the household of faith." The principle here involved is just that which lies at the door of our entrance into Lodge, and which is of the very essence of masonic ethics. We do not allow our charity to be circumscribed or cut of by religious prejudice. No doubt it costs a conscientious man a hard struggle to triumph over such feelings, to conquer them, to crush them, and whatever be his own convictions, to compel himself to look with kindliness upon others; no matter what their religious professions or beliefs may be. But when I see so much narrowness among those who profess the purest religion, I remember that Jesus Christ, the greatest ethical Teacher, claimed the love of brotherhood, even for a stranger; and the stranger, the outcast, and the man who had denied God His due, is our brother still; his claim is still holy, still to be allowed. Jeremy Taylor quotes a traditional story respecting the patriarch Abraham, which very strongly enforces the

great truth before us to day, "When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel coming towards him, who was 100 years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down, but observing that the old man ate, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven? The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured Me and couldest not thou endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble? Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. The moral is, go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

In conclusion, my brethren, let me say that it will be well for us ever to strive to carry into our daily life those great principles of brotherly love taught us in the Word of our Almighty God, and prescribed to us by the precepts of our Masonic rule. Addressing you as a minister of the Church of the Gospel I may be permitted to state that Masonry rightly used will adorn Christianity, while Christianity, though younger than Masonry, lends an additional glow to the beauty of that law of love which came forth from the hand of the Great Architect of the Universe in the very hour of Creation. Let us study to acquire that simple love, that simple confidence, that simple self-forgetfulness, that generosity which beams from the good man's eye, so that all the world may read in his sunny smile that he would do good. If ever the Voice of God is heard on earth, it is when the heart of abundant goodness, and benevolence, and mercy speaks comfort to the weary and heavy laden. There is no morbid sentimentality about this, no loud profession, no canting parade of religion, but true charity proves the deep, honest, solid earnestness of the man, conscious that he is a responsible being, and that "he who loveth God must love his brother also." I draw a glowing picture of the truly loving man, in the touching words of one of our great poets :—

"Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed, and felt for all.
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way,
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whispered praise."

Brethren to be such an one as this, who would not lay aside the brightest of earth's jewelled crowns that thus he might win the unfading coronet which the fair hand of love alone can weave. May we, each one, live a life of such true love here below that we may thus be fitted for that land of love in the presence of our God, where "eternal sunshine settles" on each loved and loving head.

REVIEW.

Links in the Chain of Evidence connecting Israel and England. By J. Leyland Feilden. (London: W. H. Guest.)

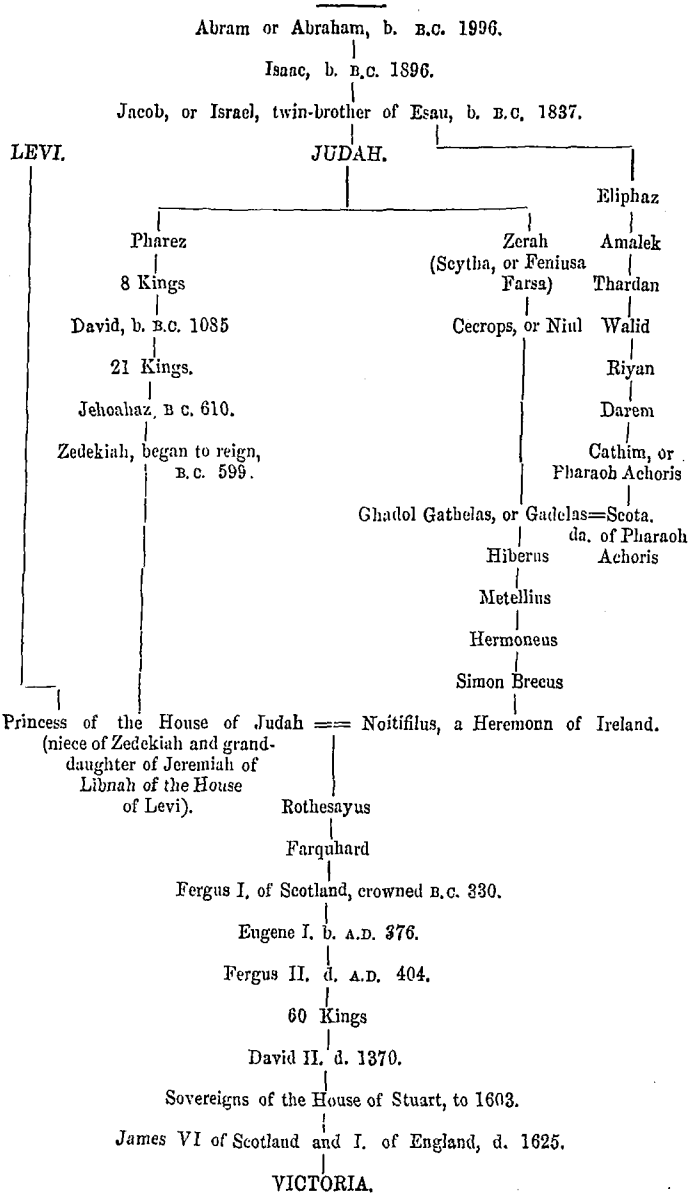
THIS is a book which we confess, though we have read, we do not profess either to realize or understand. Others may be more fortunate. We have no doubt that there is a good deal in it, if only we could fathom it, but we cannot. The object is to prove practically the descent of England,

including Scotland, from the Hebrews. But we confess that we feel a little startled at the various propositions of the writer, and the manner in which he deals with philology, ethnology, &c., and bridges over the dubious periods of history. We can neither accept his promises nor his conclusions, and we doubt very much whether such a theory as his can be taken really out of the domain of μυθος altogether.

For instance let us take the abridged pedigree—

ABRIDGED PEDIGREE.

(*According to this Book.*)



The reader will see that a princess of the House of Judah is made a granddaughter of Jeremiah of the House of Levi. But could a Levite marry out of the tribe of Levi? It is more than doubtful.

Then, again, who was this niece of Zedekiah, granddaughter of Jeremiah of Libnah? What is her name? Where is any mention made of her? And how could she be at the same time niece of Zedekiah and grand-daughter of Jeremiah, of Libnah? While, then, for some who seem to harp on this, in our opinion, an unreal and unreliable hypothesis, the book may have interest, we confess that to us it appears utterly irreconcileable with and antagonistic to all that we ourselves so far have mastered, whether in history, philology, or ethnology. We cannot accept Bro. Feilden's conclusion (we believe he is a brother of our order), though we are quite free to admit that the writer is evidently a believer in his own words (which in these days is something), and that he has put forth his book fully persuaded of the importance of his discovery, and the validity of his argument. And while we seek to do full justice to the evident serious sincerity of his views, we regret to have to reject them absolutely as in utter and startling disagreement with every known canon of historical accuracy or ethnological research.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

(From the N. Y. Despatch.)

LIFE has a burden for every one's shoulder—
None may escape from its trouble and care;
Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we are older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our heart of its treasure of song;
Lovers grow cold, and our friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Every-day toil is an every-day blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crusts we may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,
Just when we mourn there is none to befriend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And somehow or other we get to the end.

ANON.

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 "Engineer" remarks, that "an experiment, which seems likely to give good results, is now being made on a large scale in Holland, having already been tried to a small extent at Terschelling, near the entrance to the Zuyder Zee. From a communication made by Mr. V. H. Termeulen to the journal of the Holland Royal Institution of Engineers, it appears that piles, 4in. in diameter, are driven into the sand in a row about a foot from centre to centre, so as to leave a height of 16in. projecting above the bottom. The water, though but of slight depth, scours away the sand at the foot of each pile, so that in a short time they would be completely laid bare and washed away were they not kept in position by a chain, which prevents them from floating. The whole row of piles thus gradually sinks just in proportion as the bottom is washed away; and, if the direction of the row be at right angles to the bar, the latter will be divided by an artificial channel on one side of the chain. It also sometimes happens, when the current is subject to changes of direction, that a channel is formed on both sides of the chain."

Several letters and other papers of Robert Bloomfield, author of the "Farmer's Boy," and other poems, have been added to the manuscripts in the British Museum.

The "New York Mercury" states that "the prairie sections of Southern Minnesota are fast being covered with a forest growth since the stoppage of prairie fires. Willow, wild apple, hazel, oak, and aspen trees spring up spontaneously. The farmers, too, have taken pains to cultivate trees, and groves have become so numerous that they are never lost sight of in travelling."

Resuming our glance at "Las Memorias and other Poems," from which I gave a few beautiful extracts in the January number of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, we find, in the poem entitled "Life's Regrets," the following moralising in the true spirit of the Craft, which teaches us how to live and how to die:—

"How short at best this life of ours,
When e'en its longest years are told;
'Twas youth for us but yesterday,
To-day we're growing very old!

Amid the hurrying scenes of Time,
Amid the rapid rush of years,
Amid the vanish'd dreams of youth,
Amid all human smiles and tears;

Amid each care, amid each cross,
Amid the grief we all must bear,
Amid the burdens of our lot,
Amid the toils we all must share;

We see, as day succeeds to day,
And years are fading one by one,
How many are our heart's regrets,
Before the sands of life be run.

* * * *

Whate'er our place in life has been,
With it we may be well content,
Taking alike in faith and trust
Whatever God has sent.

Yet better far we might have been,
And wiser far in every way,
How greatly have improved the hours,
Those golden hours now past away.

How little, after all, of good
Has this our buried past to show;
How idly have we sought to do
Life's daily duties here below!

Oh, yes! when memory to-day
Recalls each scene of peace and strife,
We see, and say, how better far
We might have spent our earthly life."

Passing by "Fragrant Recollections" and "Vitæ Vicissitudines" (the latter a good English poem with one of those foreign titles, with which the author is, as I think, mistakenly enamoured), we come to a Keat's-like piece on "Sympathy," which, being short as well as sweet, I give entire:—

"How wondrous are our Sympathies to-day
For others. How oft there meets us in the way
Some pleasant face, or form, which lingers still
With us, amid all hourly good and ill.
And yet we strangers are, and ever will remain
In earthly life, nor evermore again
Shall we behold that bright and sunny face,
Or watch, admiring, all that pleasant grace.
Yet, still the smile we see again to-day,
Though we ourselves are loitering far away;
That happy face is gleaming like a star
Upon us now, though distant leagues afar.
Who can explain that strange mysterious law,
By which some word we heard, some face we saw,
Exerts its empire o'er our musing mind,
Filling our thoughts with visions soft and kind?
Oh, who can venture now to seek to trace
That solemn mystery of our mortal race?
By which some gentle smile, a kindly voice,
Can bid our inmost heart and trust rejoice,
And still can charm, can soften, can subdue
Our wayward hearts, though absent from our view.
All we can say, and all that Time reveals,
In what the lips may tell, or heart conceals,
Is, that there is a golden chain of Love
Which links this earth to happier realms above;
And still o'er us that gentle influence reigns,
To soothe our pressing griefs and weary pains;
Binding us still to one another here,
With sympathies undying, true and dear,
And joins us still—parts of a mighty whole—
Alike both heart to heart and soul to soul,
Until we find that God to man below,
To lessen sorrow, lighten the weight of woe,
Has given us Sympathies which never cease
To bless us here, and still with years increase,
Witnessing ever that Life's all-fleeting way
Is but the shadow of a better day."

The New Year pieces breathe a healthy atmosphere; and the remark of our author may be made on *any* New Year's Day:—

"For now another year has faded from the rolls of Time;
Another year is buried in the grave of ages!
Another year is number'd with the great old dead,
And we are standing on the threshold of a new one,
A young, fresh year, with all its hidden future."

And when called upon to "part in pain from some we cherish," as most of us have been forced to do, all of us who cherish the comfortable doctrine of the immortality of the soul, will—

——— "trust to meet them once again
In that bright land, where Time has ceased to be,
And where Eternity has usher'd in
The radiant hours of joy, and love, and rest."

And every true Freemason will remember to do his duty to his fellow-men when he has it in his power:—

"For life has still some work for us,
Some duties yet to do,
Some hearts to soothe, some hopes to cheer
Some labours kind and true;

Not idle, careless loiterers now,—
Ours is the 'better part,'
To help on those who falter here,
With true and loving heart.

* * * * *

So let the message of to-day
Fall on our listening ears;
Let's look in loving heart to God
'Mid earthly doubts and fears;

And whether long, or whether short,
Life keeps for us its span,
Let's seek in this all-glad New Year
To help our Brother Man."

These are true Masonic sentiments, enunciated with the beautiful simplicity of genuine poetry; and if all who have been initiated into our glorious Craft, taught them by both precept and practice, like our gifted brother, what a different world this would soon become!

Passing over a few choice little poems, with such good English titles as "Never Forgotten," "Doubt," and "Happiness," we come to "The Picture." Every reader of our glorious English bards will remember Cowper's touching verses on the receipt of his mother's picture out of Norfolk; and Campbell's classic "Stanzas to Painting," and I am very sorry that want of space will only allow me to quote one-third of our author's companion poem, for such it may be considered, to the above:—

"For that picture in its truthfulness,
As it hangs up there above,
Tells of a heart all simple,
Yet full of tender love;
And in its sacred sympathies,
And in its mystic power,
That picture throws a soft'ning ray
On every passing hour.

* * * * *

Oh! wondrous spell of painting,
Oh! great and gracious art,
Which oft, to us who linger here,
Can'st the happiness impart
Of feeling and believing
That those we love are near,—
That the truest and the dearest
Are ever with us here."

I could like to give many more extracts of beautiful passages that have pleased me. The quotations now given are all from the 81st to the 124th pages, and the neatly printed volume consists of 250 pages, all of which I have read with great pleasure—not merely waded through, as one has to do with some books. Our author's great strength is evidently in the pure sentiments and genuine pathos of his own soul. Many of the poems must be read entire to be appreciated, as, to borrow an expression of Dr. Johnson's, "he that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen." Nevertheless, I hope the "select quotations" I have given from the book under notice may induce some of my readers to possess themselves of the whole volume.

There are various places in England named Burton, the word being a contraction of "borough-town." Thus we have the township of that name in Tarvin parish, near Tarporley, in Cheshire; the

decayed market-down of that name, on the river Dee, in the same county, once the property of the bishops of Lichfield and Coventry, to which Bishop Langton granted a charter for market and fairs in 1298, and where the pious Bishop Wilson, of Sodor and Man, was born in 1663, and founded a free school in 1724. Burton, in Salop, with its fine Roman camp; Burton, in Sussex, with its monumental brasses of the Gorings; Burton, in Warcop, Westmoreland, the birthplace of Archbishop Bainbridge, who was poisoned at Rome, in 1511, after having been made a cardinal; and Burtons in all parts of England, of which we have a dozen at least in Yorkshire alone; but of all the Burtons I know of—numerous as they are—Burton-on-Trent is better known than all the rest put together. Known to the student of English history for the battle on the old bridge, in the second Edward's reign, as well as by antiquaries for St. Modwena's chapel, and the abbey founded by Ulfric, Earl of Mercia, before the Norman Conquest, Burton-on-Trent has long been famous for its beer, although many thousands of gallons are annually sold as such that have been brewed far away from either Burton or the Trent. Had I not been reluctantly compelled to listen to much common-place iteration of what had been better expressed by other speakers, the week I spent there as delegate to the A. M. C. of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows would have been one of unalloyed pleasure; and it was refreshing to saunter of an evening by the banks of the river and, to listen to these sweet chimes from the steeple of the parish church, which I only wish were more common throughout the country. How placid did the Trent look then! And yet there are times when this gentle river bursts its banks and inundates the houses of peaceable people who have given it no provocation: the most notable floods being those of February, 1795; of November, 1852; and of July and October, 1875. To propose works for the preservation of the town from future inundations, Mr. William Molyneux, a Fellow of the Geological and Royal Historical Societies, and the author of a "History of Burton-on-Trent," which I have not seen, has issued an excellent sixpenny pamphlet, entitled, "The Old River Courses, and the Recent Floods of the Trent Valley at Burton," which is full of geological information, independent of the engineering skill, which it is principally intended to make known to the Burtonians. Of "that portion of the valley which lies between the junctions of the Trent and Tame at Wichnor, and the Trent and Dove at Stretton, and in which is included the area occupied by the town, and the whole of the valley portion of the parish of Burton-on-Trent," Mr. Molyneux remarks:—

"The rocks which form the substrata of the Trent Valley within the district named, and out of which it has, of course, been excavated, consist, on the western side exclusively, and on the eastern margin also, as far as Stapenhill, of red marls; but from hence, running northwards up to Bladon Hill, these give place to naturally succeeding Keuper sandstones and Bunter conglomerates, the latter series being brought in and confined to the eastern side of the Valley. These faults have produced an aggregate vertical displacement of at least 1,500 feet of strata, and there is no doubt that it is to these dislocations that the line or direction taken by the Valley at this point owes its origin." He then points out "that after its original excavation had been accomplished, it, with the whole of the land in this part of the country, was re-submerged to a depth of at least 600 feet below the present sea-level, and that while in this condition it became, by the combined agency of ice, snow, and marine currents, infilled by clay and sand, and a remarkable assortment of travelled gravel and boulders, the presence and condition of which show most conclusively the enormous amount of denudation to which the rocks of the Valley area had been subjected before this infilling began, and the wonderful nature of the operation, and the variety of the material by which that infilling had been effected"; and how "in the course of time the permanent re-elevation of the land commenced; the hills or higher tracts of country gradually reappeared above the sea, to become, as they rose, covered by thick sheets of ice and snow—conditions incidental to the arctic severity of the climate which then prevailed throughout Great Britain—until by degrees the present modified marginal lines of the original Valley were laid down,

and the foundations, so to speak, of the river systems of the country were fairly inaugurated. For a considerable time the Trent Valley of this period was, even far south of the district under consideration, subjected to tidal action; and its estuarine conditions, in common with those of the other great river-valleys of the country, extended many miles further inland than at present. Consequent, however, upon the continued elevation of the land, accompanied by an increase in the rate of temperature, the sea gradually retreated, and the Valley became the bed of one broad river, between whose banks rolled its waters—fed largely by periodically melting ice and snow—riddling, washing, and carrying away to sea by far the greater portion of the clay and other finer material, and by this means allowing to settle down, upon the red marls beneath and between its two banks, to the reduced thickness of from fifteen to thirty-five feet, the sand, gravel, and boulders which composed the remaining portion of the deposits with which the Valley was originally infilled. A yet further change took place. The river, by the continued elevation of the land, became gradually contracted in its dimensions, and by degrees small tracts of gravel-beds appeared at the surface; and as they rose the lessening waters worked out therefrom new channels, and they lay in the broad river a series of small islands, which, in the course of time, become covered with vegetation. The outlines of the islands of this period, which are generally oval, and do not exceed six feet above the present level of the Trent, are easily traceable, and it is upon one of these that the town of Burton-on-Trent was originally founded. A further elevation and silting up of about two feet, however, brought about a considerable change, and converted the area between the two banks from an island-dotted river into a Valley cut up and about equally apportioned between land and water. In the course of time a yet further increase in the land-area of the Valley took place—possibly the result, to a certain extent, of its elevation, but principally of silting—by which means its condition, as presented under the aspect of an ordinary flood, was established. The last change represents the present aspect of the Valley under ordinary circumstances. There have, therefore, been no less than four different levels of river-action in the Valley, each represented by a distinctive series of deposits, and occupying definite and well-defined areas. The first is, of course, when the whole of the Valley was under water, and the terrace-gravels of Drakelow, Stapenhill, on the one side, and of Horninglow and Stretton on the other, formed the river banks; the second when the first range of gravel-islands or banks appeared. Of these, the largest commences about 200 yards north of Branstone Cottage, [the author's residence,] and extends to the bottom of Anderstaff-lane, being thus occupied by the High-street, and all the old parts of the town of Burton." And in an equally plain manner does Mr. Molyneux point out to his neighbours the gradual formation of the land they live on, and the materials of which it is composed, as well as the best means of preventing inundations for the future.

If Mr. Molyneux's larger work be half as interesting as his sixpenny pamphlet—and it ought to be more so—it must be most agreeable reading; anyhow, he deserves high praise for the able treatise he has published on "The Old River Courses and the Recent Floods of the Trent Valley at Burton-on-Trent."

On the 11th of May last, Lady Smith, of Lowestoft, in Suffolk, completed her *hundred and third* year, on which occasion she received by post the following beautiful verses by Eta Mawr, with the writer's photograph:—

"Take—honour'd Lady—paid with joy and pride,
This cordial tribute, on your natal day!
To kindred minds, though space and time divide,
Th' electric spark of friendship finds its way.

Accept the humble offering which I send;
Your portrait I possess — enclosed is mine;
A *feeling*, though a somewhat *failing*, friend—
For I too have arrived at life's decline!

And life seems but a dream, though full of years,
When back we look upon the lapse of time;

And youth a thing of yesterday appears
When far behind us we have left our prime.

But youth of soul some carry to the end—
And this, in *you*, we honour and admire;
May it be hers who claims to call you friend,
And in *her* ashes 'live their wonted fire!'

Like *you*, not all absorbed in byegone days,
This changing world can interest *me* still;
Still, merit wins my love, and claims my praise,
I still can trust the *good* outweighs the *ill*.

But not of *me* but *you* I now would speak;
Of whom but you—on this sweet tenth of May?
To-morrow this will reach you—warm though weak,
My heart's best wishes greet your natal day!

Lady! the happy-omen'd name you bear
Holds in itself a talisman of sound;*
A name whose owner ne'er should know a care,
But all things *pleasant* evermore surround!

May it still *be* so! and your onward way
Be smooth and pleasant in the coming year.
May calm repose succeed each cheerful day—
The frame as vigorous, and the mind as clear!

And many a wish, no doubt, with mine will blend—
And many a greeting hail you, as before;
But none more warm than hers these lines who penn'd—
None more sincere than those of
ETA MAWR."

Eta Mawr is emphatically the laureate of the aged, although her verses in the decline of life have all the freshness of Spring on the banks of her native Tees; for four-and-twenty years ago she published a ballad in Bentley's Miscellany, on an old woman named Mary Benton, whom she had visited at the age of *one hundred and twenty* years, and found then possessing a sound mind in a sound body! The ballad has since been reprinted, by the writer's permission, as one of the penny North of England Tractates. Eta Mawr has had many personal friends and correspondents whose names will live long after their bodies are dust—poets, philosophers, artists, and such-like; but surely "The Old, Old Woman of Elton," and Lady Smith, are equally remarkable for their longevity.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

* Lady Smith's Christian name is *Pleasance.*

HYMN.

Written for the Opening of the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, May 10, 1876.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER, *in June Atlantic.*

OUR fathers' God from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun:
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.
For art and labour met in truce,

For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honour proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh, make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

TERRA EPI LVNDONLENSIS

In Vsuluestan hund tenet epc lundonienſis Stibenhede. xxx. u. hid. Tra. é. xxv. car. Ad dñiu ptin xxiij. hidæ 7 ibi sunt iii. car 7 uilli xxxv. car. Ibi. xl uj. uilli. qſq; de. s. uirg. 7 vi. ulle. qſq; de dim hida. 7 x. ulli qſq; de dim car. 7 xl vi. ocs de. i. hida. pdict p ann. xxx. solid. Ibi. iii. molin de. iii. lib 7 xv. ſot. uj. den minu. pcu. xx v. car. pastæ ad pecun ville. 7 xv. solid Silua q̃ ingent porc 7 xl. ſot. In tot ualent ualet xl viii. lib. 7 q̃do recep similr. T.R.E. c. lib. Hoc ō fuit 7 ē de epatu

In eād ulla tenet Hugo de bernes sub epo. v. hid 7 i. uirg tre. Tra. é. uj. car. In dnio. i. car. 7 uilli. iii. car. Ibi. i. uill de dim hida. 7 vi uilli de. ii. uirg. 7 ii. bord de dim uirg. 7 iii. ocs de. ii. acris 7 dim. 7 i. molin de. xx. vi. ſot 7 vij. den pcu. uj. car. Silua. c. l. porc 7 iii. ſot 7 dim. Int tot ualet. vi. lib. q̃do recep simil T.R.E. viii. lib. De hac ō ten Suard. ii. hid 7 dim. canonic fuit s paul. potuit dare 7 uendere cui uoluit absq; licentia epi. T.R.E. Canonici s paul tenuer ii. hid 7 dim. de dnico uictu suo. 7 Dodinc ten. i. uirg 7 i. molin de epo manerio epi. n potuit dare uel uen deſe ꝓt ea licentia.

In eād ulla tenet uxor Brien. v. hid de epo. Tra. é ii. car 7 dim. In dnio. é. i. car. 7 i. car potest fieri ibi. i. uill de dim hida. pdict p ann. iij. ſot de dono sua. 7 alt uill de dim hida. pdict. viii. ſol. Rogeri ten dim hid. 7 xv. bord de. x. acris. redd. x. solid. Silua. lx. porc. pastæ ad pecun ville 7 v. solid. Int tot ualet. lx. ſot. q̃do recep similr T.R.E. c. solid. Hanc tra ten Witt epc in dnio. duæ q̃rē. t. fuit unus 7 nost. in ō de Subenhede

In eād ulla tenet Rannulf Blābard de epo. iii. hid 7 dim

See Review of "Original Domesday Book," page 135.

THE FREEMASONIC MAGAZINE;

A RECORD OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART, AS APPLIED TO FREEMASONRY.

VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1876. PRICE 6d.

Grand Stewards' Summary.

[illegible] seems to make for the ease [illegible] the business of Lodges [illegible], which is very marked. [illegible] the rapid advance numerically [illegible] a reasonably is a very [illegible] course.

[illegible] that it will be for good. [illegible] cannot fail to be sensible [illegible] "Indicia" are practising. [illegible] caution is exercised in [illegible] tion of candidates has one

[illegible] one step and sure to only a [illegible] ready for the evil—namely, [illegible] of admission (less which for [illegible] can at all avoid, if it can, [illegible] of new members. Many of [illegible] have for too low a scale of [illegible] our opinion, they require [illegible] to Province. One new Lodge [illegible] that we know of has required £5 5s. to £10 10s. [illegible] are quite sure that it is a right direction. It seems [illegible] reach to Lodges "London" [illegible] conditions. They will not [illegible] the more so as a large [illegible] are Officers imbued with [illegible] heresy that if a man can [illegible] fee, that is all that needs [illegible] Serious mistake! and [illegible] liable to every true-thinking [illegible]. This Freemasonic can [illegible] others, "vides meliora [illegible] deteriora sequor."

[illegible] that we have seen the [illegible] Campbell system [illegible] and Province—to use a [illegible] true—has fortunately [illegible] writer of certain para- [illegible] in these we hope that he will be good enough [illegible] Masonic enough to accept his "eavesches scribendi" and keep within the bounds his readers will [illegible] and undeniable kindness for Lodge personalities and Lodge personalities. It's a queer topic any how, just now, is a queer world, my masters, but good old Peace, is still holding up [illegible] banners and ensigns. [illegible] blinds in his disobedience to the laws of his country, and in his sublime persuasion of the Brethren Known [illegible] has convinced Anglo-Saxondom and to curse all Freemasons [illegible] This is a "strong order" and we confess that it takes a good deal to stomach it. But we still, as good Masons, make kindly allowance for the genial old gentleman, and believe that it all arises from the "Prince [illegible]," and that until [illegible] Roman Curia, then begs the Lion himself. But here's a bit of a joke to be deliberately [illegible] in our pet. But it is the [illegible] very serious system it is turning [illegible] and pleasant, and more to find [illegible] they have a deep [illegible] and able authority [illegible] quisitorial [illegible]. As a fact, the old [illegible] is too [illegible] to [illegible] upon. Indeed, it is [illegible] to Peace and Freemasons.

We understand that Bro. G. A. Purcell is preparing for publication Tales, Poems and Masonic Papers by Bro. Holmes, with a Memoir of the Author. Bro. Holmes is well known as a public reader and a contributor to the Metropolitan and Provincial Press. And as he has [illegible] purposes to [illegible] any pecuniary profit that may [illegible] [illegible] from the publication [illegible]

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 39.—Vol. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1876. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

There is little to note for the past month, except the increase of Lodges and Chapters, which is very marked.

Indeed, the rapid advance numerically of English Freemasonry is a very striking fact per se.

We trust that it will be for good, though we cannot fail to be sensible that many "indiciæ" are prevailing, that too little caution is exercised in the admission of candidates into our Lodges.

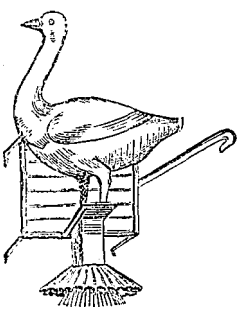
There is one step, and that is only a partial remedy for the evil—namely, the raising of admission fees, which for the moment can at all arrest, if it can, this influx of new members. Many of our Lodges have far too low a scale of fees, and, in our opinion, they require a considerable increase. One new London Lodge that we know of has recently increased its £7 7s. to £10 10s., and we are quite sure that it is a move in a right direction. It seems useless to preach to Lodges "caution" as regards candidates. They will not heed you; the more so, as a large number of our Order are infected with the amiable heresy that if a man can pay his fees, &c., that is all that needs attending to. Serious mistake! and most antagonistic to every true teaching of Freemasonry. The Freemasons can say, like many others, "video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor."

Let us hope that we have seen the last of the Masonic Pamphlet system.

A distinguished Province—to use a common expression—has fraternally "sat upon" the writer of certain pamphlets, and so in future we hope that he will be good enough and Masonic enough to control his "eacoethes scribendi," and keep within due bounds his peculiar taste and undeniable tendency for foolish personalities and libellous pamphlets. It's a queer taste, any how, just as it is a queer world, my masters. The good old Pope, is still backing up the combative and cantankerous Bishop of Olinda in his disobedience to the laws of his country, and in his senseless persecution of the Brazilian Freemasons, has contrived again to censure and to curse all Freemasons everywhere! This is a "strong order," and we confess that it takes a good deal to stomach it. But we will, as good Masons, make kindly allowances for the genial old gentleman, and believe that it all arises more from the "Proper Gander Fidei," and that uncivil lot the Roman Curia, than from Pio Nono himself. He is too fond of a joke to be deliberately ill-natured to any one. But it is the system—and a very curious system it is, turning a friendly, and pleasant, and warm-hearted old boy into a fiery persecutor and anathematizer of the most approved inquisitorial pattern. As a fact, the whole affair is too ridiculous to comment upon. Indeed, it is beneath our notice as Freemasons.

We understand that Bro. G. M. Tweddell is preparing for publication Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers, by Emra Holmes, with a Memoir of the Author. Bro. Holmes is well known as a public reader and a contributor to the Metropolitan and Provincial Press. And as he kindly proposes to present any pecuniary profit that may be derived from the publication of the volume

to a Brother Mason who has been unexpectedly plunged in poverty in the declining years of his life, and as the price is only 2s. 6d., we think that many of our Order may be willing to subscribe to the little work, which we trust may be entirely successful. Bro. Holmes is a constant contributor to our pages. The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers are obtained, for which purpose Names will be thankfully received by Tweddell & Sons, Publishers, Stokesley, Yorkshire.



"THE GOOSE AND GRIDIRON,"

We have taken this very interesting paper from our ably-conducted contemporary the "Keystone," of Philadelphia. We note that it has just reached its decennial anniversary, and we beg to offer Bro. MacCalla and the Publishers our fraternal good wishes and hearty sympathies. A better conducted paper we do not know.

In the early part of the last century Freemasons almost universally had their Lodge Rooms in the upper part of buildings occupied as taverns. This custom obtains largely to this day in England, we believe, although the Craft there, as in America, are latterly wisely erecting Masonic Temples for the exclusive use of the Lodges. In Philadelphia the first place of meeting of a subordinate Lodge was at "The Hoop" Tavern, in 1730. The origin of this name was as follows: Anciently signs instead of being composed of a painted board, were made of carved figures suspended within a hoop. The Clause Roll of 43 Edward III. mentions a number of such tavern signs, among which are the following: "George on the Hoop," "Bunch of Grapes on the Hoop," "Hen on the Hoop," "Angel on the Hoop," &c. As late as 1795 a London periodical ("Looker-on," for January, 1795) says: "A sign of this nature is still preserved in Newport Street, and is a carved representation of a Bunch of Grapes within a Hoop." In France the same name was popular. A celebrated French architect named Jacques Androult in 1570 lived at the sign of the Hoop (*le Cerceau*). These sign-boards have often given names to families. The famous Rothschild family derived their name from the Red Shield (*roth-schild*) above the door of an honest old Hebrew in the Juden-gasse (Jew's Alley) at Frankfort.

The first Provincial Grand Lodge of which we have any record in Pennsylvania, met at the "Tun Tavern," in 1732. This was situated at the corner of the present Water Street and Ton Alley. The Tun was a common sign in England. One Hugh Singleton had a "Golden Tun," and Richard Grafton, the first printer of the Book of Common Prayer, who also printed the proclamation of Lady Jane Grey as Queen of England, for which he fell under the displeasure of Queen Mary, had a Tun on his sign, with a grafted fruit-tree growing through it.

The "Indian King Tavern," on Market Street below Third, was the second place of meeting of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, in 1735. We learn from "The Spectator," No. 50, that in 1710, there were four Indian Kings from "States between New England, New York and Canada," who had audiences with Queen Anne. These circumstances caused the name to be quite popular with "mine hosts" for a time.

The "Royal Standard Tavern," on Market Street near Second, was the hostelrie in which the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania held its meetings in 1749; and the "City Tavern," on Second Street above Walnut, 1777. We have noticed these local Philadelphia Taverns connected with Freemasonry prior to speaking of the "Goose and Gridiron Tavern," in St. Paul's Church-yard, London, (a copy from which sign appears at the head of this article)

at which the famous Lodge of Antiquity, now Lodge No. 2, on the roll of the United Grand Lodge of England, met. We are under fraternal obligation to Past Grand Master Brother John T. Heard, of Boston, for this cut, which he used in his very interesting article entitled "Old London Taverns identified with Masonry," that appeared some time since in the "New England Freemason." At the Revival of Masonry in London, in the year 1717, one of the four Lodges that was instrumental in forming the first Grand Lodge in England, that of the so-called "Moderns," St. Paul's Lodge, now the Lodge of Antiquity, met at the "Goose and Gridiron," and on St. John the Baptist's Day, of the same year, the Assembly and Feast of the Freemasons was held at the same noted tavern.

Mr. Elmes in his "Sir Christopher Wren and his Times," says: Wren was Master of St. Paul's Lodge, which, during the building of the Cathedral, assembled at the "Goose and Gridiron" in St. Paul's Churchyard, and is now the Lodge of Antiquity, acting by immemorial prescription; and he regularly presided at its meetings for upwards of eighteen years. During his presidency he presented that Lodge with three mahogany candlesticks, beautifully carved, and the trowel and mallet which he used in laying the first stone of the Cathedral, June 21, 1675, which the Brethren of that ancient and distinguished Lodge still possess and duly appreciate." Sir Francis Palgrave, in an article in the "Edinburgh Review," for April, 1839, refers to the "convivial society of good-fellows (Freemasons) who met at the 'Goose and Gridiron.'"

St. Paul's Churchyard, where the "Goose and Gridiron" was situated, is a distinguished locality. It is in the shape of a bow and string, and a number of famous booksellers have had their shops there. At the sign of the "White Greyhound," the first editions of Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis* were sold by John Harrison; at the "Crown," the *Merry Wives of Windsor*; at the "Fox," *Richard II*; at the "Angel," *Richard III*,—so that as Walter Thornbury, in the first volume of his "Old and New London," says: "In this area the great poet must have paced with the first proofs in his doublet-pocket, wondering whether he should ever rival Spencer, or become immortal like Chaucer." In St. Paul's Churchyard, there was also Child's Coffee House, where Addison looked in to chat and smoke, and the Queen's Arms, where the "Free and Easy under the Rose," a convivial society met. Timbs, in in his *Clubs and Club-life in London*, narrates a number of interesting facts in this connection, which we cannot spare space to give here.

We learn from Larwood & Hotten's *History of Signboards*, that the "Goose and Gridiron Tavern" owed its origin to the following circumstances: "The Mitre," at the N.W. end of St. Paul's Churchyard was, in 1664, a celebrated music-house. When it ceased to be used for that purpose, its succeeding landlord, in order to ridicule its former use, chose for his sign a Goose striking the bars of a Gridiron with his foot, in ridicule of the "Swan and Harp," a common sign for the early music-houses. *The Tatler* endorses this account.

A once fashionable conundrum was: What is the Latin for goose? (Answer). Brandy. The pun is on the word answer. *Anser* is the Latin for goose, which brandy was said to follow as surely and quickly as an answer follows a question.

The engraving of the sign of the "Goose and Gridiron," at the head of this article, is a very rare one, and we have thought the topic that it suggests, of the ancient taverns in which Freemasons formerly held their Lodges, a sufficiently interesting one to engage for a time the attention of our readers.

DR. RAWLINSON'S MS.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE original MS. formerly belonging to Brother Richard Rawlinson, LL.D., F.R.S., has long been missed, but a transcript is still preserved in a kind of Masonic Scrap Book, forming a portion of a valuable collection of papers on Freemasonry, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The transcript was made about A.D. 1730, and the original Roll about half a century previously. Bros. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., Richard James Spiers, F.S.A., and our-

selves have sought to trace the MS. itself, but so far without any success.

The document noted above was printed in the "Freemasons' Monthly Magazine" for March and April, 1855, but not verbatim et literatim, as the MSS. have been since from time to time in the "MASONIC MAGAZINE," so we have thought it advisable to furnish for our readers an exact transcript in order that they may add it to their collection of old MSS. now so rapidly increasing year by year, as a consequence of the earnest labours of a few Masonic students.

A note in the "Scrap Book" is to the following effect:—"Copied from an old MS. in the possession of Dr. Rawlinson," so it is quite evident that the document, formerly considered to be the original Dr. Rawlinson's MS. is but a transcript, and so the Roll has yet to be traced.

Much in the "Scrap Book" is worth publishing, and is exceedingly curious and valuable to students of Masonic History. The old numbers of the "Freemasons' Monthly Magazine" are especially interesting on account of their containing several capital accounts of this curious collection made by Dr. Rawlinson about 1730-40.

THE FREEMASONS' CONSTITUTIONS.

Copied from an Old MS. in the possession of Dr. Rawlinson.

The might of the Father of Heaven, with the wisdom of the glorious Son, through the goodness of the Holy Ghost, three Persons in one Godhead, be with us at our begining, and give us Grace So to Govern our Lives, as that wee may come to the perfect Bliss that never shall have End.

Good Brethren and Fellows, our purpose is to let you Know how and in what Manner this Craft of Masonry was first begun, and afterwards how it was founded, and very much Esteemed by worthy Kings, Princes, and many other Worthy Men—hurtfull to none.

And to them that be here, wee also declare the Charges that doth belong to every Free Mason to keep, for in good faith, if you take heed thereunto, it is well worthy to be kept for a Worthy Craft and curious Science, being one of the Seven Liberal Sciences, Viz.:—Grammar, Logick, Rhetorick, Aritmetick, Geometry, Musick, and Astronomy.

1. Grammar, that teacheth a Man to Speak, Read, and Write.

2. Logick teacheth the art of reasoning or disputing, and to discern Truth from falsehood.

3. Rhetorick, that teacheth a Man to speak well, and wisely, or fair and in Subtil terms.

4. Arithmetick teacheth the art of Numbering; to reckon and Count all Manner of Numbers.

5. Geometry, that teacheth to Meet and Measure the Earth, and the things of the Earth, of which Science is MASONRY.

6. Musick, that teacheth the art of Song and Voice, as Harp and Organ, &c.

7. Astronomy, that teacheth to know the Course of the Sun, Moon, and other Ornaments of Heaven.

N.B. The Seven Liberall Sciences are all by one Science, viz.:—Geometry—as it teacheth the Meet, Measure, Ponderation, and Weight of Everything in and upon the face of the whole Earth. There is no man worketh by any Craft but he worketh by Measure; and no Man Buyeth or Selleth, but by Weight and Measure; Husbandmen, Merchants, Navigators, Plantors, and all other Craftsmen use Geometry, (Ergo) *most worthy, laudable, and honourable Science*, that findeth all other Sciences, which proves that all the Sciences in the World are found by Geometry; for neither Grammar, Logick, or any other of the Liberall Sciences can Subsist without Geometry.

N.B. This Science was found before the general Deluge, commonly called Noah's flood. There was a Man called Lamech, in *Capito Quarto Genesis*, who had two Wives, the one called Addah, and the other Zillah. By Addah, the first wife, Lamech begat two Sons, the one was called Jaball, and the other Tuball; by Zillah, the other wife, Lamech begat a Son, called Tubal-Cain, and a daughter called Naamah; these four children found out the begining of all Crafts in the World; Jaball found out Geometry; he divided flocks of Sheep and Lambs in the field, and first Built an House of Stone and Timber; his Brother Tuball found out Music, such as Harp and Organ; Tuball Cain found out the Smith's Trade or Craft, and also the working of Gold, Silver, and Copper; their Sister Naamah found out the Craft of Weaving, Spining,

and Knitting. These Children did know that God would take Vengeance for Sin, Either by fire or water, therefore they Wrote the Sciences found by them on two Pillars of Stone, that they might be found after that Almighty God had taken vengeance and reversed his Judgment: the one pillar was Marble, which will not burn; the other Pillar was of *lesteras*, so called, and would not drown with water.

N.B. That after the General deluge, it pleased God that Hermaxenes the Greek, who was the Son of Cus, who was the Son of Ham, who was the Son of Noah, afterwards called Hermes, the Father of wise Men, found the Pillars whereon the Sciences was written, and taught them to other men. At the Building of the Tower of Babell, Masonry was much Esteemed, and Greatly Valued. Nimrod at that time was a Mason, and loved well the Science or Craft of Masonry, insomuch, that when the City of Ninevah, and other Citys of the East were to be builded, Nimrod sent thither Sixty Masons, at the desire of his Cousin the King of Ninevah; When the Masons went forth, Nimrod gave them Charge that they should Love truely togather, be true to one another, and that they should Serve their Lord truely for their pay, so that he might have Worship for Sending them: Nimrod also gave his Masons Charge concerning their Science, and this was the first time that Masons had Charge of their Science or Craft.

Also Abraham, and Sarah his Wife, went into Egypt, and taught the Egyptians the Liberall Sciences; Abraham had one Ingenious Scholar called Euclydes, who learned right well, and was Master of all the Seven Liberall Sciences. In his days it happened that the Lords and States of that Realm had so many Sons, some they Lawfully had Begotten by their one wifes, and some they had unlawfully by other men's wifes and Ladys of the Realm in somuch that the land was very much burthened with them. Having small means to maintain them withall, the King, understanding thereof, caused a Parliament to be forwith called, and sumon'd for redress, but they being so very many, no good could be done with them. The King then made a Proclamation throughout the Realm, that if any man could find or devise any Course how to maintain them, to Inform the King thereof, and He Should be well rewarded; whereupon Euclydes Came to the King, and sayed: My noble sovereign, If I may have order and government of these Lords' Sons, I will teach the Liberall Sciences, Whereby wee may live honestly, and like Gentlemen, Provided that you will grant me power over them, by your Commission, to rule them honestly, as the Science ought to be ruled; which was immediately granted by the King and his Council. And then the Master, Euclydes took to him the Lords' Sons, and taught them the Worthy Science of Geometry, the Craft and Art of Masonry, and Mistery of all Manner of Building, as Temples, Churches, Courts, and Castles, &c.; and Euclydes gave them Charge with these following Admonitions (Viz.):—

1. To be true to the King.
2. To the Master they Serve, to love well together, to be true one to another fellows not Servants, nor Miscall one another, as Knave, &c.
3. To do their work truly, that they may Duly deserve their Wages.
4. To ordain the wisest to be Master of work, whereby their Lord may not be evill Served, nor they ashamed.
5. To call the Governour of their work Master, and have Such Competent and Reasonable Wages that the Workmen may live, and many other Charges too tedious to mention; and to all these Charges he made them Sware the great Oath, as Men in those Days used to Sware.
6. To Come and Assemble once a Year, to take Councell in their Craft, how they may work best to Serve their Lord and Master, for his proffit and their own Credit, and to Correct such among them as have trespassed or offended.

N.B. That Masonry heretofore by the worthy Master was termed Geometry, as it was then, and Since that the people of Jerusalem Came to the Land of Bethell, which is now Called Emencin, the Country of Jerusalem. King David began a Temple called Templum Dei, or the Temple of Jerusalem. King David loved Masons well, Cherished them, And gave them good pay, and a Charge as Euclydes had given them before in Egypt. After the Death of King David, Solomon, his son, finished the Temple his father began, haveing Masons of divers Lords to the

Number of twenty-four thousand, Elect and Nominated Master and Governor of the work, and Hyram, King of Tyre, who loved well King Solomon, and gave him Timber for his work. This Hyram had a son, called Amnon, who was a Master of Geometry, and Chief Master of the Masons of Carved work, and all other their Works of Masonry, that belonged to the Temple, as appeareth by the Bible, in the fourth Chapter of Kings. King Solomon Confirmed all things Concerning Masons that David his father had given in Charge. These Masons travelled into Divers Countrys to Augment their knowledge in the said Art, and to Instruct others. It so happened that a curious Mason, named Mamon Grecus, that had been at the building of Solomon's Temple, travelled into France, and taught the Science of Masonry to the Freenhmen. *Carrolus Martor*, then King of France, Sent for Mamon Grecus, who had been at the building of Solomon's Temple, and learnt him this Science of Masonry, and became one of the Fraternity; thereupon, he began great works, and liberally paid well his workmen, Confirmed them a Large Charter, and was Yearly present at their assembly, which was a great honour and encouragement to them; England stood void for any Charge of Masonry, until St. Alban came hither, and instructed the King in the Said Science, as also in Divinity, who was before a Pagan. He walled the Town of St. Alban's, and came in favor with the King, insomuch, that he was made a Knight, and also the King's Chief Steward. The realm was Governed by him, under the King, and he greatly Cherished, and loved well, Masons; made their payment right good standing wages; truly payed them 3s. 6d. a week to their double wages; for before that time, throughout the Land, a Mason took but one penny a day; and St. Alban purchased Masons a large Charter, from the King and his Councell, to hold a great Assembly and Councel Yearly. He made many Masons, and gave them such Charge as is hereafter declared. It happned pressently, right after the Martyrdome of St. Alban, who is truly termed England's Proto-Martyr, that the Science of true Masonry was much destroyed, through a certain King that invaded the Land, and destroyed most part of the Natives with fire and sword, untill the reign of King Athelstone, who brought the Land to Peace and rest from the insulting Danes. He began to build Abbies, Monasterys, and religious Houses, as also Castles and Forts for the defence of his Realm, whereby Masonry was revived and exercised. He had a son called Hedvie, that loved Masons much more than his Father did; he greatly Studied Geometry, and sent into other Lands for men Expert in the Same Science; he was made a Mason himself, Communed with Masons, and Learned of their Craft. He got of his Father a Large Charter and Commission, to hold an Assembly Yearly, to Correct offences in the said Science, &c. He caused a general assembly of all Free Masons in the Realm, at *York*, and their Made many Masons, and gave a deep Charge for observation of such articles as belong to True Masonry; he delivered them this said Charter to keep. When this assembly was gathered together, he Caused a Proclamation to be Made, that if any Mason had any writing or understanding Concerning Free Masonry, or could Inform the King in any Matter or thing that was wanted in the Said Science already delivred, that he or they Should deliver or recite it to the King; & there were some in Greek, some in French, Some in English, and some in other Tongues, where upon the King caused a Roll or Book to be made, which declared how this Science was first invented, Afterwards preserved, and Augmented, with the Utility and true intent there of,* which Roll or Book he Commanded to be read, and plainly recited, when a man was to be made a Free Mason, that he might fully Understand what Articles, Rules, and orders he laid himself under, well and truly keep and observe to the Utmost of his power; and, from that time to this Day, True Masonry hath been well and truly preserved and much Esteemed; and divers new Articles have been added to the Free Masons' Worthy Charge, by the free Choice, and good Consent, and best advice of the perfect and True Masons, Masters, Brethren, and Fellows, of this Worthy Science:—Tunc

* "One of these rolls I have seen in the possession of Mr. Baker, a carpenter, in Moorfields"—*Dr. Rawlinson.*

Unus Ex Seniorbus tennit Librum Itlivel Ille ponnet vel ponet mamun Super Librum el tam Articilee Precepta Debent Legi.

"Saying this by way of Exhortation; my Loving and respectful Brethren and Fellows, I humbly beseech you, as you love Your Lord's Good Eternall welfare Your own credit and your Country's good, be very carefull in the observation of these Charges, or Articles, that I am about to read to this Deponent, if you find your Selves guilty of anything therein forbid, amend You again, and do so no more; and Especially you that are to bee Charged take good heed that you keep your Charge, for it is a great perill to forsware yourself on a Book, and everyone that is a Free Mason, is Obliged to perform his Charge as well as you; So hoping of Your Care herein. *Answer.*—I will by God's grace Enableing me.

THE CHARGE.

1. I am to adminish you to Honour God and his Holy Church, and that you use no Error, nor Eresie in your Understanding.

2. To be true Leigemen to the King without Treason, Misprison of Treason, or falsehood; and if know of any one Committing Treason, you shall give notice to his Majesty's Privy Councell, or to some Magestrate Commissioned to Enquire thereof.

3. To be true one to another, and do as you would be done unto.

4. To keep Secret the obscure and misterious part of the Science Abstruse and true Councell of that which ought to be kept by the way of True Masonry, not disclosing the Same to any but Such as Study and use the Same.

5. To do your work truly and faithfully, endeavouring the proffit and advantage of him that is owner of the work, and to be true to the Master and Lord you Serve.

6. To call your Masters, Brethren, or Fellows, without the addition of Knave, or any other bad or indecent Language.

7. As usual.

8. As usual.

9. That you Shall well and truly pay for Your meat and Drink where you are Tabled, and do no manner of villany in the house, whereby the Craft may be Slandred.

10. That you Shall not take any man's work knowing yourself Unable, and unexpert to perform and Effect the Same, that no aspersion or discredit be Imputed to their Science, or the Lord of the work any ways prejudiced thereby.

11. That you Shall not take any work at any Unreasonable rates, to Deceive the owners thereof, but So as he may truly and faithfully be Served to his own good, and that the Master may live honestly by it, and pay his Fellows Truly their pay as the Craft directs.

12. That you Shall not Supplant any of your Fellows of their work, that is to say, if they or any of them have taken work upon him, or them, or any of them, or Stand Master of any Lord's worke or owner's, that you shall not put him or them out or from the said Worke, Altho you perceive him or them Unable to finish the Same.

13. That you Shall not take any Apprentice to Serve in the Science or Craft of Masonry under the term of Seven Years, or any but Such as are desended of Honest parents, and of reputable Birth and life, that no Indignity may be layd to the Charge of Masonry.

14. That you Shall not take upon you to make any one a *Free Mason* without the Privity or Concent or five, or Seven, Right Fellows; and shall be assured that he who is to be Made a Mason is free born, and no bond-man, desended of parents of good Name and fame; hath his right and perfect limbs, as a Man should have, and is Personable of body to and worthy the Science.

15. You Shall not pay any of your Fellows more than he, or they deserved, that you be not deceived by false or Slight Work, and the owner thereof much wronged.

16. You Shall not slander any of your fellows behind their back, to impair either their Temporal Estate or good name.

17. You Shall not without good Cause answer any of your Fellows dogedly, or unGodly, but as becometh Loving Brethren of the Same Science.

18. You Shall Duly reverence your bellows, prefer them, put them to Credit, that the bond of Charity and mutual Love may Augment and Continue, and be Stable amongst You.

19. You Shall not use any Games whatsoever, as Cards, Dice, Tables, and the like, Except at Seasonable times for recreation and diversion.

20. You Shall not frequent any bawdy-house, or be aiding to any of your Fellows or others, which will be a great Scandall to the Science. You shall not goe out to Drink by Night; if occation happen that you must goe, you Shall not stay till past Eight of the Clock at Night, haveing at least one of your Fellows to bear witness what place you goe to, and of your good behaviour, to avoid Evil.

21. You shall come to the Yearly Meeting or Assembly of Free Masons if you know where its kept (being within Ten Miles of the place of your abode), Submitting to the Award of Masters and Fellows wherein you have Ered, to Embrace Councel, and Reproof, and to make Satisfaction, or to defend by order of the King's Laws.

22. You Shall not make any Mould, Square, or Rule, to Mould Stones, but such as are allowed by the Fraternity.

23. You Shall receive, Cherish, and Sett Strange Fellows at work, haveing Employment for them, at least a fortnight, and truly pay them their wages; and if you want work for them you shall relieve them with money to defray their reasonable Charges unto the Next Lodge.

24. You Shall truly attend your work, mind the Same, and truly make an End thereof, whether it be taken by Journey, or otherwise (if you have your Wages and payment truly), according to your bargain made with the Master and owner thereof.

These Articles and Charges which I have rehearsed, you Shall well, and truly observe, and keep to the Utmost of your power, through the aid of Divine Grace, So help you God, and the holy contents of this Roll.

THE CREATION.

We take the following poetic account of the "Creation" from our able contemporary the "Masonic Record," of West India, for May :—

FIRST DAY.

And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.

Without form and void, unknown, without name,
In darkness it went, in darkness it came,
A vapoury mist, there wheeled in its place
Coldly and calmly, through regions of space;
Slowly it moved on the course which it bore
Lifeless and still from its verge to its core,
Alone on the waters, moved and abode
Reflecting, reflected, the spirit of God.
But hark! what voice breaks through the night?
How starts, in space, its every sphere,
'Tis God's; God said, "Let there be light,"
When light, at once, there did appear.
Yes, even the light of God,
Whose word is light, as light is life,
And life, the love that makes our world,
So darkness fled, nor dared in strife
To hold the place, from whence 'twas hurled
Unto its dark sable abode.
Still formless and void, a mist without name,
Silent and lonely, it went and it came,
Opaque no longer, nor darken'd its face,
Sparkling it glittered, through regions of space;
Hark, to the myriad of angels that sing,
Crying, "Glory to God on High."
This work of thy love, our Maker, our King,
Shall glorify thee, "Glory" they cry,
Each orb in space
Moved in its place,
With music, 'twere sweet to hear,
When first the light
Broke through the night,
Disclosing this new born sphere;
Still gathering strength like others, the same,
In glory it went, in glory it came;
And God approving smiled
Sweetly and true, as a mother will do
Gazing upon her child.

SECOND DAY.

And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.

Again God's all-creating voice
Was heard in mighty thunder,
The waters vast, without a choice
In twain were rent asunder.
As ne'er had been before,
The waters from the waters fled
Apart with Heaven between;
The one of Earth, its cradle-bed
One had its nurture been
As will till time's no more.
'Twas then with a shout of rapturous glee
At the mystic power of God's Majesty,
In either, where they dwell,
Did the blissful angels gather and sing,
Each soaring on sparkling, glittering wing,
The anthem, now we swell.
"Hosanna, to the Lord,
Who bears the spheres along,
At whose creating word
Thus part the waters strong;
This gem, shall be thy boast,
Thy glory far and wide,
Moving all the starry host,
Thy loved one and thy pride;
How beautiful it's sheen,
How gracefully it wheels,
No care nor ache is seen
Its bosom, to reveal,
The glow upon its face,
The pulse, now at its core
Proclaim, through mighty space
Thy love, for evermore,
Then, glory to the Lord.
Hosanna, to the High
Breathe, and worlds at thy word
Come," "Glory" do they cry.
Even, we the creatures of this world
From whence the darkness has been hurled
Unto its gloomy region,
Declare alike, from hour to hour
God's wisdom, goodness, and his power,
With voices now in legion
Crying, "Glory to God on High
Glory, unto thy name
Who all of earth, would dare to try
Thy wisdom, cowers in shame."

THIRD DAY.

And God said, Let the waters underneath the Heaven be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so.

What mighty convulsion, now moves the deep,
And the startled waters, that madly leap,
From calmness and from rest;
With an awful rush do they tremble and flee
Every mountain wave in its majesty,
Disclosing young Earth, its breast;
'Tis the voice of God, in His strength and power
Who has spoke, and the waters from that hour
Were gather'd unto the sea.
And the earth, all sterile upreared its head
From the parent depth of its ocean bed.
In grand sublimity
Thus sea and land
At God's command
Embraced, embracing stood;
Fair twins they be,
Both land and sea,
And God pronounced it good.
Now, "Let the Earth bring forth" its fruit,
Its every tree, its every flower
When noiselessly, began to shoot
Each bud and blossom, from that hour
So beautiful and gay;
Graceful and stately shady trees
With each fragrant flower beside;
On verdure green, so pleasant to see
In hues, that would deck a bride
Or blushing Queen of May.
Then again was the choral anthem sung
By angels, all in raptured glee
On thus their beholding the things that sprung
At the word of God's Majesty—
"How beautiful is Earth
And pleasant 'tis to see,
How fragrant at its birth
Just born from the sea;
How fair its every flower
And stately every tree,
Hail, hail unto thy power
Lord, our Divinity."

FOURTH DAY.

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of Heaven, to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs and for seasons and for days and years.

Away, and away through the azure space,
All fragrant doth it sail,
With the modest air, and a virgin's grace,
Who lists a long love tale;

And the spheres stood still in a shining wreath
Such charming orb to see,
Inhaling afar off the scented breath
In raptured ecstacy ;
When the brief command from God, it forth went.
Who loves this jewel bright,
Saying, "Let there be lights in the firmament"
To shine by day and night,
For signs, for seasons, for days, and for years
They'll serve, less foot she jars
When high in the Heavens at once appears
Sun, moon, and twinkling stars ;
The golden sun he rules by day,
The silvery moon by night,
With myriads of stars in grand array
Like sparkling diamonds bright.
The angels shout
And wheel about
Their choral anthem clear,
A joyous song
Both loud and long,
'Twere heard both far and near,
From east to west, from north to south,
When these lights did appear.
"Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God, of great and small,
To wonder now were folly,
Thy power surpasseth all,
Gabriel cannot near the,
And Lucifer is weak,
E'en they its known fear thee
And thy blest presence seek.
This lovely earth so fair,
Adorned with sun and moon,
Shall know thy future care
And feel thy blessing soon,
'Twill have a glorious end
Since thou work not in vain
But what? who may pretend ;
Not we, Great Lord, Amen."

FIFTH DAY.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that have life, and the fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of Heaven.

What darts through the water beneath the wave
With an arrow's speed, or a javelin stave?
'Tis the great Leviathan of the deep,
As keen, as if woke from a long, long sleep
For amour, or, for food.
There are thousands of monsters of lesser size
With glittering fin, and lustrous eyes,
And myriads still less who cleave through the tide
With the secret wishes of a fair young bride
Parting with maidenhood.
And the air is charmed with the song and cry
Of the various birds, that soar and fly,
They're in grove and dell, in wood and green,
Wooing and mating, obediently keen.
And God saw it was good
For the young, fresh love in their breast,
Near the coral reef, or the nest
Was warm and free,
As it should be,
With birds of the air, or fish of the sea
Since it was the Lord, His behest
Again, again did the joyous song
Of the angel host, that heavenly throng,
Above the clouds, still swell ;
Thus,—gazing upon the amorous scene
In the waters deep, and the fairest green
Their admiration tell,
Crying "Glory, Lord of all
Who knoweth what is best,
None but thee could e'er instal
Such feelings in the breast.
No angry passions rise,
While kind cleaves unto kind,
Warm love beams from their eyes
With hope in every mind.
'Be faithful' thou hast said,
Let Earth replenished be;
So, shall thou be obeyed,
Most joyously and free ;
Then glory, glory, Lord,
Hosanna to thy name,
All hearken to thy word,
E'en we, who from Thee came."

SIXTH DAY.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creatures after his kind, cattle and creeping thing, and the beast of the earth after his kind, and it was so.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them.

Again spoke the Lord, and the earth brought forth
Of the cattle, the beast, and creeping thing,
Each suited to clime, south, east, west and north,
Each mate with its mate, unto whom they cling,
"Be fruitful," "replenish the earth," God said,
Which scarce was it heard, when 'twas well obeyed,
As is seen, even to this day.
For, since first appear'd the primal light,
With a glimmering glow, through darker night,
Nought dared the great Lord disobey.
Since nature is law, and the law is right,
For it is God's, and He'll have His way,
Again spoke God, and Adam rose,
Glorious in his station,
Fair in form, and free he goes
Lord of the creation.
Around his head, a halo dwelt,
Bright as the brightest mid-day sun,
As on the flowery sward he knelt
In thanks to God, whose work was done.
Great joy in heaven
That day was given.
Rejoicings near the throne of grace,
E'en unto God,
Whose spirit trod
And made, and fills all things in space.
And God confirmed their jubilant glee
As hosts around him stood,
Crying, "Lord, all thy works seem good to be,"
For God pronounced it good.
'Twas then, to prove his work in hand
Each living thing, at God's command
Passed Adam's view before,
When, whatsoever name he gave
To each, where-e'er it haunt or live
It holds, for evermore.
Yet, rich in knowledge though he be,
E'en in his Maker's image he
Was made to adore;
The world his home,
All free to roam,
Yet all alone and single;
None human there,
His joys to share,
Or thoughts compare, and mingle.
Alone, with God, and that blest train
Of holy angels bright,
Who taught him best, how to maintain
His innocence and light;
To whom, even in that happy state
With Paradise his own,
He sighed, "each kind hath got its mate,
But man is yet alone;
Each bird and beast, in its degree
Look happier far, just now, than me,
Lord of this beauteous sphere;
And yet, my thanks are none the less
For all the blessings I possess
From God, who placed me here."
Thus, on some want, he seem'd to dwell,
Till God, who all his thoughts could tell,
Caused him in sleep to be;
When from his side a rib was taken
And breathed upon till it did waken
Into a woman, fair to see;
The loveliest star,
In Heaven afar,
That shines so bright,
On summer night,
Eclipsed not Mother Eve;
As in that hour
Within her bower
She knelt unto
Her Maker, who
She thanked, nor thought to leave.
Again, and with greater joy than before,
The celestial heaven was heard once more
To ring with angels' song,
Crying, "These fair two, this beauteous pair
Shall rival the spirits of upper air.
"And praise thee loud and long
Then, Glory, Lord on High,
Thrice holy be Thy name,
For power, none comes Thee nigh;
Like Thee, none work the same.
The vault of heaven it stands
A record of thy might,
And planets, in thy hands
Revolve by day and night;
This lovely earth we see
Teems with thy light and love
With life, and instinct free,
In air, and sea, and grove;
This twain shall pay thy trust,
They'll fondly thee adore,
Thou form'd them from the dust,
They'll praise thee evermore;
Their seed shall give thee joy
With fervent faith and prayer,
And hope, none can destroy
Not any power of air.
Rest then, thy labours o'er,
Whate'er may rise or fall,
Thou'rt now, and ever more
Most gracious Lord of all."

C. McM.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

Chapter II.

Was rosig einst das Leben ausgebreitet
Zerflossen ist's wie nebel vordem Blick,
Ist alles denn so schnell so schnell engleitet.
Bleib von dem buntem Schmelze nichts zurück?
Von Zedlitz.

We left the interesting group I partially attempted to pourtray in the last chapter sitting calmly and comfortably, as they say in Germany, "unter den Linden," but I feel it to be my bounden duty as a worthy chronicler to fill up now more in detail the outline already roughly sketched with a rapid pencil, and, like a skilful limner, to add a little colouring to the foreground and background, the sky and clouds, and figures themselves.

The elderly lady, then, my readers should know, was aunt to the fascinating young woman who formed so conspicuous an object in the "tableau vivant, and rejoiced, as we shall remember, in the pleasant name of Margaret Margerison. Miss Margerison was a good old maid of a bygone school, and retained even to the last some of the peculiarities, and a great deal of the not disagreeable dialect of her distant but not unforgotten fatherland.

Some people affect to dislike the Scotch accent, as they do the bagpipes, and other institutions across the border, but I confess, from old Scotch connexions, to have a great liking for the habits and the vernacular of North Britain. No one who has ever sojourned for a longer or a shorter time within its pleasant and hospitable boundaries, but must retain a genuine sympathy for Scotland and Scotch people, a vivid "souvenir" of sincere kindness and unfailing "bonhomie."

Miss Margerison, when our day opens, was no longer young. The census returns would probably declare that she was fifty-six; and in this case that valuable record of the real age of the British female would be perfectly correct, for she prided herself on one great and special characteristic—rigid adherence to truth.

Brought up as a strict and devoted member of the Scottish Episcopal Church, she was a truly religious and high-minded woman trained in those precise habits of thought and speech which distinguished many of those Scotchmen and Scotchwomen of an older generation, whom many of us still affectionately remember. She was somewhat inclined to be hasty and suspicious of others, a little fond of dogmatizing and "testifying," (as other Scotchmen and Scotchwomen have been and are still,) apt to think, moreover, that the duty of the young was quietly to obey, and the privilege of the elder to command, and that there was considerable laxity in this respect at any rate in the present age. Warm-hearted, kind to the poor, a fast friend, and a good hater, Margaret Margerison, with a large fortune, which had been mainly left to her by her brother, the Indian judge, had so far escaped the drawbacks or delights, as you like to consider them, of matrimony, as to "wander on alone" thus far, and to remain, as some one has said, "singularly single."

She was, however, a very useful member of the community, and a very agreeable portion of society; and I have often noticed through life how, despite all our prejudices and all our persiflage, old maids often are some of the kindliest and most pleasant of companions you can anywhere stumble upon, the truest friends, and the most disinterested advisers.

She had no doubt her foibles and her infirmities, who has not? but I cannot help thinking and believing that before we bid her farewell, you and I, kind readers, will equally admire her genuine character, and be quite ready to make acquaintance with her.

Her nicce, Miss Lucy Longhurst, already alluded to, was the only daughter of Miss Margerison's sister, Mrs. Longhurst, who married at an early age, a good deal against her friends' inclination, an officer in the army—Captain Longhurst—and had died in India, leaving her irreconciliable husband a lonely widower, with the interesting little Lucy. As he succumbed soon after to an attack of Jungle fever, the little orphan, then a pretty prattling child of five, was sent home with an Ayah to the care and guardianship of her aunt, Miss Margerison. And well and duly had she cared for her little ward. The most affectionate and devoted of mothers could not have more conscientiously watched over the life-progress of the fair and promising child.

And now she had grown up—after many years of care and love—and did full justice

to the tender surveillance of her good old aunt.

If her charms have already made a due impression upon some sentimental readers it may add to their favourable opinion of her told, that she was not penniless.

Though she had only inherited the comparatively modest portion of her mother, she had enough, as the French say, "pour tout potage," or, as we say, for "bread and cheese." Scanty, no doubt, her "dot" was in comparison with that of her richer aunt, who having succeeded, as I before said, to the long savings of her brother, the judge, had increased the ample store sevenfold by her careful administration of the same, and had risen proportionately in the good opinion of her banker, the family solicitor, and her fellow citizens generally.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that as many persons considered Lucy Longhurst an heiress, and all admired her good looks, she had as much admiration as is good for any one to receive here.

It is sometimes rather wonderful and amusing to note the difference that "money" often makes in respect of the admiration for the gentler sex of many of our younger men.

If she has "ochre," to use a cant expression, it just makes all the difference, and it is, as they say, "a closer." Indeed, to hear some young men talk, you would suppose that if they meet a young lady with money, or, as they elegantly say, "a pot," they have a right at once to appropriate her, and consider anyone else paying any attention to her, excessively impertinent. Men sometimes forget that women—not excepting heiresses,—have ideas and tastes of their own, and are not likely to be won by that pretentious boldness which seems to say, "here I am, take me." Now Lucy, though the most amiable of creatures, had not been much affected by all this outward admiration. I am inclined to think that she rated it at its proper value, as all sensible young women ought to do; at any rate, she passed through it all smilingly and calmly, not altogether indifferent to it, as what woman is? and thinking it, no doubt, all fair and proper, but steering her own course, and neither turning to the right hand nor the left. Her female friends mostly called her "dear Lucy," if that phrase means anything; and her male friends declared that she was an "awfully jolly girl," "a stunner," "a clipper," praise so great, and so elegant, and so descriptive, that I should in vain seek to add to its force, or increase its energy and propriety by any of the old-fashioned and more tranquil language of an earlier generation. I ought to have said in my last chapter that during that memorable afternoon when Walter Mainwaring seemed at any rate to have found a sympathetic listener to his merry sallies in the fair Lucy, whose sparkling eye and brightened countenance did you a great deal of good to look upon, a careful observer might have discovered a "nuance" of dissatisfaction pass over, from time to time, the otherwise placid countenance of Miss Margerison.

There are always a great number of people in the world whose eyes seem always open, and those valuable members of society had noticed that for some time past, Mr. Walter Mainwaring, who was a neighbour of the two ladies, living at Apsley Lodge, about one mile distant from the Cedars, as Miss Mackenzie's cottage ornée was termed, had been a most regular visitor at that pleasant retreat. Indeed, some of the young neighbouring ladies had kindly and sweetly observed that there was "no doubt at any rate that Mr. Mainwaring had joined the early closing movement, that he could not have much to do in the City, and that he seemed to live at the Cedars."

And no doubt to some extent these little feminine sarcasms were quite well-founded.

My readers—unless very dull—will have already guessed that constant friendship and neighbourly intercourse, had made both Miss Longhurst and Mr. Mainwaring not at all object to each other's society; on the contrary, it was evident to all that such a condition of affairs was equally appreciated and approved of by them both; and I may say at once that there was no possible objection to Mr. Mainwaring. He was, on the contrary, what mammas would call "an eligible young man," what the designing parent would think a most desirable "parti," one whom the world would smile upon, and pat upon the back, and highly commend, and think very well of; for he was already the junior partner in a well-

known house in the City, the only son of his father, a rich man, and already very well off, would one day inherit undoubtedly, humanly speaking, a large fortune.

Thus then there could be no valid objection to him—none at all; and though Lucy Longhurst said very little, it was plain to her clear-sighted dear friends and neighbours that she was gay when he was present, and silent when he was absent, and apparently very much bored if anything delayed his daily visit. How much of our individual and general happiness here depends, after all, on the presence or absence of some particular person. How great is that magnetic power of human attraction, whose laws would even puzzle, we fancy, Professor Tyndall himself. And so, as often happens, Mr. Mainwaring and Lucy Longhurst, everything being "couleur de rose" for them above, below, around, were floating complacently along the river of Life, no cloud to disturb the clear blue sky, and were both daily feeling more and more how wonderfully they got on together, when the Rev. William Williams appeared upon the scene, and became also, for some reason or other, an almost daily visitor at the Cedars. He was the curate of their parish church, and being a young gentleman who considered that there was no reason why he should not get on in the world, if due justice was only accorded to his own undoubted merit, had profited by a social tea meeting of the congregation to make the acquaintance of the aunt and the niece, and received an invitation to the Cedars, and had become a favoured protégé of Miss Margerison.

The ill-natured people of the vicinity (and some are very often very ill-natured to clergymen especially) said that he was making-up to Miss Longhurst, the more ill-natured declared that he was making-up to Miss Margerison, while the most ill-natured unblushingly avowed that he was making-up both to the aunt and the niece. The servants at the Cedars were all on the side of Mr. Mainwaring, and were very indignant when other servants told them that the curate was making-up to their young misses." "Curate, indeed!" said Mrs. Murray, "my mistress looks a little higher than that. As for Mr. Walters, his remarks were so unbecoming to the "cloth" that I will not repeat them here.

Well, we left the party sitting under the shady limes, and, forgetting the long digression, let us return thither,

Walter Mainwaring has made one of his merry remarks, which has drawn a pleased smile and a silvery laugh from the radiant Lucy, a grim half-smile from Mrs. Margerison, and an "Oh, really now!" from Mr. Williams, when the deep bell at the front door announced a visitor.

"Who can it be?" said Lucy Longhurst, looking towards the house.

Just at that moment the stately form of Mr. Walters, the butler, appeared, preceding with much dignity a tall, well-dressed, grey-haired, erect gentleman, whom the least observant would instantly declare to be an old soldier.

And Colonel Mackintosh was as fine a specimen of that hard-worked, under-paid, much-abused individual, the English officer, as you could well meet.

Though he had *joined* the famous Light Division in 1810, though the Peninsular, and Waterloo, and the Cape of Good Hope, and India had long since grizzled the flowing locks, and tamed the high spirit of Allan Mackintosh, no more well-preserved and well set-up old gentleman was to be seen in the United Service, or shaken hands with in Pall Mall.

He was, indeed, a thorough good specimen of an English officer and gentleman, and no better comrade, and no faster friend could be found in the whole of her Majesty's Army List.

As he came up he bowed to the ladies with a wave of his hat, like a "vieux Mousquetaire," and having saluted his blushing god-daughter Lucy with a hearty kiss—a regular good smack—and having shaken hands warmly with Miss Margerison, held out a finger to Mr. Mainwaring, and bowed somewhat stiffly to the curate, he sank down into the well-cushioned chair which Lucy had placed for him, the moment she saw who the visitor was.

(*To be continued.*)

BE HAPPY AS YOU CAN.

THIS life is not all sunshine,
Nor is it yet all showers,
But storms and calms alternate
As thorns among the flowers;

And while we seek the roses,
The thorns full oft we scan;
Still let us though they wound us,
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses
As well as joys to share,
And griefs and disappointments
Which you and I must bear;
Yet if Misfortune's lava
Entombs Hope's dearest plan,
Let us with what is left us
Be happy as we can.

The sum of our enjoyment
Is made of little things,
As oft the broadest rivers
Are formed from smaller springs:
By treasuring small waters
The rivers reach their span;
So we increase our pleasures
Enjoying what we can.

There may be burning deserts
Through which our feet may go,
But there are given oases,
Where pleasant palm-trees grow;
And if we may not follow
The path our hearts would plan,
Let us make all around us
As happy as we can.

Perchance we may not climb with
Ambition to its goal,
Still let us answer "present"
When Duty calls the roll;
And whatever our appointment,
Be nothing less than man,
And, cheerful in submission,
Be happy as we can.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

IV.—Education.

"Give instruction to a wise man
and he will be yet wiser."

That every individual member of Society has a duty to discharge to the corporate body of which he is an integral part is a position that we have already firmly established, just as every portion of a machine, whether it be driving-wheel or regulator, shaft or bearing, or even the humbler bolt or nut which merely serves to tighten it, has its particular part to play in the running of the machinery. Now if the machine is to be of the most efficient working power it must be of the best possible make, and every part of it must be the best finished of its kind. Again it will be apparent at a glance that some portions will be necessarily more highly polished than others, whilst it will be also equally evident that whatever the degree of finish required, the machine will not be perfect unless all its parts are suitably finished to the allotted parts that they have each to play.

Now if we apply our principle to that machine Society, we shall find the same rule hold good, namely that it is requisite to its perfect working, that every individual member of it shall receive such a finish as is suitable to his position in it, and that in every case, this finish must be the best of its kind.

This finish is Education.

Therefore every member of Society must receive, according to his position in life, a suitable education, and in every case this education must be thorough.

That we are thoroughly alive to the former fact, and are earnestly endeavouring to carry out the principle cannot be for a moment denied, but whether we are securing the latter end is a serious matter of doubt.

Now what ought Education to be? Well! what is the meaning of the word? We ought to ascertain, for the wise man's words of old were very true, "There is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed;" so too, naturally, was the advice he gave, "Hast thou children? Instruct them!" How? Well! what was the end he had in view? A continuous life long learning—"My son, gather instruction from thy youth up." Surely this precept could not be acted up to if education finished with one's school-days; whence we can clearly see that the school-boy's learning is merely the foundation upon which after knowledge is to be built. If we would know, then, what true education is, we had better go back to the original meaning of the word, and throw aside once and for all the idea that a certain, and the same, amount of knowledge, so-called, is to be crammed into

every little head alike, and then at a given signal—the attaining a certain age—the quasi-scholars are to be foisted upon Society as finished pieces of machinery. No! education is not a cramming-in, but a drawing-out; not a loading of tiny brains with hard disjointed facts, but a developing of innate qualities of metal, the temper of which is to be developed gradually hour by hour, until some day the perfect unit will be fitted into the perfect machine, where there will be no more jar of imperfection, nor any more decay.

But is this so with us to day? Oh! what a perverse world it is! Sometimes this way up, sometimes that. How fickle is fortune! to-day a man is on his head, to-morrow on his heels. Even so it is with our very language; like all the rest it partakes of the contagion: what meant good yesterday, means bad to-day; to-morrow, perchance, may mean either, neither, or both.

Educare ..... to draw out!
Educate ..... to cram in!

Education, in days gone by—the discovering of the hidden qualities of the embryo man; the drawing them forth; the strengthening and building them up; the filling in of the faulty places; and then the crowning work of the whole, the teaching the member of society how to best use his natural gifts thus matured for the well-being of himself and his fellows.

Education, in these days of ours- a conglomerating of the units of Society into an indefinable mass, a reducing every capacity to an arbitrary standard; a very intellectual bed of Procrustes. What an excellent plan is this to foster! How becoming our age of progress!

Ours is an epoch of purity, and therefore we collect all our filth, material and intellectual alike into nice receptacles, which we carefully whitewash—outside! What beautiful systems of sewage we have, nothing offensive to eye or nose, all refuse carefully put out of sight, and left there—out of mind! After effects?—Nonsense! How nicely, again, our putrid meat is dressed and cooked-up for the hungry, how appetizing it is! how it tickles the palate! After effects?—Nonsense! Our pet vices, again, our moral plague spots, how temptingly are they suggested in the very language of virtue, how beautifully bound in their covers of green and gold, and then presented to the edifying of our sons and daughters: well-read they are, and well digested too. Yes! and after effects?—Nonsense! Who heeds them now?—truly not *now*, but alas! alas! for the *future!!*

Time was when the Peer dined off his plate, the Pauper (we use the term in no ill-natured sense) off his pewter. But there are no Paupers now! all must, forsooth, be Peers! But where is the sterling metal to come from? Sterling metal? We do not want that, "what the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve after;" ours is the age of cheap beauty! So long as we have stucco and whitewash, lacquer, and varnish, electro-plate, and paste, what do we want with your stone, your gold, your jewels? This age is too fast to delve, it only skims the surface: plating and paste are enough for us. *This is a utilitarian age, and therefore we do not want solid worth, but superficial glitter! We do not want use, but merely appearance!* So, too, with education; we want all to be, to outward appearance, plump and good, and so our cry is—like the poulterer's—*cram!*

What then is the reason given for thus artificially forcing upwards the general standard of education? It is that all are equal: that all, let them be born in whatever station of life they may, should have an equally free and open field for advancement in social position. Granted, without a moment's hesitation, the principle! Yet are the means employed conducive to the end? Equally, without a moment's hesitation, No! In fact the only result that we obtain is the thoroughly unfitting the vast majority of our population for the duties of their position in life.

What does the artisan want with abstruse mathematics, or with a knowledge of languages? Give him a fair start by teaching him to read and write, and, what is still better, by making him feel that to do his duty manfully and contentedly in whatever station of life God has been pleased to place him is true knowledge indeed; thus prepared let him learn his art practically, and follow it up conscientiously, and we shall have an honest man, a good workman, and an estimable member of society. Should the man, beyond this superstructure of practical knowledge built up upon a solid foundation of

useful boyish acquirements, desire an acquaintance with higher branches of learning, rely upon it, that he will make it for himself especially if there be such a thing within his reach as a reading-room, with its useful library; and of one thing we may be quite certain that the knowledge thus acquired for the very love of learning will be thorough of its kind, whereas the jumbled smattering of things far past the comprehension of the boyish brain into which they were in school-days forced, will at the best remain a smattering to the end of the chapter; or, what is still more likely, soon be forgotten altogether, leaving the mind not only an empty blank, but a blank so disgusted with the nauseous dose that has been crammed into it, as to always retain a repugnance for any after study whatever.

Of what use, again, are so-called accomplishments to the cottager's child who is to be hereafter the domestic servant or the poor man's wife? Teach her to make and mend the family clothing; to turn to the best account the food-supplies that fall to her lot; train her voice, if you will, to sing the lullaby to the future little ones; inculcate in her habits of cleanliness and thrift; and you will produce what is sorely needed, a good servant, an honest woman, a good housewife, a fitting mother of our sturdy English youth. Accomplishments! It would hardly be believed, but it is a fact, that awhile back a child was taken to task in Sunday-school for a neglected lesson, when the excuse given was "no time, because of home lessons;" "home lessons," said the teacher, "why you have *none from our day-school*;" "*No!*" said the child, "but 'There's *me Latin and me French!*'" Is any comment necessary? Are we not right in describing the world as upside down, when we see the poor man's child and future poor man's wife thinking she must know other languages, but cannot speak her own; who can crochet, but not cook a potato; can dance, but not darn stockings; scribble any number of letters, but cannot scrub a floor; in short, will do anything except make her mistress comfortable when in service; and can do anything when married, except make her husband a happy home.

Now, on the contrary, take up the other course of training we have pointed out and see what you will have accomplished; you will have ready to your hand a poor man's wife that will make her husband's house his home, and who will thus cheat the public-house of its victim and rob the gaol of its prey.

But, one will perhaps object, what about the brilliant genius you may thus cramp and confine by depriving it of obtaining that knowledge which is its very food? What about the intellect that might do good service to the state, if carefully nurtured and trained? A question by way of reply: what about Newton, Franklin, Stephenson, Watt, Arkwright, Harrison, Opie, and a host of others too numerous to mention:—

"Look well, look close, look deep, look long,
On the changes ruling earth;
And ye'll find God's rarest, holiest throng
Of mortal wonders—strange and strong—
Arose from noteless birth":—

How have these all pushed their way to the front? By sheer force of intellect, and indomitable energy and perseverance. True genius will always make its way in spite of every obstacle, and it is this very bar to indiscriminate progression that strains out your sage from your smatterers.

The effect, then, of our present plan of education is to push all alike to that dangerous pitch of learning where there exists the overweening conceit engendered by a too superficial knowledge, a knowledge that has stopped just short of that point where its possessor begins to realize how little he really knows; the consequence of all this being that our population have been, and are still more, becoming practically useless as members of society.

Where then is the remedy? Simply in restoring to education its true meaning. Train the young in such a way as to fit them for their future lot in life, and whilst giving them a solid foundation on which to build up future acquirements, to this end note carefully the expanding germ of intelligence and watch its gradual development, nurture its growth, mark its bent, and then direct it into its proper channel, and then, and not till then, shall we have no more of the square men in the round holes, or the round men in the square.

Should any scholar show particular ap-

titude in the early stages of this initial process, by all means give to such an one every opportunity of mental improvement which may afford a chance of future advancement in life; in short, "give instruction to a wise man and he will be yet wiser."

Yet once again, with all this regard to learning, let religion go hand in hand with it. Knowledge without religion is not worthy of the name. Besides, to give the future man instruction, and to foster his cleverness without a sense of moral and religious duty is like setting in motion a steam-engine without governor or safety-valve. We all know how closely now certain ways of getting wealth trench on the border-land of honesty; remove universally the safeguards of morality and religion, and the natural result will be to flood the country with a multitude of clever scoundrels.

Let us pause, then, ere it be too late, and even, if need be, retrace our steps. Let us no longer forget God and our neighbour in self, but let us acknowledge ourselves to be, and act as, members of a vast society, whose aim is mutual good-will and improvement, whose purpose a conscientious and contented fulfilment of every duty social and religious, and whose motto is "God and our country."

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

Chapter X.

The Reference to a Lawgiver.

(*Continued from page* 83.)

This Odin or Woden pronounced himself to be the wisest of mortals—to have communion with the celestial gods—to remove from place to place with the rapidity of thought, at his pleasure—to foretell future events—and to perform miracles. With these pretensions amongst an ignorant people, borne out most probably by the possession of eloquence, and a poetical genius; and by some knowledge of natural philosophy, which enabled him to perform a few extraordinary tricks, he succeeded in establishing his authority, and substantiating his claims to divine honours. He dictated a series of laws, which were afterwards collected in a book called the Edda, which continued to be religiously observed, till the Gothic superstition was superseded by Christianity; and there still exist in Norway and Sweden many rural customs which are remnants of the ceremonies instituted by this successful chief.

It is taught in the Edda that a fabulous personage named Gaugler, being introduced into the lofty palace or hall of the gods, the roof of which "was formed of brilliant gold, beheld three thrones raised one above another, and upon each throne sat a sacred personage. Upon his asking which of these was their king, the guide answered, he who sits on the lowest throne is the king; his name is Har, the lofty one; the second is Jafuhar, or, equal to the lofty one; he who sits on the highest throne is called Thridi, or the third." The immortality of the soul was also inculcated, as well as the eternity of the Supreme Being. Thus, Gaugler asks, "Who is the first among the gods?" And he is answered, "The Father of all." He then enquires, "Where is God, and what has he performed!" The reply is, "He lives evermore, governs his kingdom, and rules over all things great and small." And again, "God has created the heavens, and the earth, and all that is in them; he formed man, and gave him a spirit which shall live and never pass away, even though the body becomes dust, or be burned to ashes.

It will be unnecessary to repeat the process which was successfully practised in the farthest East, and the most extreme West; whether by Mango Capac in Peru, or the more ignorant pretenders in the islands of Polynesia or the Caribbean Sea. The principle was universally disseminated, that the laws and ordinances of religion and morality could not be binding on the people except they were of divine origin; and the more recent attempt of Mahomet is a proof, that, even in a comparatively enlightened era, a bold assumption of superior powers, backed by an untiring zeal, and the reputation for the practice of

an exemplary piety, will not fail to produce the desired result.*

In the hieroglyphic under our consideration, we have a pictorial description of the process which was adopted by Hermes Tristmegistus in the prosecution of his system of reform in Egypt. The principal figure was probably intended for Hermes himself in the act of delivering his laws to the people; of which the Tablet between its fore claws, is not only a symbol, but actually contains some of the more prominent doctrines.

There is much confusion in the history of this divine personage; yet it appears highly probable that the first Hermes was the same as Thoth the son of Mizraim or Osiris. Faber thinks, however, that he is erroneously described by Sanchoniatho as the son of Mizraim, and ought to be identified with the patriarch Noah. "Hermes, he says, seems to be a corruption of Hermon, or Ar-Mon, the deity of the Lunari-arkell mountains."†

He is called by Plutarch, Orus; and by Eusebius, Saturn; and some writers are inclined to think that he was the same as the Hebrew Patriarch Joseph; for which these reasons are assigned. Joseph was the cause of great wealth and plenty to the Egyptians, and was accordingly esteemed a great benefactor. They likewise looked upon him as a revealer of hidden mysteries, and a discloser of the will of the gods; whence he was styled Hermes, which signifies an adept in mysterious knowledge, and an interpreter of oracles. He is said to have deciphered the hieroglyphics which had been inscribed on the pillars of Enoch; and that he communicated every useful art to the Egyptians. He was accounted a great prophet, and esteemed by some to be equal with the gods.

Others contend that he was Enoch, and existed before the flood; and consequently the builder of those mysterious pillars. He was well versed in a knowledge of astronomy and architecture; and delivered to the people a code of excellent laws, applicable both to their civil and religious polity. In a word he was the most celebrated philosopher that Egypt ever produced.

Plutarch, in his Isis and Osiris, says, that not only men, but towns and cities, as well as nations, had each its presiding divinity. And hence Hermes was considered the tutelary deity of the city of Hermapolis Magna, which was called after his name, and also of Pselcis now called Dakkeh; and to his honour "a considerable number of Greek ex-votos have been inscribed on the propylon and other parts of the temple in this place, by officers stationed about Elephantine and Philœ, and others who visited Pselcis, but principally in the time of the Cæsars. He is here styled the very great Hermes Pautouphis, or Tautnouphis, a name that may be traced in the hieroglyphics over this deity; Taut-n-pnubs, the Thoth of Punbso, the Egyptian name of Pselcis."*

Dr. Pococke has described a gigantic figure found in the caverns of Thebes, which has been taken for a statue of Hermes. It has a sceptre in its hand and wings to its feet, covering the whole body. This has been pronounced to be a statue of Hermes; but he was more generally worshipped under the form of a stone pillar, which from hence were called by his name. Strabo, in his travels through Upper Egypt, describes several stone heaps, consisting of three cylindrical stones placed one upon the other, in the form of a pyramid; which he calls Hermœa, thinking them nearest in resemblance to those pillars which were erected in honour of Mercury.†

This worship extended into Britain; where were found square or cubical stones, dedicated to the same deity. Borlase says, "the number *three* had respect unto the three primary idols. One of the idols, or symbols of the god Mercury, consisted of three stones; two large stones were pitched on end, over which, another stone was laid, which covered the rest, bearing

* Even in our own times, we might notice, were it not invidious, many religious enthusiasts, who were followed by a party admitting their peculiar tenets, and designating themselves by the name of their leader. This is true, not only of Luther and Calvin, Arminius and Wesley, but also of Johanna Southcote, Irving, and other mistaken persons, who fancied they had received a divine commission to change the ordinances of the national religion.

† Fab. Cab. vol. i. p. 283.

* Wilkinson's Thebes. p. 489.

† Strabo. l. xvii.

with its middle upon the stones underneath."*

"By Livy, Hermes was called Mercurious Teutates; and adds that in Britain and Gaul, the inhabitants made mounts, on which were placed upright stones, which were consecrated to him. He was the Phenician Tautus; the Egyptians called him Toot, the Alexandrians, Thouth; the Greeks, Hermes or Mercury. Plato calls him Theut, a god or divine person, and the father of letters. Tully calls him Thoyth, Lactautius, Theutus and Thot. And this Theut or Hermes was the god of eloquence."†

He was not only esteemed by the Egyptians the god of eloquence, but is said to have written his system of religion, science, and philosophy, in forty-two books, which form the basis of almost all ancient writings. The contents of these books were of course miscellaneous. In them were found the sciences of astronomy, astrology, hieroglyphics, geography, chorography, doctrines and discipline of religion, geometry, directions for civil government, and psalms and hymns for the services of the gods.

The chief book of Hermes, and that which was in the highest esteem amongst the Egyptians, is embodied in the anaglyph. It related to the energy of the heavens, to the powers of the planets, and the influence of the heavenly bodies; and was properly a treatise concerning horoscopes and astrology, and was full of dark and mysterious learning.‡ Accordingly we find it explained by Bin Washih, a Nabathean by birth, who flourished in the early times of Christianity, and devoted himself to the study of the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics and laws; and recorded the result of his observations on four tables of symbols; the first of which, related to mythology and astronomy; the second, to the actions and affections of mankind; the third to botany and its application to physical science; and the last, to mineralogy.

Thus it appears that as in the Jewish and Christian dispensations, the deity is represented as a revealer of laws, to produce the happiness and salvation of his creatures; for Moses, who received his laws from the hand of God, and acted as the vicegerent of the Most High * is expressly called a Lawgiver; and so is Christ, to whom the same title is assigned in the prophetical writings; so every popular reformer in each of the grand divisions of Paganism was desirous of persuading the people to believe that his system was derived immediately from the Creator, as an essential preliminary to the success of his scheme. And the device operated successfully, whether amongst the wise and learned population of Egypt, the acute philosophy of Greece and Rome, or amongst the ignorant and half savage inhabitants of less civilized regions. The record, how extraordinary soever it may appear, is founded on evidence too clear and unimpeachable to admit of the slightest doubt; and forms an undeniable confirmation of the truth of sacred writ.

To be Continued.

* Borlase. Ant. Cornu. p. 187.
† Sammes. Britain. p. 126.
‡ Iambl. Sect. viii. c. 4.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Old Maids.

Old maids have often been made the subject of "persiflage," and even ridicule. I have always thought such a treatment of them most unjust.

We all of us know cases where much of the happiness of the family circle centres in the maiden aunt or sister, who very often is the kindly adviser and benefactor of all the other members of the little domestic clan.

Indeed, I have often thought and felt that old maids deserve to be treated with much regard and respect, especially when they are kind and considerate, gentle, and amiable, pleasant and friendly to all. And we should always remember that everybody more or less has a little history, so to say, of his or her own life here.

The good old maid we know so well, and like so much, so placid and so plump, so cautious and so conversational, so animated and so agreeable, so very true a friend, and so very good a woman, probably could tell you, if you cared to listen, that

* Numb. xxi. 18. James iv. 12.

she, too, once did not intend to remain an old maid. She had, like "Master Shallow" and his "lawsuit," her little "fond expectations" at one time. We all remember that good portrait Sir Walter Scott draws in "Guy Mannering" of the old maid, Miss Bertram, with Ensign Binkie's letters in her escritoire, (cherished souvenir), and his *little* I.O.U's., *and depend* upon it many an old maid you or I meet and wot of, has preserved the recollection, though in some altered form and manner, of her Ensign Binkie!

Underneath those grey locks and that calm exterior still exists, believe me, a deal of "sentiment," and many a most pleasant and valuable and friendly "atom," amid the "atoms" with whom we congregate and converse hour by hour, has quietly played that "rôle" of single-blessedness, because, as the Irishman said, "things went contrary," and "it was all mighty disappointing." I say this to defend "old maids" from the charge commonly laid against them of wanting "sentiment," the truth is, they are often the best example of its reality and its intensity! But we must not shut out also another side of the question. There are many ladies whom we all know, and for whom we ought to feel profound respect, who, for some reason or another, for "good and sufficient causes them thereto moving," have remained single through choice, and become old maids by Brevet Rank, in the lapse of time and the flight of years!

Many there are—most noble specimens of womanhood—doing their duty gallantly in all things, who have devoted themselves to a single life, perhaps in a sense of responsibility for others, who have accepted the position God seemed to mark out for them; and without fuss, or affectation, or singularity, or pretension, have become willingly the old maid of their family circle, the old maid of the neighbourhood, the old maid of a large "kith and kin" of troublesome boys and laughing girls.

How many we can recall and remember to-day, pleasant, educated, cultivated, refined, gentle, good, and generous, who were the delight of the society which they graced while they lived, and are tenderly mourned by those whom they have left behind. How many blameless lives, and unselfish aims, and loving words, and gracious works, and bettering influences, and happy associations can we join still with the term "old maid," as our memory to-day surveys the "years that are past," and recalls those figures which fill, and those fond faces which seem to smile out from, the crowded canvas before us. Now, I feel bound to speak honestly and clearly, and I think that the prejudice against old maids, and the jokes against old maids are very unworthy. I do not mean to deny that here and there you will stumble upon the tattling old maid, and the scandalous old maid, and the flirting old maid, and the bedizened old maid, and the soured old maid, and the cantankerous old maid—you will—but what I do say is, that they are the exceptions to the rule, and that those exceptions prove the rule to be the very contrary.

No doubt when you come across her, a real mischievous old maid is a very disagreeable personality, and a godless old maid is a horror; but such specimens of "old maidendom" are very few and far between, and when we do come across them we should all give them a "clear berth" as fast as we possibly can.

The writer of romances, or of novels, may bring in the vicious and meddlesome, and intriguing old maid, but as a general rule such exist only in novels and romances, and are not to be found in real life. The old maids I have known—and I have met many in my career—have been all the kindest of women and the best of friends.

They have set to all around them a quiet example of being good, and doing good, they have been most useful to man, and most faithful to God in their time and generation. They have excelled in many points and tastes—artistic, literary, benevolent, and humanitarian—they have been self-denying and sedulous in respect of their own lives and means, zealous workers for the good of others; true sisters of Mercy and Charity have they proved themselves to be in their time and generation.

And I would fain hope that we have heard the last words of detraction and disrespect against them! You and I, kind reader, must know many a home, many a village, many a family many a neighbourhood where the old maid is as the "very salt of the earth," shedding light and purity, and

gentleness and goodness, so to say, on all within her reach. How many a youthful impetuous spirit has she wisely, truly, guided, how many an admiring nephew or niece has she affectionately controlled, for her advice is always sound, because unselfish; and her heart is always warm and true, because Religion has made her feel alike her duty and her responsibilities, the sacrifices she has to undertake, and the labour she has to perform for others. I know of no happier or no more peaceful career than that which is animated alike by a perception of efforts to be made, and toils to be undergone for the good of others; which is consecrated simply by a surrender of self and personal ease, and personal comfort; which passes on relyingly and cheerfully through dark days and treacherous showers to that "other land," which lies beyond the "silent sea," where the everlasting hills rise above the distant horizon, telling to the often weary wayfarer to-day of peace and rest, reunion and happiness one day hereafter. If there are any of my readers who will still talk slightingly of old maids, let them do so, and let them remember that in so doing they commit a very grievous blunder. "Au contraire," I would impress on all who read these pages to treat them and regard them with kindliness and respect. They are there before your very eyes, doing their duty nobly to the last; they are firm friends, sound advisers, most true-hearted women, and putting away from you the "small talk and 'badinage' of society," see in them a type very often of all that is tenderest and most precious, and most cultivated and most admirable in woman!

"GLAMOUR."

THE breath of flowers was on the breeze,
  And all the odours of the spring;—
Amid the gently-budding trees
  We heard the throstle sing.
We watched the tender leaflets curl'd,
  No green seemed half so gay before;—
A hundred springs may deck the world,
  But those green leaves no more;
    No, never, never more!

The sun drank up the tears of night
  The happy tears of early dew,
Each drop became a globe of light
  With golden-green shot through.
We shook them off the primrose flowers,
  No dew seemed half so bright before;
Now winter rain may fall in showers,
  But those bright drops no more;
    No, never, never more!

Within the blue, unblemish'd skies
  The infant cloudlets cradled lay,
Like new-born souls in Paradise,
  All clad in white array;
And in our happy eyes that met
  There shone a light unknown before;
Now suns may rise, and suns may set,
  But that love-light no more;
    No, never, never more!

ZOROASTRIANISM AND FREEMASONRY.

(*Continued from page* 78.)

PART III.

A DARVAND, then, is not necessarily a non-Zoroastrian, because the latter may belong to a monotheistic religion, and may have practised all the virtues common to pure Zoroastrians. All the popular aversion to a Darvand at present, through a miscomprehension of the term and its uses in the Avesta, is solely levelled undeservedly to a foreign religionist. This, plainly, should not be. By all means avoid the shadow of a Darvand, but do not by any means identify him wholesale with all non-Zoroastrians. The Farvardin Yashts proclaim loudly against this absolute condemnation of all non-Zoroastrians by in itself invoking the spirits of the Asho of all creeds and castes, climes and countries. To sum up, then, there is nothing inconsistent or derogatory to a follower of Zoroaster in associating, sympathizing, and fraternizing with Freemasons of all countries and beliefs. And yet not a few there are among us Zoroastrians who entertain such vague notions of Freemasonry as to view with great alarm and disapprobation the admission of Zoroastrians into the Masonic Craft. I remember I once proposed a Dustoor as a candidate for initiation. A Dustoor,

you know, has received high sanctification, by undergoing the necessary ablutions and purifications. But, with all that, he is not observing Barshnam. Those who are in the active performance of the higher functions of religious ceremonies—that is, the Barshnamwallas—are, of course, prevented from joining the ordinary affairs of life for the period they have their Barshnams. But Dustoors are supervisors rather than the actual performers of the consecrational ceremonies, and they therefore can move about freely and associate with the rest. And yet I was prepared for a great deal of prejudicial opposition to be made to him, which, indeed, came in volleys from every direction. "What a desecration," clamoured the ignorant and the bigoted, "for a Dustoor to become a Freemason?"—to go to learn what they imagined to be the tenets and principles of Christian religion, and, most horrible of all, to consent to dine with people of other religions, &c. I need not mention that the Mobeds and Dustoors do not dine on the same table with their own fellow-Zoroastrians also, and it was in vain to expect the Dustoor to join our Masonic banquet; but I had hoped in his case to have made dinner no part of his Masonry. Of course, there was no other help, and the initiation did not take place. But really my opinion is that the Dustoor would have gained vastly by his joining our institution. You know very well that nothing in Freemasonry restrains the religious liberties of its initiates. The Dustoor would not have been a bit less Zoroastrian by joining us. On the contrary, he would have gained something from the study of our rites and ceremonies, our signs and symbols. In the following pages I will explain to you how that could have happened. Freemasonry is described to be a moral institution veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols. The institution differs from other religious systems in this respect, that, unlike the latter, it has no born members. A Christian or a Zoroastrian, or a Mahomedan or a Hindoo's children take their father's religion by right of birth; not so the children of a Freemason in Masonry. The members in a Masonic body are elected after strict enquiry and a rigid voting by ballot when they are of mature age, and have proved themselves morally worthy. Hence there is a great probability of much greater percentage of intelligence to be found in a given number of Freemasons than in that of believers of any other institution. Besides, no innovation is permitted in Freemasonry; consequently, the original illustrations and interpretation are transmitted untampered most scrupulously from mouth to mouth, and from generation to generation. This has helped the preservation of a vast deal of original ancient lore, expressed in rites and ceremonies, and explained by constituted lectures. The orignal design and purposes of outward ceremonials are hence clearly unfolded before us. Not such is the case as regards ancient religions. The ceremonials are extant in them, but the original causes thereof are lost to knowledge. There are good many rites and ceremonies, signs and symbols, to be observed in the Zoroastrian religion, but they are like a skeleton without a soul in them. Their primitive object is not understood, or is very imperfectly understood. Of course, a deep study of the Zoroastrian scriptures would unravel all; but to an ordinary inquirer who has no time to study deep into the Parsee scriptures, much might be found in Freemasonry which would be useful to him in giving the right interpretations to many understood or misunderstood ceremonials. The Dustoor, himself conversant with the Zoroastrian ceremonials and well read in the sacred books, would have very easily found much in Freemasonry to remind him of corresponding matters in his religion; and even he would have profitably found expositions of ceremonies in Freemasonry which would have helped him in his endeavours to get at the right explanations of his own Zoroastrian rituals. In my humble way I have often been much gratified and recompensed at meeting success in instituting similes between Masonic and Zoroastrian rites and ceremonies. It is a very interesting study, and affords me as much delight as I can imagine Dr. Oliver to have found in making comparisons between Christian and Masonic teachings and dogmas. I am tempted to give on this occasion a few specimens of this sort of study; but perhaps it will be easier to adhere to a system, and, taking the tracing board of

an entered apprentice in hand, it will be my endeavour to explain and illustrate the emblems thereupon by the principles of the Zoroastrian religion. The attempt to explain the Zoroastrian ceremonies by the light of Masonry had better be reserved for a future occasion. It can better follow than precede the attempt to explain the Masonic emblems by the light of Zoroastrianism. First of all, let me recall your memory to the discourse delivered on the last Naoroz Festival. It was about the Mithraic mysteries. Therein it was attempted to be shown that a Dari Meher, as the term signified, was a porch or vestibule of the temple of Meher. In the temple itself, that is, in the *sanctum sanctorum*, or the innermost chamber, secret mysteries must have been necessarily practised. The mystic institution was, it might be safely concluded, dedicated to Mithra or Meher. The nature of the rites and ceremonies is indicated in the Roman and Grecian accounts. I failed to trace any indication thereof in any written or monumental records of Persia, but I ventured to conjecture that the subject of them must have been the legend of the soul, or rather the spirit, of Aderbad Marespand taking flight to the upper and the nether worlds, to witness the scenes of reward and punishment in after-life. But this much can be gathered from the Avestaic writings, that there were some mystic words which were to be preserved only among a select few. The Khordad and the Baharam Yashts refer to a certain Manthra, which was to be transmitted only to the closely related or the exalted Athornans. This word Manthra in its simple signification means a sentiment expressed in a word or words. Now, the word mystery itself is closely allied to it etymologically, since it comes from the word 'myth,' which is the Greek form of the Avestaic Manthra. By myth or mystery we understand more than a simple word or sentiment; a certain degree of secrecy is associated with it as with the Avestaic Manthra. Myth, mystery, Manthra, are not vulgarly comprehended; to the common herd they are veiled by and surrounded with secrecy. Hence Manthras are to be communicated to the intelligent few. They are said to be very efficacious. They are used in the Avesta for good purposes, to promote the welfare and the happiness of the people. Mantras, on the other hand, the Sanscrit equivalent of Zend Manthra, are used to propitiate or scare off the evil geniuses. Mark the diametrically opposite uses of the two. The phrase Khsnaothra Ahurahe Mazdao Taroidite Anrahe Manyus indicates the spirit which guides a Zoroastrian, *viz.*, to propitiate Hormuzd and spurn Satan. These Manthras were perhaps communicated in the innermost chamber of a Dari Meher. But what relation, it may be asked, may be supposed to exist between the recitals of Manthras and Meher Yazad? A trace may be detected in the Meher Yasht to connect these two together. Mithra is there represented as presiding over light, over truth, over fidelity, over friendship, and the rest of the cognate virtues. The Yasht begins—"The man guilty of being untrue to his fidelity is guilty of an act tantamount to injuring the whole country, so do not break a plighted contract, be it made with an Asho or a Darvand, for both are vows alike; never mind if they be given to a Darvand or to one of your own ways." Here there is a specific exhortation to be faithful to a vow made, to an oath taken. The greatest wonder in the non-Masonic world is how well Freemasons keep their vows so faithfully. A Freemason is sometimes prevailed upon to betray his other secrets in a moment of inebriety, but no effort can induce him to divulge his Masonic secrets. Instances have been narrated of rich and powerful men having sent their dependent, penniless menials to Masonic Lodges on the promise of their revealing the secrets to their patrons when they came into possession of them, and getting their fabulous rewards; but these have preferred their beggarly state in life to becoming rich by the act of their breaking their Masonic oath. Furdoonjee Murzban was much impressed in favour of Freemasonry when he learnt that a poor Mason declined an offer of half a lakh of rupees to reveal the Masonic secrets. Bearing this in mind, it can be understood without difficulty why certain mysteries should have been dedicated to Mithra; it was just because he presides over fidelity. There must have been Dari Mehers (Masonic temples) all over the country, as

the presiding Yazad Meher is described in the Avesta to have his rule extending to the right and left, above and below, of the Khaniratha Bami continent. In fact, his influence and jurisdiction extended over the then known world, from India in the east to Mesopotamia in the west, and from the ends of the earth (the Persian Gulf) in the south to the river Araxes in the north. A Masonic Lodge is likewise represented in the form of an oblong square in length from east to west, in breadth between north and south. Our Lodges are situated due east and west, because all places of Divine worship, as well as regular Masonic Lodges, are so situated. The reason assigned is that the sun, the glory of Hormuzd, his eye and his body, figuratively speaking, rises in the east and sets in the west, darting within his rays of health, joy, and liveliness on each occasion. The south also permitted the rays to penetrate within when the sun was at high twelve, and so that direction is also one, facing which a Zoroastrian can say his prayers. The course of the sun is followed during the day when at prayers, facing the east in the morning, the south at high noon, and the west in the evening. The north is never faced, because it is a dismal and cold quarter from which neither light nor heat penetrates—at least in the latitudes of Persia, where the Zoroastrian faith took its origin. In all ceremonials, either the north is backed, facing the south, or the east or the west is faced. The eyes of praying mortals are directed always to the eye of Ahura Mazda, the great Creator. This explains why our Masonic Lodges are situated due east and west. Our Lodge is supported by three grand pillars. They are called Meher, Serosh, and Rashnu. Meher reminds us to keep our Masonic obligations inviolate, to cultivate brotherly love, and to strictly observe truth and integrity even in the hours of extreme temptation. The pillar of Meher constantly reminds us that truth-observing men are sure to meet in the end with their due rewards, and that Ahura Mazda will be ever ready to come to the succour and assistance of all those who suffer for the rigid adherence to the principles of truth and righteousness. Serosh serves the purpose to keep us within the bounds of the compass, to circumscribe our lusts and passions, and to keep us ever watchful against the temptations of Aeshma (Asmodeus), which induces us to transgress the principles of morality and virtue. Serosh, moreover, teaches us to humbly obey the behests of the Almighty God, and to sincerely carry out in daily practice all his commands and precepts. All our inspirations for higher and nobler aims come through the contemplation of him; thus demonstrating that he who learns to control and guide himself on the holy path circumscribed by Serosh, stands a chance of attaining to higher spiritual life. Rashnu teaches us to be upright in our conduct and lives, and just in our behaviour towards our neighbours and fellow-creatures. Meher, Serosh, and Rashnu jointly guard the portals to the entrance on the Chinvat pool. Unless, after Meher, we have kept faithful to our vows, given proofs of our brotherly love, and practised truth; unless, after Serosh, we have displayed our humility and submission in giving strict obedience to the divine commands contained in the volume of the sacred law; unless, after Rashnu, we have strictly observed the principles of justice and righteousness—in short, unless we have satisfied Meher, Serosh, and Rashnu that we have rigidly followed the practices, morality, and virtue indicated and symbolized by them, we do not hope to gain the lower end of the Chinvat pool which takes us across this world to the next. The universe is the temple of the Deity whom we serve. Truth, law, and justice are about his throne as pillars of his work.

(To be continued.)

OUT WITH THE TIDE.

(*Written for the* MASONIC MAGAZINE.)

"Farewell! I did not know thy worth,
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized;
So angels walked unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recognised."

MOORE.

I STOOD on the banks of a beautiful river,
Perchance it was only a dream;
I saw a light skiff float hither and thither,
Of its own wild will it would seem.

I looked and I saw a fair maiden and youth
Caressing and thoughtless, ah! well—
'Tis not when young only, thought I, in in good sooth,
That men will be under the spell.

The little god cometh in youth and in age,
He shooteth his arrows afar;
The glamour comes o'er us though never so sage,
For Love rides in Victory's car.

So I sat idly watching that sweet summer eve,
The little boat sailing away,
And I saw the sun sinking down to the west,
As she sped out into the bay.

I knew *those fond lovers*, and *one* was to me
Far more than I thought then, but now
I see the more clearly,—but yet to God's will
Submissively humbly I bow.

One moment the white sails flashed in the sun,
When a sudden gust stirred through the trees,
Then never more saw I that youth and fair maid,
For a storm grew out of the breeze.

But nevermore came they home to the town;
And marriage bells never were rung;
Ah! me, 'twas *Death went out* with the tide,
And the Passing Bell solemnly swung.

Near a green sloping bank far down towards the sea,
On the morrow fair Mildred was found;
The sea-weed lay tangled in sweet auburn hair,
And grey gulls hovered around.

The little skiff lay on the beach at the haven,
All peaceful it might there abide.
For never again would it take the young lovers
Sailing far out with the tide.

Ah! say 'twas a dream,—I care not to waken;
That fair one who should be a bride,
Was dearer to me than aught else on earth,
But Death took her out with the tide.

EMRA HOLMES.

Priory Gate, Woodbridge,
July, 1876.

TAKEN BY BRIGANDS.

THE SCOTCH SAILOR'S YARN.

From the NEW YORK DISPATCH.

I HAVE seen Constantinople, and Naples and San Francisco, and a dozen more, towns that folk make a grand talk about, but gi'e me Glasgow. Whenever I take a spell ashore, it's there I go; and when this old hulk is nae longer seaworthy, I just hope to drop anchor in Glasgow for guide and a.

If you think this is patriotism, I am free to confess that it's naething o' the sort.

Patriotism is a marvellous fine thing, and I toast the Land o' Cakes every Saturday neet of my life; but when it comes to practice, a man maun live where he is best off; and as the Robert Bruce, Glasgow, is the only house in the world where I am free of the tap, I hope to come to my last moorings within hail of it.

Eh, sirs, it is nae he that I am telling you. I can just gang into the parlour at ony hour of the day or neet, and call for as many glasses of toddy as I like to drink, and never pay a bawbee. And this is not as a favor—I am beholden to nae man for it; it's my right, written *doon in the* landlord's lease, and considered in the rent.

If sae be you are curious to know how this came aboot, I will tell you, though it is an unco long yarn.

Though my father was but a puir fisherman, whose lads had to gang to sea with him sae soon as they could haul at a rope a'most, I did not want for education. Lads and lasses, poor and rich, even to the young laird himsel', all were taught at the same school; and when the boat was on shore I went, too.

I learned to read and to write and to cipher—ay, and a bit of mathematics beside. I can take an observation with any captain afloat, and if I am before the mast at this day, my ainself is to blame for it, and nae one else.

I might have had good help for it if I had been canny and steady, for the young laird took a fancy to me.

It was a lonely country, ye ken, and he had nae companions of his own rank and position in life, so he was obleeged to take up with humble bodies, or go without playmates at all.

But he treated me differently to the others—a'most, as one might say, as a friend. When he was old enough to have a boat of his ain, he made me the keeper of it—his "crew," he used to call me; and my father and brothers seldom had my company out fishing, for gin a boat could live at all, MacKenzie was sure to be cruising about.

My mother was pleased enough. I was her favourite bairn, and she thought I escaped a deal of toil and danger. So far as the toil went, nae doubt she was right enough, but I am not so sure, but what my father's coble was the safest berth of the twa. MacKenzie was reckless when a lad, and never so happy as when he had a good chance of drowning, or of breaking his neck birds'-nesting over the cliffs. The young laird was an orphan, and under the care of his uncle, Archibald MacKenzie, who just let him gang his ain gait. There were foul-tongued loons who said that the guardian would nae break his heart if his nephew did come to a sudden end, and so put him into the lairdship himself. But let alone that there never was a false MacKenzie yet, Archibald had no ambition in him. He cared nae mair for land, or position, or sport, or good living, than I do for the vinegar stuff the French bodies miscall wine.

No one who once saw Archibald MacKenzie ever forgot him. When the laird grew up into a young man he went awa to Edinburgh town, and I helped my father with the fishing for a time; but it happened there was a bit of a lassie wha didna know her own mind exactly, that unsettled me; and when, at last, she took up with another lad, I couldna stop quietly in my ain country at all; and as I got a wee bit wild and quarrelsome, and, perhaps, too fond of a drap of whisky, neither father nor mother sought to stop me when I said I'd take a cruize.

So I shipped on board a whaler, and cooled my passion in the Arctic circle, and when I came back I engaged in a vessel bound for the Gold Coast, and cauterized my heart in the tropics.

I was pretty well cured of love by then, but not of the taste for roving. I hae got that still, and never can bide in one place for more than a month at a time.

When I had been drifting about the world for seven or eight years, I got a bit of a rise in it, and served as mate on board a blockade-runner, chartered to carry contraband of war into Crete, which was in a state of insurrection.

The captain was a Frenchman, the other mate a Sicilian, and the crew included an Englishman, a Yankee, a nigger, and a Chinaman; the rest were Greeks and Italians. They were the most desperate set of fellows, taking them around, I ever sailed with, and that is saying something; and the first mate, Giacomo, was about the most reckless and quick-tempered of the lot of them. But I kept a civil tongue in my head, and we were always vera gude friends.

Still I wasna sorry, what with the general character of my shipmates, and the great chance of being taken and hanged, when the cruise was over; especially as, for the first time in my life, I had a little sum of money in my pocket, which I hoped would give me a bit of a start on my ain account. And maybe it would, but the brig in which I was coming home was cast away on the coast of Spain, and I lost everything I had in the world, even to my shirt, and was glad, a week or two afterward, to work my passage to Southampton.

Weel, I was standing on the quay of that place, looking down into the water, telling myself it was no use greeting over spilt milk, and thinking whether I would try the Peninsular or Oriental, or gie the royal navy the benefit of my services, when someone clapped me on the shoulder, with an "Eh, Sandy, is that you?" and turning round I saw my laird, the MacKenzie himsel'.

"How are you getting on?" said he.

"Not vera weel, I fear."

And I told him my story.

"Then you belong to nae ship at the moment?" said he.

"No," I replied; "I was just considering about the royal navy."

"What do you think of yon schooner?" he asked.

"She is a real bonny one; I have been admiring her," said I.

"Will you take a cruise in her? I am getting a crew together."

"Eh! and she is yours, sir?"

"Nae," said the laird, laughing; "I am na that rich to hae a three hundred ton yacht; she belongs to Laird Goldfinch, who knows nothing about nautical matters, and is grateful to me for managing everything for him. He enjoys a cruise as much as anybody, he says, so long as he is only a passenger; an' if I will take all the trouble, the least he can do is nae to interfere with me in anything. That suits us both well enow."

And then he said that he still wanted a steward, if that berth would suit me. I replied that it would suit me weel, but I doubted whether I should give satisfaction to the company, never having performed any duties of the kind. He told me there would be nae company but their twa selves, and they didna require much attendance; indeed, that Laird Goldfinch principally liked yachting because he escaped from his masters, as he called his valet, and butler, and coachman, and was free to wait on himsel'.

And sae I undertook to ship, as steward, on board the Hawk. I had often wished to take a cruise in a gentleman's private yacht, and though the offices of a steward are in some respects menial, the food and the drink are in his sole charge, and that offers compensation. Beside which, one of my masters was my ain laird, whom it couldna be derogatory to wait upon.

"You will want a complete kit," said MacKenzie, when I had agreed. "Gang to Jones, the outfitter, in High Street, and mention Laird Goldfinch's name. And when you are rigged out, come on board the Hawk at ance."

In half an hour's time I left Jones' shop smarter than I had e'er been in my life, with "Hawk," in gold letters, on the ribbon of my cap; a shirt-collar half-way down my back; ducks fitting like the skin round the body, but with all reefs shaken out about the ankles; the lanyard which held my knife as white as snaw, pumps fit to dance at a wedding in, and a big bundle in my hand.

Laird Goldfinch had a generous way of doing things, nae doubt of that! When I next saw the MacKenzie I took the liberty of asking whether his uncle Archibald was well.

"That is just what I want to know, Sandy," he said, "He hasna been heard of for three years, and we are going to Italy to try and find out whether he is dead or alive."

I didna understand all the rights of the story at ance; but, from what the MacKenzie told me then, and afterward, in addition to what he and Laird Goldfinch said upon the matter when I was present in the cabin, I learned that Mr. Archibald had gone abroad four years before, to carry on what they called his antiquarian researches; and, in the last letter the laird had from him, he was bound for Naples.

Since then, there had been no news; and, if he were alive, he must be without money, for he hadna drawn upon his banker. He had a nice little property; and, before ganging abroad, he had insured his life for a large sum; and, as the laird was his heir, he was much interested in discovering his uncle's fate; for it seemed that the young man had been spending siller unco freely, and the bit inheritance would have come in conveniently just then.

The English laird came down in three days, and soon after we weighed anchor. He was a good-humoured little body, fond of poetry, books, and music, and always playing the guitar, and singing die-away songs about the lasses.

What with head-winds in the Channel, a bit of a gale which blew us out of our course when we cleared it, and three days' dead calm in the Bay of Biscay, where we rolled in a way which gave me a world of trouble with the crockery, we did not make a quick run to Gibraltar; though, to my thinking, the hours were *shorter* than I had e'er kenned minutes before.

Eh, that was a cruise! The Hawk was a real little beauty, fast as the bird she was called after, and sailing as close to

the wind as a lad to his lassie. My shipmates were all first-class seamen, and as many in each watch as would form the whole crew of a merchantman of twice the tonnage; so there was nae neglect or slovenliness arising frae over-fatigue; and whether you looked below or aloft, nae matter how hard it might be blawing, everything was as neat, and spick and span, as in a model at an exhibition.

Weel, after a time, which was ower soon to my thinking, we came to Naples, and spent a month cruising about, speering here, and inquiring there, but MacKenzie could learn nae tidings of his uncle whatever. Plenty of odd fishes had been up and down that part of the coast, paying men to grub about for them, and we followed up the traces of several.

One was a German, another a Frenchman, and two others were English; but Mr. Archibald wasna among them, and they knew nothing of him. At last the MacKenzie determined to visit Rome, and make inquiries there; and as Laird Goldfinch did not care to gang with him, because there were some folks staying there he wished to keep out of the way of, he said that he would take a cruise to Sicily, and be back at Civita Vecchia by a day agreed upon.

The MacKenzie thought at first of rigging me up in long-shore clothes, and taking me with him; but he met with a courier body, who knew all the ways of the police and the lawyer folk out there; and so he took him, and I sailed with Lord Goldfinch to Palermo.

No sooner had we dropped anchor than I had to land, and leave a lot of letters at different houses, and a fine crap of invitations they brought back. His lairdship didna want for society in his friend's absence. for he was out dining, or dancing, or fiddling. or gambling every night of his life. He was one of those pleasant bodies who must aye chat with somebody; and when he was dressing or getting his breakfast he would talk to me about all the goings-on; and nae doubt, seeing the friendly way me ain laird treated me, made him more easy and familiar.

"I am afraid, Sandy, I shall have to break faith with you," he said, one day.

"How so, my laird?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "you agreed to act as steward on condition that there was nae company to attend to, and here is a party of ladies and gentlemen who want to have a cruise in my yacht."

I said I must do as weel as I could, and the next day they came, a good dozen of them, and ate and drank of the best; and that was not the last junketing, either. But there were plenty of handy lads on board, ready to help, and I got on vera weel—only I always am a wee shame-faced with ladies, and that makes a mon left-handed.

There was one of them unco bonny—large dark eyes she had, with lang lashes, which gave her look of wanting protection; her skin was as fair as one of those enamel pictures you see on a sneezing box, and her silky black hair made it look all the mair delicate. Anyone could see that Laird Goldfiinch was casting sheep's eyes in that direction. He was a vera soft-hearted young mon, and it was nae wonder he grew sentimental under such provocation.

Having nae one else to open his heart to, he talked to me about her, and took me ashore at night with him, to watch at the corner of the street while he played the guitar and sung under her window. You would have thought the puir foreigner folks would have been unco glad to get an English nobleman, and one of the richest of them, into their family, but it seemed nae such thing. Though the lassie herself favoured his attentions, her parents didna approve, for she was betrothed to some Italian prince, whom they daredna offend. And sae they just left Palermo, and went to a villa they had on the coast, about seven miles off.

This was the vera thing to delight a romantic young man like Laird Goldfinch—the mair difficulties that were put in his way, the keener he was; and I strongly suspect that he had been in a vera similar situation mair than once before, for he showed a readiness and a slyness which you would have hardly expected from the innocent expression of his countenance.

The vera next day after the lady had been taken away, he came on deck, dressed like one of his own crew—white ducks, straw hat, with the name of the yacht, Hawk, on the ribbon, and all complete—

astonishing everybody but me, who had helped to rig him out, for he always carefully avoided everything in appearance or speaking which might seem nautical.

When the boat was alongside to take him ashore, he told me to come with him; and when we reached the landing place he gave some money for the boat's crew to drink, saying that he shouldna be back for a couple of hours, and if anyhody asked questions as to whether he was ashore or on board, they had better not understand him. Then he motioned me to follow him, and when we were out of hearing, he said "Now, Sandy, we are two Jack Tars, who have got leave to have a bit of a spree; so do you go and hire a couple of horses of the man sailors always go to, and we will take a ride in the country."

I did as I was told, and we rode out of the town together, like twa messmates.

"You see, Sandy," said his lairdship, as we went jog-jog along the road, "the first thing I want to know is exactly where the house is, and the way to it from the sea, and it would put our enemies on their guard if they saw me speering about. But none would know me in this dress; and I am told that there is a wine shop on the coast, not a mile from the house, to which sailors often ride, so our visit will not excite any suspicion. What is the matter, Sandy?"

"Nothing, my laird," said I; only I am a wee bit sea-sick. This craft has got a short, chopping sort of motion, such as I never before experienced."

"We will put more sail on, then," said he, laughing; "and then, perhaps, she will go easier."

And he started off at a tearing rate. My horse gave a lurch, which made me lose my foothold, and followed. I was well-nigh overboard a dozen times—now on the starboard side, now on the port, and again over the bows; but by letting go of the tiller-ropes, and holding on to the creature's mane, I managed to stick; and after a bit I grew more accustomed to the motion.

The road ran along the sea-shore, and it wasna lang before we came to just the vera same sort of inn you will often see in a play-house.

There was a verandah round it, and a lot of little arbors, with tables, where you could sit, and eat a bit or drink a glass, with the grapes hanging over your head.

The inn was sheltered frae the dusty road by an orange grove, which, to my thinking, makes the prettiest picture in the warld, with the lumps of gould peering through the dark green leaves. In front there was the bay, about a thousand yards off.

When we had put up the horses, and ordered a bottle of wine, which we drank together just like shipmates, we went out as if for a stroll, and Laird Goldfinch explored the way to the villa where his lady was, telling me to take good note of the landmarks, in case I should have to gang alone with a message.

Not far frae the villa there was a bit of a ruin, maybe an old chapel, frae the look of it. It hadna a roof, and half the walls were gone, but you could trace where the windows had been, and his lairdship counted them.

"One, two, three! Under that third should be the post-office. Remember that well, Sandy."

Sure enow, under that third window-place there was a loose stane, and when it was picked out, you could see a hollow with a letter in it, which his lairdship took out, putting another in its stead; and then replacing the stane.

"Now, then," he said, "let us go down to the shore, and find a good landing-place. I leave the choice entirely to you, though, Sandy."

"You might land maist anywhere, my laird," said I, when we had walked about the bay a bit: "but I should take that little cove for choice. A boat would lie there snugly."

"Take note of it, then," said Laird Goldfinch. "Do you think the Hawk could find a good anchorage in the bay, within a mile or so of the shore?"

"Nae doubt," said I, "gin the wind were as light as it is now."

"Aud could you row me ashore in the dingey?"

"Certainly I could, my laird," I replied.

We had another glass of wine (it isna bad, that Sicily wine), and then we rode back to Palermo.

I was looking out this time, and took care to let my feet get a gude grip of the foot-ropes, and sae I wasna in such peril

as on the voyage out. But I had sooner lay out on a yard-arm in a gale of wind than go a-riding ony day.

The next afternoon we went for a bit of a cruise, and at sunset Laird Goldfinch called the mate, who sailed the schooner now the MacKenzie was awa', and told him that he did not want to go back to the old moorings, but to run in as close as he safely could to the little bay we had explored the day before, which was done, and we dropped anchor a couple of miles, may-be, from the shore.

Soon after nightfall, his lairdship came on deck, in his sailor's dress, and got into the dingey, which was already alongside, with me in it, waiting for him; and I rowed him to the little creek I had marked, and lay there for an hour or mair, when he came back, and I took him on board again; but whether he saw the lady or no, I dinna ken. Then the Hawk weighed anchor, and put back to Palermo.

All this happened ower again the next night, and the next; but on the third occasion, as Laird Goldfinch stepped into the boat off a bit of a rock, his foot slipped, and he twisted his ankle badly. In spite of fomentations and bandages, he was in great pain with it all night, and next day he couldna put foot to the ground.

Eh! he was in a rare taking to think that the lassie would be expecting him, and he nae coming that evening; but there was na help for it. So he wrote a letter, which I was to take at the time he would be looked for, and give to her maid if I saw her, which I most likely should. But if I didna, I was to put it in the secret place he called their post-office.

It was nae to be supposed that the yacht should be slipped from her Palermo moorings just to save my legs, so I was landed after nightfall at a place clear of the town, and there the boat was to wait for my return.

It was vera dark; I could distinguish the road before me like a haze, and the rocks showed a faint edge on the sky-line; but the trees on each side made the way unco gloomy. It was a stilly night too; the evening breeze had died awa', and there wasna a sough in the branches or a whisper in the waves on the beach close by.

Once or twice I heard the cry of a wild creature, and the distant bark of a dog, but nae a sound of a human being, except the tread of my ain feet.

Just before I reached the bay, where the wine-shop stood, the moon rose, and vera glad was I of the light she gave, for I had to leave the road there, and follow a path which I had only been alang once before, and then in the daylight; and if the darkness had continued sae black as at first, I might ha'e missed my way.

As it was, I had nae difficulty in keeping the track; and I walked on, thinking whether the maid body would be skeered when she saw that I was the wrang mon, and what I should say to explain how it was, and what queer, contradictory creatures men are.

Here was a rich nobleman, who might pick and choose a wife in his ain country, frae amangst the maist beautiful, and the cleverest, and the maist honourable women in the world, and he must needs gang and set his heart on a foreign lassie, of a different religion, and ways, and manners, whose parents didna wish to have him for a son-in-law.

My reflections were suddenly interrupted by a gleam closely before my nose. and the cry of "Halt!"

I amna easily startled, but when I heard a voice, and saw a figure spring up in my path from nowhere, as it seemed, I started like a bairn at a flash of lightning, and my heart felt like jumping right out of my mouth, for I thought for a second it was something uncanny.

It makes a mon angry to be skeered in that sudden way; and my next impulse was to hit, but I kenned at the moment that the thing which gleamed was a gun-barrel, pointing exactly at the pit of my stomach. Whatever the contents of this gun-barrel might be, it was certain that at the first hostile movement they would be put into my inside, and I didna think they would agree.

So I gave a glance to the right, speculating on the chance of a dive into the bushes, and there I distinguished, another mon with another gun. I looked to the left, and there was a third.

The young lady's parents seemed to have adopted vera vigorous and determined measures to keep the suitor they didna approve of awa', or even to prevent any

message or letter frae reaching her. There seemed naething for it but just to turn round and gang back without doing my errand.

Sae I said, "All right, I can take a hint; you needna' shoot," and was going quietly off, when I found a fourth man and gun behind me, and again received the order—

"Halt!"

"What do you want?" I asked, in their lingo, sufficiently well to be understood.

"Be silent, and come with us without resistance," said one of them.

"Well, but where are you taking me to?" I inquired.

"Mind your ain business," he replied, speaking, of course, his Sicilian jargon; but the phrase was the same, and it seemed to me pretty cool, too—as if it werena a mon's ain business to be carried off at midnight by four armed ruffians.

However, it's ill arguing with men who hold cocked guns in their hands; so I went quietly uphill with them. Uphill—always uphill. Nae doubt they were taking a regular course; but I couldna trace it. To me, their only rule seemed to be always to turn to the rising ground, and breast it. Through plantations, through vineyards, then up grassy slopes, which grew rocky as we ascended, until, in bout twa hours' time, we came to regular climbing.

(To be continued.)

MAGIC.

Beneath the shadow of an old oak tree,
I heard a youth express love's grief and pain;
Happy and blest he never more could be,
The loved had parted ne'er to meet again.
"Alas!" he cried, "no hope my grief shall soothe;
The course of true love never did run smooth."

A beauteous presence chanced to pass that way,
And O, the wonder that its magic wrought!
The youth look'd up and all his looks were gay,
And all his words with rapture sweet were fraught,
For reconcilement had removed his pain,
And true love's course ran smoothly on again.

FAIRY TALES UTILISED FOR THE NEW GENERATION.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. V.—Riquet with the Tuft.

We shall all of us remember the story of "Riquet," who, when "a poor little baby, was hardly thought human," and who, as he grew up, had both a hump on his shoulder, and was called "Ricquet with the Tuft," because he had a "curious tuft of hair on the top of his head." For all this, he was a Prince and a gentleman.

Well, in process of time, as we shall also call to mind, he met one of the twin daughters of a neighbouring Queen: a very charming young woman indeed, and fell desperately in love with her. Indeed, he seems to have proposed at their very first interview, which rather startled the young and beautiful Princess, who had been particularly well brought up by a very strict Lady-in-Waiting, and she was very much, and very properly, altogether taken aback, and no doubt got slightly nervous, and asked for, and received some sal volatile and water and a lump of sugar, or she might have had just *one*—*only one*—teaspoon of French brandy, in a large glass of Apollinaris water.

We are told expressly in the veracious Chronicle of those Fairy times, that the poor Princess "stood dumb with astonishment. She to marry that *little, frightful* creature, scarcely a man at all!"

And what do you think was his Highness's reply? It was certainly very cool, and not the least angry—but very cool, indeed! "I see," he said, "that my proposal offends and grieves you. Well, I will give you a year to consider it."

Will it surprise you to be reminded at this lapse of time? that that *young woman*—and a Princess, to boot—actually then deliberately said that she would marry him in a twelve month. The "Chronicle" adds that she was "so stupid that she thought a year's end a long way off; so long, that it seemed as if it might not come at all, or something might happen between whiles."

Well, I don't. I think that she was an excessively prudent and clear-sighted young woman; that she thought "half-a-loaf was

better than no loaf at all," and that therefore looking at all things calmly and sagely she made up her mind to accept Riquet, and his "little estate," his hump, and his tuft, and his town house, and his opera-box. I may be wrong, and do her injustice, and, if so, I am sorry.

We may call to mind that under that fairy regime, if we find the "varium et mutabile semper fæmina," we also can trace out a great deal of feminine determination and "savoir faire." But what a curious fact it is in our human psychology, this tendency for people to fall in love, and very often with the wrong people? Yet people do so every day, and a very remarkable chapter in the history of our race, is that of our loves and hates, our likes and dislikes, our prejudices and our prepossessions! Here Riquet, who was a plain young man, fell in love with a Princess as beautiful as she was good, and plain young men everyday fall into love with exceedingly handsome young women, highly educated, charming in every sense, and do not seem to perceive the enormity of their offence, or even the impropriety of their conduct. In the history before us, at the expiration of the twelve months, Riquet reminds the fair Princess of her agreement, at which she is at first much agitated! Young ladies always are on such occasions, though the agitation soon passes away, and they become, as old Jorum says, "as cool as cucumbers, sir, and a great deal less nervous, sir, than the men!"

We may remember also that as Riquet could make his lady love clever, so she could make her "futur" handsome, and that in this case they carried out an "exchange without robbery." They were duly married, and from that moment she became the cleverest of females in her age, having been a very stupid young woman before, and he seemed to her the most elegant of young men, having been before that happy hour the plainest of the plain. And then the chronicler goes on to assert what I cannot understand, can you? "Ill-natured people have said that this was no fairy gift, but that love created the change. They declare that the Princess, when she thought over her lover's perseverance, patience, good-humour, and discretion, and counted his numerous fine qualities of mind and disposition, saw no longer the deformity of his body, or the plainness of his features; that his hump was merely an exaggerated stoop, and his awkward movements became only an interesting eccentricity. Nay, even his eyes which squinted terribly, seemed always looking on all sides for her, as a token of his ardent love; and his great red nose gave him an air very martial and heroic. However this may be, it is certain that the Princess married him—that further, she retained her good sense, as he never felt the want of it—and he never again became ugly, or at least not in his wife's eyes. "So they both lived very happy together *until they died.*" This is a very remarkable passage, and requires much and serious consideration, first to believe it and next, as Jorum says, "to swallow it." Now I have been deeply affected by this fairy tale of my youth, long forgotten, read over again to-day with pleasure and emotion! What an argument in it there is for matrimony, and for love!

If such a state of things existed now, how many people—indeed, I may say all people—should at once fall in love and marry. It is most satisfactory to think how love and matrimony change everything, and throw a new colouring on everything, and give a new appearance to everything. I am rather inclined to think that the fairy chronicler was seeking to pay a sly but handsome compliment to the ladies! And I, for one, quite agree with him. Men are so captious and hard to please, so very critical, and so very ceremonious, so thoughtless and so fickle, so difficult to catch, to fix, and to retain, and see now the contrast between ungrateful inconsiderate man, and gentle, timid, self-sacrificing woman!

Yes, "Look on this picture and look on that," see Baily's expurgated edition of Shakespeare. A woman makes up her mind to marry her "Riquet *with the Tuft*," and she means to make him a good wife, and she does her duty manfully to the last.

She bears with his infirmities, overlooks his improprieties, forgets his drawbacks, and pardons his delinquencies! To the eye of the loving wife her Theodore is all perfection. What, though others criticise or condemn, she will not—not she, angelic creature! He is, in her eyes, all that is kind and amiable, good-looking, and agreeable, and she "battles the watch" with him,

and she will fight the whole world for him! What does not this arid daily life of ours owe to the tenderness and truth, the fairness and forbearance of women?

When others are loud in blame she is silent (not always, says old Jorum, not she), when others defame she will praise; when others desert she stands her ground, and still as ever to-day, to-morrow, in the great whirligig of life she is "faithful *among the faithless found!*" It is that "idealism" of woman which gives often such a charm to existence, lends such a poetry to life, makes such an oasis in the desert for the weary traveller, sheds such brightness on the world itself, and offers such hopes and happiness to dreary and downcast, and desponding man!

The amiable and beautiful Princess is but a type of a reasonable and loving womanhood, always taking a pleasant view of things; just as "Riquet," is a very good shadow of the free, easy, but not over-scrupulous young man, so talkative, and, we must add, so ill-posted up to-day. Such is my moral, is it good for anything? I hardly know, myself. And if any of my readers think that they can better explain, or more fairly apply "Riquet and the Tuft," let them do so, as, at any rate, the moral is a good one, and they cannot go very far wrong I think, that my fair readers of every age will agree with me—that the best explanation of this fairy tale is to be found in the following little imperfect illustration. If a young woman has a good offer from an eligible young man, she is to accept it, as in nine cases out of ten, "love, after all, comes after matrimony," and such is the extreme amiability of the woman, that she is always disposed to make every allowance for her own dear "Riquet," even when to the outside world he may sometimes seem the most uncouth, or the least good-looking, or the very worst tempered of men! What a thing it is for us that we have the women to keep us straight in this very dusty, very dirty, and very unsatisfactory world!

THE MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST.

Of all the bores I daily meet
About my end of town,
Jones—musical enthusiast—
The *biggest I put down.*

I never meet him but he stops,
And making me attend,
Goes through some lengthy opera,
From overture to end.

Unconciously perhaps I hum
Some popular refrain,
He spots a *fault*—and begs that I
Will whistle it again,
And then launches forth into
A declamation long
On minims, crochets, semibreves,
And other parts of song.

He once inveigled me to go
To the Opera Comique,
And gave throughout the evening
An audible critique.
He hummed the airs with wagging head,
And beat time with his stick,
Till even of the "Love-sick Boy"
I got completely sick.

He's always knowing better than
The people on the stage,
And works himself up sometimes to
A fearful fit of rage.
He gives at home to bosom friends
Small musical affairs,
Where he does all the business, and
The others snooze on chairs.

A harmless sort of man he is:
One can't lay at his door
A graver charge than that he is
At times a fearful bore.
Men dive down streets if him they see
Knowing full well their fate:
And I—but here he comes! I must
Be off, ere 'tis too late.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

PARIS, June 18, 1790.

EVERYTHING I can collect *confirms me* more and more in the certainty that it is the determination of this country to assist the Court of Spain, in case matters come to an extremity. Last night was the first evening I have been allowed to take an airing, and my friend carried me at a foot's pace to the Palais Royal. I was surprised

to find it filled with people, whose eyes were fixed on a window, and whose profound silence was interrupted by frequent applause. I inquired the cause, and was told it was the anniversary dinner of a club, at whose head are all the Party La Fayette; he himself appeared at the window, and was received with many acclamations. The Captain Morises of the Party also came to the window and sang several songs. I had not been long a spectator, and seated at some distance from the crowd, when the Comte de Lusignan came and joined me, "not with the Tuscan grape." I asked him some questions relative to his dinner, when opposite us passed Barnave, Lameth, D'Aiguillon, and the whole Faction en Corps. He said, "these are our antagonists. They come to see what we are about, and a little while after, with some warmth, added, "Nous soutiendrons l'Espagne en depit de ces Coquins." I answered that it appeared to me impossible they should do otherwise, and there the conversation dropped. A little while after talking of the clergy, I said, "Il faut avouer, vous volez ces pauvres Gens un peu trop." If we have a war, they, as well as those who receive salaries from the State must expect to be still more curtailed, for by diminishing daily those appointments till nothing remains to be taken, will we find the means of fulfilling those engagements to which our interest and our honour oblige us. It is not that we do not feel all the inconveniences that we must suffer, the want of money, the insubordination of our fleet and army, a faction within our walls capable of anything, on whom your money will not be thrown away, and who may at last be more popular than ourselves, and who will at least always find it easy to cause a violent fermentation amongst the people.

I could not avoid touching on the apparent danger in such a situation of the Federation of the troops on the 14th of July. He said that they felt themselves perfectly secure on that head. That the pleasures of the capital, which they were determined should not be spared, would occupy all their thoughts—that it was a step absolutely necessary to prevent the death and total stagnation of the capital, and that they were sure in case of necessity of the National Militia. It is true they are assured of the militia, but that militia is as obnoxious to the people as any regular troops could be. They call them aloud Aristocrates, and no machinations are wanting amongst the people to overturn M. de la Fayette, and amongst the people I think they begin to succeed.

The decree in regard to the clergy will involve them in more difficulties than they apprehend, unless they come to the avowal of an open schism, for the bishops who remain declare they cannot exercise any jurisdiction over the dioceses of their degraded colleagues, nor will the latter allow that a decree of the Assembly can without a crime alleged against them, (nor even then without the concurrence of the spiritual authority,) suspend or abrogate the sacred function and character they have once received.

Our Archæological Corner.

THE following letter was sent to our contemporary the "Freemason;" but it has been thought better to publish it in our Archæological Corner. The seal is undoubtedly a Masonic Seal, though as to its exact antiquity it is not at present easy to speak in decisive terms. It is, however, clearly a very interesting relic.—ED. M. M.

Saracen's Head Hotel,
Diss, Norfolk,
July 24th, 1876.

The Editor "FREEMASON,"

Dear Sir and Brother,

I enclose you rough impression of a Steel or Iron Seal, which was dug up in a field, in a village about 3 miles from here which I thought would be interesting It is to all appearance very old.



Yours fraternally,

FREDERICK W. DOUBLEDAY.

Faithful Lodge, 85.

Brother S. B. Ellis' Transcript of an "Ancient" Prov. Grand Lodge Warrant. We are much obliged to our friend and Bro. Ellis for the transcript of the Provincial Grand Lodge Warrant, No. 217, issued by the "Ancients" on the fifth day of September, 1781.

It is the first of the kind we have seen published for any part of England, but similar documents have been made public of late years which were issued by the same authority for different parts of the United States, &c.

The number 217 placed the document on the level of an ordinary Lodge Warrant; and on its being no longer required for the purposes mentioned therein, the number was transferred to the Lodge meeting at the

"*Masons' Arms, Whitehaven,*"

which is given in the List of the "Ancient" Lodges, printed in 1813, and which Lodge became 273 at the "Union," soon after which it ceased to exist, as our List of the Lodges at the Union of A.D. 1813, testifies.

There appears to have been very few such Provincial Warrants issued in this country.

William James Hughan.

Errata.—In Bro. Hughan's fraternal reply to Bro. Holmes respecting the "Notes on the Old Minutes of British Union Lodge, Ipswich," by the latter, a line of the type unfortunately was misplaced.

The first line, second column, page 72—"fact, we are open to prove that there are," should have preceded the last line of the first column, page 73; and should read—"We cannot agree with the statement by Bro. Holmes that '*in the United States a great parade is made of Masonry; not so, however, in England,*' as it is contrary to fact. We are open to prove that there are more public Masonic Processions in England in a year than in all the Grand Lodges of the United States in the same time."

The pagination of the Book of Constitution, 1767–76, was omitted by Bro. Hughan, and has since been kindly supplied by him. First part, 1767, has 366 pages, and the second part (appendix) contains lxxv pages in quarto.

ISRAEL AND ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the "Masonic Magazine."

Dear Sir and Brother,

As the author of "Links in the Chain of Evidence connecting Israel and England," permit me to thank you for the review of it which appeared in the last number of your Magazine.

I am much gratified by the truly Masonic spirit it evinces, although it is adverse to the theories and opinions I have endeavoured to set forth. You hit hard, certainly, or you think you do; but at the same time you administer your criticism in as palatable a mode as the case will admit. I esteem and honour my adversary, and only wish that I may be able to convert an open foe into a staunch friend and true believer in our Israelitish origin.

You kindly give me credit for sincerity, and a through belief in the views I endeavour to pourtray. You are right in this, however inadequately I have expressed myself. I do most conscientiously believe in the truth of the general theory, although I frankly admit that the conclusions I have drawn may be wrong. I have therefore endeavoured, in my little book, to give all my authorities, so that any—I trust, the many—interested in this most important subject may be able to search and weigh the matter, each for himself.

As this may be seen by others than brethren of the Mystic tie, I may at times have some difficulty in expressing myself clearly. To you I need scarcely say that I view the question in a Masonic light, in the belief that Masonry was instituted by T. G. A. O. T. U., as one of the means and chief witnesses of His glorious and wonderful workings, and that, with His blessing, it will bring us to the light we require in our research.

What is the subject of that research? It is this. Are we—the British nation—the lineal descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob?

Regarding the subject Masonically, we want light. What does the Supreme Grand Master, T. G. A., say?

"Thus saith the Lord God: I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of

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Israel, to do it for them." (Ezek. xxxvi. 37.)

It is to our Supreme Grand Master that we are to go. Before He gives an answer to our prayers, He will fully try us and prove us, to show whether we are Masons or cowans.

I take the case of a candidate, who, as you know, must *first* be duly prepared in that particular chamber that should be familiar to every Mason, and next in that convenient apartment, &c. Does not everything connected with this preliminary ceremony suggest every requirement that must be complied with before our eyes are opened to behold the light? Is not the cable of Tow suggestive of a deeper meaning than that usually given to the candidate; say, like the Calais prisoners (*temp.* Richard I.), who came out ready prepared for execution? Is not everything else equally suggestive, now that the key is supplied? Every Mason can apply the test.

To return to the review, in which you say, "We can neither accept his premises nor his conclusions." Oh! For shame! My dear sir and Brother. You should really be cautious, as a Mason, in what you say. Never *admit* that you cannot do a thing. May I ask whether you have ever tried to come at the truth of this question in the way I have pointed out? That, after all, is the main question. The method of my expression, although I try to do my best, is of small moment in comparison with the great object I have in view. I agree with you, nevertheless, that there is much in the book which may appear to come under the head of fable, for it is this very fable that one desires to clear up. Is all that has been commonly classed under that head deserving such a classification? Was there no truth at all events in the origin of these "myths?"

The "Abridged Pedigree," quoted in your review, I did not set forth as other than an abridgement. What else could I furnish in so small a book? I give the general outline, from which I do not think I have left out anything of importance. I may tell you in confidence, as a Brother and a Mason, that it was our old friend—or enemy, as the case may be—L. S. D., who prevented a long list of Irish kings being added as an appendix to the book. I was advised that it would add to the expense, and that no one would read it, and as the expense would therefore have been useless, it was not incurred. The first two kings in this list, Heber and Heremon, ruled jointly in A.M. 2737. The list ends with Rodorick, A.D. 68. This is, however, only a part of the subject, and will of course require examination. I am but trying to gather materials from which the truth may be sifted.

I now come to the "Princess of the House of Judah." Was she the grand-daughter of Jeremiah of Libnah? "Could a Levite marry out of the Tribe of Levi?" I refer to II. Kings xxiii. 31, and xxiv. 17, 18.

"Jehoahaz was twenty-and-three years old when he began to reign, and he reigned three months in Jerusalem, and his mother's name was Hamutal the *daughter of Jeremiah of Libnah.*"

"And the King of Babylon made Mattaniah his father's brother King in his stead, and changed his name to Zedekiah.

"Zedekiah was twenty-and-one years old when he began to reign, and he reigned eleven years in Jerusalem. And his mother's name was Hamutal, the daughter of Jeremiah of Libnah."

Here was evidently a union between Judah and Levi, for Hamutal, the mother of the two preceding Kings, was Jeremiah's daughter, and Jehoahaz and Zedekiah were brothers, and the grandsons of Jeremiah.

"Then Ishmael carried away captive all the residue of the people that were in Mizpah, even the *King's daughters*, and all the people that remained in Mizpah, whom Nebuzar-adan, the captain of the guard, had committed to Gedaliah the son of Ahikam." (Jeremiah, xli., 10.)

The question arises, who were these princesses, and whose daughters were they? If they were the daughters of Zedekiah, or of Jehoahaz, they were Jeremiah's *great*-grand-daughters. If Zedekiah was their father they would most probably have been with him, in which case they would scarcely have escaped captivity in Babylon; but if they were the daughters of Jehoahaz and the nieces of Zedekiah, what was more natural than to find them under the care and guardianship of their grandfather Jeremiah, and thus escaping captivity? Perhaps these princesses may have been

sisters of Jehoahaz and Zedekiah, in which case they would still have been the granddaughters of Jeremiah of Libnah. I regret that I cannot authoritatively give their names, although I have heard several, *e. g.* Tephy, or Tephi.

You say the book "appears utterly irreconcileable with and antagonistic to all that we ourselves so far have mastered," &c. I agree with you that it may be so, and it was in just such a light that I formerly viewed the subject. I was hard to convince, but one enquiry led to another, one piece of evidence fitted into another, until at last I ceased to doubt. I know that my faith is not sufficient of itself to bring conviction to the mind of another, but my book, which is the fruit of it, may at least induce others to turn to so interesting a research. Ventilation of the subject cannot possibly do any harm, and it may benefit others as it as benefitted me. May T.G.A.O.T.U. send down and more abundantly pour out His Holy Spirit on all who ask it, and give them light to see in darkness!

If I have not quite exhausted your patience, I wish to allude to a subject you omitted to notice, namely, the four-fold cords of Israel. It was a difficult subject with the materials I had to work upon, but I believe I have hit the right nail on the head. I have since received a copy of "Philitis," and from it I find that the Great Pyramid of Jeezeh fully corroborates my views. I quote from pp. 11 and 30.

"We next discover that this huge pile of solid masonry, covering an area *of thirteen English acres*, and having a substance of five million tons of stone, rising to a height of 486 feet," &c.

"Its four Faces incline to the central axis at equal angles of 51°. 51′. 14.3″."

I gather from this that the Thirteen Tribes, Levi included, are here symbolised by the thirteen acres. They are represented as based on a solid foundation, the Rock of Ages, CHRIST. They ascend in four folds or divisions on the four sides at equal angles of 51°. 51′. 14.3″. which is the latitude of Greenwich. If we take the perpendicular height of the pyramid at 486 feet and reduce it to pyramid inches we get to the number 5832 A.M., or 1832 A.D., as the year in which all the four folds of Israel were united in Britian. If this was the case, we have now been here 44 years—over a generation—in which time these four divisions have had time to amalgamate and reunite as one people under one head, Judah, the sceptre being held by our Queen—as I have imperfectly endeavoured to show in my book.

At p. 39 of "Philitis" it is said that the parties who went out discovered nothing on the outside, and on referring to Professor Smyth he tells them to search within, &c. Therefore, if there is anything in this theory I think I may fairly claim to having pointed it out.

It would be most singular if the three names—"Shem—Philitis—Melchizedek"—should be proved to belong to one and the same individual. Shem must in that case have been our first post-deluvian Grand Master, under the *immediate* appointment of the Supreme Architect of our Order, and erected the Pyramid Masonically under Divine guidance.

Now, tell me honestly, do you not think there may be something besides theoretical nonsense in all this? Is it not the duty of everyone—especially of Masons—to sift these matters to the bottom? Doubtless many mistakes may arise, but these will be corrected in time, and each discovery, no matter how trifling it may seem, may lead to the proof of something essential.

With reference to your allusion to my connection with the Order, I say try me and prove me. My maternal ancestor was named Unanimity, a good old-fashioned name, which I would recommend more than in name only. She was of an advanced age—130—when I first saw the light in the year 5843 A.L., on the 2nd of August. Entered at Grand Lodge at London, 8th of June A.L. 5844, A.D. 1844. No. in red ink 943. Signed by a much and greatly respected departed Brother, W. H. White, G. Sec. I am entitled to write P.M. after my name. I also obtained the higher degree of R.A. Chapter attached to the same Lodge afterwards.

I regret to say that my respected parent lost many of her, at one time, numerous and highly respected sons, and, when some seven only were left to her, she, instead

of dying of a broken heart, by the Grand Master's command received a new number, 113, still retaining her old and much revered name. Before this happened I went abroad, but after my return from Africa in 1857, I became, and still am, a subscribing member of Townley Parker 1032, Whittle Springs, Co. Palatine of Lancaster.

I fear I have sadly taxed both your time and patience, but I have a deep and earnest interest in the subject which sometimes makes me forgetful of everything else. Pray accept my best thanks and apologies.

Yours very sincerely and fraternally,

J. LEYLAND FEILDEN,

Roppynden, Burwash, August 1876.

REVIEWS.

Facsimile of the Original Domesday Book, or the Great Survey of England, A.D. 180, *in the reign of William the Conqueror, with a Translation.* By G. P. HARRISON, Esq. (Head and Meek, 15, Wine Office-court, Fleet-street.)

WE have received the first number of this new publication, and we have received it and looked through it with much pleasure and admiration. It is excessively well-printed, and, being in exact facsimile, is very interesting indeed to every archæological student.

There have been, as we know, previous issues of "Domesday," but this is an attempt to place the work within the reach of many whom the expense of obtaining the whole work has so far deterred from thinking of purchasing it. Even now it cannot be termed exactly a cheap book per se, though cheap, we think, at the price. Such a work must needs be expensive. But as this work is in 2s. 6d. parts, it enables many readers to purchase who might otherwise shrink from a large outlay at first.

We now give the English of that interesting facsimile of the Latin, which by the ready kindness of Mr. Meek, decorates our MAGAZINE as an illustration before the title-page.

3.—THE LAND OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

In OSSULTON HUNDRED, the Bishop of London holds/ STEPNEY for 32 hides. The land is 25 carucates. To the/ demesne belong 14 hides, and there are 3 ploughs there, and the villans have 22/ ploughs. There are 44 villans each with 1 virgate, and 7 villans each/ with half a hide, and 9 villans each with half a virgate, and 46 cottagers/ with 1 hide pay yearly 30s. There are 4 mills/ worth £4 16s. less 4d. Meadow for 25 ploughs' teams./ Pasture for the cattle of the town, and 15s. rent. Wood for 500 pigs/ and 40s. rent. In all its profits value £48, and when/ received the same. In the time of King Edward £50. This manor was, and is, of the Bishopric.

In the same township Hugh de Berneres holds under the Bishop 5 hides/ and 1 virgate of land. The land is 4 carucates. In demesne 1 plough, and villans have 3 ploughs./ There is one villan with half a hied, and 6 villans with 3 virgates, and 2 borders/ with half a virgate, and 3 cottagers with 2½ acres, and 1 mill/ worth 66s. 8d. Meadow for 4 ploughs' teams. Wood for 150 pigs,/ and 3½s. rent. The whole is worth £6, when received the same./ In the time of King Edward £7. Of this manor, Sired held 2½ hides./ He was a Canon of St. Paul's. He could give or sell the same to whom he pleased/ without the Bishop's leave. In the time of King Edward the Canons of St. Paul's held/ 2½ hides of this demesne for their food; and Doding held 1 virgate,/ and 1 mill of the Bishop's own manor. He could neither give nor sell/ the same without his licence.

In the same township the wife of Brien holds 5 hides of the Bishop. The land is/ 2½ carucates (or ploughlands). In demesne there is 1 plough, and another plough might be made by the villans. There is 1 villan with half a hide, paying yearly 4s. for his house,/ and another villan with half a hide paying 8s. Roger the Sheriff,/ holds half a hide, and 15 borders with 10 acres paying 9s./ Wood for 60 pigs. Pasture for the cattle of the town, and 5s. rent./ The whole is worth 60s., when received the same. In the time of King Edward 100s.

This land William the Bishop held in demesne on the day in which King Edward

was alive/ and dead in the manor of Stepney.

In the same township Ranulph Flambard holds of the Bishop 3 hides and a half/ . . . . . .

"Domesday Book" is not a record of all the land in England, as some often seem to think, but simply the lands of the "King's Gold," or lands which paid a special tax to the King, the origin apparently of the Land Tax. We commend this new edition of Domesday Book to the notice of all who are forming libraries, and to all new Lodge libraries, or collection of books happily now beginning in Masonic halls.

The taste for Masonic literature and archæology is on the increase amongst us, at least let us hope so, and in order to render our Masonic libraries useful, so we must also have an admixture of the non-masonic element, in works of general literature, and of antiquarian research.

We trust that this new literary venture will be quite successful.

We need hardly add that the work is most ably edited, and that the explanatory notes are simple and short, but useful and clear.

"*Joan of Arc.*" *A Poem not awarded the Vice Chancellor's Prize.* Kerby and Endean, 190, Oxford Street.

This Poem—believed to have been registered at Dublin University—whether it was so or no we have no means of ascertaining, or whether such a prefatory statement is only a little allowable "fraus pia" of the modest writer.

But, as the author tells us, that "this is the first appearance before the public of a young writer who will highly value encouragement and advice, or even censure if kindly bestowed," we feel, that in so resigned and philosophical a frame of mind, we need not fear lest our remarks should be misconstrued or our criticism ill taken.

Let us listen to Joan's introduction of herself—

She raised her head, cast one reproachful glance,
And spake: 'Tis said a Maiden shall save France,
And I am she; and in each limb I thrill
With power and purpose my great work to fill!
Think not that shame, dishonour are my fate;
My maidenhood to God is consecrate:
And, Pierre, I know no fear. There is, 'tis true,
A horror, dim to my prophetic view,
Beyond the triumph; but I shall not fail,
For God will strengthen what in me is frail.'
'Joan!' he said, and his face paler grew,
And through her limbs a sudden coldness flew,
'In dreams last night I saw thy dear form clasped
Unto a stake, and'——'Tell it not,' she gasped;
And shuddering looked around. Pierre, let us on,
For Chinon must be reached ere set of sun,
And by such dreams will Orleans ne'er be won.'
She spake, and spurred her horse down the hill-side;
He followed pensive, nor a word replied.

We next have her introduction to the weak and vacillating King—

The morn arose, and from the court came forth
All that was best of learning and of birth,
Grave bishops and high lords, to view the Maid,
And weigh her promises of heavenly aid.
The Prince, they said, desired to try her truth,
To hear the story of her early youth;
For he would fain be sure she were no spy
By England bribed, or hostile Burgundy.
Thus asked, while Pierre stood silent by her side,
Glaring upon their pedantry and pride,
In simple words, yet dignified withal,
She told the tale of her mysterious call.
She told how vague desires her childhood filled,
How amid children she was ne'er a child;
How oft to dark Chenu she would repair,
And linger 'neath the old beech spreading there,
The fairie beech, if haply she might find
Some sorceress, or fairy princess kind,

Whose wondrous skill might all her doubts dispel,
And read the thoughts that in her soul did swell;
And how she writhed when France crouched to defeat,
How her blood boiled, and wildly her heart beat,
When Henry wore, in Paris, France's crown,
And the weak babe assumed his sire's renown.
And how at last! 'mid all her doubts and fears,
Those voices broke upon her startled ears.
'Oh! sirs!' she said 'I still recall that day,
How through the fields I took my pensive way,
My soul filled with strange thoughts; how by a stream,
Which wandered nigh, I sat me down to dream;
And how the evening bells, that called to prayer,
Flowed solemn out upon the perfumed air,—
And sudden in their peal I heard a tone,
Which said that France might rise by me alone.
Oh then, like waves, o'er my enraptured soul
Dim shades of my great destiny did roll,
And by that stream I knelt, and weeping prayed
To God's blessed Mother for support and aid.
And from that day those visions often came,
Voices like distant bells, and forms of flame
That bade me bide my time, for that this hand
Should crown my King, and save my native land!'
And as she spake, it seemed she'd taller grown,
And in her eyes the light of battle shone.
She raised one stately arm with gesture proud,
While o'er her shoulders her dark tresses flowed.
'To Orleans!' she cried; 'for lean Despair,
Hunger, and Horror, have their dwelling there!
To Orleans! and should you doubt me yet,
Go to the church to Catharine dedicate
Of Fierbois; there, in an ancient grave,
Where weeps a sculptured form the fallen brave,
Whose head is on her breast, whose once proud eyes
Are closed in death, the destined weapon lies.'
She ceased, and they, submissive, as she bade,
Impressed, yet doubtful, to the church proceed;
And Joan sank exhausted on the bed,
Her limbs relaxed, her inspiration fled.

And we almost see her go out from Chinon—

'Twas noon, ere from the gate of Chinon rode
The Maid, all armed, 'mid acclamations loud;
And with her Boussac, De Coulant, La-Hire,
And hundreds who had flocked from far and near
To join the sacred standard,—a rude throng,
But fierce in hate, in desperation strong—
They formed in line of march upon the plain—
Nor was Pierre absent from the martial train—
And started on the road to Blois, for there
The Maid had summoned all who held France dear
To meet her. As they wound across the hill,
Many an eye with silent tears was full:
Many a heart beat high with hope for France,
To see their helmets flash, their bright swords glance.

We have a vivid account of the battle—

Then Joan led the way,—her banner spread,
And soaring angel-like above her head;
And in her hand the fated sword, whose might
Seemed to have power to pierce the pitchy night;
For every flash across the sky displayed,
Reflected shone from the uplifted blade.
And as the English from their forts descried

Her, whose still distant power they dared deride,
Their courage sank, their arms were raised in vain,
No longer strong the stubborn bow to strain.
And, by some horrid fascination bound,
They peered through the dim night, and feared each sound.
High beat the heart of Orleans, when at last,
Untouched by enemy, unharmed by blast,
Through the huge gates the midnight army passed,
And thousands flocked the holy Maid to meet,
To kiss the ground made sacred by her feet!—
The Maid, before whom Hope and Plenty flew,
While Want and Death fled cowering from her view,—
The Maid announced by thunder, borne by storm,
Who came their late deliverance to perform.
And now 'twere long to hear, and long to tell
How Joan fought, and how the English fell;
How to proud Gladsdale a swift arrow bore
Another summons, warning as before;
And how a second convoy passed unharmed
Through lines, whose guards by terror seemed disharmed;
How the first sally issued forth that night,
And the Maid by dreams was summoned to the fight!
How round St. Loup three hours the war was waged,
And Joan 'gainst the foe resistless raged;
And how at length she started to attack
Tournelles, and cautious Gaucour warned her back,
Sternly refusing the great gate to unbar,
Or send his soldiers forth to hopeless war;
How then the city rose with one consent
Against their chief and his firm purpose bent;
And how at length the intrepid Gladsdale fell,
And Talbot saw the flames of proud Tournelles!
Let this suffice that, from the fatal hour
Of Joan's entrance, some mysterious power
Seemed to have paralysed the invading host;
That fort on fort, and fight on fight was lost;
Till, last, the English generals agree
To beat retreat—and Orleans is free!
Thus, spite of doubting friend and powerful foe,
The Maid had kept the first part of her vow;
Thus she had roused in all new hope and zeal,
And France at last awoke her strength to feel.

We slip over intervening portions and draw near the sad finale—

Thus strove the fierce Burgundians 'gainst the foe;
Thus on their steps the French retreated slow;
Thus o'er the narrow bridge they streamed again,
And crowded through the gates of sad Compiègne.
Now all are safe, save those behind, who wait
Around the Maid to cover the retreat.
Now Pierre has entered, with the banner white
All stained with blood and draggled in the fight;
Now Joan, close pursued, draws near the gate,
Where pale, yet firm, the anxious warders wait;
Now in the very entrance seems to stand,—
When it is sudden closed by secret hand.
Who did that cursed deed God saw alone:
The hideous secret ne'er to man was known.
'Tis true that Flavis' widow, when arraigned
For midnight murder of her husband, feigned
That he had shut out Joan from the town,
Through jealousy of his eclipsed renown;
And that the Maid oft came in night's still hour,
And showed the sleeping traitor in her power.
But who can credence give to injured wife,
Or frantic woman pleading for dear life?
Then Joan cast one glance to Heaven for aid,
And turned upon the foe, who shrank dismayed;

For her strong arm was raised on high to smite,
And from her eyes gleamed forth a deadly light;
And as enflamed with rage divine she stood,
The setting sun poured forth a golden flood
Of light around her, which reflected shone
From sword, and helmet, and habergeon;
And as a lowering cloud, whose edges shine
With crimson light, from kindled fires within,
Moves forth, 'mid thunder, on its gloomy way,
While the quick bolts of Death strike wide dismay,—
Thus to the cowering foe appeared the Maid;
Thus frequent flashed the ever-fatal blade.
Thrice were the foremost on her fury thrust
By those behind, and thrice they bit the dust;
And long she might have stood the unequal fight,
Long baffled all that host's collected might,
Had not some archer fitted to the string
A bitter dart, which sped on whirring wing,
Pierced through her armour, and soon drank the tide
Which ebbed out crimson from her panting side.
She fell, and as to veil his loathing eyes,
The red sun sank, and night crept on the skies.

We feel to-day that no sadder deed of wrong was ever done than that which the following lines seek to pourtray—

See how her gaze is fixed above the pyre,
As though her soul already fluttered there,
Eager to break the last reluctant tie
That curbs its flight to happier realms on high.
See! how she felt not, when that tongue of flame
Crept, like a venomed snake, around her frame.
Surely she is sustained by heavenly power;
The Son of God supports this dreadful hour.
See! through that cloud of smoke how shines her form,
Like some lone sea-gull white against the storm
See! now that momentary eclipse is o'er,
And she is seen, but not—not as before.
Some fearful change has passed, her eyes are glazed,
No longer bright, though still to heaven raised.
Ah! Pierre! deserted Pierre! those eyes are blind—
For Joan's soul no longer dwells behind.

The extracts we have given will, perhaps, interest our readers sufficiently to send them to the Poem itself, and, we think, that their perusal of it will serve to justify our commendation of it, and to gratify their own taste for simple, natural, true-toned poetry, both of much promise, and a good school.

ADDRESS OF P.G.M. BRO. HON. RICHARD VAUX, AT CENTENNIAL OF AMERICAN UNION LODGE.

Most Worshipful Grand Master, Officers and Members of American Union Lodge No. 1, and Brethren:

Having been invited by the constituted authorities of American Union Lodge, F. and A.M., No. 1, to address you at this time, and in this place, and the M.W. Grand Master of Masons of this jurisdiction according his permisssion; permit me to offer you my earnest and fraternal acknowledgments for this evidence of your Masonic regard.

The occasion is one of deep interest. The Centennial Celebration of the Constitution of your Lodge, its origin, history and character, the great and good men who have been initiated at its altar or have been associated as its members and officers, the hallowed memories that are connected with its century of life, will be fully described by the distinguished and eloquent brethren to whom this duty has been most appropriately assigned.

For me has been reserved some considerations applicable to Freemasonry.

A century has passed since your Lodge was lawfully warranted and duly constituted. A century! Those who seek to measure time by the sands as they run, or

distance by perspective, fail to appreciate the real, in the delusions of the apparent. But, in the chronology of Jehovah, a century expresses no definite period, for with him, "a thousand years are but as yesterday." By human computation a century marks the boundary of human life, for it comprises within its circumference generations of men, "passing through nature to eternity."

Time in its progress from the past to the future, is joined by thousands of companions, who, excited by enthusiastic energy, yet lag at last, and fall by the way, into oblivion. Of all who began the journey, there is but one who will hold out to the end, and this is Truth. Time and Truth will go together from the unfathomable to the illimitable.

If it were possible to stand on the mountain peaks of Centuries and behold the progress of Time, the grand spectacle would present to the soul of man the conviction, that Truth only of the pilgrims, was side by side with Time—while all along the pathway of progress are skeletons of errors, stark and bare, witnesses of combats for triumph ended in failure, or defeat. As time is beyond the control of mortalt, it is fortunate for humanity that Truth can be made potent for the great interests of mankind. It can be the subject of study, may be known, is to be guarded, should not be despoiled while imparting its benefactions to the generations, and continuing its journey with Time.

The student who seeks to learn the laws of the sciences which teach of the organisms of the universe, to know the history of Races, understand the structure of languages, comprehend the relations between the earliest of days and epochs which have followed them, has to delve among the accumulations of the probable, the possible, and the reasonable, and the layers, strata, and deposits with which Time has incrustated them, to discover Truth, and to separate it from the errors which have fastened themselves to it, as the virgin gold is blended with the earths and other compounds, needing careful effort to disengage it from these alloys.

When Time has made its record there will also be formed the evidence of the existence of Truth. It is not unfrequently that both are now beyond the reach of discovery, or that if found, they can be translated for the understanding of the intelligent investigator. Yet it is among the encouragements which Hope gives to Faith for persistent labour, that researches are bringing to the light of day what has been entombed for ages in the darkness of the aforetime.

It is, therefore, the high duty, as well as responsibility of the teacher, he who has the opportunity of addressing the thinker, the learner, the seeker, the doubter, and the believer, ever to remember, that the most lasting impressions, the real value of his lessons, the enlightenment of instruction and the benefits he hopes to impart, must be founded in the conscientious determination to declare the Truth.

Human institutions which comprise in their scope political organisms, government, either federal or state, monarchical, republican, or imperial, or those which have a lesser circumference, restricted to the social needs of mankind, are the outcomes of the lessons Time has written on the page of history. But those human institutions on which has been imposed the sublime mission of guarding and transmitting Truth to the coming time, have their foundations in the Divine Sanction.

These thoughts are suggested by the occasion which brings together this earnest, thoughtful, intelligent assemblage of men, who are uniting in a ceremony which dedicated to Time, dignifies Truth. Out of the ages come to us its teachings, else they would not have remained unto us till this day.

The proceedings in which we now participate, the ceremonies we are now performing, the purpose which both aid in perfecting, and the character of the organization which makes them peculiar and exceptional, are exclusively within the province of the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. This institution has for centuries attracted the attention of the world. When it originated, how it was developed, by what process it was organized into a power among men, are subjects which have excited the deepest interest. We have now no purpose which renders an exhaustive investigation of either, needful or pertinent.

We know that among nearly every civilized people is to be found the Lodge of the Freemason. Dedicated to the Great Architect of the Heavens and the Earth—warranted by the Sovereign and Supreme Masonic authority, constituted by a solemn and sublime ceremonial, the Masonic Lodge is a shrine before which, in every known language of educated, civilized or nomadic men, adoration is offered, virtue taught, the noblest precepts are inculcated, Faith, is made steadfast, and Truth is guarded by a sleepless devotion, symbolized by the Sword of the Cherubim, "which turneth every way," that Truth may continue with Time, from now to the hereafter. It is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable facts, history, sacred or profane, traditions in every known tongue attest, that Truth has been taught and transmitted to each generation of mankind either in Allegory, Mythology, or Symbology. It would appear as though it was essential to guard it in a depository, till the minds of men were able to comprehend its exoteric development.

To be continued.

A CONFESSION.

From the WHITEHALL REVIEW.

I.

'Tis over! I told her last night, "Sweet, I love you!"
And then, as she blushingly hung down her head,
I whispered, "The stars and the moon, love, above you,
Are not brighter or purer." Now list what she said:
"Have you never before told to others this story?
I've heard you once worshipp'd at somebody's shrine!
That you thought Mirabel a saint halo'd with glory,
And May a Madonna—do you hear, sweetheart mine?"

II.

I heard, and I answer'd, the while the gay dancers
Caree'd round the room, ev'ry brain in a whirl—
But nor waltz, Caledonians, galop, nor Lancers
Did I heed; all I saw was a flow'r and a girl!
I picked up the rosebud that fell from her fingers,
I kissed it and plac'd it amid her brown hair.
(E'en now its perfume in my memory lingers),
And I bade her, for answer, that token to wear!

III.

Yes, she promis'd to wear it, and now I am waiting,
With quickening pulse near the Ladies' own Mile,
Expectant, although with a heart palpitating,
Of a bright face, a soft-spoken word, and a smile.
They pass by the hundred equestrians pretty,
The walk is aflame with pedestrians fair;
Margherita, Belinda, and Gussy and Hetty,
But where is the girl with the rose in her hair?

IV.

Although I can't see her, she's coming, believe me—
The very birds chirrup, "She's not far away!"
Already I see, if my eyes don't deceive me,
Amid all this glittering, gallant array,
A lithe form well mounted, a face with love beaming,
And I think that I never saw vision so fair;
I cannot escape it, or waking, or dreaming,
The face of my love with the rose in her hair!

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 such an enthusiastic admirer of fine old Warwickshire, with all its sylvan scenery and historical associations, that any good book connected with that county is sure to give me pleasure. For the same reason, a bad book—literary work slovenly done—about "the Heart of England" and the land of her greatest son, might be reasonably expected to produce in me equal disgust. My various visits to the land of Shakspere, and the unassuming hospitality of that dear friend whose hospitable doors at Snitterfield Park and Welcombe House will open for me no more, have been such red-letter days in the calendar of a care-worn life, that Warwickshire is to me as a fairy land. Not a whit less interesting to me are its historic sites because remote, dimly remote progenitors of my own, (such as the Beauchamps, for so many generations among its mightiest Earls,) have shone most conspicuously, for good or ill, in its long-gone-by transactions. But, above all, it is dear to my heart, as it must be to that of every true Englishman, as the birthplace and home of our greatest poet; and wherever I wandered—whether by the quiet Avon,—

"Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
It overtaketh in its pilgrimage,"

or in pleasant pastures, or in woods where the warbling of birds were heard in the self-same songs as those they sang to Shakspere, all seemed part and parcel of the mighty bard, and sank deeply into my soul. And at times the spirit of good old Michael Drayton too would seem to favour me with his company, even as he did his friend the poet of all humanity when in the flesh; and I felt as though I looked into their eyes and listened to their elevating conversations. Imagination is a good gift of God, which only needs to be reined by sober reason to give us pleasures gold can never buy: and I know of no part of England where I can indulge in what my friend, the late John Bolton Rogerson, would have called "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery," better than by the bosky banks of the Avon, the ruined castle of Kenilworth, the walls of Coventry, the ancient city of Warwick, the quiet glades of Snitterfield Bushes, the green hills of Welcombe, the cottage at Stratford where Shakspere was born, that at Shottery where he wooed and won his Anne Hathaway, or that at Wilmecote from which his father brought away the gentle-blooded Mary Arden, the church where their ashes repose in peace, or even beneath the flamboyant chancel window of "hungry Grafton," to say nothing of such historic places as Charlecote Park and Clopton House, and scores of others well known to English readers. He would be a poor author indeed who failed to make a good book with Warwickshire for his theme.

Those who know Mr. J. Tom Burgess—whether by his very popular book on "Old English Wildflowers," his little work on "The Last Battle of the Roses," or his collection of "Legends of the Dalcassians," or have heard him discourse, as he did to the Warwickshire Field Club and to the Birmingham Natural History and Microscopical Society, in one day, on the natural history and antiquities of Kenilworth, Guy's Cliffe, and Warwick, pointing out the objects of interest on the various spots—will not be surprised to learn that his newly published work on "Historic Warwickshire, its Legendary Lore, Traditionary Stories, and Romantic Episodes," is as interesting in the reading as it is showily got up. Of "Legends and Mythical Lore" he says:—

"The bards of the Gaels—the fathers of the land—sang in forest and in temple the glories of the past. The young were incited to emulate the deeds of heroes, and receive their reward in the land of the blest. The gleemen of Woden and of Thor, the scalds of the north, took up the strain, and in the famed days of chivalry the romancer and the troubadour threw a poetic glamour over the glories of the knightly deeds of baron and squire. In song, in story, and in legend, many of these remnants of mythical lore have come down to us, and have been preserved in

the memories of the people. * * * Still the old instinct survives, and we do not cease to love the lore which our fathers loved, mythical and fabulous though it may be. The mind easily grasps what it cannot see, and when ideas are wedded to familiar objects they are easily retained, and we unconsciously clothe our hero-Guys with all the attributes of heroism, and our Godiva's with the perfection of goodness and of charity. Give these embodiments of love, of valour, and of beauty a local habitation, and we have a key to the charm which the novelist and the poet throw round the objects they describe." And "old names," he tells us, "frequently guide the etymologist to some long forgotten battle-field, ancient temple, or lonely tomb. Hartshill and Yarningale have been pointed out as instances of this. Brailes indicates an outwork, and here are fortifications, the outwork of the greater fortifications on Edge-hills. Donnilee, the ancient name of Baudesert, would imply the place of the fort. The Roman station of Bennones evidently alludes to its site at the top of the hill, as Manduesedum shows that it was the seat of the stone; and in its modern name, Mancetter, we have literally the stone camp, the British prefix being added to the Saxon castra. There is scarcely a parish in Warwickshire which does not possess a field or hillock known as the Castle Hill or field, though we know that no castle in the mediæval sense of the term ever stood there. The name points to the older tongue, when the *cæsail* stone fort, or fortified dwelling of the old inhabitants, stood on the spot. There is one of these fields close to the scene of the legend of the bell at Whitnash. There are two castle sites at Fillongley, one of the modern moated, fortified dwelling, the other belonging to the older time and people, and is a good example of these ancient dwellings. Frequently, however, as at Allesley, the older mound has been adapted to the more modern purpose. Warwick and Tamworth mounds are probably other instances."

I could take Mr. Burgess to a Castle Hill within four miles of my study, remarkably perfect, "though we know that no castle in the mediæval sense of the term ever stood there,"—it being simply a camp on an eminence above the Leven, which washes one side of it. My friend, Mr. Thomas Cail, kindly accompanied me to the place some years ago, and sketched it very accurately for my "History of Cleveland," the engraving in Graves, being poor, and Ord passing it by without an illustration. The site is remarkably well-chosen, as signals could be seen at once from all the Cleveland hills, which were one chain of defences in the days of the Brigantes. At Northallerton too, was a Castle Hill, really a camp on an eminence, which was destroyed in making the railway, of which Ingledew has given us an illustration. It would be interesting to examine and report on all the Castle Hills in the country, before they are obliterated from the land.

We will return to Mr. Burgess's book in other numbers of the Magazine, that pleasure and profit may be the result. I will only say now, that I am glad to learn the Society of Antiquaries in London have done themselves honour by electing him a Fellow. Although perhaps the best antiquary in Warwickshire, I am told that he would not have been eligible for election had he been engaged in any retail trade. This is a piece of flunkeyism which (if I am correctly informed) said society would do well to "reform it altogether," as Hamlet would say. They remind me of the snob who inquired for "the *gentlemen's* lodge of Freemasons,"—just as though the practice of genuine Freemasonry would not make the poorest brother a true gentlemen, as the study of antiquities would make even a retail dealer a true antiquary. I am glad of the recognition, though it is really such men as Mr. Burgess who are honouring the Society of Antiquaries, and not the society who is honouring them.

Mr. D. Stewart, of Warwick Chambers, Paternoster Row, has commenced a reprint of Old English Newspapers, which will be acceptable to the student of history, especially of the reign of the first Charles, and the struggle between him and the Parliament. Part 1, now before me, gives for a shilling, the "Diurnall Occurences from 27. December to the 3. of January, 1641," telling how the London apprentices, then a formidable body for mischief, broke into Westminster Abbey, and were repulsed for the time by the servants of the Arch-

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

At the last Quarterly Communication of Grand Lodge it was resolved to refer the whole matter of the grateful offering of Grand Lodge, in honour of our Royal Grand Master's return, to a Committee composed of certain nominated Brethren, and the Provincial Grand Masters. We shall await the report of this Committee with much interest, and trust that the suggestions it will make, will be both practical and acceptable, (as we doubt not,) to Grand Lodge and the Craft.

The increase of the Order continues, and new Lodges are cropping up in all directions. The number on the roll already exceeds 1640, and probably, by the end of the year, we shall be close on 1700. Indeed, this great augmentation of Lodges suggests many and very serious considerations, which on some other occasion, we may think it well to dilate on at much greater length. At present, we merely "make a note of it."

We publish a very curious Dedication in extenso (on page 161) to a work called "Long Livers," kindly forwarded to us by our esteemed Bro. W. J. Hughan. This book is interesting from many points. It is the first Masonic printed book, so far, in which allusion is made to our present speculative Grand Lodge. Others may yet turn up, but this is so far the first, and was originally introduced to the notice of the Order, generally, by Bro. Albert Mackey in America. It is also very remarkable for this statement that in 1721 there was an hermetic Masonry existing in England, though of its precise nature we are not told, hints alone being apparently considered sufficient for "Adepts." The writer seems to be well up in what has been termed the "Jargon of Alchemy," or Rosicrucianism, and it would almost seem as if his words apply to that special form of Hermeticism. High Grade Brethren may find other indiciæ. Still the fact remains that in 1721, according to this anonymous "litterateur," Freemasons were members of these higher grades, and such a fact opens out many questions.

It has been generally understood that the history of the high grades and of hermetic Masonry begins at a much later period, but here we have it, whatever it was, known to this writer, and alluded to in print in 1722. We shall hope that Bro. W. J. Hughan, and none is more competent to the task, will favour us with his views respecting this work in the next Magazine; and we beg to call the attention of Bro. Findel Bro. R. W. Little, and all other Masonic archæological students to this remarkable Dedication!

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(*Continued from page* 116.)

CHAPTER XI.

THE REFERENCE TO THE DIVINE UNITY.

"Then deep within Eleusis' mystic cell,
The trembling novice heard the measure swell,
Dwelt with keen ear upon the solemn strain,
Which whispered truths unknown to the profane;
Explored a passage which obscurely led
To some half doubted state beyond the dead;
And saw Creation bend before the throne
Of one pure Essence, self-sprung, and alone."
RELIGIO CLERICI.

IT is a remarkable coincidence that while the worshippers of an omnipresent Deity were interested in the preservation of historical truth unadulterated, those who had wandered into paths of their own devising, were equally desirous of perverting those truths to serve their own designs. The attempt at first was delicate, and perhaps dangerous; and required great caution to elude exposure. They deviated gradually as the worship of idols progressed in successive generations, and when Polytheism became popular, the legends were openly adapted to the prevailing mythology of every existing nation. To this point the learning and talent of poets and philosophers appears to have been directed. Historical truth degenerated into fable, and a multiplication of legendary tales were engrafted on the original fact according to the inventive fancy of the writer of metrical romances.

Hence all the fictions of Orpheus and Homer, Melampus, Amphion, and Hessiod, and a host of others, who followed in after ages, and profiting by these primitive models of the art, engrafted numerous scions into the same prolific tree, until all animated nature—the earth, the sea, the air, fountains and rivers, woods, and the champagne country, heaven and hell, were peopled with deities of poetic creation. Amongst all this mass of absurdity, vestiges of truth, which could not be mistaken, were amalgamated. And we accordingly find, even in the darkest ages, and at the lowest and most degraded point of the Spurious Freemasonry, tokens of truth, which reveal the origin whence all these rites, and all these fables sprang.

These poetical absurdities were, however, distinguishable from the sacred legends by perfectly initiated men, and were explained to those few favoured individuals, whose merits had elevated them to the autopsia. Many of the philosophers rejected them with contempt. Eratosthenes called them old wives' tales; Strabo, who wrote an essay in their vindication, confessed that they were principally intended to keep the multitude in awe; Lucian openly turned them into ridicule; and Philo Byblius complained, that "with a great deal of force and straining they had converted all the stories of the gods into allegory and physical lectures; and numbers laughed at the credulity of those who placed any confidence in them. Notwithstanding which, the Spurious Freemasonry continued to be venerated by those who were not qualified to distinguish between truth and error." But amongst all their fluctuations, the legend of the Spurious Freemasonry which inculcated the unity of the deity, remained unaltered to the latest period of its existence.

Considering the anaglyph before us to be an embodiment of the Euresis, we must conclude that the Tablet or Tracing Board which the figure holds between its claws, together with the two tables of concentric circles, contain the doctrines which were taught to the candidate after his exaltation or new birth; and being designated by signs and symbols which were well understood, they conveyed no equivocal meaning to the perfectly initiated Epopt.

We have here, both in the Breastplate of Truth, which is placed on the neck of the symbolical representation of the deity, and in the centre of the concentric circles, a reference to the Tetractys or Tetragrammaton of the ancients, which was the peculiar name of the One God the Creator of heaven and earth.* It is universally admitted that this four-lettered name was known to the heathen. Sanchoniatho mentions a priest of the god JENO; the sibylline oracles name JAHO as the supreme God. Diodorus Siculus and Theoderet

* See above. Part i. c. 4.

both mention JABE under the same denomination. This name is called by Josephus, *the sacred letters;* and Lucan asserted that the earth would tremble if any one pronounced this awful name.

The divine unity was a leading idea intended to be conveyed by the hieroglyphic; for, as Iamblichus asserts, the Hermesians believed that their principal deity existed in solitary unity before all other beings. He is the fountain and original of every thing that either has understanding, or is to be understood. He is the first principle of all things; being omnipotent, incomprehensible, eternal, and the father of all essences.

This divine being was called by the Romans, Jove or JAH; by the Chaldeans, the Phenicians, and the Celtæ, Bel or BEEL; and by the Indians, Egyptians, and Greeks, Aum (Om) or ON. The first was plainly Jehovah, the second was a common name of the deity in almost all countries of the earth; and the last was never extinguished, being adopted by the early Christians to express the Great Being whom they worshipped ΟΩΝ, και ὁ ην, και ὁ ερχομενος, —GOD, which is, and was, and is to come.* But it must always be kept in mind that the heathen, in acknowledging their chief god to be maker or GAOTU, did not understand it in exact sense in which it is received by Jews and Christians. They believed that God built the world out of existing materials; whilst we are convinced that he created it out of nothing.

The deity, in the Hermesian writings, was said to dwell in unfathomable darkness; an idea which is perfectly consonant with the belief expressed in our inspired writings, where we find it expressed that the Supreme Being "made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him being dark water; and thick clouds to cover him."† This figure was used to show the absolute and inviolable secrecy under which the mysteries of religion were expected to be buried; whence originated another symbol which is very common on the monuments of Egypt, viz., the figure of a young man with his hand pressed firmly on his closed lips, as a tacit admonition of the necessity of silence and secrecy, in reference to the high and ineffable mysteries on which their existence as an independant nation was reputed to depend. This was a representation of the person called by the Romans Harpocrates, and by the Greeks Sigalion, who was hence esteemed the god of Silence.

The attributes of the deity, are therefore represented in the anaglyph by the usual emblems. He is there indicated as being All powerful, All merciful, All clement, the Nourisher, the Avenger, the Destroyer &c., properties which have been assigned to him by the common consent of all ancient religions, whether patriarchal, Jewish, or heathen; although the latter were very much at a loss to ascertain or understand the precise nature of these attributes; and it was this ambiguity which multiplied the number of deities, by the elevation of the virtues, vices, celestial appearances, and powers of nature, into separate intelligences or gods.

A knowledge of the divine unity ran as a vein through all the mysterious institutions of antiquity; but it was not applied to any valuable purpose. The light shone in darkness; for Cicero could say, "there are many nominal deities, but in substance there is only One;" yet the darkness comprehended it not; and hence while admitting the existence of one presiding divinity, they denied the doctrine of providence. Thus Pliny said, "Irridendum vero agere curam rerum humanarum illud quicquid est summum." But, as Lord Bacon affirms "it would be better to have no opinion of God, than such an one as is unworthy of him; the one is mere unbelief, the other is contumely."

The High Priest of Ceres, in Anacharsis, thus enumerates the various opinions which were entertained by the heathen philosophers of different nations respecting the Deity. "Ask them what is God? They will answer, that which has neither beginning nor end; a pure spirit; an extremely subtle matter, air; a fire endowed with intelligence; the world, or the soul of the world to which it is united as the soul is to the body; the single principle of all things—the principle of good. Every thing is executed by His command, and under His eye. O my son; adore God, and seek not to know Him."*

* Rev. i. 4.

† Ps. xvii. 2, and compare 1 Kings viii. 12, and 2 Chron. vi. 1.

* Anacharsis. vol. ii. p. 163.

The human head, which, as we have already observed, represented Osiris or the Sun, was also, in the Hermesian hieroglyphics, which are necessarily our principal guides in this difficult enquiry, emblematical of life and of fortune.* It symbolized also in profile the drugs which were used for embalming, to confer immortality on the body. For it was taught by Hermes, and believed by the Egyptians down to a late period of their existence as an independent nation, that so long as the body could be preserved without decomposition, the soul would escape the contamination of being committed to any other transmigrating form, and allowed to hover about its old companion so long as it might be destined to continue in the terrestrial spheres.†

It had a further reference to the talismans or amulets which were so profusely used in the initiations; and the science in which their interpretation was embodied, was deemed of such importance, that its secrets were concealed in an alphabet devoted to this purpose alone. It was purely symbolical, and was first used, and perhaps invented by Ghamighashir, the cabalistic philosopher. The crown on the head of the figure, or letter Shish, (ש) in the hieroglyphics represented the rising Sun; which, however, was usually pourtrayed with six rays like the Shish doubled, and is found in the word Shemesh שמש the Sun. The original hieroglyphic may have been, as is conjectured by Dr. Lamb,‡ שמש half the sun above the water, and the other half below it.

(To be continued.)

BESSIE GROVE:

A TALE OF THE VOTING SYSTEM.

"DEAR, dear me! sitting here without a bit of fire, and so cold as it is; why you can hardly hold your needle."

The speaker was Mrs. Allen, who had just entered the small room of her lodger, Bessie Grove; a pale, delicate young woman, slightly deformed.

"You know, Mrs. Allen," she replied "I cannot afford a fire all day; and I thought I should like a bit for tea, and then I could go to bed warm."

"Well, I'm going out," said Mrs. Allen, "so perhaps you will come into my room, and watch the kettle till my other lodgers, come in; and please tell them I have left the things all right in their room. But, now, about yourself. Did you never think of trying for one of the pensions we hear of? You know Mrs. Smith had £20 a year."

Bessie smiled faintly, and replied, "I *have thought* about it; but I should have no chance, without friends, and I have not one to help me."

"No friends!" cried Mrs. Allen, "I thought some of your family were well off."

"We used to be," said the young woman, "but my father failed in business, and died broken-hearted; my mother soon followed him; my only brother married, and went to Australia; I have not heard from him for years."

"Yet, surely, you have some relations, Bessie?"

"True," she replied, "I have an aunt, well married; but when last I called there I heard her husband whisper to her, not to ask me to stop to tea; and my cousin, in London, who I once spoke to about one of these annuities, lent me a little book, "Experiences of an Incurable," to show it was impossible."

"Ah! I remember looking at it," said Mrs. Allen. "About an old lady that could not get one. Of course all cannot have what they ask for; but it seemed to me she set about it the wrong way. However, I am going up to Hill House, to help Hannah, as there is to be rather a large party. I will speak to her, and perhaps she could ask her mistress, who is very good and kind. And now I must put on my shawl and start. Good bye."

Mrs. Allen kept her word, and Hannah found time to speak to her mistress. Mrs. Loveday asked a few questions about Bessie, and promised to call and see her soon.

The poor young woman felt very little hope, but she was pleased when Mrs.

* It may be remarked here that the fragments of the writings of Hermes which remain, are strongly impregnated with the Zoroastrian philosophy.

† Herod. l. 11.

‡ Hier. p. 20.

Loveday called to see her, and admired the work she was doing.

"I have kept my promise as soon as I could," she said, "and now, Bessie, I hope you will not mind telling me all about yourself. There are several charities that give pensions, and I must see what is most likely to suit you."

Bessie's case was a sad one. An accident in childhood had crippled her; and the little she could earn was not sufficient for her necessities, and her delicate health and much suffering really required some little comforts; still she was patient and contented.

Mrs. Loveday listened carefully to her recital, and then promised to write and ask a friend in London, if he could give a nomination to one of the Incurables. "You must remember," she said, "that a nomination does not give you the annuity, only the power of canvassing, which of course takes some time."

"I thank you very much," replied Bessie, "but I fear it is hopeless. I have not money for printing the cards, and I should not like to run in debt."

"Quite right, quite right, about running in debt; but I mentioned the case to my friends that evening, and one gave me five shillings, and another half-a-crown, and I think more will come; so I shall write to Mr. Peirceall and see what he says"

After her visitor had left, Bessie thought over what had passed, and a gleam of hope seemed to rise, but the thought of *that* little book depressed her again.

Several days passed before she again saw Mrs. Loveday; but one fine, frosty afternoon she came, bringing a letter from Mr. Peirceall. He said that his vote was promised to a candidate, who he expected would succeed. That he would secure a nomination for Bessie, and help her as soon as he could. He sent down some questions to be answered, and showed how she must act to get on the list of candidates. "The reason," he added, "why they are so long getting in, is that there are so many more candidates than vacancies; but the votes are carried on to succeeding elections." He also sent a list of subscribers, and advised Bessie to get another one, by sending eight postage stamps to the Secretary. By that means she found out who had votes; and when she had been admitted as a candidate, then came the question of names on the cards as recommenders.

"Had not your father some business friends?" said Mrs. Allen, one day; "you say he was an honourable man, and failed through trusting and assisting others."

"Yes," replied Bessie, "he had some very good friends, when he was prosperous; I do not know if they would own me."

"You might write and try," said her friend.

Bessie did write and try. Some did not answer; some were engaged; but Messrs. Copstock were willing to receive proxies. She then called upon her clergyman, who kindly added his name, and a little help towards canvassing, and drew out the form of the cards, and got them reasonably printed for her.

"I feel very sorry to trouble you so much, sir," she said, "but I have been so strongly advised to try."

"Never mind about the trouble," he replied, "we were intended to help each other, and I trust that Providence will bless your efforts."

"I am going into the next town," said Mrs. Allen, one morning, "shall I take one or two of your cards?"

"Many thanks," said Bessie, "here they are, and a list of those in Coleside who subscribe."

Mrs. Allen wended her way, and entered the large grocer's shop. Mr. Owen was standing surveying his customers.

Mrs. Allen approached him. "Please, sir, I have brought this card; I think you are a subscriber, and——

Her speech was cut short. Mr. Owen waved his hand and said, "We have so many of these things; we cannot give to all."

"That's true Sir," she said, "but I thought perhaps you would just read it while your young man serves me with the sugar and bit of cheese."

Mr. Owen drew a gold-mounted eyeglass from his breast, and looked at the card, at first carelessly, and then with more interest. He asked Mrs. Allen some questions, and promised his vote if "his lady" had not given it away.

Meanwhile the shopman was doing up Mrs. Allen's parcel, and enquired if he was to put in the usual quarter of tea.

"No," she said. "Poor Bessie bid me

get postage stamps instead, but she will sadly miss her tea, for she gets no beer."

"We can trust her," said Mr. Owen; "I feel sure she is honest."

"Too honest to get in debt, and not be able to pay," said Mrs. Allen; "she has only her work to depend on, and sometimes she is too ill to do it. It is beautiful fine lace work, but she is paid little for it by the shop-people."

Mr. Owen was now quite interested. "I will talk to my lady about it," he said; "she is fond of lace, and might give a better price than the shop, and yet get it cheaper than buying it there, besides helping the young lady;" and he added turning to the shopman, "Put up the quarter of tea; I shall not enter it in the books. That's all right, Mrs. Allen. Good morning. Bring a bit of the work with you next time you come."

Mrs. Allen hastened back, and told her young friend the good news.

A pretty piece of work was completed, and purchased by a friend of Mrs. Owen's. And soon more was ordered, and poor Bessie got nearly double what she had done before. Many people became interested in her, and the list of subscribers was passed from hand to hand; each selected a few names of people they could ask for their votes; many did not even object to finding the stamps, because it was only a few from each. Bessie had been warned not to write to all the subscribers, which is very expensive, and seldom does much good. The first election was looked forward to with great anxiety, though of course with no hope of succeeding in that or several others. She was, however, surprised to find how well she got on for the first time, and encouraged to apply to other persons she had known in prosperity. The replies were seldom satisfactory, but still several more friends were added to her list, and they also asked their friends, so that another list of subscribers had to be got, and they were seldom at home.

During the summer Mr. Peirceall came to see the Lovedays, and called upon Bessie. He congratulated her on getting on so well, and added, "Of course it must take time, as there were so many applications before yours, most of them so sad that it makes my heart ache to read them."

"But, sir," said Bessie, "should we not get in quicker if the Committee managed it, instead of the trouble of getting votes?"

"I am glad you mentioned this," said Mr. Peirceall; "it gives me the opportunity of explaining the matter. First, you cannot get in till there are vacancies, and when these do occur there are many more applications than can be admitted at once; some must wait. I know a poor widow who waited three years, and then the committee told her they could not keep her name on any longer. I happened to meet one of the Committee shortly after, and asked him about it. He said, 'Oh! I am sorry I did not know you were interested in the creature; but we have so many people at us. I sometimes almost wish I had nothing to do with it, only it helps one to oblige a friend sometimes. You see, some time ago my wife wanted to get in her servant's sister, which we did the first election; but then all those who helped her in expected me to take up their candidates.' I asked him if they did not have the merits of the different candidates laid before them. He replied, that the Secretary did certainly get up something of a statement, but they seldom had time to study it, and there were sure to be cases of their own to attend to. I asked him if the case of the servant's sister was a very distressing one, and if so I should not have liked to stand in the way. He laughed saying, 'Oh! no, my dear fellow, she was not hard up; but £20 extra was acceptable, and by a little management we made her income appear to be within the rules.' So much for election by a Committee. Those who form it are men of like passions with ourselves, and quite as likely to favour their own cases. When the power rests with a large body of subscribers there is a counteracting influence; and I know many people who will not promise a vote till they have looked into the case. Another of the new schemes is sending all proxy papers to the Secretary, which I think unsafe and bad, more especially where many votes are allowed, as by exchanging the names between the different papers he can secure success to as many as are to be elected. I

know several cases where elections were gained from presents of game or poultry offered to the Secretary's acceptance. But I shall tire you with all this. I hope our efforts will be successful. I have some experience; and with a good case do not despair, though I never traffic. If all subscribers would fill in the names of the candidates they wish to vote for before parting with their papers, what is called 'professional trafficking' must die a natural death. Good-bye, Bessie. Some day, I hope, I shall have good news for you, and by straight-forward means, too."

Another election-day came and went, and Bessie was most thankful for the number of votes polled for her. "A good case never fails to find friends," wrote Mr. Peirceall; "in my experience I never knew one neglected or unsuccessful in the end." Besides the hope thus held out, Bessie had other causes of thankfulness to Providence, and gratitude to those who had helped her. From a solitary unknown woman, living in one room and toiling hard, she had now become known and cared for. Many sent her little presents; others bought her work. And she said cheerfully, that even if she never gained the annuity, she had much benefited by the attempt.

The third election came on, and was looked forward to with much anxiety. Like a circle from a stone thrown into the water, Bessie's friends had gradually extended, and the happy news came that she who at first starting appeared to be friendless, hopeless, "no money," "no friends," was SUCCESSFUL.

Deeply grateful to God and man, the poor girl burst into tears; but they were tears of joy.

"Oh! Mrs. Allen," she cried, "to you I owe all: you were the first to encourage me to try. How can I thank you?"

"I'm sure I'm pleased enough," replied the kind-hearted woman; "as pleased as if it was for myself."

Mrs. Allen accepted Bessie's invitation to tea, with buttered toast and sausages; and next morning Bessie went to thank Mrs. Loveday and the kind Rector.

With this nice help, and prospering with her work, she did not again have to sit fireless, or go supperless to bed.

A PŒAN.

To His Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales, K.G., K.T., K.P., M.W.G.M.

Hail! highly exalted above men and Princes,
In thine own regal state and birthright
Thou hast the highest born o'er leaped;
And Englishmen are proud of thee, approve thee,
For thou art old Albion's son and heir,
The true stamp and type of a Briton,
And a gentleman; for which all peoples esteem thee,
Lovingly, and in sincerity, and in loyalty;
History hath no record of such an one
Standing out alone in uniqueness,
Neither hath history had the wherewith of stuff
To "memo" thy like. Thou art a man,
And 'tis true nobility only, can wear the name;
All cannot lay claim to this privileged prerogative,
'Tis a right good title all others far outstitching,
The honour doth suit thee, wear it, wear it long
For thou hast rivetted it on the face of nations,
And the hearts of men, who know thee by fame,
Others having seen thee, bless and cherish thee,
Thou hast won "hearty good wishes."
Doubly beloved through thy queenly mother
On whose life neither stain, nor blemish resteth,
Which bringeth holy and hallowed thoughts uppermost.
This comes where the supremacy of goodness reigneth,
A lifetime replete with this sweet virtue
Enobleth the tide of an existance.
These things are the staple values of this Victorian age.
Thus would we write down of thee, affirmatively.
The seed hath been sown and manifest is made
Through the greetings of unnumbered multitudes
In near, and distant, and far off Lands.

There have they to the echo lauded thy name,
And sang forth thy praises in "welcomes"
Wherever thou hast set thy foot.
Orations and songs of triumph hath saluted thee
And made thy labours pleasurable,
And thy toils clusters of sweetness,
For no bitterness compassed the thoughts of men,
But gladsomeness was o'er all bestrewed.
The lengthened ways, passed o'er and trodden,
Became one round and series of joy and delight,
'Twas grandeur of splendour, 'twas revelling
In the luxuriousness of peace and plenty,
Such the richness of exalted esteem and confidence.
'Twas loyalty in supremacy acknowledged.
Enshrin'd thy face and form is become,
And whether seen under the shadow of England
Or of distant climes, or lands near to home,
All have laden thee with warmest enthusiasm,
E'en 'mongst races, who know not thy God,—
These have honor'd thee in the bond of brotherhood,
"For one touch of Nature maketh all the world a kin."
And under this sign strong manifestations
Were made in homage and obeisance.
Where is the register? in this world's story
That hath indexed such triumphal doings,
But 'tis accounted for, thy heart was rightly set
And 'twas crowned by the heritage of good will,
Which ever kindleth feelings of attachment,
And barbarians become pliant under it.
The acts of courtesy paid thee were not servile,
Nor were they in form and shape of slavery,
Neither the humility of subjugation,
Neither in that of conquered fear—
'Twas the tone of adulation, suited to the free,
Free as the sun's rays that played around thee.
The applause rendered hath been of the heart,
Such that free men alone can offer.
Then hath it the garb of hallow'd affection,
And is without guile and awarded only to those
One desireth to estimate in truthfulness,
And this on the dial of time hath been marked!
Does the past in age of hoariness index such gatherings?
Can the finger of mediæval time and chivalary
Show the page where the like gorgeous splendours hath date?
And such honours hath many peoples heaped upon one head!
That head, our Chief, our Masonic Grand Master.
Nations and tribes in goodly fellowship
Have striven to outstep each other in exultation,
And devotion, without fear, not in fear
But in that of heart love, e'en to veneration.
What a tribute of respect to old Albion,
And to her sons, and to thy kindred.
In all thy wanderings, thou wert' watched o'er
By the providence of "our great Architect,"
And veritable graciousness of attention paid thee,
And the unseen guardianship from all evil
Did protect and kept thee in life,
For thou wer't precious to thine own, at home.
Again thou art the people's choice, England's elect;
And their hope, 'cause thine heart is free of guile,
No sinister imaginings sit on thy thoughts,
Being free, free-born, born of the land of the free.
Therefore all nations and mankind love thee.
Thou art unshackell'd, not fettered by dominance,
For a free soul requireth no confessor.
Amongst a strange people in a far off country
Begirt with confidence, thou wentest not
In the symbol of arrogance and pride,
Neither in the spirit of a conqueror by blood.
Thy car was called charity, sweetest of attributes,
Clenched by the honest grip of true friendship.
This best of motives led thee in thy desires
To that of seeing "practised unto others truth."
Herein thou didst well, thy reward is sure,

'Tis a safe promise in this and the world to come,
For he who spoke it was the great "Truth" speaker
And the very eesence of loyalty.
With these elements in thy nature planted
'Tis nothing wondrous that thy receptions
Were one grand glorious greeting and welcome.
Thy witn esses were the eyes of the whole world,
They were turned towards thee, on thee.
The verification was completed in amplification
When thou didst set thy foot again
In England ! !

T. BURDETT YEOMAN.

ZOROASTRIANISM AND FREE-MASONRY.

(*Continued from page* 121.)

PART IV.

THE covering of a Freemasons' Lodge is a celestial canopy of divers colours, even as the heavens. The way by which we hope to arrive at it is by the assistance of a ladder in Avesta called the Chinvat peretu, the Chinvat pool. It is composed of many staves or rounds, which point out as many virtues. It rests on the volume of the sacred law on Mount Hara Berezaiti the Alborz, because, by the doctrines contained in that holy book, we are taught to believe in the potency of Maneshne, which enables us to ascend the first step. This strictly followed and cherished, leads to its developement in Gaveshne, which enables us to ascend the second step; and both these fructify into Kooneshne, which enables us to ascend the third and the final step. On the morning of the third day after one's death, his soul departs from this world; and, if he has satisfied Meher, Serosh, and Rashnu, he arrives at the Chinvat pool, from whence, according as he has thought well, spoken well, and done well, he is enabled to take his steps into the first, second, or third heaven. These, then, are the staves of the ladder by which he reaches Garothman, or the abode of songs, where Ahura Mazda resides. and where Yazads and Amshaspends sing his praises around his throne. The ornaments of a Lodge are the checquered pavement, the blazing star, and the indented or tesselated border. The checquered pavement is the beautiful flooring of a Freeemasons' Lodge, the blazing star the glory in the centre, and the indented or tesselated border the skirt-work round the same. The checquered pavement points to the diversity of objects which decorate and adorn the creation, the animate as well as the inanimate part thereof. This pavement, moreover, refers to the duality prevalent in nature and morals. The white square denotes the creative, the light and heat-imparting agency in nature, called in the Avesta 'spentomainyus,' in colloquial language 'sapenadmino.' The black denotes the destroying, the darkness and cold-imparting agency, called Angra Mainyus ghano mino or Ahriman. In the beginning of things, in the Zarvane Akarane, *i.e.*, time without bounds, Ahura Mazda has by his fiat, Yatha Ahu Vairyo, created the raw materials, and has chalked out the design of this universe, and has set in action, subordinate to his will and law, and subject to his designs on the Tracing Board, two working agencies. The one moulds and fashions the raw rude matter into the wondrous and beautiful productions of nature which embellish the creation. But since the raw material is created once for all at the outset, and in a definite quantity, the moulding agency would have its work finished after a certain age; but Ahura Mazda has designed differently, so that both the agencies can be kept at work perpetually. With this object, the destroying agency comes into action and dismembers the existing productions into the original raw crude matter, and places it before the creative agency to prevent its standing still. Thus Spena Mino embodies, and Ghano Mino disembodies, all existence. The one, then, is quite indispensable to the other. To keep existence going on destruction must take place. Both help equally to keep on the world constantly changing and renovating. So the black and the white squares represent these two incessantly working agencies. The white following the black, and the black following the white in its turn,

explain the phenomenon of this world. As in nature, so in morals, there are two forces working in us—the good and the evil. As rational beings pre-eminently superior to all the rest of God's creatures, he has endowed us with the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong. Unlike all the rest of the animals, we are not endowed with mere instinct from our birth to recognise what is good and what is bad. This requires to be taught to human beings from the volume of the sacred law. But our Raven sometimes does not feel inclined to listen to the voice of Spena Mino, turns refractory, and yields himself to the promptings and insidious spell of the evil agency—of Ahriman in fact. Whatever a Raven does to destroy, comes from evil inspiration; whatever he does to advance the welfare of his fellow-creatures, comes from good inspiration. So Spena Mino and Ghana Mino are at work within us as actively as they are without us. We are passing a probationary life, and as we actively engage ourselves in benevolence, benevocence, and beneficence, we accord with Spena Mino and deserve the smile of Ahura Mazda. A contrary life accords with Ghana Mino and merits the wrath of Ahura Mazda. The blazing star refers us to that grand luminary the sun, which enlightens the earth and all that is upon it, and dispenses its blessings to mankind in general by its benign influence. The sun as the source and the cause of all vitality on the face of the earth. He represents light, heat, and purity. He is the eye of Ahura Mazda. By his rising, all the noxious vapours accumulated during the dark and cold hours of the night are dissipated, and all the vile and pernicious creatures return to their dismal dens. Without the sun there would be no existence, and hence his glory is sung by millions of tongues morning, noon, and evening. He is the noblest of God's handiwork, and, in terms of the Khorshed Yasht, whoever discovers and glorifies his benign influences on this sublunary creation, discovers and glorifies Ahura Mazda, his maker. He is the best material emblem of Ahura Mazda on which our material eyes could rest, and consequently he is one and the chief of the Zoroastrian Keblas or emblems. The indented or tesselated border refers us to checquered life on this earth. Whilst we find a heavy cloud of adversity hanging imminently over our heads, it must encourage us to nerve ourselves with fortitude, and to prepare ourselves to bravely withstand the to-be-bursting storm, with the stimulating hope glimmering in the distance of our soon being enabled to reach the white cube by perseverance and patience. A righteous man never trembles in adversity if he rightly understands the wholesome effects it leaves after it. He puts his faith in Ahura Mazda, and relies on the innumerable promises given in the Avesta to come to the succour of all those who call upon him with the words "Jas me avanghe Mazda" constantly on their lips and in their mouths.

A sumptuous banquet followed the lecture; and Mr. Manockjee Cursetjee, in proposing the toasts of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, alluded to the kind manner in which the Prince had patronised the Parsee institution called after Her Royal Highness the Princess, *viz*, the Alexandra School. During the evening, some high classical music was performed, and the way in which selections from Verdi, Bishop, Donizetti, and other masters, were executed, as well as a clever imitation of the Scotch bag-pipes, showed that the Parsee Masons were proficient in music. Altogether a most pleasant evening was spent.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

V.—Amusements.

"Neither as being lords . .
". . . . . but being ensamples."

"Englishmen take their pleasures sadly," so rightly or wrongly declare our volatile neighbours across "the silver streak." Are they right or are they wrong? It would assuredly be almost an honour to us if right, for from the time that our great poet made Iago say—"in England, they are most potent in potting,"—our country-

men instead of improving in this respect, seem to have made this failing so gradually predominant that, in too many cases, no merrymaking seems to be complete without it.

For once, though, we think our friends wrong in their estimate of us, for what they deem sadness, we take to be earnestness; for we are sufficiently self-conceited to consider that the great feature of John Bull is thoroughness. There have been times when our lively neighbours have found us terribly in earnest, and if we are earnest in war, we are the same in peace; if thorough in work, the same in play. Surely it behoves us then to direct this earnestness of ours, even in our amusements, into some worthy channel. Before advancing further let us not be misunderstood as advocating what is known as the "goody" school, but simply of pointing out in the course of our investigations in what way our recreation may be as innocently as usefully pursued. We say usefully because we have already (in a former paper) shown that recreation is as necessary to a man's health, mental and bodily, as oil to machinery; nay even more than this, we have proved to demonstration that rational amusement, not only makes the wheel of life run smoothly on its axle, but that the time spent therein, is just that necessary opportunity that nature embraces to make good the wear and tear, caused in her machinery by the ravages of handiwork and mental toil.

Whilst there are as many modes of recreation as there are individual bodies and their individual minds, it is of course impossible to lay down any code of rules by which every individual unit of Society is to be amused, and we can therefore only pretend to suggest some few general principles. Nor again shall we stop to give more than a passing glance at the sports of the "well-to-do," as our present purpose is rather to attempt the amelioration of the condition of those amongst us who, for lack of more rational and healthful amusement, are but too often driven to those low pleasures which

> "Like the Dead Sea apples,
> Turn but to ashes on the lips."

Be it, then, distinctly understood that, having the well-being of our poorer brethren at heart, our real intention now is to point out the way in which we can induce them to amuse themselves in a manner as conducive to their material health and moral welfare as to their bodily pleasure and mental happiness.

In a former paper we have suggested that "Volunteering" whilst rendering our English youth more than possibly useful in the hour of danger to their country, will serve to provide many, whose bent lies in that direction, with much healthy recreation; now let us mention two or three sources of amusement which, with less restraint, will afford most young men capital opportunities for muscular development as well as mental diversion.

First and foremost, then, is the essentially English game, Cricket. England is the home, as it was the birthplace, of this noble pastime, and every village ought to have its club; and what can squire and parson do better in the long summer evenings than instruct, and encourage in improvement, the village youth in this game, so beloved by their fathers; seen, too, as it is in such perfection, only in this land of ours, a land whose sons are not daunted by the vision of a few hard knocks. Then in the winter time, when bricklayer and mason, carpenter and painter, stand spell-bound by Jack Frost, what better to send the blood healthily coursing through the veins than a well-played game of Hockey or Football. Again, if our boys can command their temper, what diversion were manly than the wrestling bout of our northern shires, or the backsword contest, or the turn at singlestick of the honest lads of Somerset and Berks. Is there no comrade at hand to take a turn? why then let us go to the gymnasium, and be the sky ever so louring and the weather ever so cold, there will be found exercise and amusement in one, and that without stint.

Has night closed in with its darkness and winter drizzle? Well then let us turn into our Reading Room and Club, and we shall doubtless find a ready companion at the lively Bagatelle, the more serious Draughts, or most profound of all, the subtle and mysterious Chess. And if even companions fail us, if our secretary be wise there will still be a fund of amusement, after the news of the day has been scanned and the "Monthly" wisdom digested, in

the well-thumbed volume of "Punch," whose pages though ancient will yet be redolent of a wit that mellows with age. And now the evening draws to a close and we will call for a bowl of fragrant Mocha, or "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." whilst such of us as have a bent that way will dreamily watch the blue smoke-wreath soaring upwards till lost in space. The clock strikes and we go home to rest after a well-spent day, to rise in the morning with our money still in our pocket, and with our heads clear and our bodies refreshed for a new day's honest toil. And this is no fancy picture but already a reality in many a quiet spot in our land. Shall, we ask, any exertions on our part be spared till it is made the rule instead of the exception?

Now a word as to those that are husbands and fathers of families whom we would desire to find after dusk seeking their enjoyment rather in their own chimney-corner than any other spot; and one will, perhaps add, a word too about the wives and children, for you surely would not have all these at your Institute during the dark evenings of winter? No need, we reply, if the father be a stay-at-home, and fond of promoting his little-ones' amusement. The games learned at the institute, if transplanted, will thrive and flourish at the home fireside; the paper purchased at half-price from the Reading-room will afford tidings of the great outside world sufficiently fresh; whilst the books (presented or lent by friends) from the Library, and read aloud by the father, whilst the thrifty mother makes or mends the household garments, will yield an ample store of sound instruction or harmless entertainment.

That these evenings of quiet enjoyment prove not monotonous, once a fortnight or so, entertainments of Music and Reading may be provided at the lowest possible cost to cover expenses. At such gatherings the Readings must be short, interesting and varied as to subject matter; for it is a great mistake to suppose on the one hand that our working friends will endure continued cramming with large doses of heavy and didactic verbosity, or, on the other that they will be flattered by being provided solely with pieces of senseless inanity; here, as elsewhere, let the learned and the ludicrous blended in due proportions make a well flavoured whole. Above everything give those that we wish to benefit as great a share as possible in the execution of the programme, for not only will it give the performers such an interest that they would never take as mere listeners, but it will afford their fellows a feeling of honest pride, that at least some of themselves can contribute to the amusement of the whole; besides which, and above all, it will show them that they possess the means of amusing themselves, and lead them by a healthful spirit of emulation to fresh efforts in self culture; one other result, too, will accrue, and that one most to be desired, which is that a love of music, that most humanising of all the sciences, will be planted and cultivated amongst those who stand most in need of such civilizing influences. Before leaving this part of the subject we must not omit to recommend the Conversazione with its accompanying tea. Few who have not seen it would believe the keen appreciation that our poorer friends display of those ltitle curiosities which are to be found in almost every house, of the interest of which their possessors are often heedless or ignorant but which collected make quite a wonderful display; and still fewer would credit the gusto with which full-grown working-men will discuss tea and cake; it is a sight to be seen to be believed, and, let us sincerely add, to be enjoyed.

But, some friend will urge, we have tried all this, have done our best, and——failed! what is the reason? why the reason is not so far to seek, my friend, as you imagine. You have set all this going, you say, but it has stopped like a bad clock; perhaps the main spring has been weak or altogether wanting. You have started this machinery, but have you shared in its working? Because there is all the difference between pointing out the way and going it; between a passive and an active interest in good work!

In the English Merry-makings of the past when the Squire

"Opened his broad lawns"

to the revellers, the feast was not complete without himself, and, just as in the same way that his dependants, as humble members of his family, dined at his table, so in the mirth that followed, he in person

led the dance. It was this bond of common interest and good will, that made Lord and Tenant of the estate, Master and Retainer of the house, regard the community as a family compacted and bound together by ties of fellow-feeling and mutual dependance.

It is this fellow-feeling that is wanting *now*!

Everything has changed or passed away with the good old times. Estates have new lords, manor-houses new masters; old families have died out and new ones sprung up; old servants scattered, and none are here to take their place; now instead of each for other it is each for self, and 'ere the spirit of the good old days can be revived, this gentle fellow-feeling must be kindled anew. Yours, gentle readers, and ours, be the grateful task, to do each our little share towards this glorious consummation.

If, then, we would elevate our poorer friends from the selfish degradation that but too many of them now regard as pleasure, we must apply this long lost principle of participation; and if we would wish to interest our working men in the recreations that we have here described we must show them that we use and like them too. Whether then the amusement be outdoors or within, whether it be Cricket and Hockey, or Reading and Bagatelle, let us not only found the club and open the room, but let us make use of them ourselves; for we shall do more by showing our fellow-feeling than by all the preaching and subscribing in the world.

Yet one word before this paper, like the good old days, become sa thing of the past—Is the elevation of the masses, as well in the lighter as in the more serious business of their lives, our object? Then let us remember that "example is better than precept," and that we may lead with a silken thread where we could not drive with a rod of iron.

Is it our Man's habit of frequenting the taproom that we would eradicate? Then, my Masters, remember that you have your Clubs for which he has no equivalent, and provide him one!

Is it the cruel sport, so-called, that you would lead him to relinquish? Then pause before you fire at the poor blind bird dazed by the falling trap, and show our workman that you possess an Englishman's sport-loving heart without a taint of cruelty!

Is it the gambling with the tattered greasy cards, or the low "shove-ha'penny" that you would wean friend Hodge from? Give up first that 'quiet' Hazard, my young Master, and that small 'Book' with its mystic, and often fatal, figures!

In short, remember the old saying, as applicable now as in the day that it was first uttered, about a certain "mote and beam!" and never forget, that the stone maliciously thrown does not work half as much mischief in the mud wall of the poor man's cottage, as it does in the crystal sides of the house of one of the Masters of Society.

TO SAINT BRIDE'S CHURCH, DOUGLAS, LANARKSHIRE, N.B.

Dedicated to the R.W.M., S.W., and J.W., of St. Bride's Lodge of Freemasons, No. 118, *by a newly initiated Brother.*

BY BRO. J. GLAISTER.

Some hundred years have now rolled on,
Since you were built by plumb, and rule, and square,
A monument of gifted masons' skill;
Their marks are everywhere.

You've witnessed many a pageantry,
And heard the white-robed choir chant the song,
The clang of heavy armoured men
These holy aisles among.

Fair ladies often in that olden time
Have met within thy sacred, sculptured walls,
Have asked a blessing as they praying, knelt,
On lovers fond, that lived in stately halls.

Thy old stone pavement, wet with human gore,
Could tell of many a gallant soldier's death,
Far from their home and English hearths,
They here give up their failing breath.

Oh! could you but your history relate
And tell the story of your earlier days,

There were some deeds would raise our
hearts in pride,
And stir our souls to love thine ancient
lays.

Fond eyes have glanced full free to eyes as
bright,
Lovely, and radiant as the morning star ;
While love met all-entrancing love and felt
That visor-plate its passion could not
mar.

Sleep on ! ye noble dead. Sleep on !
Though now your bodies crumble to the
dust,
Each was a hero while his blood ran warm,
And reverenced, lives in mem'ry of the
just.

These hundred years that have rolled away,
A revolution in thy form have made,
The sinful hands of all-despoiling man,
In very ruins have thy beauties laid.

But as the storm comes whistling o'er
The darkened hills, where gloomy looks
the west,
And howls so fiercely round thy shattered
walls,
And buffets nigh the strength from out
thy breast.

The ivy thick that still clings close too thee,
And clasps thee fondly in a warm
embrace,
Supports thy tottering frame when age
assails,
And threats to end thee in thy sacred
race.

So brethren of our ancient lodge, St. Bride,
May we the ivy simulate through life,
Support each other in the long-toil days,
Till troubles cease, and ends each passing
strife.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Strong-minded Women.

It is, as some one once said, with the "utmost of diffidence and a feeling of transcendental awe," that I venture to touch upon this topic. I have always myself looked on strong-minded women with "fear and trembling." I do not deny writing philosophically and exactly, that there is no reason, à priori, why there should not be strong-minded women as well as weak-minded women, in this lower earth and amid us suffering mortals all. And if, as I believe, there is a compensatory process always going on here, a balancing, so to say, of the contrasted scales of wit and dulness, of strength and weakness, of pleasure and sorrow, and so on, there is no possible objection to the fact, per se, that strong-minded women may and do exist amongst us. Indeed strong-minded women have existed from the very first. Miriam and Jael were both strong-minded women ; so was Judith ; so was Mariamne. The Queen of Sheba was a strong-minded woman ; so was Semiramis. Cleopatra was a strong-minded woman ; so was Aspasia. And in the early and middle ages, down to comparatively modern times, strong-minded women have adorned the fleeting centuries, as married women "ruling the roast," as we say, keeping their husbands and all around them in proper subjection, as single women, astonishing their age and succeeding epochs by their firmness and massiveness of intellect, their masculine courage, or their unconquerable wills, sometimes too, I am compelled to add, by their pranks and their eccentricities. That strong-minded women should be, need not, therefore, astonish any of us, as until Time's weird is over, until the sands of this great world are run out, there always will be, we may feel assured, strong-minded women in all nations of the world, who will exercise great influence on their contemporaries, and who will shine as stars in that peculiar firmament at which men often look up to with admiring gaze, but which women, and I am not sure but that they are right after all, pass coldly and callously by.

But the strong-minded woman of our own time is alike a study and a singularity, a fact and a fiction, a certainty and a consideration, and amid the good and evil, the pleasant and the pretentious, the agreeable and the wearisome, amid the realities which charm, and the horrors which alarm us, in these noisy, and sensational, and often unnaturally excited days, the strong-minded woman stands out before us in clear contour, and in distinct personality, a creature not of the imagination on the

part of the novellist, but a real, tangible *mortal*, whether thin in substance or stout in outline, whether but a somewhat depressed anatomy, or looming large materially before startled and enquiring man.

To-day our strong-minded woman lectures us about everything, and having obtained the municipal suffrage, nevertheless claims the parliamentary. ——. It is a terrible grievance that the long enduring British female, matron, maid, widow can vote for a churchwarden, can vote under Denison's Act, but cannot either vote for members of Parliament, or above all sit in Parliament and talk. We are inclined to think that she might talk as good sense while there as some old women of our acquaintance do, in both houses; but still the wrong done to the British female, in denying her admittance to the great "talking house" of the nation, is both incalculable and very grave. At least she thinks and says so, Heaven bless her. We have to-day strong-minded women doctors, lawyers, lecturers, teachers, painters, poetesses, sculpturesses, and we welcome them gladly, and listen to them respectfully, though we may question somewhat sometimes at first whether in all this women are quite fulfilling their true mission. And yet there comes over us a doubt, as we write this, whether such an objection is right or tenable. Why, for instance, should the world lose the advantage of the wondrous power of Rosa Bonheur, ever true to nature, ever charming, ever delightful? Why should Miss Thompson not attract us with another battle piece? Why should we in fact refuse to listen to those many gifted sisters,—"dear sisters," as Professor Fluffy always says,—who, like Miss Carpenter, Miss Nightingale, and many more, have devoted their time and talents to the improvement and care, and healing and elevation of mankind? Why should not woman be permitted to excel, as God has given her the power, in those wondrous arts and professions, in those departments of public life, which tend so much to the happiness and amelioration and comfort of us all alike? I have no fair answer to such queries. In America there are many very strong-minded women, —very, indeed; and though Bloomerism is happily like the Dodo extinct, every now and then we hear of little sallies of female strong mindedness, which rather startle and confuse us on this side of the Atlantic, when we hear poor lords of the creation, that our authority is challenged, and that our superiority is imperilled.

And now I have to make an avowal, which all my strong-minded female readers will indignantly denounce,—I cannot admit their right to legislate for man. Woman is the helpmeet for man, but cannot, I apprehend, bear well the rough strain of political turmoil, nor could she with propriety take part in long and animated debates. It would place her out of her sphere, and make her ignore her true mission. She has a proper little empire of her own, in which she reigns supreme. We surrender to her willingly the domestic regime, and the sovereignty of fashion. We accede to her that sway in the home, and heart, which make her so dear and precious to countless thousands; but we cannot believe that she does well in thrusting herself into the "hurly burly" of political conflicts, angry passions and vociferous parties, or that she can be in her right place amid the heated and often baneful atmposphere of the political "caucus" and the political committee. No—so say many most thoughtful persons, and able statesmen,— "woman is never so far out of her proper position as when she descends to the arena of party struggles, or the lower level of political agitation."

And I think so too. That women often are strong politicians, and good politicians too, is true; that they have a right to have an opinion and express their views is incontestable; but they had better confine their political fervour to their own immediate domestic circle and friends; they had better look on at a distance at struggles, in which they cannot participate, without material harm to their purer, and truer, and gentler nature. I am afraid that my views will seem sadly antiquated and retrograde to many who now are clamouring for female suffrage. As a mere political question I should favour it, as almost all women are truly conservative by instinct; but I feel sure that the possession of the privilege would be a fatal gift to woman, inasmuch as she would be at once transformed from our own domestic angel, to the zealous committee-woman, and the bullying secretary of a political association. I do

not even go so far as to think that women should be on school-boards, though I feel sure all schools are improved by the aid, and counsel, and influence of women. Indeed there is no sphere that I know of in which woman's gentle heart, clear mind, good principles, and steady will, may not be advantageously employed. For curiously enough woman carries with her a healing and a softening influence, which the ablest of men do not possess, and for want of which so many men, often the cleverest speakers, fail egregiously here. Whenever woman appears on the scene, she seems to exert a goodly influence on all, though I have heard it said that clergymen, whether married or single, exercise more influence over female sunday-school teachers than clergymen's wives or clergymen's daughters, or lady teachers. Why should this be so? What is the psychological mystery concealed beneath than fact, if it be a fact?

Well, then, I come to this: "strong-minded women are strong-minded women," as the hesitating lecturer once observed, and as such have no doubt their use, and value, and blessing for society. Some of us may prefer the smiling and confiding angel, who has no will but that of her own adored Thomas James. Some of us may appreciate the self-sustained, and modest and retiring home darling as our vision of all that is graceful, loveable and perfect in woman. Some of us may have pictured to themselves a beau ideal of what a woman ought to be, and may not like to have it rudely disturbed either by the realism of the hour, or the personality of pretentious strong-mindedness.

But like many other things here, like a shower of rain on a hot day, like a good frost after too muggy weather, like the sun after a fog, like in fact many other gifts, blessings and realities, a strong-minded woman is a fact, and probably a necessity for our times, has her use as well as her importance for us, and deserves to be treated with that respect and propriety and marked consideration which her august status evokes, and her intense self-consciousness demands.

NOTE.—Some American ladies are now proposing a "reform in dress," and to go about in loose trowsers and sacks. (See *Times* of 20th September.)

FREEMASONRY.*

BY BRO. G. TIDCOMBE, JUN.,
Abercorn Lodge.

FROM all our icy regions,
To all our burning sands,
Freemasonry hath legions,
That bless all seas and lands.
Most worshipful, and ancient,
Our glorious craft has been,
And charming and resplendent,
In strength and honoured mien.
From all our, &c.

How well our Grand old Masons,
Preserved their mystic rites,
In man's hard tribulations,
When seeking out his rights:
And cherished signs and tokens
On many a lady's bower,
Listening to good words spoken
At vesper's sacred hour.
From all our, &c.

The white man, and the red man,
On land and every sea,
Have brothers of this ancient clan
As true as truth can be.
No creed or error daunts them,
No politics repulse;
A sign, or grip, or token,
Gives strength to Mason's pulse
From all our, &c.

Christian, Jewish, Pagan,
In countries Moslem, too,
They claim a kindred welcome,
As no one else can do:
No matter how unlearned,
No matter how well taught,
A Mason is not worried
By class degrees of thought.
From all our, &c.

His faith is in good order,
Well ordered by degrees,
Not governed by strange dogma,
Or quelled by harsh decrees:
Trying to do his duty,
In north, south, east, or west,
Working his best for charity!
For this he loveth best.
From all our, &c.

* Suggested by Bro. Webb, Junr's article in "The Freemason," August 19th.

LONG LIVERS:

A Curious History of such persons of both sexes who have liv'd several ages, and grown young again; with the rare secret of Rejuvenescency of Arnoldus de Villa Nova, and a great many approv'd and invaluable rules to prolong life; as also, How to Prepare the Universal Medicine. Most humbly dedicated to the Grand Master, Masters, Wardens and Brethren of the most Antient and most Honourable Fraternity of the Free-masons of Great Britain and Ireland. By EUGENIUS PHILALETHES, F.R.S., author of the "Treatise of the Plague." *Viri, Fratres, audite me,*—Act xv. 13. *Diligite Fraternitatem, timete Deum, honorate Regem*—1 Pet. ii. 17. London: Printed for J. Holland, at the Bible and Ball in St. Paul's Church-yard, and L. Stokoe at Charing-Cross. 1722.

THE DEDICATION.

To the Grand Master, Masters, Wardens and Brethren of the Most Antient and Most Honourable Fraternity of the Free Masons of Great Britain and Ireland, Brother Eugenius Philalethes sendeth greeting.

MEN, BRETHREN,

I address myself to you after this manner, because it is the true language of the Brotherhood, and which the Primitive Christian Brethren, as well as those who were from the Beginning, made use of, as we learn from the holy Scriptures, and an uninterrupted Tradition.

I present you with the following Sheets, as belonging more properly to you than any else. By what I here say, those of you who are not far illuminated, who stand in the outward Place, and are not worthy to look behind the Veil, may find no disagreeable or unprofitable Entertainment: and those who are so happy as to have greater Light, will discover under these Shadows somewhat truly great and noble, and worthy the serious Attention of a Genius the most elevated and sublime: The Spiritual Celestial Cube, the only true, solid and immoveable Basis and Foundation of all knowledge Peace and Happiness.

I therefore, my dearest Brethren, greet you most heartily, and am glad of this opportunity to rejoice with you, inasmuch as it hath pleased the Almighty, One, Eternal, Unalterable God, to send out his Light, and his Truth, and his vivifying Spirit, whereby the Brotherhood begins to revive again in this our Isle, and Princes seek to be of this sacred Society, which hath been from the Beginning, and always shall be; the Gates of Hell shall never prevail against it, but it shall continue while the Sun and Moon endures, and till the general Consummation of all Things; for since God, my dearest Brethren, is for us, who can be against us?

This being so, I shall speak to you a ew Words on this important Subject; and perhaps I am the first that ever spoke to you after this Manner. I shall as briefly as I can, present you with a true and faithful Mirror, a Mirror which will not, which cannot flatter (Flattery be eternally banish'd the Brotherhood) wherein you may see, or rather be remembered, what you are: and then you need not be told very much how you ought to act. And in this I shall use that Liberty and Freedom, which is our essential Difference, richly distinguishes us from all others, and is indeed the very Soul and Spirit of the Brotherhood.

The Style I shall make use of is most catholick, primitive, and Christian; it is what is extracted from the sacred Scriptures. Remember that you are the Salt of the Earth, the Light of the World, and the Fire of the Universe. Ye are living Stones, built up a spiritual House, who believe and rely on the chief *Lapis Angularis*, which the refractory and disobedient Builders disallowed, you are called from Darkness to Light, you are a chosen Generation, a royal Priesthood.

This makes you, my dearest Brethren, fit Companions for the greatest Kings; and no wonder, since the King of Kings hath condescended to make you so to himself, compared to whom the mightiest and most haughty Princes of the Earth are but as Worms, and that not so much as we are all Sons of the same one Eternal Father, by whom all things were made; but inasmuch as we do the Will of his and our Father which is in Heaven.

You see now your high Dignity; you

see what you are; act accordingly, and shew yourselves (*what you are*) *MEN*, and walk worthy the high Profession to which you are called. But while I say this, do not imagine I set up for a *Rabbi*, Master, or Instructor, who am one of the least of you, a mere Novice, a Catechumen, and know nothing. However, do not despise my Mite, which I throw into your Treasury, since 'tis all I have; others may do more in Quantity, but not in Proportion.

Remember then what the great end we all aim at is: Is it not to be happy *here* and *hereafter?* For they both depend on each other: The Seeds of that eternal Peace and Tranquility and everlasting Repose must be sown in this Life; and he that would glorify and enjoy the Sovereign Good *then*, must learn to do it *now*, and from contemplating the Creature gradually ascend to adore the Creator.

You know, no one is worthy to be of you that does not know, or at least love, one or more of the seven Liberal Arts, which in some sort depend on each other; Music, Harmony, and Proportion run thro' all; but the grandest and most sublime of all is Astronomy, by which it has been given to Men from above to do such Wonders, and has so amply displayed the Glories of the most High. The Heavens speak forth the Glory of God, and the Firmament announceth the Works of his Hands.

This Earth which we inhabit is indeed a wonderful Piece of Structure, replenished with infinite Variety of rich Productions of Vegetables and Minerals, which all discover a Divine Origin, as much as the Animal Kingdom; where a little Fly is as much the Wonder of the most penetrating Philosopher, as proud haughty Man, who plumes himself up with being Rational, and yet makes so bad use of his being so; styles himself the Lord of the Creation, and like a true Tyrant devours one third (and that the most innocent part) of it, to keep up his Royalty. This little despicable Animal has all its proper Organs as regularly posited as the other; its Members as justly proportioned and adapted; its little Eye has its Uvea, Retina, and crystalline Humour; and its Body its proper Vessels, its Blood and Lymphæ. O Lord our God, how wonderful is thy Name in all the Earth!

But alas! my Brethren, what are we and our little Globe below, to that stupendous Celestial Masonry above! where the Almighty Architect has stretch'd out the Heavens as a Curtain, which he has richly embroidered with Stars, and with his immortal compasses, as from a *Punctum*, circumscribed the mighty ALL; is himself the Centre of all Things, yet knows no Circumference? who lets down his golden Balance, and weighs all Things according to eternal incorruptible Justice, and where the Actions of the best of Men are frequently found too light; who has created infinite Worlds, for what we know, above us; and those vast Luminaries within our Ken, to which he has given Laws, and allotted them their peculiar Influences, Intelligences and Dæmons.

In these Contemplations the Royal Psalmist was lost in Wonder and Amazement; these humble the proudest Spirits, and make the most haughty Philosopher own, that all he knows is, that he knows nothing. Can any then, who thinks after this manner, be an Atheist? No, my dearest Brethren, there never was such an hideous Monster in the World. Be not therefore carried away with every Blast of Doctrine, or fondly imagine anyone who is so unhappy as to be branded with this odious Appellation, to be what the detestable Term imports. The best and most learned men have not escaped the opprobrious Names of Atheists and Heretics; it has ever been the Practice of poor narrow-foul'd Animals, when they meet with an elevated Genius, who Eagle like, soars to the Sun, and contemplates that bright Luminary in all his Glories, which dazzle and confound their weak Sight, when they are at a Loss in Argument, vainly to persuade their Audience (as wise as themselves) by Noise and senseless Clamour, and the everlasting Din of Heresy and Atheism. This I hint to you as a Caution not to run on with the unthinking Herd, or give into rash Judgment, whereby good Men have been too often injured; and the Slanderer, if ever he is so happy as to reflect and look upwards, finds nothing but a troubled Conscience, and a perpetual Incapacity of making Restitution for his Crime.

I hope none of the Brethren will ever lie under these Aspersions; but no one

can answer for the Effects of the Folly and Malice of ignorant and designing Men. However, be not uneasy at sounds which have no Meaning in them; for thus to affirm any one who believes in the Almighty, Eternal Father, and adores his divine and most Glorious Attributes, to be an Atheist, is the most impudent, most abominable, and most unpardonable piece of Villainy and Ignorance in the world, a flagrant Contradiction; for those two are as repugnant as Light to Darkness, and Heaven to Hell.

Those indeed who hold, or would persuade the Vulgar that they hold, (what they themselves know they do not believe) a Plurality of Gods, deserve infinitely more that charitable predicate; for a Multitude of Gods is utterly inconsistent with the Idea of the Divinity; it is the same as a Multitude of First Beings, Nonsense the most blasphemous and enormous; for he that believes there are many Gods, believes in no God at all. And who could ever have imagined, (had not History so informed us) that the whole World, except the Brotherhood, should have been guilty of so much Folly and Madness as to adore a wretched Company of Ribbalds, lewd Harlots, and their consecrated Bastards, with which holy Fry the Heathens peopled their Heavens, with a notorious Whoremaster at their Head, and of whose hopeful Issue the whole Band of *puisnè* Gods (*Magnum Jovis incrementum*) were composed.

But if to cashier for ever out of our Creed this infinite ribble-rabble of spurious Divinities both he and she; if to own one cannot believe the eternal Magazine of holy Trumpery, and bend (like *Isacher's* Ass) beneath the insupportable Luggage of Infidel and Pagan Legendary Superstition, the Reveries of pamper'd dreaming Enthusiasts, whose Brains, ever pester'd with a thousand fluttering inconsistent Ideas, and incoherent Phantoms, the Effects of the Fumes of Wine and indigested Luxury, who retail out their spiritual Haberdashery of small Wares and holy Baubles, to the childish unthinking Idiot Multitude: If to do all this and believe only in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and of all Things visible and invisible, the most grand, essential, the prime, eternal, everlasting, fundamental Article of the most holy, catholic, universal, and Christian Faith (of which we are) makes one an Atheist; such, my dearest Brethren, are we all, and we glory in it. Let the Infidel and Pagan World say what they will, we shall have the Suffrages of all Christians, under whatever other Denomination distinguished, who cannot be so inconsistent with themselves, as to take Umbrage at those who believe the prime Article of their (that is, our) holy Faith.

After this manner, thank our great God, we have learned Christ, and after the Way such call Atheism and Heresy (I speak in Brother St. *Paul's* Style) So worship we the God of our Fathers, who (we know) is but One as is our Faith. There is one God, one Faith, one Baptism, one Lord and Saviour of us all.

O thou Eternal ONE! thou Immortal UNITE! thou Incomprehensible MONAS! Never let us swerve from these everlasting Truths. Send out thy Light and thy Truth, that they may lead and bring us to thy holy Hill and thy Tabernacle. We are imprisoned, who shall deliver us from the Body of this Death? We are exiled Children from our Country, when shall we return? Here thou hast placed us as Novices and Probationers, when shall we be professed amongst those blessed Fraternities above, and be made free Denizens of the celestial *Jerusalem*, not built with Hands, and be re-instated in our Innocence? Here we wander in the dark gloomy vale of Tears and the Shadow of Death, where we remember nothing, and know nothing, and who dares say What dost thou? Here hast thou placed us for Reasons best known to thy Almighty Justice, and thy inscrutable Counsels, into which the curious Pryer is struck blind by the radiant Majesty of thy Glories, thou inaccessible Light! thou eternal Power! Wisdom! Love!

Pardon me, my dearest Brethren, this Digression, which probably however may not be without its Profits, and into which my Meditation on this divine Science generally leads me, of which tho' I know nothing, yet perhaps I have said too much. However to acquire this, as well as any of the other Sciences, whereby you will come to know, love and honour God a diligent application is absolutely necessary, and that cannot be without inward

Peace; to obtain which you must avoid all Tumult, much Company, and the Hurry of all Publick Employment; for which Reasons avoid as much as possible the Court, where a man must indispensably be obliged to wear the Mask, and where the Language and Customs very ill agree with the Simplicity of the Brotherhood; where the Baits to do Ill are so many and enticing, and the Encouragements to Virtue so few and cold, that a good man has much ado to hinder himself from being carried away with the Torrent; and ten to one but all his honest Endeavours to serve his Prince and Country, are represented in a wrong Light, and his faithful Service repaid with Disgrace; there being ever about great Men some fawning Sycophants whose Interest it is to keep honest Persons from them, lest they come to know the Truth of Things. This is the State of all Princes; for let them be never so good themselves, they must see through other People's Eyes, and hear through other People's Ears.

But if any of you should happen to be in any Employment which obliges your constant Attendance here; if your Prince, who knows how to distinguish Merit, should cast his Honours on you unsought, unlooked for; exert yourselves like Men. Be affable and courteous to all Men, and that not in Words only, but in Reality; and especially to the Brethren; it is your Duty *particularly* to be kind to them; they will ask nothing unreasonable, they cannot do it; (*Natura paucis contenta*) and they least of all will envy your high Station. Alas! they are sensible the Heights of Honour are not only very slippery, but shew you to all the World, where every one will see your Spots, but few sound your Virtues. The Crowd indeed is pleased with Show and Pageantry; all see your Pomp, but few know your Sorrows. A true Brother (Heaven defend us from the bluest Plagues, from false ones) envies no one who is mounted on the high Battlements of State; he had infinitely rather live in security than Grandeur; the Pleasure in such lofty Stations he knows (even of the few Good) can be but little, but the Ruin long, if they chance to fall. He would choose to hide himself in the Clefts of the Rock, or so securely pass his Days in some sweet quiet Shade, happy in Leisure and profoundest Obscurity. His Happiness is, not to be taken notice of; and whilst others place all their imaginary Joy and Satisfaction in Noise and being popular, he desires (to use the Style of a great, but obscure Philosopher) that his soft Minutes may glide away in Obscurity (like subterraneous Streams) unheard, unknown. And thus, when his Days are past away in Silence, would die a good, plain, honest Man; knowing that Death cannot choose but be to him a mighty Terror, who is popularly known to all the World, and dies only to himself a Stranger. Be wise therefore, ye great ones of this World, be learned, ye that are Judges of the Earth. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and so ye perish from the right way; lest he bruise you with his Rod of Iron, and crush you into Pieces like a Potter's Vessel: Remember you must die, and with her meanest Sons pay that Debt of Nature, and be reduced to your primitive Earth, which then will be no ways different from that of the poorest Cottager. Here the Weary rest from Labour, here the Prisoner sleeps in Peace, the Rich and the Poor, the haughty Monarch and the abject Slave lie promiscuous, undisturbed, and have no Distinction in the cold, silent Grave. This is the end of all human Glory. Do therefore Justice, yet be merciful; discharge faithfully your respective Duties, and then if you fall from your eminent Heights, you will carry Peace of Mind along with you, and a good Conscience: if you do not die rich, you will die honest Men, and that is much better; for a good Name is better than riches.

The next Thing that I shall remember you of is, to avoid Politics and Religion: Have nothing to do with these, as you tender your own Welfare; they will be destructive to your beloved Peace and Quiet, and have undone Millions; and therefore in these latter Days, happy are they who do not trouble themselves about either. You know what I mean. But lest the rash censorious World, or such into whose hands this Book may fall, from hence fancy we have neither Religion nor Politics, let such know their Error: Ours is the best Policy, it is Honesty; it is the Policy of the Holy Jesus, who never disturbed Governments, but left them as he

found them, and rendered to *Cæsar* the Things that were *Cæsar*'s. Thus shall Princes love and cherish you, as their most faithful and obedient Children and Servants, and take delight to commune with you, inasmuch as among t you are found Men excellent in all kinds of Sciences, and who thereby may make their Name, who love and cherish you, immortal.

It is the same thing in relation to the Religion we profess, which is the best that ever was, or will, or can be; and whoever lives up to it can never perish eternally, for it is the Law of Nature, which is the Law of God, for God is Nature. It is to love God above all things, and our Neighbour as our self; this is the true, primitive, catholic, and universal Religion, agreed to be so in all Times and Ages, and confirmed by our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, who tells us, that on these hang all the Law and the Prophets. And now I have a convenient Opportunity, hearken to me a little on this Point. You know when the Almighty Architect, after framing this goodly Universe, had built up Man, he gave him a Law to walk by; this Law was absolutely perfect in it self, for it was God's Law, and consequently wanted nothing to make it better than it was; this Law indeed Man transgressed, and thence flowed all our Misery. However, after he was put out of Paradise, we do not read he had any other to square his Actions by, no more than his first Sons, the two first Brothers in the World. And now the Infant World, consisting but of a very few People, lived in common according to this Divine Law, till the eldest of the two (the first false Brother) growing sick of Virtue, and swolled with pride and cruelty according to the Flesh (as is after his Example usual in such Cases) persecuting him who was humble according to the Spirit, inhumanly murder'd his and our Brother. O dire Effects of the Lust of Rule and Empire!

However, God repaired this Loss to our common Father, by his third Son *Seth*; while *Cain*, who by the Parricide of his Brother founded (as almost all ambitious Thirsters after Empire have since done) his Dominion in Blood, and despising the holy Law of Nature, and confiding in his own Strength, first usurped sovereign Sway; was the first who constituted arbitrary Government, and began to oppress with Force, Rapine, Servitude, and wicked Laws, Men created by God *Free*, and the Sons of a Generation, till these, God's Judgments being now also by them contemned, and all Flesh corrupted, begot those Giants in Iniquity who oppressed the Poor, raised themselves to high Stations by Plunderings and Robberies; and, priding themselves in their Wealth, made their Names famous, imposing them on Regions, Cities, Mountains, Rivers, Waters, and the Sea; whose first Parent (*Cain*) was malicious, envious, incorrigible by God's Correction, a dissembling Traitor, a Spiller of fraternal Blood, an accursed Wanderer and Vagabond, and who added Blasphemy to his Malediction; in short, a FALSE BROTHER.

This wicked and impious Race (for the whole Creation groaned under their Impieties) the Almighty washed off from the Face of the Earth by the Deluge, excepting *Noah*, a just Man in the Generations of Seth, with his Family. This good holy Man endeavoured, after the Flood, to restore the Law of Nature which had been so long obscured by the Pride and Impiety of those that perished. But his Sons and their Issue following the Example of the Giants, began to domineer in like manner over their Inferiors, to build mighty Cities and form Kingdoms, so that from *Noah* till *Abraham* there is no mention made of any just Man; for till his Time these haughty Rulers continued most flagrant and enormous Examples of hardy and robust Improbity, Impiety, Confusion, tyrranic Power, Violence, Oppression, Hunting, Luxury, Pomp, and Vanity, and the like Wickedness and Folly, which the Sons of *Noah* had introduced; amongst whom was *Cham* or *Ham*, who, as he was the most wicked of them, so he obtained by Violence the largest share of Dominion. From him descended *Nimbroth*, whom the Scripture describes to be powerful in the Earth, and a mighty Hunter; he built *Babylon*, and was the Beginning of the Confusion of Tongues. This mighty Hunter of Men, as well as Beasts, made severe and rigorous Laws, instituted Degrees of Honour, and Offices, introduced Slavery, and laid heavy Taxes on the People, raised vast Armies, waged cruel Wars, and set up images and pompous

Rites and Ceremonies in Worship, and was, as is believed, the Founder and Father of Idolatry.

In his Time too, it is highly probable, *that bloody Sacrifices were invented.* It was easy to persuade a Criminal against the Gods, that he might expiate what he deserved to die for, by the Death of a poor Beast; and if the Gods did not eat the reserved Part of the Sacrifice, which was always the best, their Ministers or Vicegerents (the Sacrificators) who in all likelihood had hunted with their Grand Monarch, and loved his Roast-Meat, would eat it for them, and that was as well.

From this same *Cham* proceeded *Cush*, *Mizraim* and *Canaan*, whence descended the *Ethiopians*, *Egyptians*, and *Canaanites*, all great and most noble Nations indeed, but withal most wicked and abominable, and cursed by God, inasmuch as they contemned his Law, which he gave from the Beginning, and turned aside from his true Worship, and transferred the Glory of the one immortal God to a thousand of his Creatures, to the Sun, and Moon, and Planets, and all the Host of Heaven.

In this condition was the World, when the Almighty chose another just Man, *Abraham* the Father of the Faithful, who by unerring tradition had received the Divine Truths; for our Great God has always a number of those who believe in him aright, and worship him in Spirit and in Truth, and write his Law, not in Tables of Stone, but in their Hearts, and who live in Quiet and Peace, private and unknown; as he told the Prophet afterwards, that he had 7000 who had not bent the Knee to Baal.

This holy Patriarch and his Posterity persevered in their Justice till they were in danger in Egypt to loose it by the Cruelty of a wicked Prince (who knew not *Joseph*) and their Conversation with the Professors of a pompous luxurious Idolatry: Then God raised up *Moses*, a great astronomer and a learned Man in Men and Things, who wonderfully freed them from their Servitude after having eased and despoiled their Enemies of their superfluous Gold.

These People he delivered from Servitude after a wonderful manner from the Fury of an impious King. In the Desert they continued forty Years, tho' their Deliverer might have brought them into the Land of Promise in Forty Days: But as this was a most excellent piece of Policy, and worthy the Foresight of *Moses*, so it cannot be sufficiently commended; he knew that a Company of raw undisciplined People, *trained up for the most part in keeping of* Sheep, would not be a Match for those warlike People, whose Cities and Kingdoms they were to take from them; besides that they might be in Danger of falling into Idolatry, to which by their long Residence in *Egypt*, and their being acquainted with their Flesh-pots, Ragous, or made Dishes (probably deriving their Origin from luxurious Sacrifices) he had observed they were *too much addicted.*

Everybody knows that the *Egyptians* (to whom we owe the invention of the Zodaic) adored the Sun under those Symbols; so because that glorious luminary enters *Aries* in the month of March, they worshipped him under the Symbol of a Lamb, or a human Figure with that Animal's head, as they did in the following month under the Symbol of a Calf, or young Bull. *Moses*, whose grand design was to bring them back to their original divine and most perfect Law, given Man by God Almighty in the beginning, was resolved to bend all his thoughts to efface those tinctures of Idolatry that they had received in their servitude, by constituting a Religion wonderfully adapted to the present occasion, with pompous Sacrifices, Rites, and Ceremonies, magnificent Sacerdotal and Levitical Vestments, and a vast number of mystical Hieroglyphics, as the *Egyptians* had; but with this essential difference, that these mystic Shadows all tended to set forth the Glory of one God the Creator; whereas those were entirely subservient to the worship of a Multitude of Creatures, an opposition greater than which could never be.

The first public act then of religion after their Deliverance was the *Passover*, or the ceremony of eating the Paschal Lamb, which was in the month of March; so that in every month that the *Egyptians* adored the Ram, the *Israelites* were roasting and eating up this their God, and that too after such a manner, being shod, girded, and with their Staves in their Hands, in a hurry, and with bitter Herbs,

as evidently showed the highest Contempt and Disdain of this imaginary Deity.

However, as a Specimen of their Propensity to Idolatry, one cannot give a more notorious instance than the setting up the Golden Calf, which was made of those earrings and ornaments they a little before had borrowed of the *Egyptians*. It is true this piece of pageantry lasted not long; the well-grounded zeal of *Moses*, who had the Honour to discourse a long while very familiarly with God, put a Stop to their religious Mirth and Gallantry; the Idol was broken in pieces, burnt, and ground to Powder, and the Crime was no otherwise expiated than with the Blood of 3000 Souls. It was now high time for *Moses* to look about him; the Law then was form'd with all convenient Diligence and Expedition, and the Decalogue written over again, and that too (to speak in the *Hebrew* Style) by the Finger of God. And certainly, well may it be said to be divinely penn'd, inasmuch as it comprehends whatever Man is to act in relation to his God and Neighbour. Whoever will give himself the trouble to read over *Liviticus*, will find what Rites and Ceremonies were superadded in order to keep up this external Pomp and Magnificence, so necessary at that time for the People, who could not at once be brought back to the pure worshipping of the Most High in Spirit and in Truth. The eating of the Flesh of Animals was tolerated, as I have elsewhere observed *; but how many restrictions this Toleration was attended with, every one that looks into the Bible may find; the most delicious food was absolutely forbidden, as Swines Flesh and all Shell-Fish; and the manner of dressing was such as required the utmost Scrutiny in relation to the Life of the Animal, and the Blood, as the Life or Soul, was particularly prohibited.

The bloody Sacrifices too were likewise continued, and several other human Inventions, which in those days God winked at, as he did at the Bill of Divorce; but from the Beginning (I speak the Words of Christ) it was not so. By reason of which external Acts, Symbols, Shadows and Hieroglyphics (which Christians afterwards explained as Types of the Messiah) this Law (quite opposite to the Christian, which was called the Law of Freedom and of Men) was called the Law of Children and of Slaves, for it grew so troublesome and so servile at last, thro' such a Multitude of Traditions of Men, that the Yoke was heavier than could be born withal; a Grievance which nothing but the Law of Grace and Liberty could effectually remedy, of which by and by.

And might it not have been reasonably expected after so much noble Industry and Care in instituting such glorious Laws, the Morality of which is incontestible, and all tend to Peace and Happiness, and the exterminating of Rapine, Violence and Oppression, Blood and Slaughter, that these People should have been good and happy? but it was quite the contrary: So that this people of *Israel* who were a leprous, hitchy Race, had no Merit to recommend them to the Divine Favour, but chosen thro' mere Grace, made so little use of those Benefits, that they grew the most ungrateful, wicked, bloody People on the Face of the Earth. *Moses* indeed, as meek as he otherwise was, had given them an Example, who growing angry at their setting up the Golden Calf, punished their Guilt with the blessed Slaughter of about 3000 of the People; for *Moses* had said to the *Levites*, who slew every Man his Brother, Companion and Neighbour, consecrate yourselves to day to the Lord, every Man upon his Son and upon his Brother, that he may bestow upon you a Blessing this Day. And this Action, which was only upon an extraordinary Emergency, was made a Precedent for the future, and the Honour of God was the Topic for succeeding Murders and Outrages. I pass by the Judges and Captains of *Israel*, as also the Blood that was shed under them, as I do their Democracy, where they quarrell'd with each other till they had quite destroyed the whole Tribe of *Benjamin*, excepting 600 Persons, as also (when they returned again to Aristocracy and Princely Government) the unnatural Murder of *Abimlech*, *Gideon's* Bastard, who by a solemn Slaughter of his 70 Brethren, the legitimate Sons of his Father, upon one Stone, obtained the Sovereign Sway in *Shechem*.

This Infection shedding Blood reached also their Kings. *David*, a Man after God's own Heart, made such an ill Use of

* *Vid*, my Treatise of the Plague, p. 16.

the Divine Grace, that he became the Man after the Heart of the Devil, and was guilty of Crimes the most horrid and enormous, Adultery and Murder; for after having shamefully debauched the Wife, he basely sacrificed the Husband. He had killed two hundred Philistines in cold Blood before, to possess himself of their Fore-skins, which he delivered in full Tale (a wonderful *Groupe*) to his sacred Majesty King *Saul*, 100 more than he need to have done, but it was a Dowry for his Mistress the Princess *Michal*, it savoured well in those Days, and the doubling the Sum was probably looked upon as a piece of heroic Gallantry, which, had he lived now, the Ladies, I suppose, would not have thanked for.

To secure himself the Kingdom he afterwards caused the seven Sons of *Saul* to be hanged, so that there was none left him to contend with but *Mephibosheth*, a lame, feeble Prince (well for him that he was so) the Son of his Friend *Jonathan*, at whose Death he made such a loud Lamentation. Well might he then have been called the Man of Blood, of which he himself was but too sensible, when he began to reflect and confess, that the curse of *Shimei* was very just upon him on that account, and came from God. *Libera me sanguinibus* (for he had shed Rivers of Blood) was his penitential Song; for the Mercy of God did not forsake him for ever, and his Penitence was as remarkable as his Crimes. Hence one may learn that the greatest sinners should never despair on a sincere turning to God, whose Grace is not limited, and his holy Spirit breaths as it listeth: This should learn us also not to pass Sentence on the States of Men; for that may be a Vessel of Grace and Election, which we may fancy to be a Vessel of Wrath and Reprobation.

However, tho' God pardoned his Guilt, yet he would not remit his Punishment, so that he hardly ever could be said to possess the Kingdom of *Israel* in Peace; for while he was living his Favourite Son *Absalom* invaded his Kingdom in *Hebron*, after whose death *Sheba* the son of *Bochri* rose up against him; and some time before he died, his son *Adonijah*: Tho' indeed this Action of that Prince seems rather to have been to make his Succession secure against *Solomon*, the Son of an Adulterous Woman, and his youngest Brother, whom notwithstanding *David* appointed his Heir, so little regard had he to Primogeniture, or indefeasible Hereditary Right; and on his Death-bed commanded him to bring down *Shimei's* hoary Head to the Grave with Blood, altho' he had pardoned him before.

Thus *Solomon* obtained the *Hebrew* Monarchy, which he established by the Blood of his eldest Brother *Adonijah* on the most trivial Pretence in the World: However this King, wise as he was, fell away from God into the grossest Idolatry, for which ten Tribes revolted in *Rehobcam* his Son's Time, and set over them *Jeroboam* for their King, a very wicked Man of the Tribe of *Dan*, who poisoned all *Israel* with Idolatry; and so wicked afterwards were the succeeding Kings of *Israel* and *Judah*, that scarce four of them were really good, so that God delivered them into the hands of the King of *Babylon*, where they remained a long while in a cruel Servitude; afterwards God taking pity on them, these wretched people returned to *Jerusalem*, where they lived some time very happy in a kind of Commonwealth, which was governed by the Priests, the Nobility, and popular Magistrates, till *Aristobulus* the Son of *Hircanus* made himself King, and established himself in the Kingdom of the *Jews* by the Murder of his Mother and Brother; at last, after a great many Kings, it ended under *Archelaus*, that insolent and debauched Prince, when all *Judea* became a Province to the *Romans*.

But during this general Corruption, it must not be imagined but there were some few who were not carried away with the Stream; the Brotherhood continued unshaken and kept their Integrity; amongst whom some of the holy Prophets were inspired to denounce the heavy Judgments of God against these notorious Monsters of Impiety; but they were soon silenc'd for their unseasonable Babbling, by some little harmless Corrections, as having their Brains knocked out, or being sawed asunder, and the like wholesome Severities.

But as the Laity continued in their wickedness, the Princes were not one jot the better, but rather much worse; so that the High Priest's Office was bought and sold, and sought for, and at last two Persons executed that high Charge by turns.

Thus stood the affairs of the *Jewish* Na-

tion in the Time of *Augustus Cæsar*, when there was a profound Peace all over the World, which was never more polite, and perhaps never more vicious.

The Sceptre having now departed from *Judah*, the Messiah, the Prince of Peace, came into the World, and came (as he himself says) not to destroy, but to fulfil: But how, my dearest Brethren, must that be understood? it is certain he came to destroy the Shadows, Types, Hieroglyphics, the bloody Sacrifices, and the whole Ceremonial Law, or else his Disciples and Followers have led us in the dark. He came not then to destroy, but to fulfil, what was couched under all these, and all what was delivered by the prophets, in relation to his Kingdom; to be the Restorer of corrupted Nature, and to bring back Man again to his primæval State of Integrity, which the Mosaic Law could never do; to deliver us from bondage and make us *Free*, to bring us from Darkness into Light, and to be our Lord, Master, Saviour, and Redeemer from utter Perdition and Ruin for ever. He came to beat down the Empire of Sin, and the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World: his Divine Sermons and Discourses were levelled against these, and the Pride, Hypocrisy, Avarice, Luxury and Cruelty of the Scribes and Pharisees, Priests and Levites, who of the House of Prayer had made a Den of Thieves, and an Exchange for Usurers and Extortioners. To these Orthodox Teachers of the Law, he prefers in the Parable of the good *Samaritan*, a tender-hearted charitable Heretic, who bound up the wounds of a distressed traveller, that had fallen amongst thieves, conveyed him safely to a lodging, and furnished him with money, without making known his name or place of abode; while the Priest and Levite, inured to shedding blood, unconcerned at his piercing groans, march serenely by, and who when they vouchsafed to bestow an Alms, sound a trumpet, and do it in public places.

This is what these devourers of widows houses, these whited sepulchres, generation of vipers and murderers (upon whom he charges all the guilt of shedding innocent blood, from that of righteous *Abel* to the blood of *Zacharias*, the son of *Barachias*, whom they slew between the Temple and the Altar) could by no means bear, their eyes were dazzled and confounded with the splendour of his divine doctrines, which were so strong, nervous, and irrefragable, that some amongst them even owned he taught with authority, and that no one ever spoke like him. These turbulent Spirits therefore acting like what they were, never rested till they had put him to death for a Malefactor, an utter enemy to *Cæsar* (whom they themselves believed to be an usurper) and a sower of sedition, who was meekness and peace itself, and whose life was nothing but one continued series of doing good. How nature was startled at this diabolical piece of ingratitude the world was then too sensible; such strange phenomena startled the wise men of the earth, *Athens* was astonish'd, and her philosophy was now no more. This made the amazed *Areopagite* cry out, either the God of Nature suffers, or the Frame of the whole World is dissolved.

Thus suffered our Great, our immortal master, who came into the world to do the will of his Father which is in Heaven, and whose brethren we are (as he says himself) if we do so too. If you ask me what this Will of his Father is, I answer, it is Christ's Will, who is of one and the same Will and Substance with his Father; and this I need not to repeat to you, it is as plain as the Noon-day Sun, to be found in what he himself says, and whom alone if we hear, it is sufficient; his Precepts are clear and expressive, obvious to the meanest Capacity. And it would have been better for the Christian World, had they kept up to this Divine Rule, and not obscured his sacred Religion with so many senseless impertinent Speculations, *Aristotelian* and Heathenish Distinctions, and the unintelligible Jargon of the Schools, by which they have almost distinguished all Religion out of the World; so that too often we see many a Venerable Professor pass many Years to acquire the Faculty of rattling out a company of barbarous Terms, that have no manner of Meaning in them, and by which, after so long a Study, they are not one jot the honester, and omit the easy and amiable Practice of the common Duties of Love and Charity.

You see now what is our Profession; it is the Law of Nature, which being almost lost, was endeavoured to be retrieved, or, at least somehow kept up by the Shadows of *Moses*, but entirely restored by the Law

of Grace, by Jesus Christ the Son of God.

You have been remembered, that under the Law of Nature Mankind had no Propriety, but lived in common, and as there was no Superfluity, so there was nothing wanting; no anxious Cares then of heaping up Riches, or Solicitude for future Provisions distracted their Repose, or interrupted their sweet Contemplations. This way of Life continued in the Generations of *Seth*, who were called the Sons of God, till some of them, allured by the Daughters of Men, the Children of *Cain*, corrupted themselves, and fell into those extravagant impieties that drew down the Deluge.

This same way of living was revived by *Noah* after the Flood, till the Pride of his Posterity, who ran into those tyrannic Proprieties which have undone the World, and almost destroyed it. It came however down by Tradition to *Abraham* and his descendants, who were Keepers of Sheep in the Land of *Egypt* for 430 Years. After their Delivery they lived in the same manner, and though afterwards the Generality, when they began to live in Cities, abandoned it, yet this Spirit remained amongst their greatest Men for Wisdom, and in the Colleges of the Prophets and their Sons, and which was brought in a more particular manner to its primitive Lustre by Jesus Christ, who called and composed a Fraternity first of the Apostles, who afterwards admitted others, whom they thought worthy, into the Society, where the Contempt of the World, and Money (no otherwise than it subserved to the Necessities of Life, and charitable Uses) was always kept up as a distinguishing Mark of the Faithful, that is, the Brethren, for they were first called Christians at *Antioch*, so that they were of one Heart and one Soul, neither said any of them that aught of the Things which he possessed was his own, but they had all Things in common, neither was any among them that lacked; for as many of them as were Possessors of Lands or Houses sold them, and brought the Prices of the Things that were sold, and laid them down at the Apostles' feet, and Distribution was made unto every Man according as he had need. Avarice (the Bane of humane Society) was detected, loathed, abhorred, as the Root and Foundation of all Evil; it was what, my dearest Brethren, ruined *Judas Iscariot*, and made him the first *False Brother* under the Law of Grace, who for a little sordid Pelf proved the most wicked Traitor in the World, the Horrors of whose Perfidy lay so terrible on his Conscience, that he could not survive them, but growing desperate, put an end to his Sorrows by an ignominious Death; he hanged himself, and burst asunder, and all his Bowels gushed out, and his Bishoprick another took.

You may remember, that the next terrible Punishment of a *False Brother* was on *Ananias*, who had indeed a Desire to come into the Brotherhood and Apostolical way of Life; and accordingly (for this was a Pre-requisite thereto) sold a Possession and kept back Part of the Price, and brought a certain Part, and laid it at the Apostle's Feet, for which fraudulent Act he was struck dead by holy Brother St. *Peter*.

This living in common was looked upon as an essential Point among the Brethren (who, as I observed before, were at *Antioch* first called Christians) that the primitive Brethren kept it up for 300 Years successively after the Death of their Lord and Master, the Holy Jesus; and the Bishops of *Rome*, who were almost all of them martry'd for the Religion of the Brotherhood or Christianity (which is the same thing) religiously maintained it.

These Bishops, or Overseers (as the Name imports) had the Care and Oversight of the common Treasury, then worthily called the Treasure of the Church, and dispensed to every one according to their several Necessities. And Brother *Lawrence*, a Deacon to Bishop (or Oversee) *Xystus*, or *Sixtus*, was put to a most cruel Death, broiled on a Grid-iron, because, as the Tyrant thought, he mocked him, when he told him that *there* (pointing to some poor Brethren) he had disposed of the Church's Treasure.

Nor was this State interrupted till *Constantine* the Great turned Christian, who rebuilt or repaired *Byzantium* to rival *Rome*, and called it, (as *Romulus* did *Rome*) after his Name, *Constantinople*; to which he transferred the Empire, and (in this too like the Founder of *Rome*) laid its Foundation in Parricide, in the Blood of his Sister's Husband and Son, and that of his own Wife and Child.

The Courtiers and great Men, who

always conform to the Example of the Prince, turned Christians too, and the Draught of Fishes was so very great that, the Net broke, and there were found infinitely more bad than good. The Truth of it was, the Church then grew at ease, and had certain Stipends settled on her Priests and Pastors, who now (so true it is that the Blood of the Martyrs is the Seed of the Church) living at Ease and Plenty, forgot by Degrees their original Institution, and Conversing with the Court, learned its Modes and Fashions, and took on themselves high Titles; the poor Pastors or Bishops swelled into Lords, and the humble Successor of St. *Peter*, the Servant of the Servants of God, from an Overseer grew into a Sovereign Pontiff, or PONTIFEX MAXIMUS, which meant no more amongst the ancient *Romans* than *Bridgemaster General*. A great number too of Pagan Rites and Ceremonies were introduced to make it a glorious Church, fit for Emperors and Kings, and People of Quality; but as these Titles were of little moment, and these Ceremonies innocent enough in themselves, and might conduce to outward Decency, they could not in the main be any Hindrance to Devotion, and consequently no Cause of Separation.

But this was not all; the Philosophy of *Aristotle*, and dark obscure Terms and Sophisms were introduced into Christian Schools, with ridiculous Subtilties, vocal and nominal Controversies, chimerical Notions, Entia Rationis, Genereitas in Concreto, Ubications, Quandations, with all the confused barbarous Ribaldry, and venerable Gibberish of noisy, empty, positive, conceited, dogmatical, ignorant Pædagogues, and scientifical Blockheads.

After these Reverend Fooleries, the whole World ran a whoring, as the *Israelites* did after *Gideon's* Ephod; and these learned Doctors and *Magistri nostri*, being thus employed in these sublime Speculations, things of greater Moment, forgot to inculcate the Practice of good Works, the Mechanical Part of Religion; so that all Immorality flowed in like an irresistible Deluge, and there was more Wickedness and Impiety practised amongst Christians, than ever amongst the *Jews* and Infidels; and nothing left but the very names of Christ and Christianity, which were often abused to carry on the Designs of wicked, ambitious, and turbulent Men; so that the Religion of the Prince of Peace was made to patronize and countenance all sorts of Violence, Rapine, Murders, Sacrileges, Tyrannies, and Rebellions; and the holy Scriptures, as the Casuists knew how, were made a Nose of Wax, and contending Parties, tho' never so diametrically opposite to each other, had God on their side, with whose most adorable Name all their several Parricides, Burnings, Massacres and Plunderings were sanctified.

Neither did things rest here; People were to be dragooned into Religion; Whips, Wracks, Tortures, Burnings, Inquisitions, Star-Chambers, Spiritual Courts, Ecclesiastical Censures, Excommunications (I aim at no Sect or Communion in particular, they were all alike) were set up as wholesome, Soul-saving Engines to screw People into Peace of Conscience, while perhaps the poor *Culprit*, tho' he could not express himself in the uncouth Language of the Schools was as Orthodox as the spiritual inquisitive Bloodhound, who could notwithstanding be so charitable as to change all Penalties into a pecuniary Mulct, if the Party could but provide a sufficient Quantity of that Catholicon which cures all things, tho' never so inveterate and is everywhere orthodoxly current.

——————*quæ non miracula præstas*
Auri sacra fames!

Good Men lamented these Calamities, and the Brethren sighed to Heaven, and wished a Reformation. The several religious Orders in the Churches of *Rome* and *Greece* aimed at it, and had very good Notions and Designs for that Work; and tho' amongst these Recluses, Sciences have been in a great Measure encouraged, and to these Bodies we owe several invaluable Treasures, yet because their Fraternities consist only of single Persons, and lie under particular Restrictions, they do not altogether answer the Ends of the Brotherhood, who cannot subsist without being *Free*.

However, it is earnestly to be wished, that some Prince or Great Men would (and they would if they knew us) cast on us a favourable Eye, by this means would they encourage Arts and Sciences, which have been always worthy the care of the wisest and best of Men; this would open a

glorious way to celebrate the wonderful Works of the Almighty, and to do good to Men (which is all our End and Aim) and of consequence should we most cordially pray for our Noble and Illustrious Benefactors, and transmit their Name with Honour to remotest Posterity.

Drawing now towards a Conclusion, I shall beg your Attention to two or three Things more, before I take my Leave of you.

Avoid all Companies where ridiculing of Religion is thought witty, and more especially when the wretched Discourse is turned upon the adorable Mystery of the most Holy Trinity, which is an eternal Doctrine, believed by Wise Men in all Ages. The ancient Philosophers, who had no revealed Religion, no other Light but the Light of Nature, taught and believed this most sacred Truth, as I could show in a proper place as clear as the Sun. The *Platonics*, for Example, to instance no more, acknowledge in the Godhead three Persons; the first they called the Father of the Universe, or of all things; the second the Son and first Mind; that is, according to *Plotinus* and *Philo*, the Divine Intellect, flowing from God the Father, as Light from Light, or the word that is spoken from the Speaker: Hence he was called the λόγς, VERBUM, or WORD, Light of Light, and the Splendour of God the Father; and the third day they called the Spirit or *Anima Mundi*, which Dove-like sate brooding on the Face of the Waters, and with its celestial, amotorial, genial Heat, hatcht the Universe.

All this, and much more could I shew, if required, from a Cloud of Witnesses, abstracting from the commonly-received Doctrines of Christianity, which these witty Gentlemen (pretend what they will) seem to have very little regard to.

It is also well-becoming the Brotherhood to be very respectful to all Clergymen, especially those of the Established Church. In the next place, never on any account connive at what the Wits of the Age call roasting of a Parson; which besides that it does no ways suit with a Gentleman or honest Man (which is the same thing) is barbarous and cruel; it brings him that is thus baited into Contempt with the People, who are easily carried away with flashy Wit and Ridicule (for nothing is so easy as to ridicule Religion) so that by degrees, when People despise his Instructions, nobody will go to hear him, which is a sacrilegious Robbery of his good Name, according to all Divines, a Hinderance to his Preferment, and consequently to the better providing for his Family. There is no Tradesman but would think this Usage very cruel.

Take care also not to be concerned in your Dealings with litigious Persons, who on every Trifle are for going to Law; rather make up your Difference, though you loose by it. Remember the words of your Divine Master; If any Man will sue thee at the Law, and take away thy Coat, let him have thy Cloak also. The Reason is obvious, *viz.* lest the Lawyer come with his *Fieri facias*, and strip thee to the Skin. I speak not of the good, for there are a great many very worthy Members of this Profession, Men of true Honour and Integrity, our Bulwarks against Oppression and Injustice; but I speak of those poor, wretched, ignorant, pitiful Solicitors, Cause-Pedlars, Sowers of Discord, Pettifoggers, and Setters, those scandalous Vermin of the Law; those rapacious Harpies, insatiate Cormorants, Cannibals, and Devourers of Mankind, who tear out and gnaw our Bowels, and suck our Blood and Vitals, and for a trivial, scandalous, little, sordid Lucre, bring frequently irreparable Ruin on such as are so unhappy as to come in their way; regardless like the deaf Adder, to the Tears of the helpless Orphan and Widow.

These are the very Dregs of Mankind, miserable abandoned Wretches, who as they live, so, without a miraculous Act of the Divine Goodness, die without Remorse; or, if they reflect before they go hence, how raking, how torturing must those dire and dreadful Reflections be, when they find themselves not able to make Restitution for their dishonest Gains, and without which it is impossible according to the best Divines to have any Hopes of future Happiness? These Makebates, Incendiaries, and common Barreters, of all Men are most miserable, for they take such Care by their Rapacity (like some wretched Botchers) never to be employed twice, and are therefore ever poor, and the Scorn and Contempt (being

indeed the Outcast and Offal) of Mankind.

But these Monsters can no more effect the Honour of the sage Administrators of the Law, than a prating, noisy, nonsensical Mountebank the skilful Physician, or a false Brother our sacred Fraternity; that sacred Fraternity, whose very Soul and Life is Charity, which is to love and honour all Men, to comfort the feeble minded, to support the weak and infirm, to heal the Sick, to help the Fatherless and Widow, and cover the Frailties of our Neighbour; for Charity (I speak in the Words of Brother Saint *Paul*) is kind, not easily provoked, thinketh no Evil.

Let us therefore, my dearest Brethren, never be easily persuaded to think Evil of anyone, much less of a Brother, if we hear any evil Report of him; let us according to the Divine Rules of Love and Charity, believe it not, but stifle the Viper in its Birth, and admonish our Brother; who, if we do it with a Spirit of Sincerity and brotherly Love, will thank us (nothing making Instruction so unacceptable as a haughty, dogmatical Utterance) so shall we be a Stay and Comfort to him from malicious and Envious Tongues, from whose poisonous Effects the best of Men are not sure to be free.

O my dearest Brethren, let us love one another. This is the sacred advice of Saint *John* the Divine, that beloved Disciple of the Holy Jesus, our blessed Master; for (says he) Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God: He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is Love. If a Man say he loveth God, and hateth his Brother, he is a Liar; for he that loveth not his Brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen.

O may our good and merciful God ever deliver and defend us from these Liars, these Brother-haters, these Sowers of Discord amongst Brethren, these Companions and Abettors of Clumny and Detraction, these Enemies of God and Man. And if any such have already crept in amongst us, thro' the Negligence or Ignorance of the Watchmen upon the Walls, hard is our Lot indeed. Our holy Brother St. *Paul*, though he suffered infinate Perils, as he recounts himself yet the Perils among *False Brethren* were what seemed most to touch his righteous Soul; for most dangerous are a Man's Enemies, when they are of his own House.

These, my dearest Brethren, are Thieves and Robbers, and never entered into the Sheepfold by the Door, but climbed up some other way. These make their Belly their God, and their little sordid Interest their Idol; but *Regnum Cœlorum non est Cibus & Potus.* These follow the Brethren as the Multitude did our great Lord, Master, and Exemplar, for the Loaves and Fishes, and like them would cry *Hosanna* to day, and to-morrow *Crucify, Crucify*: They are unworthy Dogs, Animals which are not only to be debarred from eating the Children's Bread, but to be shut out from licking up the Crumbs that fall from their Table. Let these be ever excluded the Congregation of the Faithful; let their Names be rased for ever out of the Book *M*, and be buried in eternal Oblivion, whose Portion will be with Hypocrites, Makebates, Incendiaries, and Spillers of Blood, red black, and purple. And who all, unless they opportunely repent, will be overtaken by the rigorous Judgments of God for their Falsehoods and Perjuries, as were their Brother Caitiffs, those perfidious Traitors and Liars, *Cain, Judas and Ananias.*

And now, my Brethren, you of the higher Class, permit me a few Words, since you are but few! and these few words I shall speak to you in Riddles, because to you it is given to know those Mysteries which are hidden from the Unworthy.

Have you not seen then, my dearest Brethren, that stupendous Bath, filled with most limpid Water, than which no Pure can be purer, of such admirable Mechanism that makes even the greatest Philosopher gaze with Wonder and Astonishment, and is the Subject of the eternal Contemplation of the wisest Men. Its Form is a Quadrate sublimely placed on six others, blazing all with celestial Jewels, each angularly supported with four Lions. Here repose our mighty King and Queen (I speak foolishly, I am not worthy to be of you) the King shining in his glorious Apparel of transparent incorruptable Gold, beset with

living Sapphires; he is fair and ruddy, and feeds amongst the Lillies; his Eyes two Carbuncles the most brilliant, darting prolific, never-dying Fires; and his large flowing Hair, blacker than the deepest Black, or Plumage of the long-lived Crow; his Royal Comfort vested in Tissue of immortal Silver, watered with Emeralds, Pearl and Coral. O mystical Union! O admirable Commerce!

Cast now your Eyes to the Basis of this celestial Structure, and you will discover just before it a large Bason of Porphyrian Marble, receiving from the Mouth of a large Lion's Head, to which two Bodies displayed on each side of it are conjoined a greenish Fountain of liquid Jasper. Ponder this well, and consider. Haunt no more the Woods and Forests; (I speak as a Fool) hunt no more the fleet Hart; let the flying Eagle fly unobserved; busy yourselves no longer with the dancing Ideot, swollen Toads, and his own Tail-devouring Dragon; leave these as Elements to your *Tyrones.*

The Object of your Wishes and Desires (some of you perhaps have obtained it, I speak as a Fool) is that admirable thing which hath a Substance neither too fiery, nor altogether earthy, nor simply watery; neither a Quality the most acute, or most obtuse, but of a middle Nature, and light to the Touch, and in some manner soft, at least not hard; not having Asperity, but even in some sort sweet to the Taste, odorous to the Smell, grateful to the Sight, agreeable and delectable to the Hearing, and pleasant to the Thought; in short, that One only Thing besides which there is *no other*, and yet everywhere possible to be found, the blessed and most sacred Subject of the Square of wise Men, that is———
———I had almost blabbed it out, and been sacrilegiously perjured. I shall therefore speak of it with a Circumlocution yet more dark and obscure, that none but the Sons of Science, and those who are illuminated with the sublimest Mysteries and profoundest Secrets of MASONRY may understand————
It is then, what brings you, my dearest Brethren, to that pellucid, diaphanous Palace of the true disinterested Lovers of Wisdom, that transparent Pyramid of purple Salt more sparkling and radiant than the finest orient Ruby, in the centre of which reposes inaccessible Light epitomiz'd, that incorruptible celestial Fire, blazing like burning Crystal, and brighter than the Sun in his full Meridian Glories, which is that immortal, eternal, never-dying PYROPUS, the King of Gemms, whence proceeds everything that is great, and wise, and happy.

These Things are deeply hidden from common View, and covered with Pavilions of thickest Darkness, that what is sacred may not be given to Dogs, or your Pearls cast before Swine, lest they trample them under Feet, and turn again and rent you.

However, this will by no means hinder you from doing good where there are worthy Objects, and you know the Day is now far gone, and the Night approaches when no Man can work: Wherefore,

O my most beloved and for-ever-blessed Brethren, hear me, hear the voice of your Brother.

We have promised great Things.
Greater Things are promised to us.
Let us keep these.
Let us sigh after those.
Small is our Suffering.
The Glory infinate.
Many are called,
Few chosen.
There is a just reward for all.

Brethren, while we have Time, let us do good Works.

Finally, Brethren, (I speak now to you in holy Brother Saint *Paul's* Words) farewell, be perfect, be of good Comfort, be of one Mind, live in Peace; and the God of Love and Peace shall be with you.

And now to our great Master in Heaven, to him who is the faithful Witness, and the first-begotten of the Dead, and the Prince of the Kings of the Earth; unto him that loved us and washed us from our Sins in his own Blood, and hath made us Kings and Priests unto God and his Father, to him be Glory and Dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES, Jun. F.R.S.

March 1st, 1721.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTE BOOKS OF THE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF PARADISE, No. 139, FREEMASONS' HALL, SHEFFIELD.

BY BRO. S. B. ELLIS.

MINUTE BOOK, *No. 2.* EXTENDING FROM 1812 to 1824.

THIS book is foolscap, rough calf, the paper being of common quality it was abandoned before it was half full. Five leaves are missing at front, but the last entry in No. 1 book being 15th December, 1811, and the first entry in this being 19th January, 1812, I apprehend the minutes are unbroken. Page 1 is headed,

"ROYAL ARCH RECORDS, No. 111."
"1812."

19th January.—"A general encampment of Royal Arch Companions"—usual routine*; the resolutions respecting the annual subscription of five shillings are written here, and signed by 27 members. Those Companions who would not pay the subscription and sign those resolutions ceased to be members, and their names would "not be registered at the Clerk of the Peace's office."

16th February.—A meeting.

15th March.—A meeting—usual routine—and "'Twas then further agreed that the "Chapter should open in future not exceeding ½ past 6 and close at 8—after "wch—Supper to be *immedy* introduced."

24th March.—Copy of a certificate sent to the Register office, Wakefield—giving 64 names.

19th April.—A meeting—there "being "no particular business the most excellent "Z gave a very long & descriptive Lecture on y^e^ destruction of the OLD, & "the rebuilding of the NEW Temple."

"Memorandum, 10th May, 1812. "There not being suffic^t^ No. of R.A. Companions at Doncaster to open the Magdalen Chapter there, No. 124, or to exalt "such Bro^rs^ as wish^d^ to become R. A. "Comp^s^ they requested the 3 Principals, "Officers, and sev^l^ other Companions of "the Chapter of Paradise, of Sheffield (as "named in margin), to assist them in so "doing, and they w^d^ pay every expence "attending the same (wch they very "liberally and handsomly did) when 17 "Bro^rs^ (as afterwards named) were raised "to the degree of super-excellent Masters "in y^e^ Chair and afterwards exalted to "supreme degree of R. A. Masons."

15 attended from Sheffield, and 1 from Doncaster (afterwards installed as Z); 17 *Bro^rs^* were exalted—the names being recorded—"all of Doncaster or the Neigh-"bourhood." "After their exaltation an "appropriate Lecture was given by the "most excellent Z—and then officers were "chose for their own Chapter and duly "installed;" viz. Z. H. & J. 2 Scribes & "3 Sojs,

N.B. (In foregoing "memo.") "*Principals; Brothers raised to the degree of Super excellent Master in y^e^ Chair & afterwards exalted;*" and the "*Principals*" being "*Installed.*"

21st June.—"List sent to Comp^n^ Gallimore in London to be registered." Giving the names of 5 Brethren, with dates of exaltation, and a fee of 5/- for each. A meeting was called for this day, "but being *only* 8 Companions present it was not open'd."

16th August.—A meeting.

18th October.—Carried—"that as Comp^n^ Rowley's certif^e^ was mutilated or destroy^d^ accidentally by some of Comp^n^ Robinson's children, another sh^d^ be obtained for him at the exp^e^ of the Chapter." Also—"That any Compan^n^ wishing "to obtain a Certificate he shall 1st apply "in open Chapter, and if approv'd shall "so soon as conven^t^ be recommended by "one or more of the principals, to the "Grand Chapter." 3 Companions thereupon "applied and was approv^d^ by unanimous shew of hands."

N.B. Though the meeting is headed "a general encampment" it is termed a "Chapter" in the discussions.

"15th Nov^r^—At a general encampment of R. A. Masons (17 present as in "margin) Comp^n^ Tibbitt's Certif^e^ was "then *sign'd* by, and *del^d^* to him.

"The application made by the——

* We apply *the* term "usual routine" in its fullest meaning,—including, therefore, the proposition, election, and exaltation of candidates, &c.—only copying special portions.

"Lodge at Longnor * to hold a Chapter "there was then mention'd by y^e^ most "excl^r^ Z requesting our recommend^n^ to "the Grand Chapter, which was carried "unanimously by shew of Hands.

"Jn^o^ Horrabin, Farmer of Sheen, Z.

"Roger Sheldon, Farmer of Crowdicote, H.

"& Jn^o^. Millward, Miller of Longnor, J.

"The Chapter then agreed that a "manuscript on Arch Masonry, &c., by a "Visiting Bro^r^ (——) shall be paid for "out of the funds of y^e^ Chapter, part of "wch was read, and part of the Lecture "was given by the most Excel^t^ Z." The "Chapter then adjourned to the 3rd Sun-"day in December and clos'd in due "form.

"N.B. The expence of the Warr^t^ from "the Grand Chapter is 3 14s. 0d.

"(Signed) Sam^l^ Tompkin, Z."

20th December.—Election of Officers by shew of Hands. Proposed by the M.E.Z., "that the 3 Principals shou'd "(so soon as conv^t^) wait upon those Comp^ns^ "who have not paid their last y^rs^ subscripts."

"1813."

17th January.—The M.E.Z. ment^d^ "to the Comp^us^ a visiting Bro^r^ fr "Chesterf^d^ named Jean Francois Marin "Fougue—an Officer and French Prisoner, "Aged 37, who wish'd to become a R.A. "Mason—and as we were not acquaint^d^ "with his pecuniary situation, 'twas pro-"posed (shou'd he be approv'd off and if "not offensive to himself) that he sh^d^ not "pay more than the fees of Registering. "Considering the affair as a matter of "Emergence (his stay at Chesterfield being "so uncertain) it was agreed that he sh^d^ "be *proposed, Ballotted for,* and *exalted* "this evening (if tho^t^ worthy)."

He was elected and, accordingly, exalted that evening—a truly fraternal greeting to a Brother Mason, who, though a "Prisoner of War," may have thought and said—"the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;"—especially beneficient does the conduct of those worthy companions appear when we call to mind that, in those days the feeling, against the French, ran high. This incident, alone, casts quite a halo of romance around the Old Chapter.

21st February. — A meeting— usual routine. Companion Fougue requested his certificate should be sent for (his stay in Chesterfield being uncertain), which was undertaken to be written for accordingly. "The M.E.Z. assisted by "the Soj., gave the Sojourn^rs^ Lecture, after "which he gave a long and descriptive "Lecture on the Destruction of the OLD "and the rebuilding of the NEW Temple, "with the customs of the 3 Grand Masters "and the charge of a R.A. Mason."

21st March.—20 members rejected (excluded) for not paying their subscriptions, notice of which was underwritten on their summonses respectively.

30th March.—Copy of a certificate sent to Register office, Wakefield, showing 28 members.

18th April.—A meeting—"opened in "due form, when the M.E.Z. requested "that in future, all Comp^ns^ coming in "when the Chapter is open sh^d^ enter in "due form."

A Companion having applied for his certificate the three Principals signed a recommendation for nine certificates as follows:—

"We the three principals of the Chapter "of Paradise, N^o^ 111, held at Sheffield, "most humbly beg leave to recommend the "underwritten Companions being Sub-"scribers to our Chapter, to have their "Certificates granted to them by the three "most excellent Principals of the Grand "Chapter of England, they having humbly "requested it in Open Chapter, and have "been found worthy of the same.

"Chapter of Paradise, Sheffield,
"18th April,—1813.
"(Signed) Tompkin, Z.
"" Rowley, H.
"" Gallimore, J.

"To the most excellent principals of the "Grand Chapter of England."

20th June. A meeting—"the quarterly "Communic^n^ was read wherein a request "was made for a subscription tow^ds^ defray-"ing the expence of a piece of plate of "300g^s^ value to be presented to Comp^n^ "Walter Rodwell Wright, Esq., as a "Complem^t^ for his Services to y^e^ Grand "Chapter, &c." A One Pound Note was

* The Lodge of Unity, No. 492, at the "Union," (No. 411 under "Moderns," in 1787) was held at Longnor, but as ceased to exist. *Vide* Bro. Hughan's "List of Lodges, 1814." Longnor is in Staffs. Post-town Buxton.

voted and ordered to be remitted to W. H. White, Esq., Grand Recorder, for that purpose. It was agreed that the three Principals should sign a request to Grand Chapter for a Chapter at Longnor.

15th August—a meeting.

17th October—a meeting at which letters to and from Grand Lodge were read to show the reasons of the delay respecting the Longnor Warrant, and ye certificates for the Chapter.

21st November.—A meeting at which nine certificates from London were produced, of which seven were signed and presented to their respective owners, including Companion Fouque.

19th December. — Chapter summoned and a number of companions attended, but two Principals were absent, so "no business "could be done—of course all was clear'd "away ag^{n}—& stand over until 3rd Sunday "in Jan^{y} next."

"1814."

16th January. — a meeting — usual routine.—Certificates delivered to two Companions "with the usual Charges."

20th February.—A meeting at which "it "was agreed that Comp^{n} Rowley, (H) "should *again* write to the Grand Sec^{ty} in "London (Br^{r} White) respecting the Warr^{t} "for the Longnor Chapter and request an "immed^{e} answer."

20th March—Companion Rowley reporting he had not yet got the Longnor Warrant was requested to write again to Companion White. Agreed that the accounts of the Chapter be examined next Sunday night at seven o'clock, at which eight, Comp^{ns} or more, were desired to attend.

5th April.—Copy of a certificate sent to the Register office, Wakefield, 26 members.

17th April—"Comp^{n} Rowley reported "he had rec^{d} f'm the Grand Chapter, the "Warrant for a Chapter to be held at "Longnor (which had before been so often "wrote about)* and it was agreed that the "*three Principals* and *the Sojourner* shou'd "go over thither on Sunday next (notice "having been previously given to the "Comp^{ns} & Bro^{rs} there to be in readiness) "to open the same."

"24th April Memorandum. This Day "Comp^{ns} Tompkin, Z.; Rowley, H.; Galli- "more, J.; & Pearson, Soj.; went to "Longnor in Staffordshire, to open a "Chapter there, which they *did* & was "*very liberally and handsomly treated* "by the Bro^{rs} & Comp^{ns} there. (Signed) "G. Fox, Sc."

19th June, 14th August, 16th October, and 20th November, Meetings were held —usual routine.

18th December. — A meeting—"Bro. "John Jepson & John Hudson, each of "Rotherham, then passed the superlative "Chair and were exalted into the supreme "degree of R.A. Masons."

"1815."

15th January. — A meeting — "Bro. "Joseph Graham of Chesterfield was then "passed the superlative chair by the 3 "excellent Principals, after which he was "duly exalted to the supreme degree of "R.A.M." "N.B. 4 Comp^{ns} were this "evening made Mark Masons by Comp^{n} "Tompkin (Z)—viz. Hallam, Jepson, "Mugglestone & Graham."

19th February.—A meeting—no business.

19th March — A candidate proposed, when the M.E.Z. said he would not remain a member of the Chapter if such a man was admitted—an investigation was appointed to be held on 5th April next, the candidate was withdrawn, "see the minutes in y^{e} Craft "Lodge Records on that day."

4th April.—A copy of a certificate sent to the Register office, Wakefield, 26 members.

21st May.—A meeting—no particular business so adjourned to July. "After "which some come conversation took place "respecting a general procession at some "future Day in Honour of the Union of the "Ancient and Modern Masons—when "'twas agreed that 3 members of ea: "Lodge (the Brittannia and Brunswick) "should meet at Br^{r} Willey's on Monday "even^{g} the 29th ins^{t} at 8 o'clock to "determine the same, & other particulars "relative thereto, and announce the result to ea: Lodge, at their next general Lodge Night.

16th July.—18 Comp^{ns} and four Craft Masons present — the Chapter was summoned, but being no particular

* Petition recommend by this Chapter on 20th June, 1813—VIDE Minutes of that date.

business, and "being the Wicker * feast," it was not opened but "procceded to fix "and arrange the procession for Monday, the 24th inst."

17th September.—The candidate proposed 19th March last and withdrawn was again proposed, when "the excl[t] Z tho"[t] pro- "per to leave the chair immediately, *with* "*much warmth*, and could not be prevailed "upon to stay and close the chapter." To justify the re-proposition of this Candidate we are refered to the Britannia Lodge Minutes of 5th April, 1815. A Chapter of Emergence to be held on the 2nd Sunday in October for the election of officers.

8th October.—"Extra Chapter,"—Companion Tompkin having resigned the Chair, an election of officers took place.

22nd October.—"Bro. Thompson having "passed the superlative Chair, was duly "exalted to the supreme degree of a R.A.M."

19th November.—The M.E Z. informed the companions that the chapter was in debt more than the funds or Subscription would pay, and they must either increase the Subscription or lesson the expense. On which it was proposed and seconded, "that "the 5/- Subscription be applied *wholly* to "the liquidation of the debts and not to "the expence of 1/- ea: member of the "evening, but ea: pay for what he calls."

An amendment was proposed and "seconded that "the yrly subs[n] be advanced "to 10/- and y[e] liquor to ea: member be "cont[d] as usual." "Each proposal was "then put by the M.E.Z. separately, when "the original proposition was carried, the "M.E.Z. giving the casting vote. "But "this not to be considered permanent, "longer than necessity requires."

17th December.—No particular business.

"1816."

21st January and 18th February.—No business.

17th March.—"A tiler elected." It "was proposed that "the usual allow[ce] of "Liq[r] on the chapter nights sh[d] come in—"begin[g] of May next, wch was voted unanimously."

14th May.—"Copy of a certificate sent to the Register Office, Wakefield, 26 members."

N.B. Excluding such members as would not pay an annual subscription, reduced the number of members from 64 in 1812 to 28 in 1813. 26 in 1814. 26 in 1815. And still 26 in 1816—showing their candidates kept pace with their resignations, &c.

In reply to the salient points in Bro. W. J. Hughan's Notes (*vide* June Magazine) which we read with much pleasure, and thank our worthy Brother for, the number of the Chapter in all cases is given (so far) as 111—which we read as "one hundred and eleven," though it may mean "three," but from appearances we should say it is "CXI."

There is nothing to indicate by what authority certain companions were made "Mark Masons"—we have given those extracts verbatim. Another instance occurs above (15th January, 1815) where the degree was conferred *by the M.E.Z.* on 4 Companions.

19th March, 21st May, and 17th September, 1815, make distinct references to the 2 Craft Lodges; the minutes of 17th September, suggesting a connection between this Chapter and the Britannia Lodge.

Referring to May Magazine, p. 448, col. 1, 12th line from bottom—it should read "*B. O and A.*," not "Bro. and A."

When we have finished these extracts we purpose publishing some of the Charters, which may elucidate certain points raised herein—after that we will reply generally to the Notes of Bros. Hughan, Tebbs and others, who may be pleased to make any comments, or ask any questions.

(*To be continued.*)

* The Chapter was meeting at Bro. Willey's, the "Falstaff Tavern," which is in the "Wicker," a street in Sheffield. Street feasts have been held in Sheffield within a few years.

A SANG ABOUT THE BAIRNS.

Some sing aboot oor soldiers brave
  Wha mak' the foe to flee;
Some sing aboot our sailor lads
  Whase hame is on the sea;
And some has spun a lot o' rhyme
  That ne'er a body learns;
But I will sing a simple sang
  Aboot the bits o' bairns.

O, happy be the bonnie bairns
In ilka cot and ha'—
May blessings on the winsome pets
Frae heaven richly fa'.
Wi' them we spend the brightest blinks
And sweetest hours o' life;
They are the golden links that bind
The husband and the wife.

I've seen them in the summer woods
Amang the blooming flowers,
Gang up and doon with merry step
Through a' the leafy bowers,
I've heard them sing at jingo-ring
Alang the dinsome street,
And seen them on the pavement play
Wi' dancin' lichtsome feet.

It's aye a cheerfu' sicht to see
Wee birkie bairns at play,
As blythesome as the bonnie birds
That tune their pipes in May.
I dinna like the surly loon
Wha frowns the weans awa;
But weel I like the kindly heart
That lo'es the bairnies a'.

O, some o' them are sturdy tots,
Wi' pith their voices ring;
But some are like the wee white flowers
That droop and dee in spring.
In lowly cot and lofty ha'
May peer and peasant learn,
That virtue may not crown the man
Unless we teach the bairn.

ANON.

LITTLE JACK RAG'S "DAY IN THE COUNTRY."

BY WILLIAM GREENWOOD.

WE take this excellent paper from the "*Graphic*:"—

NOT very long since the chaplain of one of our largest metropolitan prisons, in one of his periodical reports of the flock of black sheep entrusted to his spiritual care, put forth the bold opinion that, if we expected by means of the schoolmaster to diminish our criminal population, we should find ourselves mistaken. Speaking from personal experience and observation, and much study of the subject, the melancholy conclusion to which the reverend gentleman in question is driven is, that to insist on the children of what is known as the dangerous class being sent to school and drilled up to the required educational standard will have no better result in the future than to ensure their being smooth rogues instead of rough rogues. He believes that putting them through the Board School furnace may improve them exteriorly, but that the base metal of their natures will remain unchanged; and that as regards criminals to the manner born—and there are, it seems, at least three of these to one of any other sort—mental culture will but assist them in developing such an amount of cunning and cleverness as may be found necessary to enable them to keep pace with the times, and provide for the maintenance of the balance of power between themselves and the improved policeman.

It would be sad indeed if this alarming prognostigation should prove to be true, especially if the rule should be shown to hold good in all cases where endeavours are made by gentle means to filter the juvenile mind free from the poisonous influences of gutter life. It would, for instance, be grievously disappointing should it turn out that nothing was really gained by treating poor little Jack Rag to that "day in the country" for which at this time of year his kind friends plead so earnestly in the columns of the newspapers. The idea which actuates these good-natured promoters of a brief spell of ruralisation for Alley Jack is that, just as the health of his small body is improved by an occasional dose of physic, so will his mind be refreshed and rendered more wholesome by handing him over to country Mother Nature for a short time—that being a "dame school" at which the wisest, as well as the most ignorant, among us may at any time attend with advantage. Jack already knows what sheep are. They are driven through his neighbourhood frequently, and it is one of the recreations of his existence to fetch out of hiding the hoarded stick that he may, in the capacity of a volunteer, drive and "wallop" the fleecy creatures in imitation of the drover, who, to Jack's mind, is a man to be envied, inasmuch as, by virtue of his badge, he is licensed to set his dog at them as well. Jack knows what grass is. At the bird shop round the corner they sell it in slabs

of the size of a dinner plate at the rate of a penny a bit for the delectation of caged larks, who are erroneously supposed to be deluded thereby that they are not in prison, but merely placed in a choice enclosure of verdant mead. Alley Jack is not ignorant of what bird music is like. That lark, the floor of who's abode is a penny slab of frowsy turf, morning and evening raises, loud and long, its shrill lament for liberty, and in its frantic efforts to escape skyward, butts its poor little head so frequently against the topmost bars of its dungeon, that Jack has a notion it is dancing as well as singing in the excess of its joy at being so comfortably provided for.

There are plenty of feathered pets in Jack's alley. There are the ducks which Whiffins, the sweep, keeps in his cellar (considerately gratifying them with a cold bath by means of a watering pot before they retire these hot nights to roost among the soot bags); there are pigeons with clipt wings, which take the air among the chimney-pots above the garret where the slop tailor and his family work and eat and sleep. Old Blithers, the cat's-meat skewer maker at No. 4, has cages full of song-birds, and Blithers goes on Sunday mornings "pegging" for chaffinches. He has a blind decoy finch which to young Jack's knowledge is a "regular rattler," and the envy and admiration of the whole of Squelcher's Alley. Blithers blinded the finch himself, it being well known that "dark" birds always sing much stouter and stronger than birds who can see. Up Squelcher's way, any one would be set down as a fool who affected not to know that eyesight to a pegging chaffinch is an absurd superfluity, tending only to distract the bird's attention from its business, which is to pipe out its loudest in order to bring unsuspecting free birds to the lure.

It is not claimed for young Jack Rag that he has settled convictions on these matters, or that he is prepared to defend them against objectors. He doesn't trouble himself at all about it. They are simply amongst the surroundings in which he was born and has been brought up—component parts of the soil in which his boyhood was planted and took root. But young Jack is a shrewd little boy, and that first day in the country opens his eyes. Not harmfully, it is hoped. In this unaccountable world there are many possibilities which are amazing; but surely it cannot be that in that first Alley Jack's experience of rural delights his moral perceptions are so obscured by the villanous atmosphere of Squelcher's, which still clings to him, that he has eyes only for making note of what may be turned to advantage in the way of live-stock keeping—that when he hears and sees the lark pealing out his glad song in the high blue sky, and marks how much superior the notes are to those of the caged bird of the alley, he conceives the idea of what jolly sport it would be to tie long threads to the legs of captive larks, and make believe to let them loose for the fun of hearing them singing sky high in thankfulness that they had regained their freedom, and, when you liked, to pull 'em down again! It is hard, indeed, to believe that the prison chaplain's theory is so far correct that, for the first time in his life observing the affection and solicitude the sheep displays for her lambkin, Alley Jack on the spot books a resolution the next time he meets sheep with lambs in the street to "wallop" the latter, thus hurting two creatures with one and the same blow.

As above stated, it is hard to believe that any one of the young Alley Jacks in a hundred that may be mustered through the length and breadth of London would exhibit himself in such an objectionable light. Nay, I will go further, and espousing my young friend's cause boldly avow that whoever says such hard things against him is in error, and knows next to nothing of what he is talking about. I do. I have accompanied Alley Jack in his day's outing. Jolly companions every one, it is not a fortnight since that more than two hundred small Jacks and Jills, inhabiting the back regions of Spitalfields, were treated to a day at Epping, and as an honoured guest I was privileged to occupy a seat by the side of the driver, who handled his pair of greys in such a masterly manner and led the van. The "vans" I should rather have said, for there were five of them. Forty in each vehicle may appear tight packing to persons whose experience of wheeled conveyances is restricted to cabs, omnibusses, and railway trains, the sitting accommodation in which is regulated according to a calculation based upon the average width of adult humanity; but it would have been

absurd to have observed any such regulation in our case. Scores of our company were such mites of things that *Punch's* Bayswater omnibus matron could have covered any half dozen of them with her skirts as easily as a hen covers her chicks with her wings. But then the back-alley juvenile population of Spitalfields never were remarkable for obesity, and as for "ample skirts," why the less that is said about them the more correct will be the reader's idea of their dimensions.

Not but that we were as respectable as circumstances would permit. I should hope so indeed. So scrupulous were the committee on this head, that it was a matter for anxious discussion when the time drew near if they had not been a little *too* fastidious in insisting that the girls should all come wearing stockings as well as shoes, and whether it could not at this the last moment be advisable to recal their severe edict that no child would be regarded as eligible, even though possessed of a ticket, who did not make its appearance with its face clean, its hair brushed, and some kind of cap or bonnet on its head. So deeply rooted was the conviction in the minds of two or three of the committee that bitter disappointment and disastrous dashing of young hopes must ensue if the last-mentioned order were carried out that, good souls that they were, they had come provided with a few old caps and hats from the home store, as well as several pairs of decent small boots and shoes, for lack of which several aspirants for the day's delight, and who came quaking and in tears, would certainly have been disqualified.

Nevertheless, at the mustering time and inspection before the start, our two hundred made a passable show, though it cannot be denied that the assemblage presented features worthy of remembrance. One of which was the unlimited faith of the parents in the saving virtue of hair oil. Alley dwellers are not invariably poverty-stricken, and there were those amongst our two hundred who were well shod, wore comfortable clothes, and even aspired to gloves and parasols. But on these hair oil had not been lavished; it was reserved for those who were most poorly clad. The extent of its application seemed to be governed by the extent of deficiency in the child's attire. If it was merely a pinafore short an extra anointing of the side locks was deemed an equitable make-weight. If the falling-off extended to pinafore and under skirts, leaving little else but the old frock to represent the entire suit, then the oleaginous sheen extended fore and aft, and the child's very ears glistened with it. There was one young gentleman through whose dilapidated boot tops two perfect rows of toes were visible, and who had elaborately blacked and shined those members along with the remnant of upper leathers; and another, who in order to be within the law in the matter of head gear, had somehow procured a battered old white hat, and by padding inside with paper rendered it capable of being balanced atop of his ten-year-old bullet-head. A gift of one of the decent old caps a visitor had thoughtfully brought with him happily relieved him of the manly responsibility.

All "passed," and in the vans at last, however, even to the boy whose jacket his mother had ventured to wash, and which from natural decay had fallen all to pieces in the tub, causing him to appear with a rueful visage and in his shirt sleeves. In the vans, and rattling down Whitechapel Road with as much hilarious shouting and tootling of tin whistles as though Squelcher's Alley was altogether a thing of the past, and future life was to be one long holiday. "Hip—hip—hooray!" on the smallest provocation, or no provocation at all; on passing two policemen at the street corner; on passing the London Hospital—the salute being returned in a cordial though cripplish fashion by the out-patients about the gates; on encountering a coal-heaver asleep on three tons of coals in course of transit, on which the man in the inky smock frock and fantail wakes up, and too lazy to withdraw his hands from beneath his head, elevates and waves one of his legs in friendly response to the cheering. About Stratford, however, we subside into a calmer mood, and it being now at least half an hour since we left home, bethink us of refreshment, and make short work of the luxury of luncheon, with which in the shape of a few biscuits and a bit of cheese we are each provided in a paper bag, thanks to the generosity of one of our lady patrons, who "knows what boys are."

It must not be supposed, however, that our buoyancy of spirit has collapsed. The merest puff of a fair wind is enough to rouse it again, and we meet with it at Illford, where the first van is brought to a standstill to admit of the passage of a hay waggon turning out of a shady lane,—a waggon laden high as a house with fragrant hay, drawn by sleek horses who have bits of green boughs in the bridles to keep off the flies, and who have the aspect of cattle brimfull of the good things of this world, and who, if they had worn such things, would have unbuttoned at least the two bottom buttons of their waistcoats. The waggoner caring more for beer than for hay, makes a country joke respecting the barrel of small ale with which our foremost wain is lumbered, and as he in the same breath almost suggests, "Why not turn out the whole troop on'em to hev a tummel in that theer medder?" and guarantees us immunity from penalty if his timely hint is adopted, we reward him with two pint tin jugsful, and in less than five minutes the "medder" before mentioned is a scene of madness. If hay is the better for tossing, if laughter and mirthful handling can impart to it a fine fattening flavour, the crop of that field was one to be well looked after by persons who have ill-conditioned or vicious horses to feed. Where *now* was Squelcher's Alley! It was a remote region —a long journey over seas and oceans for all we knew or cared. Perhaps there was magic in it. Nothing short of magic could account for wan little faces glowing so suddenly with a healthy flush, for young eyes that hitherto were never known to be anything but dull lighting up as though the sun itself had kindled them—for weak and small bodies and feeble legs all at once becoming nimble and active, and eager for the hot fun of smothering their neighbours and being themselves smothered. It became alarming. As everybody knows, there is such a thing as hay fever. Who knew but that there might lurk in the fragrant heaps hay insanity, which, taking hold on lads of the Squelcher's Alley type, would lead them to rave for billycocks and leather leggings, and the society of reapers and mowers for evermore? A nervous person might have imagined that he already detected symptoms of the madness in question developing itself in some of the elder boys, and perhaps on the whole it was quite as well after an hour that the whistles were sounded, and the beaming breathless two hundred, with hay in their hair, in their shoes, in every chink and crevice of their raiment where it might find lodgment, driven laughing and hilarious back to the vans again.

The sport in the hayfield made us late for dinner, but that did not so much matter, since in enormous drum-like cool zinc cylinders we carried our provisions with us—the mighty rounds of boiled beef, the ribs of roast, the twenty score of crusty little loaves, and the necessary plates and knives and forks. As for the salad—the lettuces and watercresses, they grew in the market ground close by where by previous arrangement our tent was pitched, and as there was a clear running brook at hand also available for washing the greenstuff, we were all right on that score. It was just at the verge of the forest where we halted, and some dined under the tent, while others formed amicable picnic parties, and took their plentiful meal on the shady grass and beneath the trees where the birds were singing, and the harmless small ale wetting the whistles of the bigger boys (there was milk galore for the youngsters), we sang songs after dinner, and tiring of that "went in" for cricket or rounders, or any other pastime that as free rovers suggested itself to us—Squelchers Alley having no nearer existence than Timbuctoo at the most moderate computation.

And so until dusk of evening we enjoyed ourselves to our heart's content without cessation, and then came the boiling of kettles gipsy fashion, and tea in the tent. And by the time that was over the foreman van driver appeared with an intimation that if we wished to get home comfortably by ten o'clock we had best be stirring. And stir we did, pretty well tired, but in as gay good humour as when we started, and good for no end of vocal and instrumental music. I am afraid that we flanged a little when the truth was forced on us that Squelcher's Alley was not exactly at Timbuctoo, but only three streets off; but we plucked up heart again, and drove up to the Mission Hall in full song, and as much huzzaing as filled the narrow street from end to end, and caused

even the inhabitants of neighbouring streets to look out of their doors and windows.

And that was the beginning and the end of it—except the enacting the whole glorious business over again in a dream, which doubtless was what young Jack Rag and his comrades did that night as their weary heads pressed the bolster of something less than hayfield fragrance in the dreadful little stifling bedrooms of the alley. And I cannot think that absolutely the end of it was even then. Such a genial spell of sunshine and happiness let in on poor little Jack's grimy existence can have no other than a salutary effect on him; and when the reader is informed that from first to last the entire treat cost considerably less than half-a-crown a head, he cannot I think but agree with me that the eighth of a pound cannot well be more charitably invested.

JAMES GREENWOOD.

EMBLEMS OF TIME.

THEY pictured Time an old man grey,
With channelled brow, and furrowed deep,
Proceeding on his ceaseless way,
Nor space to hault, nor time to sleep:
Thus did the myths, in days of old,
The wondrous tale of Time unfold.

And if old Time they pictured now,
Yet older still he would have grown,
With deeper furrows on his brow,
For all the sorrows he has known:
From first to last, whate'er befall,
Old Time has heard and seen it all.

Those outspread wings to Time belong,
Forced marches of his rapid flight;
He overtakes the young and strong,
And then is gone, and out of sight:
On and yet onward is his way,
Night unto night, and day by day.

The fabled hour-glass in his hand
Tells of the years already flown;
The few remaining grains of sand
Are numbered and shall soon be gone:
Thus one by one our days pass by,
And one by one our moments fly.

The scythe and sickle putting forth,
'Mid blade and ear and corn full-grown,
He reaps the harvest of the earth,
The later and the early sown:
The bud, the blossom, and the bloom,
Are gathered to his harvest-home.

And lo, the forelock on his brow:
Hear ye the lesson it doth speak—
Once past, what speed can e'er pursue
Or, if pursuing, overtake?
Time slowly comes, 'tis quickly past;
Anticipate—and hold him fast!

Thou all-consuming conqueror?
Thy children born, are born to die;
They live their brief and little hour,
And thus fulfil their destiny:
None of thy offspring long survive,
Thou dost not suffer them to live.

Old Time, Old Time, fold thou thy wings;
Nor quickly come, nor quickly go;
Ye sands of Time, ye fleeting things,
Why thus so swift your current flow?
Thy mowing scythe and sickle sheathe;
Postpone to reap the field of Death!

Old Time, Old Time, come slowly on,
No nearer let thy chariot roll,
Until the well-spent day is done,
And ripe and ready is my soul:
Oh, let me grasp that forelock now,
The fabled forelock on thy brow!

Then let thy wing be wide outspread;
Then hold the hour-glass in thy hand!
Then with thy sickle reap the dead,
And gather them from sea and land—
From far and near, abroad, at home:
The Harvest of the Earth has come!

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Paris, June 25th, 1790.

THE affairs of this country have taken within these few days a turn as unexpected as extraordinary. The Party de la Fayette have been defeated in the Assembly, though joined by all the force of the Aristocrates.

On the treatment of the suppressed and existing clergy, Himself, Thouret (the future Garde des Sceaux), Chapelier, and all the friends of Mirabeau, spoke in be-

half, but spoke in vain of those who were thus cruelly deprived almost of the means of subsistance.

The storm has been for some time brewing. I own I did not forsee it; the extreme security of all the faction imposed upon me, and I did not imagine, that those who were walking on the brink of a precipice thought themselves beyond the reach of danger because they said they were safe. The conduct of M. de la Fayette, and the part he took in last Saturday's debate, appeared to me inexplicable, not contented with all the blows that were that night, the lot of the Aristocrates, he seemed without necessity or provocation to plunge the dagger still deeper by the attack on the titles of the princes of the blood.

He was at that day at St. Cloud, when he received notice of the propositions to be made in the evening. If he opposed, inferences were to be drawn and proofs induced of his being a convert from principles or interest to the aristocratic party. If he supported the motion he became at least suspicious, if not obnoxious to those who, having lost all hopes of re-establishing their own affairs, thought it necessary to maintain him in his present situation.

He hoped that the part he then took would be justified by necessity in the eyes of one party, and re-establish him with the other, so far as to allow him to espouse with more effect the cause of those he probably thought injured. Wednesday, however, undeceived him, and he was obliged to soften his defence for the clergy to demands for their creditors.

The life I am obliged to lead has prevented me from being often near the fountain head, and I therefore cannot explain to you by what manœuvres this overture has taken place. I suspect that Neckar and his friends have played double, and that the avowed inclination of the Party de la Fayette to adopt the cause of Spain has alarmed him with the fears of a war to which his *charlatanism* is not equal.

Without doors the friends of M. de la Fayette do not see his danger, and any idea that the meeting of the 14th of July will prove contrary to his wishes, or that M. de la Mett's *wishes* can affect his overthrow, is treated as ridiculous.

Those humours which began to sub side, that violence of party which seemed smothered, if not appeased, has broken out with undiminished violence on the decree relative to names, liveries and arms.

It is a dirty vengeance, which even the Democrates disapprove, which the people *despise*, and at which all the dependants of greatness, lacemen, taylors, shopkeepers of every class, complain of. It has produced no other effect than to be despised by their friends, disapproved of by the moderate, and to enrage their enemies and all their connexions beyond all bounds.

The decree relative to the clergy will drive all their dependants to despair and ruin, thousands to whom it will be utterly impossible they should pay their immense debts. It is thus that those who now lead affairs are causing fermentation and violence in every order of the kingdom, when calmness and moderation is more necessary than ever. They probably hope to receive their recompense on the 14th of *July*. The prudent Aristocrates mean to retire from a farce humiliating if not dangerous, and which is to conclude by the confederation declaring, like the Roman armies, and saluting the king *Emperor*. Every idea of imitation, every trifling ridicule which folly can invent or vanity adopt, becomes in a moment the enthusiastic idea of this country, and they do not perceive that in order to comply with this extravagance they must overturn a constitutional point of their new Government, and the first act of their confederation be the reversal of a decree.

The Military Code will not be compleated till after that period, if they are so tame or so ill-managed as to seperate without knowing whether they approve or disapprove those laws by which they are to be governed.

The defeat (and I cannot but think unexpected defeat) of M. de la Fayette has certainly retarded, if not entirely set aside, a letter M. de Montmorin had prepared, in which he informed the Assembly that the Court of Spain were not contented with the dubious answer they had received, and demanded to know positively in what light she was to consider her engagements with this country, and what hopes she might form of its assistance.

I do not give implicit faith to all our friend at the Luxembourg says in regard to finances. His enmity to Neckar and

nis jealousy of M. de Montesquieu often lead him, I think, to exaggeration. He pretends that they will never be able to impose or collect their taxes, and that as soon as the rescource of their assignments is no more, that bankruptcy is more inevitable than ever. We so far agree in opinion that this Assembly will never be dissolved but by force, and that Alsace will revolt at the decree that destroys its nobility.

GERARD MONTAGU;

A Winter's Tale.

BY EMRA HOLMES.

THE following tale originally appeared in the "South Durham Herald" and "Ipswich and Colchester Times," and has been rewritten specially for the "MASONIC MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER I.

ALL HALLOW EVE.

IT was All Hallow Eve, the Year of Grace 1869, and a pleasant party were sitting round a table in the drawing-room of one of the new villas just built at the outskirts of Weston-super-Mare. The evening was cold, and a good fire burned in the grate; the warm curtains were drawn, and there was a cosy winter evening aspect about Chantry Villa pleasant to contemplate.

My dear old bachelor friend John Falconbridge and his ward had come to spend the evening with us, and we were keeping Lady Muriel's birthday.

Lady Muriel Mandeville was John Falconbridge's ward. There was no relationship between them, but we had heard (indeed he had told me himself) a sad story about his being engaged to her mother, the young Dowager Countess Kilpatrick, and how she died, and he adopted her daughter, then a little girl.

John wanted us very much to spend the evening with them,—their house was close to ours,—but Mildred had asked Gerard Montagu to tea with us that evening, and so they all came to spend Halloween with us.

Old Mrs. Vaux, Captain Falconbridge's aunt and housekeeper, was unwell, and begged to be excused, but we were a pleasant little party nevertheless.

My wife came into the room, saying, "Fred, what do you think those silly people are doing in the kitchen: Margaret and Ellen are burning nuts on the fireplace, and Margaret is almost crying with vexation because she and John won't burn together?"

"What does it all mean, Mrs. Beverley?" Lady Muriel asks.

"Why, don't you know that on Halloween people burn nuts together on the hob? You take two, one is yourself and the other is your lover. Well, if they burn slowly together, side by side, then you will be married; if a nut cracks or jumps, your lover will prove unfaithful. It is an Irish custom, I believe."

"And a Scotch one, too, my dear," I said, correcting Mildred. "Don't you know Burns' poem Halloween—

'The auld guidwife's well hoordid nuts
Are round and round divided,
And mony lad and lassies' fates
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle couthie side by side
And burn togither trimly;
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride
And jump out owre the chimly
Fu' high that night.
'Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;
Wha 'twas she wad'na tell;
But this is Jock, and this is me,
She says it to hersel';
She bleezed owre her, and she owre him,
As they wad never mair part;
Till fuff! he started up the lum,
And Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.'"

"What fun!" cried Lady Muriel; "let us have some nuts and try our fortune."

Well, we burnt my cousin Mary Grey and young Frank Henderson together, but they did'nt like it at all, and Frank bounced off the bar and into the grate; then we tried her sister Sophy and Paul Dedham, but it was no use. So we concluded that those two young people must pick up fresh admirers or live and die old maids. Then Muriel, who had been educated abroad and knew but little about old English customs, was initiated into the mysteries of ducking for apples, and eating one before a looking-glass with a view to

discover her future husband, who, it is believed, is seen peeping over her shoulder. Then we got talking about the other rites and ceremonies celebrated on Halloween; and I remembered that popular belief ascribed to children born on that night the possession of certain mysterious faculties, such as that of perceiving and holding converse with supernatural beings.

Sir Walter Scott, it will be recollected, makes use of this circumstance in his romance of the "Monastery." By and bye Mildred said:

"How is it Mr. Montagu has not come? I thought you said, Fred, he would come to tea?"

"So I did. I met him on the Knightstone Road, and gave him your invitation, and he said he certainly would come; but he is never to be depended upon. These business fellows never are.

"Is Mr. Montagu an old friend of yours?" Falconbridge asked. "I don't remember hearing you mention his name before."

"No, I daresay not; yet he and I were at Ipswich Grammar School fifteen or twenty years ago, and I had quite lost sight of him till the other day, when he found us out. He's a Suffolk man, and one of those men who are making haste to be rich. He lives in the north of England, and is in the corn trade. I only hope he won't come to grief, or ruin his health. He is safe to do one or the other by over application to business," I added.

"I remember him, it seems only yesterday, when we big fellows used to chaff little Gerard. He was a nice boy, though."

"Gerard Montagu—what a pretty romantic name!" Muriel says, pensively.

"Yes; and his is a romantic history."

"Indeed, do tell us about it—I am quite curious."

"Well, Montagu is a good name, you know. There are the Montagus Dukes of Manchester and Earls of Sandwich, and Montagues Barons Rokeby; and there were in the old days Montagus Barons, Earls and Dukes of Montagu; the Montagues Earls of Halifax, besides the Montacutes (which is the original name), who were Earls of Salisbury in 1337. But I don't think Gerard lays claim to be descended from any of these, but only from an old knightly family in Suffolk, who once held large estates within eight or ten miles of Ipswich.

I remember his showing me an old silver seal once, with some arms engraved thereon, which he took the trouble to tell me were in the language of heraldry, *argent, three fusils in fesse gules*, and I afterwards found out (though he never told me) that they were the arms of the Montacutes Earls of Salisbury of Edward the First's reign. His father on his death-bed had given him this seal, which he said had been in the family over 200 years, and that it was almost the only thing left that seemed to prove their descent.

He told him, so Gerard said, that the lawyers had been to him more than once about some property, the heirs for which were wanted, but he had no proofs, and being poor (he was chaplain to some hospital, I think), he had not the means to prosecute his claims; but he reminded Gerard that the day might come when he should be able to claim his own."

"Were the estates large?" Falconbridge asked.

"£4,000 or £5,000 a year, I should think."

"Hum! Does Montagu pin much faith on the seal?"

"Why?—how do you mean?" I enquired.

"Well, don't you know there are crowds of people who fancy that there are large estates somewhere of which they are the rightful heirs, if they could only prove it."

"Aye, there's the rub."

And then there's the Statute of Limitations, too; if anybody has had undisputed possession for twenty or sixty years—which is it?—the estate is secured to the present possessor."

"How cruel of you, uncle, to talk so," Muriel puts in. "It's so romantic to fancy Mr. Montagu will recover the possessions his ancestors owned after a lapse perhaps of centuries; and I like romance."

"I daresay you do, my dear; but facts are stubborn things, and I doubt if Mr. Montagu will have much chance of getting back the family estates, unless he has some better proof than an old seal to help him."

"Does he expect himself to be successful?" Falconbridge added, turning to me.

"Well, no; I don't fancy he thinks much about the matter. But what reminded me of it was an advertisement in the 'Times' the other day, headed 'HEIR-AT-LAW WANTED;' and appended to the paragraph the significant phrase, '*If this should meet the eye of Geoffrey Montagu, or his next of kin, he is requested to apply at Mr.* ———, *solicitor* (I forget the name and address), *where he may learn something to his advantage.*' I cut the paragraph out and sent it to Montagu at Darlington.

"But I thought Mr. Montagu's name was Gerard?" Muriel suggests.

"Quite true; but his father's was Geoffrey."

"Well, did he go and see this lawyer?"

"Yes; he came south on purpose, so he told me yesterday. He's rather knocked up with over work and anxiety, and although he's been successful in one or two corn speculations, it's a queer time, he says, now. He's struggled hard for a long time, having been battling with the world ever since he left school; and his great idea is to buy back the family estates, if he cannot get them in any other way."

"I am quite interested in your friend," Muriel says. "How stupid of him not to come to-night, and my birthday, too," she adds, with a pretty pout.

"Why, my dear child," Falconbridge answers, "Mr. Montagu must be over thirty, if he was at school with Mr. Beverley, and you are only sixteen."

"Over thirty!—why he's quite an old man?—no, I mean a middle-aged man," the little chatterbox cries, as she corrects herself, remembering that her dear uncle (as she fondly calls her guardian) is much older, and her reflections are scarcely complimentary to his age.

After a merry evening, thanks to my dear wife's good-natured efforts, we all separated, Mildred remarking, as she put a warm comforter round Lady Muriel's neck, and kissed her, "Good night, dear; get home out of the snow as soon as you can (it was falling heavily at the time), *and don't dream of any future husbands to-night.*"

(*To be continued.*)

FAIRY TALES UTILISED FOR THE NEW GENERATION.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. VI.—PRINCE CHERRY.

WE all of us—do we not?—remember the story of Prince Cherry, the fairy Candide, and the loving Zelia. We call to mind—do we not?—the good king, whose son Prince Cherry was? And we all of us—do we not?—retain a recollection of all the trials through which Prince Cherry went, (too marvellous a great deal for our pages), before that he was restored to his senses, to his shape, to his kingdom, to the loving Zelia, and to the affection of his subjects.

If any of my readers do not keep before them the various episodes of this fairy tale, let them refresh their memories by re-perusing it, and they will find, as I did the other day, much pleasure, and even edification, in the undertaking. Yes; Prince Cherry is assuredly a didactic tale, very good, very sensible, and very effective. It inculcates "first principles," the "high moral line," without pharisaism, and without paraphrase. It is an expression of the true "moral idea," and the real moral life, alike straightforward and distinct, and has accordingly its abiding value for us of this generation, who are given to profession rather than to practice, to words rather than to deeds, to sentimental theories rather than to high principled conduct, to idle and noisy lip utterances rather than to the acceptance of the heart, and the performance of the will. Indeed he must be a careless observer of the signs of the times, of the proclivities of the passing hour, who does not discern two great characteristic of our modern school of teaching and of practice. The one is, the readiness to surrender first principles; the other is, the tendency of accommodation to what is convenient rather than to what is right, to what is popular rather than to what is true. In fact it is come to this already, as we see plenty of examples day by day before our very eyes, in the public press, and in the avowals of the great men, and the behaviour of the would-be rich of this world, that we look to

results rather than to pure morals, to effects rather than to causes. Do my readers understand me? Instead of judging of things, and persons, and events, and crimes, —yes, by the light and on the truth of Divine legislation,—we are apt solely to treat them and handle them according to an earthly standard of right or wrong, truth or falsehood, honour or dishonour, according to society's most dubious code of morality and immorality, according to our own preconceived or subjective opinions, according to the passing "chic" or the popular excitement of the moment.

Hence we take very often a free and easy view of affairs; our conversation and our convictions become both lax and low; our governing rule, such as it is, is expediency in the place of principle; what is convenient, what is fashionable, what is agreeable, and what is acceptable to man, not what is true, what is fitting, what is commanded by and well pleasing to God. Society in consequence becomes both doubting and disorganized, trifling and frivolous, idle and apathetic, and unreflecting, unconcerned, and there creeps over us that callousness and that indifference, that heartlessness generally, that yielding to the recklessness of a polished scepticism as to everything, which is always a prelude to the weakening of the family ties, the sapping of domestic sympathy, the disintegration of personal morality, and the decadence of national life. People do not look at a thing which is wrong per se, as absolutely wrong per se, on first principles, but they judge it by second principles, and find excuses and invent palliations for what they know well enough is utterly unsound and distinctly forbidden by the higher and sacred laws of Divine revelation.

If we look at the general literature of the age, if we listen to the prevailing tone of general conversation, if we may judge of the morals of a people, by the commentaries of publicists, and the colloquies of essayists, in many works just now, we must come to the irresistible conclusion, I venture to think, that something is "out of joint" amongst us, and that if anything can be done to raise the standard of society, it must be by the promulgation of true principles of thought, speech and action in the first place. It is useless to expect that society will forthwith reform itself, that society whose aggregation of sympathy and sense is based on the individual feelings and tendencies of those who make up its mighty conglomeration. Indeed it may fairly be a question whether society—quâ society—can ever be much better than it is, seeing that it is only an embodiment of the prevailing temper and tone of those many atoms who float in the sunshine for a little space, and then make way for other atoms, equally short lived like themselves. Indeed, as the chief characterics of society—quâ society—are mutability, imperfection, weakness, pettiness, disappointment, vanity, deception, all perfectly reflecting that world and that worldliness of which it is the living centre, we have no right, it appears to me, to expect ever too much from it, or to hope even that it will ever be here below anything but of the earth earthy, of the world worldly, of humanity human. Indeed we know that it cannot be, that, like many other things here below, it is only a permitted evil at the best, and that we cannot predicate truly of it, however pleasant its aspect, or agreeable its favour, or enjoyable its festive hours for man, like many other things which perish with man's using, either what is absolutely true, or right, or edifying, or enduring in the machinery of the Divine creation, in the eternal providence of the Most High.

How well, then, does Prince Cherry advise us all, old and young, to act up to our higher natures and better principles, and in a far better way, too, than any which modern teachers would sometimes commend. Instead of pleasing ourselves, or yielding to our own tempers, instead of being selfish, callous, sneering and heartless, instead of yielding to self-gratification, and forgetting the unchanging laws of morality, virtue and self-restraint, Prince Cherry bids us all bear in mind that we cannot depart from the Divine injunctions on these important points, without experiencing, sooner or later, loss of health, friends, fortune and happiness here. Is it not good for us all to keep before us day by day, amid the pursuits of pleasure, the search after wealth, the love of self-indulgence, and the grovelling evidences of selfishness and profligacy, amid that hard-heartedness that vitiates, and that hateful sybaratism that degrades, that there is even

on this world of ours an avenging Nemesis, of retributive justice somewhere? Even in this world, I say, it is good for us to feel assured that crooked counsels and evil ways always find their level, bring their own punishment, and inflict much merited ignominy upon all who adopt them and pursue them; and that despise as we may the voice of conscience or the warnings of religion, there is no other possible result for unbridled licentiousness, for the most part even here, but misery and penury; no other probable end for the unblushing outrages of injurious evil living, even now as a general rule, than the eventful contempt of man, the practical degradation of the world? And here the curtain drops. Let us not seek to lift that veil which mercifully hides the future life in its reality and its awfulness from us all!

THOMAS TUSSER—A SONNET.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,
Author of "Shakspere, his Times and Contemporaries," etc.

"Thomas Tusser ought to be better known than he is, in these days of agricultural progress; and I believe that our better educated posterity will amply atone to him for the neglect he has received at the hands of their more ignorant ancestors."—PETER PROLETARIUS.

TUSSER! methought the disembodied soul
Of Hesiod had wander'd through the ages,
Finding no kindred mind 'mong all the sages
And the sweet singers, whom he could control
To teach his wisdom till he met with thee.
Then, as the Pythagoreans would preach,
He enter'd thee, and straight began to teach
Our modern Greece *Points of Good Husbandry,*
As he had taught them, in his *Works and Days,*
To ancient Greeks, when Homer sang of Troy:
And when the war-song gives no longer joy
To human bosoms, yours shall be the praise
Of handing down in your undying song,
Maxims of wisdom which to ev'ry age and clime belong.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

CIVIL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEER'S SOCIETY.

CHIMNEY SHAFT BUILDING.

AMONGST the papers read before this Society during the late session was one on the above subject by Bro. R. M. Bancroft, a brief extract of which may be interesting to some of our engineering and architectural readers.

In 1874 an extraordinary dinner party took place on the top of a chimney just completed, at the Stanton Iron Works, near Nottingham. *Forty-seven of the artizans and workmen partook of a hot dinner* on the summit, which is 190 feet from ground, and 24 ft. across the cap. There were 420,000 bricks used in its construction, and the cast iron cap weighed 15 tons.

In 1872 the Connah's Quay Chemical Co., built a shaft, in which 1,000,000 bricks and 620 tons of stone were used, the cost of which was a little over £2,000.

The Shaft of the Pumping Station, Grosvenor Road, Pimlico, is 172 ft. high, exclusive of railings round the top, and is made with an inner and an outer ring of brickwork, 220 steps being built into the outer ring by which to ascend the shaft, from whence you have a splendid view of the river Thames.

The first Chimney *built entirely of Concrete* in 1873, was for the river Wear Commissioners, South Docks, Sunderland. It is 74 ft. 9 ins. high from ground line. Proportion of Concrete, 1 Portland Cement to 5 Gravel.

Wrought Iron Chimneys have been erected at the Crensot Works, France, 197 ft. high, and 6ft. 7 inches diameter at top, increased to 10ft. at bottom by a curved base.

Another Wrought Iron Chimney has been erected at Pittsburg 196ft. high, and one is to be put up 275ft. high at the same works.

The construction of these gigantic shafts are often attended with much danger, and we occasionally hear of the workmen meeting with fatal accidents in the course of their duties. The new chimney which has just been completed at Manchester for

the Moorfield Spinning Company (Limited) fell with a terrible crash on Thursday, 3rd August, 1876. The height was about 66 yards, and it was only on Tuesday, that a flag was hoisted at the top to signify that the bricksetters had completed their work. No one was injured, but the damage done will not be far short of £3,000.

In 1872 the chimney at a cotton mill in America was moved bodily a distance of 20ft., to allow the enlargement of the mill. It is 70ft. high and nearly 8ft. square at the base, and it was slid along planed and greased planks by means of 2 Jack-screws, and the flues connected and fires started in 8½ hours.

The St. Rollox Chimney, Glasgow, is 455ft. 6ins. from bottom of foundation, and 435ft. 6ins. from ground line.

At Messrs. Dobson and Barlow, Machine Works, Bolton, there is a Chimney 367ft. 6in. high from ground level.

In Nottinghamshire at Carlton, there is one 173ft. high, and at Lenton another 153ft. from ground to summit.

THE HIGHEST CHIMNEY IN THE WORLD

Is the well-known "Townsend Chimney," Port Dundas, Glasgow, its total height from foundation to top of coping being 468ft., and from ground level to summit 454ft. The history of its construction and of its threatened failure when nearly completed, will therefore be of great interest to all those who have made chimney-shafts or stalks their study, and indeed, to architects and engineers in general. The chimney was designed and built by Mr. Robert Corbett, Bellfield Terrace, Duke Street, Glasgow for Mr. Joseph Townsend, Crawford Street Chemical Works, Port Dundas.

No piles were used in the foundation, which is built on "blue till" or clay, which is as solid and compact as rock. The foundation consists of thirty courses of brick on edge, the lowest course being 47ft., and the topmost course 32ft. in diameter. This foundation was commenced on July 30th, 1857, and finished on August 20th of the same year.

The erection of the shaft was continued until November 11th, 1857, (excepting from September 3rd, to October 5th, during this period operations were suspended). This closed the first season. The second season commenced on July 10th, 1858, and closed on October 16th of the same year, the stalk at the latter date being 228ft. in height; the third and last season commenced on July 3rd, 1859, and the coping was laid on October 6th of the same year, but work was suspended from September 15th to October 5th, in consequence of the chimney swaying. During this interval it was restored by twelve cuttings with saws on the opposite side to the inclination, as detailed hereafter. The inside lining or cone is of 9in. fire-brick and about 60ft. in height, built distinct from the chimney proper, with air space between, and covered on top to prevent dust falling in, but built with open work in the upper four courses so as to allow of the air passing into the chimney.

The size of the bricks used in the construction of this chimney was 10in. × 4in. + 3½in., and the number used was as follows:—

Common bricks in chimney	1,142,532
Composition & firebricks in cone	157,468
Total	1,300,000

The bricklayers' time was:—

In 1857, 316 days of 10 hours each.
1858, 431½ „ „ „ „ „
1859, 423½ „ „ „ „ „

giving a total of 1,171 days' time occupied in building the chimney, which gives on an average 1,110 bricks built per day of ten hours by each bricklayer.

Besides the above number of bricks used in the chimney, there were also 100,000 used in constructing flues, &c. The total number (of bricks laid in chimney and flues,) was 1,400,000, the weight of which at 5 tons per thousand is 7,000 tons.

Iron hoops were built in at a distance from the surface of 9in. at the bottom, and 4½in. from the top, and at intervals of 25 ft. in height.

The thickness of the wall of the chimney varied as follows, commencing of course at the ground level.

1st	section	30ft.	in height	5ft.	7in.	thick
2nd	„	30	„ „	5 „	2	„
3rd	„	30	„ „	4 „	10	„
4th	„	40	„ „	4 „	5	„
5th	„	40	„ „	4 „	0	„
6th	„	40	„ „	3 „	7	„
7th	„	40	„ „	3 „	2	„

8th	section	40ft.	in	height	2ft.	9in.	thick
9th	„	40	„	„	2 „	4	„
10th	„	52	„	„	1 „	11	„
11th	„	52	„	„	1 „	7	„
12th	„	20	„	„	1 „	2	„

Total 454ft. from ground level.

The height originally contemplated for the chimney was 450ft., but when about 350ft. up, it was proposed to add about 35ft. to the original height, making the total height 485ft., hence the increased height of the tenth and eleventh sections, but on the completion of the eleventh section this idea was abandoned and therefore only 20ft. of the last thickness were added.

The chimney was not built by contract but by day wages, as Mr. Townsend was not quite certain to what height he would carry it, or what deviation might be made in course of construction from the proposed plan. Three different dimensions were calculated by the builder, those carried out were the greatest of the three. The builder calculated the cost of chimney and cone (exclusive of iron hoops in chimney and flues,) at from £5,500 to £,6000, Mr. Townsend estimates the cost of the whole, including flues, iron hoops, machinery and scaffolding, at £8,000.

On September 9th, 1859, the chimney was struck by a gale from north-east which caused it to sway, but the builder does not attribute the accident to the gale alone, but to the pressure of the whole pile on the scaffolding, which was so constructed as not to yield to any pressure caused by a slight settling down. The additional pressure thrown by the wind to the lee-side of stalk (the mortar of which was not solidified) was consequently too great for the scaffolding to bear, and caused the splice of one of the uprights to give way by abrasion, making the fibres of the wood to work into each other. The builder thinks the deflection commenced at from 100 to 150ft. from the ground, so that the foundation and heaviest portion remained firm. Had not the process of sawing been commenced promptly and continued vigorously in all likelihood the chimney would have fallen. Even during the earlier part of the sawing Mr. Townsend who was on the ground the whole time, observed the deflection increasing, but as the sawing progressed he observed that the deflection got a check, and the chimney came to gradually. The chimney was 7ft. 9in. off the perpendicular and several feet less in height than before it swayed, but when brought back it gained its original height, at which time it was not complete by 5ft.

Mr. Townsend made his observations during the sawing-back, by taking up his position in a room of the works near by the chimney, where he had a full view of it, and fixing the ends of two pieces of twine to a beam above, he formed them into two plummet lines in a line with the stalk and with these above he directed the adjustment of the colossal mass.

The *sawing back* was performed by Mr. Townsend's own men, ten men working in relays, four at a time sawing and two pouring water upon the saws. This work was done from the inside on the original scaffolding which of course had not been moved. Holes were first punched to admit the saws, which were wrought alternatively in each direction at the same joint on the side opposite to the inclination, so that the chimney was brought back in a slightly oscillating manner.

This was done at twelve different heights from the ground line, viz :—41ft., 81ft., 121ft., 151ft., 171ft., 189ft., 209ft., 228ft., 240ft., 255ft., 277ft., and 326ft. The men discovered when they were gaining by the saws getting tightened with the superincumbent weight.

Prior to the sawing operations, they had taken out and altered the bolts of the scaffolding so as to relieve the pressure on it. This was done to meet the want of a little square space over the ends of the planks built into the chimney as before stated.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

Chapter III.

"Never forgotten, oh, never!
I think I listen still
To those ringing tones for ever,
As they float o'er vale or hill."

—Las Mesmorias.

It is sometimes amusing to a bye-stander to note the change that comes o'er the "spirit" of a little party of gregarious bipeds by the arrival of an unexpected

addition to the number. I have observed sometimes the most wonderful alterations produced, as it were by magic, in a pleasant gathering, by the intrusion of an incongruous "confrere and consœur" by the advent of, (for some reason,) an "uncongenial element;" and so there appeared for some undefinable reason a shade of quasi embarrassment to pass over alike the general gaiety of the group and the individual ease of that pleasant circle I have attempted to sketch. Not that there was any right reason for it, or true cause, for no cheerier comrade ever stood in front or rear rank than Allan Mackintosh; but for some reason at present not clear, or at any rate not explicit, the arrival of No. 5 for the moment stopped alike the flow of conversation and the easy familiarity of those so happily assembled. It might be, indeed, that there was something in the good old soldier's love of order and discipline, and what he used to call "steady goings on," which jarred a little with the freer and easier views of Mr. Mainwaring, or it might well be that Mr. Williams distrusted a little the friendly 'accueil" of the veteran, who hated, as he said "making acquaintance too hastily" or "at first sight."

Miss Margerison might have her secret motives for finding her good old friend a little "de trop;" but be that as it may, Lucy, who was the only one apparently not affected by her Godfather's arrival, at once sought to re-animate the evident hesitation of all, and to break the awkward silence, by a vigorous attack on the old campaigner.

How clever women often are in such emergencies. They are like soldiers—they march straight on, their point, and generally their line of march is most true and steady!

Lucy, whose playfulness was always encouraged, and whose presence was always pleasant to the stout-hearted old boy, began by complimenting him on his looks, on the smartness of the flower in his buttonhole, (he always had a flower in his coat), and lastly declared that he had had his hair cut!

To all these charges the old soldier pleaded guilty, but with that smile of approval and that cheerful acquiescence which invariably marked the intercourse of Colonel Mackintosh with the daughter of his oldest comrade and dearest friend. For he and Captain Longhurst had been boys together in a Lancers' regiment, had lived together, and fought together through many a hard campaign, and the friendship and love he had had for her gallant father, he had even kept warm and true to his orphan child.

But though the old soldier gaily laughed at Lucy's diversion, or as he would have termed it himself, a "flank movement"—there was an expression on the good old fellow's face, as if he thought young ladies were a little more personal than they used to be in his boyish days. Who can say what was passing through his mind? The history of the human heart is the queerest of all histories, and one about which a great deal might be written which never will see the light. If even the memory could be true, "sentiment" would object, for who could bear to have the "inner shrine" of years exposed to the public gaze, and all the imperishable associations of tenderness and truth vulgarized and profaned by the heartless criticism of the coxcomb or the careless. We all of us preserve many cherished souvenirs—like household gods by our innermost hearths, they are for ever most dear to ourselves, the most solemn and the most sacred of all our earthly possessions.

And even on that day there might rise up before the stately old man, the picture of a woman of a sweet face and clustering hair, and silvery voice, who once had been very dear to him indeed; but whom, alas, the "fortune of war," as he was fond of saying, had given to another, while he was toiling a hardworked subaltern with his regiment far away.

We need not suppose that only those people have "sentiment" who talk of sentiment—it is a very vulgar error. They often have the most who to the outward eye appear the most unsentimental of human beings.

Miss Margerison, who had for some reason kept silence, began here an animated conversation with the curate, about a picnic which was in contemplation, while Lucy, who for some reason did not seem to take the vivid interest in it which her aunt did, drew her garden chair nearer to her godfather, as if to sever herself from any sup-

posed interest in the proceedings of the amiable and beaming curate.

At this moment the hour of afternoon tea arrived, that noble institution of Britons and Britonesses, and soon after appeared Mr. Walters with a well-covered tray, which he placed on a rustic table. The fair Lucy at once proceeded, with her usual charm of manner, to dispense the fragrant compound, in which laborious duty she was aided by the zeal and activity of Mr. Mainwaring, who gracefully handed round the bread and butter, and who had apparently constituted himself her "aide de camp," in military parlance, for the occasion.

It was quite clear by this time that the Colonel did not like Mr. Williams, and did not quite understand why he found him, a comparative stranger, on such terms of familiarity, apparently, with his old friend. Mr. Mainwaring, he was accustomed to, and as he knew him to be a gentleman, and did not at all disapprove of his attention to Lucy Longhurst, all that seemed to him the most natural of things. But as he did not quite understand who Mr. Williams was, and why he was there, and began perhaps to suspect that he was "making up," as he called it, to the "old gal," he endeavoured like a skilful soldier as he was, to find out the lay of the ground, the "carte du pays," and so began to join in the conversation, which, however, was all Hebrew to him. Mr. Williams, who was getting most animated in his interesting explanations to Miss Margerison at last observed, that the old Colonel was eyeing him closely and scrutinizingly, and as he was, as he said, always ready at expedients, he turned to the Colonel, and with infinite suavity addressed him :—"As a friend of our esteemed hostess, perhaps Colonel Mackintosh," he said, "you will like to accompany the ladies to our little picnic, which I venture to add, and here he bowed to the ladies, will be a most agreeable excursion."

You will note, gentle reader, that Mr. Williams said nothing about Mr. Mainwaring. Astute Mr. Williams! Now the Colonel did not like the patronizing tone of this young man—young "interloper" as he thought him—and without immediately answering Mr. Williams, (for he was a wary old boy), he turned to Mr. Mainwaring and asked him, "Are you going, Mainwaring, to take care of these ladies?" This was the unkindest cut of all; but it was a remark, which for some reason, brought a gleam into the eyes of Lucy, who spoke, as some charming girls do, often as much with her eyes, as with the prettiest of mouths.

"Yes," said Mainwaring, carelessly, "I have already offered my humble services, as 'Gentleman in waiting,' to the two ladies." Another short silence, and poor Mr. Williams looked unutterable things.

"Well, sir," said the Colonel slowly, speaking at last to the curate, (he was very particular and emphatic in his remarks), "I do not often indulge in gadding about, and old chaps like me are generally very much in the way at the picnic. I object moreover to the damp grass and the earwigs. But as the ladies are going, I will help my friend Mainwaring to take care of them."

Poor Mr. Williams! what could he say? Well, he did what thousands of persons have done before, and what thousands of persons will do again in like circumstances, such is the hypocrisy of life He professed himself "delighted with the intelligence;" and soon after getting up and pleading "Parish work," having shaken hands with the ladies, and bowed a little distantly to the gentlemen, (as the Irishman said), "he got himself away."

"Excellent young man," said Miss Margerison, warmly as the figure of Mr. Williams disappeared in the dim distance; "Very rising young clergyman."

Why Lucy and Mr. Mainwaring, however, should exchange a sly glance, and why an arch smile should play on the radiant cheek of the young lady, I leave my readers to discover. At present I do not profess to be able to explain it. I may have my suspicions; but "suspicion," as a detective said, "is not proof, sir; no sir, a long way short of it."

"Well," said the Colonel, who was always blunt and outspoken; "I have never met him before, though you seem to know him very well—he seems able to take care of himself."

"Oh," said Miss Margerison eagerly; "he is a very hard-working young man, is not he, Lucy? Whereupon the young lady replied, "Oh, yes, he is always about, and has always a good deal to say for himself."

Miss Margerison's little cough seemed to intimate that she was not quite satisfied with Lucy's somewhat dubious praise

when Mr. Mainwaring chimed in by observing—"He's a bustling little fellow; but I do wish he'd be a little more independent. He does not seem to have an opinion of his own, and if you ask him a question, he never knows what to say."

"Ah," said the Colonel quickly; "I'll tell you what, a little "straightening" would do him a deal of good. I can't bear to see our young men rambling about as they do, the idle chaps, positively with round shoulders. He wants 'setting up drill' for a few days, and I'm even inclined to think he would profit by the 'goose step.'"

Miss Margerison, who had become a little fidgety during these not altogether complimentary opinions of her model curate, tried to change the conversation by asking Mr. Mainwaring if he would stop and dine with them. "I never," she said, "turn the Colonel out without receiving him as he says himself, 'to bed and board,' and as your residence is so close you have plenty of time to go and dress and return." Miss Margerison was always very particular about people dressing for dinner, and I think she was quite right. So much did the Colonel know and regard his old friend's particularities, that whenever he came, as he often did, from his little London lodgings close to his club, to spend a day in the country, his old soldier servant Johnson, who had been with him many a long year, and had been in his old company from a boy, always came with him, with his well-filled carpet-bag.

And so that party broke up, the ladies returning slowly to the house, Mr. Mainwaring getting into his outrigger which lay chained to the steps, and the Colonel moving alone, sedate and serene, erect and animated, humming his favourite melody, "Why, soldiers, why," as he lit his cigar and took what he called "a constitutional" on the "quarter-deck," a little terrace which overhung the Thames.

Now did I not tell you at the first that my story would be very slow and very prosaic, and am I not right?

Oh ye classic and graceful maidens, who are for ever in ecstatic admiration and awe-struck emotion, at the sensational tales of the day, how dull, how dreary, how stale and flat and unprofitable, must this veracious chronicle appear to you?

Why I hear Belinda crying out, "There is no excitement, nothing horrible! I want my feelings harrowed up; I long for some desperate villainy. I am utterly tired of this humdrum life, and conventional habits. I like the weird, the deplorable, the detestable, the very wicked!"

Fair Belinda, charming as you really are, I do not agree with you. Put away, my dear girl, these monstrosities of modern sensational literature—at once. Cease to be "bizarre." Do not think it clever to ape being fast and knowing, or up to the vice and horrors of a debased society; but remain your own gentler better, truer, self, and be what you really are and can be, the most charming and cultivated, the most refined and amiable, the most tender and beautiful of beings.

If this sensational literature goes on much longer, we shall have all our girls marrying "tickets of leave," and the only people who will get on in the world will be those who defy "Mrs. Grundy," and transgress every law, human and Divine.

MASONIC SERMON.

Preached by Bro. Rev. CHARLES E TISDALL, D.D., Chancellor of Christ Church Cathedral and rector of St. Dolough's, on the Feast of the Nativity of St. John:—

"He must increase, but I must decrease."—St. John iii. 30.

He said the nativity of St. John the Baptist was commemorated that day by the Church. From seclusion he came forth when the time had arrived for his showing unto Israel. Having from the very first given no pledges to society he owed it nothing but one thing, and that was truth—the truth as he manfully gave it, regardless of the consequences as they might affect himself; rebuking alike the naturally confident, the hypocritically formal, and the openly depraved. As his name signified, he was a gift from Jehovah bestowed upon a people of whose moral condition of unfruitfulness and degeneracy it might be said it was imaged by the wildness of the scene chosen for the exercise of his ministry. One of God's own heroes, he was a valiant soldier in the noble army of those whose blood had so often proved the

seed of the Church. Observe that with that spirit of saintly courage St. John manifested another spirit—the spirit of saintly disinterestedness. Men might be —often have been—very courageous in opposing evil in others, but self-seeking while engaged in that opposition. The courage of St. John was not the courage of one trying to make selfish capital out of personal influence. However disappointed were those of his adherents who informed him that crowds attended the ministry of Him to whom he had borne witness, so far was he from having any share in or sympathy with such a feeling, that he instantly expressed gratification at the receipt of the intelligence. He was not, as he told them, the Bridegroom, but the Bridegroom's friend, who stood and heard him, and rejoiced greatly because of the Bridegroom's voice. "The Sun of Righteousness" had risen mercy's firmament, with healing in His wings, and the Baptist was fully conscious that his own light must pale before the radiance of a luminary whose brightness should become increasingly apparent as He ran His course to enlighten and bless the successive generations of mankind. His thoughts were upon the majesty of the wondrous Being who had publicly appeared, whose ministry was to supersede his own, and in the language not of regret, but of unfeigned joy and unselfish satisfaction he said, "He must increase, but I must decrease." Now, with these suggestive words before them, he would first direct attention to a truth, the consideration of which might prove salutary, though it be distasteful. It was quite possible to bring a spirit of self-seeking to the performance of duties which had about them all the aspect of sacredness, while there was manifested no inconsiderable degree of energy in connection with religious movements. The growth of personal influence might be desired, and that from motives which could not for an instant bear the test of that word of which it had been written that it was quick, powerful, stronger than any two-edged sword, and a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. In the Baptist his influence fostered no selfish feeling, and when it declined he could resign it, and even feel pleasure in resigning it. He was a man who buried thoughts of self beneath the adoring contemplation of the greatness of Him from whom he held his commission. But how often had it been far otherwise? The history of the Church had repeatedly furnished proof that men can be far more zealously engaged in the effort to make partisans than win souls; that they can devote more energy to the formation of sects to be called after their own names than to the endeavour to lead others to glorify the Name which is above every other. To be content to be surpassed by agents more gifted, endowed with superior intelligence, animated with ardent zeal to be ready to submit to the Divine will, that personal effort should be outdone by that of others—to be willing to be forgotten if the Saviour be exalted. This was indeed a feeling which reproachfully contrasts with that of the spiritually proud, of those who entertain self-confident opinions of their qualifications for Christian usefulness. Perils follow in the wake of privileges, and even take their character from the nature of those privileges in the wake of which they follow. Public influence for good was an unspeakable privilege, but it brought great danger to those who neglected self-examination. It was of the utmost importance to those exposed tos uch danger that they should often, in retirement when alone with God, weigh their motives in the unerring balances of His truth. Often should they put to themselves such questions as these—How much is there of self in this act, which has the appearance of being disinterested? How does it look to the Searcher of hearts? Would I be disposed to manifest the same interest in this or that religious movement were my name not to be published upon the lists of its supporters? Am I labouring in the cause of Him by whose name I am called, and to serve whom I am baptismally pledged by obligations which cannot be exceeded in solemnity, labouring with singleness of aim, or false to those obligations? Am I yielding to the promptings of selfishness, neglecting the duty of subordinating my own unruly will to that of Him who "pleased not Himself?" Have I reasonable ground for belief that I am in any degree actuated by a spirit kindred to that of unselfish dedication to his Divine Master's cause, which form its expression in the words of His forerunner

—"He must increase, but I must decrease?" But this utterance of him whom the Church now commemorates may be adapted as descriptive of the progressive experience of a sincere Christian as he may think of the preciousness of Christ, and of the precise adaptation of His work to the every-recurring wants of the soul. In proportion as his spiritual life matured his estimate of that preciousness and that adaptation rose. The vein of treasure which had been disclosed inviting his reverential search appeared to increase in value as he explored it. Although the personal glory of the Redeemer be incapable of increase, being that of One who is "perfect God and perfect man," that of His ability to save to the uttermost, of His power to supply all spiritual want dilated before the eye of faith as the renewed soul engaged in the contemplation of it, as experience brought the deepening conviction that no created good avails to satisfy the longings of the deathless soul. It brought also the deepening conviction that exhaustless were the springs of true refreshment which were in Him who spoke these gracious words, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." Such experience of the power of Christ to sustain the soul for which He died had become intensified in numerous instances when the time of its departure from the body approached. His power as the remover of the fears of weak humanity seemed marvellously to increase as the descent into the valley of death's shadow was neared. All the more lustrous, because of the surrounding gloom, appeared the light which He gave the soul when the "earthly house of its tabernacle" was about to be dissolved, as the outward man lay upon the bed of languishing, soon to prove that of death, the inward became so mightily renewed as to rise superior to the influence of physical debility, and to anticipate exultingly its return unto God who gave it. There was a sense in which He who proved the refuge of the soul in life and at the hour of death must increase. Whether they to whom His unsearchable riches were preached would bear, or whether they would forbear in one or other of two ways must come in His revenue of glory. They who refused to yield Him the homage of their hearts must have the tribute of submission wrung from them when he was revealed to take vengeance on those who obeyed not the Gospel. It was the high and awful prerogative of the truth of that Gospel that when it did not convert it was powerful to convict. Increase the glory of the cause of Christ must, although some of those adversaries with their anti-Scriptural creeds, their infidel theories, their oppositions of science, leagued in presumtuous confedracy to impugn the truths of His Gospel. Increase it must, though other enemies, sound in creed but corrupt in practice, were inflicting year after year by their inconsistency of life deep wounds upon His sacred cause. Increase it must until all enemies be put under His feet. He must reign, and when the utter discomfiture of those enemies had been accomplished—so that evil existed only in defeat and degradation—He must increase, for he must reign over a spotless Church, formed of the living trophies of His conquest of the powers of evil. And in that heavenly consummation might they not reasonably suppose that He ever must increase? Might they not well believe that throughout the measureless hereafter the members of the Church triumphant shall increasingly value as they gratefully contemplate the riches of His grace, that as the saved look upon the splendours of their heavenly portion they shall even deepen in the consciousness that all they enjoyed was due to Him; that their experiences were blissful because His were sorrowful; that their crowns were radiant because upon his brows there once pressed a crown platted of the sharp-pointed emblems of the curse; that they were partakers of unmingled rapture because He as the captain of their salvation in bringing many sons to glory was made perfect through sufferings. It now devolved on him to ask their liberal contributions in aid of these Masonic charities to augment the funds of which both the collection that day and that to be made in that church at evening service the following day would be appropriated. They were asked to give according to their several abilities, that necessitous members of the order might be relieved, that help might be extended to the widows and orphans of those brethren who, although industrious in their respective callings, were unable to

leave provision for their dependents. Part of the sum collected at both offertories would be sent to aid those excellent institutions—the Masonic orphan schools in Dublin. Suitably had that anniversary been chosen as a time for co-operating in the support of such Masonic institutions. Holy Saint John was the title under which Christian lodges were dedicated, to the Baptist and to the Apostle and Evangelist of the same name; and, while they met upon the feast commemorating the former, taught by the Church to pray that, after his example, they might boldly rebuke vice, constantly speaking the truth, and, if need be, patiently suffer for its sake, they might well call to remembrance the teaching of the latter, his exhortations to the cultivation of that loving and lively spirit by which his own character was so much adorned—"Let us love one another, for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." Let them not love in word or in tongue, but in deed and in truth. Not alone in the remote antiquity of her origin did the beauty of Freemasonry consist, but in the Scriptural character of her ethics, the morally instructive tendency of her ritual, and the unsectarian spirit in which she ever laboured to minister to the good of the fraternity. Well had it been written of her that her "many works of mercy praise her in the gates," and that "the grateful tears of those relieved by her bounty sparkle like jewels in her crown." Through much good report had she persevered in fulfilling the duties of her beneficent mission, lightening the brow of the afflicted, pouring the balm of comfort into wounded and often well-nigh broken hearts. It was true, indeed, that with its misrepresentations evil report had long been busy. So greatly have her members been maligned that they have even been classed with the disloyal, put in the same category with the rebellious disturbers of national peace. Conscious of their integrity of purpose, of the firmness of their allegiance to the Throne, of their cheerful obedience to all duly constituted authority, submitting themselves as they ever did to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, they can bear unmoved the calumnies of their detractors. Freemasonry was a growing power; no weapon framed against her prospered, no anathema hurled against her availed to check her continuous and rapid spread. Her light, which gleamed through the darkness of early ages, increased as centuries rolled on, and was now shining with a brilliancy that gave earnest of still greater effulgence. In this their large and extending town, in which some of her charitable institutions were so well supported, were many evidences of the development of industrial resources. Let their employments be sanctified by the Christian principle which enobled whatever it touched, consecrate their earthly labours by the habitual cultivation of heavenly virtues.

"Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening." If he went and returned in the consciousness that he was always under the Omniscient inspection; that he was accountable to Him who had ordained that he should toil for his sustenance, he would find that secular occupation, so far from being a hindrance, would prove a means of advancement in the Christian life. As upon the one hand a life passed chiefly among holy things must be unspiritual unless there be vigilant resistance of the temptations to absorbing worldliness, so upon the other a life spent in business pursuits must be spiritual if there be prayerful effort to obey the injunction—"Let every man wherein he is called therein abide with God."

Of all who diligently seek Him He was the liberal rewarder, with manifold gifts of His grace, benefits purchased by the death of that Surety, the sight of whom gladdened with joy unspeakable the Baptist's heart as he exclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." Can he liberally recompense them in this life and hereafter? He can reward them above all that they could ask or think in that life of which heaven shall be the scene and eternity the duration, when His "tabernacle shall be with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God."

The Services were continued on the evening of the following day.

The Offertory at both Services amounted to £120.

SONNET.

(*For the Masonic Magazine.*)

BREAKING through darksome clouds which gradual flee,
Bright in th' aërial azure of heav'n's hall,
The sun, at length, escapes from their dull thrall;
And now, again, shines forth all gloriously.
So doth our Craft, through clouds of obloquy
And bigots' scowls, assert its light withal.
'Tis not prosaic, carnal, literal,—
Like other lights, the light of Masonry.
Like to Jerusalem above, 'tis free;
'Tis figurative all, and spiritual,
Its voice poetical—prophetical—
A mystic breath—'tis heav'n's old poësy;
Such as the prophets' heav'n-instructed lays
Proclaim'd to Judah's sons in ancient days.

Bro. Rev. M. GORDON.

TAKEN BY BRIGANDS.

THE SCOTCH SAILOR'S YARN.

(*Continued from page* 128.)

PART II.

THEY traveled weel, my four guards did; but I had been used to the mountains in my youth, and I kept up easily enow, which seemed to surprise them.

"You walk better than maist people," said one.

"Than maist whom?" I asked.

"Than maist signors whom we catch," he replied.

"Oh, then, you are in the habit of catching signors, are you?" I said. "The young lady seems to give a great deal of trouble. But I amna a signor."

They laughed at this, and said they knew all about it; and I went on, hoping I should too, in time.

At last we stopped, and one of them whistled; another whistle replied in front, and we went on a few paces further into a sort of hollow ground, where there were embers of a bonfire, by the still flickering light of which I could see a lot of figures rolled up in cloaks, sleeping.

The men who had brought me joined this party at once, leaving me in the hands of another lot, who searched me, and took away my knife, and what little money I had, but left me my pipe and 'bacca when I asked them to; and one of them, who seemed to be a leader, said that I needna be frightened, as nae harm would happen to me, and I shouldna be kept a prisoner lang if I would only be reasonable, and do what I was told.

And then my ankles were locked together by a contrivance like our handcuffs; a capote, or great-coat, made of sheepskin, was thrown to me, and I was told I might sleep.

The air was cold sae high up on the mountain; but I got as near as I could to the fire, wrapped the capote round me, and made mysel' pretty comfortable.

I was roused by a kick, which is baith a painful and a disgraceful way of being called in the morning. Sae I said something strong, and jumped up with the intention of punishing the kicker, forgetting that I was hobbled like a donkey on a common; sae I tumbled down again, and they all laughed.

"Keep your temper, Sandy," said I to mysel', "or you'll get the worst of it."

Sae I tried to laugh to; but it was a bit of a failure, and took a look round. We were in a rocky dell, high up on the mountain, with a line view of the sea and of Etna—which was smoking a little, as usual; and sea, sky, volcano, smoke, were all sorts of brilliant colours—gould, orange, purple—for the sun was just rising.

All round about me were men in play-acting mountaineer dresses, with broad-brimmed felt hats, and shawls round their waists stuck full of knives and pistols.

Some of them were cleaning their guns; others were cooking; some were gambling; and there were three on sentry, one over me. Presently the leader of the body who had received me the night before, came up and spoke.

"Good morning, my laird," said he. "You must excuse the ways of my men. They are a little rough."

"They are," said I.

Now, I do nae wish to imply that I could onderstand and talk the language pat off like this. I made out conversation slowly, and with difficulty; but still I did get at their meaning, and let them know mine.

"When may I gang back to my ship?" I asked.

"Directly we have received your ransom," he replied.

"Ransom?" cried I, bewildered.

"Yes; I suppose you know who we are?"

"Not a bit of it!" I answered.

"Have you ever heard of Il Corbino?" he inquired.

"What! the mountain thief—the brigand, as they call him?" cried I. "Yes, to be sure. Are you him?"

"No; I am only his lieutenant," he said; "but Il Corbino himself will come back to-day, maist likely."

"And do you mean to say you have ta'en the trouble to set a trap for me, and carry me off for the sake of getting a ransom?" I asked.

"Certainly," replied the other.

"Well, that is the best joke I ever heard in a' my life!" cried I, laughing, and slapping my thigh. "You are a rum sort of thieves, you are! Why, you didna knaw the rudiments of your ain trade! you canna draw blood out of a stane, mon!"

"We maun try," said he. "We know what money you have in the Palermo Bank, and it isna very much, but you could easily raise ony loan you like by signing your name."

"I wish I had known that before," I said. "But are you in your senses, mon? Do you suppose that any one with money at a banker's would serve as a common sailor?"

"Oh! I know why you have disguised yourself in a sailor's dress, so it's no use trying to pass that off," he replied, with a laugh.

Then the truth flashed upon me, and I cried:

"Why I'm blest if you didna take me for Laird Goldfinch himself!"

"Certainly I do," said the lieutenant, and bringing out pens, ink and paper, he told me to write a letter to the banker at Palermo, saying that I should die by torture unless a certain sum could be raised by a certain date.

The sum and date were left blank for the captain, Il Corbino, to decide upon when he came; but it seemed that he liked all little preliminaries to be got ready for him.

I wrote the letter, but told the lieutenant he was wasting paper, for Laird Goldfinch was safe on board his yacht, and the banker wad pay nae attention to it.

"Hark you!" said he, his manner which had been rather joking, turning to savage earnestness; "Signor Englishman, Il Corbino is a man who doesna like to be trifled with, and that you mauna think it all child's play, I will tell you our custom in the regular course of business. If your letter isna answered at aince, you will write another, more pressing, in which will be enclosed one of your ears, cut off with a pair of scissors. If that doesna bring a satisfactory reply, we sent the other ear, with a couple of nails. You shrink at that, and you are right. I have tried a great variety of torments on different prisoners, and I think that drawing the nails is e'en worse than roasting. But you will be able to judge for yourself gin the ransom isna forthcoming, since we always finish up with fire.

"Then I wish you would put a bullet through my head at once," said I, for my story is quite true; and now you have turned my pockets out, I havena a penny in the world."

"The captain may believe that if he likes," said the other; "I do not."

He was ganging off, when I took the liberty of suggesting that if I died of hunger and thirst there would be nae chance of their getting their money, even if I *were* to be Laird Goldfinch.

He saw the truth of that, and gave an order whereby I got a lump of black bread, a bit of kid meat, and a pannikin of water. You may well think it strange that I should think of eating with such an awful prospect before me; but it is a curious fact that an empty stomach has the loudest voice of anything in creation, and till its calls are attended to, nae future prospect of pain or danger seems vera threatening.

But when I had satisfied my hunger I had leisure to reflect upon the situation;

and the more I looked at it the less I liked it.

It was true that it would vera soon be discovered that Laird Goldfinch was safe on board his yacht, and that naething was to be got out of me; but it wasna likely the cruel brigands would let me gang free for that. I had often heard of them, and knew it was their rule never to let any one they had taken escape alive out of their hands except for money down.

All I could hope for was to be shot, or have my throat cut, instead of dying a lingering death, to make sport for them.

I dinna think I am a greater coward than other men, for I have been in peril oft enow without losing my presence of mind; but I confess that I was rarely frightened then. I felt sae helpless, and lonely, and deserted, that if I had had a pistol I should certainly ha'e put the muzzle to my temple and ta'en the top of my head off.

I sat on the ground, brooding, till midday, when there was a stir, and a cry that the captain was coming; and, sure enow he stalked presently into the midst of his band, *and a rare passion* he seemed to be in.

"What is this?" he cried. You sent me word you had ta'en the English laird, and caused me to go on a fool's errand to the town, where I found the man was lame, and had not left his vessel for twenty-four hours! Who have you captured in his place, you blundering idiots? What! my auld shipmate, the Scotchman!"

To my great relief, I recognised in Il Corbino, the brigand chief, the mate Giacomo, who had sailed with me on board the Cretan blockade runner.

We had always been very good friends, and he did not seem inclined to forget it now, for he shook me by the hand, and had the irons taken at once off my legs.

He asked me about my capture; and when I told him the details, he was in a better humour with the men; no reasonable being could possibly have blamed them for such an extraordinary accident as my being in Laird Goldfinch's place.

And then he told me how he came to be a robber chief. *It seemed that when* the cruiser was paid off, and he went back to his native village, he found that the same misfortune which first made me a wanderer had happened to him; his lassie had ta'en on with somebody else. But, being a Sicilian instead of a Scotchman, and short of temper to boot, he didna take it sae quietly as I did, but whipped out his knife and stabbed the pair of them.

A young mon in those parts takes to the mountains, as a matter of course, when the law is after him; so Giacomo followed the fashion, and joined a band of brigands who were out of luck; and since he was a mon of great enterprise and resource with a strong will; and, as beside, he contrived to establish a spy system in Palermo, the information obtained by which brought the gang some good prizes, he soon became their captain.

He was so friendly and polite, I began to hope that I should get awa without difficulty; but that wasna the case.

"Business is business, Sandy," *said he.* "If you returned, you would warn this English laird; beside, when we have caught him, you will be useful to take messages to and fro about his ransom. Sae you must e'en consent to be my guest for awhile. There is a nice cave not many miles off, where you will ha'e plenty of food, wine, and tobacco, if you will excuse the want of liberty."

"I am glad to breathe the mountain air ainee more, as well as to see an auld shipmate," said I, thinking it best to put a good face on. "The worst of it is, I fear I may lose my passage, and that you will be disappointed, for Laird Goldfinch sails to-morrow."

"Not he," said Giacomo. "He went ashore to the hotel this morning, and the yacht is to go to fetch his friend without him. Do not try to escape, for you will certainly be shot, and I should be sorry for the accident."

And he left me wondering how he managed to obtain such accurate information.

In the evening I was marched some distance deeper among the mountains to the cave he spoke of; and there I remained, vera comfortable, for twa days, not seeing Giacomo again till daybreak on the third, when he told me that he wanted me to accompany an expedition. Laird Goldfinch, he informed me, was anxious about my disappearance, which he didna like to make a fuss about, as he thought I was

detained by the father of the lady, and feared a scandal. So he meant to ride over boldly, that vera day, to call at the house and make inquiries, and the brigands meant to take him on his way. But as he was still rather lame, and would not be able to march up into the mountains sae fast as could be wished, it was intended that he should write his letter for ransom soon after his capture, and before the climbing began, sae as no to lose time, and as I was to take the letter to Palermo at aince, it was necessary that I should gang with them.

I canna tell you how vexed I felt during that walk down fra the mountain. It seemed so traitorous to make one of an ambush against the mon whose pay I was taking, and who had treated me with confidence.

I thought and thought how I could give him warning. Perhaps I might have a chance of breaking away, and running along the high road, when we came to it. I didna know whether my countenance betrayed what was passing in my mind, but when we came to a rock, which looked sheer down upon the road, I was stopped, and had to remain there with two men, who drew and cocked their pistols.

The remainder dived into the brushwood, and lay concealed and still.

After a long waiting, I saw a hired carriage coming along the road, and as it got nearer, I recognized Laird Goldfinch alane inside it. A low whistle was responded to, and then, in a moment, the brigands had stopped the carriage, the driver of which rolled off his box and darted into the bushes.

I saw Laird Goldfinch crouch down at the bottom of the carriage, over the side of which spirted two little jets of flame and one of the brigands fell over.

A gun was fired, and replied by more shots from a revolver. Then a volley was poured into the carriage, and all was still.

Whether my guards slipped off when the shooting began, I dinna ken, nor how I got down into the road; but there I found mysel', while the smoke still floated in the air. As for the brigands they had vanished.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

THERE jumps on grassy lawn the thrush,
With prying eye, intent on worm,
Whilst on the bough of an adjacent bush
Another thrush is seen of lighter form.
A gentle shower had just distill'd
A balmy fragrance from shrub and flower,
The air was still, by softest zephyr fill'd;
No leaf was mov'd on tree or bower;
'Twas just the thrush's dining time;
Oh! God of nature, how sublime!

The parent bird went hopping on
(For, surely, they were mother and son)
In quest of food for dinner:
The luckless, helpless worm, poor sinner!
Was ready prey; and, truly, the moral taught
Is one that should not be forgot;
For many a worm did the parent thrush
Convey to its offspring on the adjacent bush.
Sweet bird of song! I love thy notes right well,
So musical, so gladsome, and so thrilling,
When perched on some high tree, and trilling
Thy Heavenly Maker's praise. Ah! who can tell
How much do Heaven's symphonies combine,
Mellifluous melodies such as thine!

B. S.

Heugh Folds, Grasmere, Aug. 9, 1876.

Our Archæological Corner.

WE have taken the liberty to collect these little "strata" of information from our contemporary "Hand and Heart."

A book has just been published, entitled "Old Words and Modern Meanings," which is worth reading and criticising. Its author is dead, its editor is Mr. T. Whitcombe Greene, and its publishers are Messrs. Longmans. Archbishop Trench, Mr. Washington Moon, or the late Dean of Canterbury might be the author, but that it was a lady. By "whiskers" Addison meant "moustache" when speaking of a certain "Sir Roger's head"—not any ancestor of *the* "Sir Roger" be it noted; the Saxon

word "weeds" meant clothing, as is the case with "widow's weeds" now-a-days; "tide" was "time," and so it is now, as witness Whitsuntide; but it used to mean the *times* at which the sea ebbed and flowed rather than the waters which so ebbed and flowed; "edify" used to mean to build, so it does now in a sermon, and "edifice" still means a building. The book is not very original, but it is suggestive, and inclines one more and more to think about such words as have shifted their meaning. There are still rustics who don't know the antithesis of "quick and dead," nor the legitimate meaning of the word "prevent," the common proverb "Prevention is better than cure" having helped to divert the meaning.

"The Dunmow Flitch," contended for now with revived form and ceremony, like a good many other ancient customs that had begun to go out with the going out of village fairs, finds claimants in all parts; and this year the Isle of Wight has gained the prize. A clergyman and his wife who had sent in their names did not appear, so Ventnor, Isle of Wight, carried off the flitch and the credit. Did the clergyman quarrel with his wife after he sent in his name? Of course not; but he shunned to tell in the world's market-place that he could live, as if it were a wonderful thing, for a year and a day in domestic peace. This Dunmow Flitch celebration is a good thing one way; it must smite the consciences of many married people after their first quarrel. Ah, that first quarrel! How many are there that never had a first quarrel. If they never had a first they never had a second.

"Homely wisdom." Yes, sir, and so intended Solomon and Solon, to say nothing of Socrates (whose wife was a tartar, you remember), might have penned something harder and wiser, but they would not frown upon homely sayings.

"The custom was founded by Juga, a noble lady, in 1111, and restored by Robert de Fitzwalter in 1244; and this custom was that any person, from any part of England [poor Scotland and poor Ireland!] going to Dunmow, in Essex, and humbly kneeling on two stones at the church-door, may claim a gammon of bacon if he can swear that for twelve months and a day he has never had a household brawl or wished himself unmarried."

The oldest of all newspapers is the *Pekin Gazette*, which was a newspaper before William the Conqueror was a king. It has a yellow cover, ten pages of matter, but no pictures, stories, advertisements ("ads" they're too often called in these abbreviating days), marriages, or——

Subscribers! It is simply a Government paper of notices and an official chronicle.

Nouns of Multitude: rather Puzzling.

A little girl was near the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, "See what a *flock* of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships was called a *fleet*, and a fleet of sheep was called a *flock*. And here we may add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect of nouns of multitude, that a flock of wolves is called a *pack*, and a pack of thieves is called a *gang*, and a gang of angels is called a *host*, and a host of porpoises is called a *shoal*, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a *troop*, and a troop of partridges is called a *covey*, and a covey of beauties is called a *galaxy*, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a *horde*, and a horde of rubbish is called a *heap*, and a heap of oxen is called a *drove*, and a drove of blackguards is called a *mob*, and a mob of worshippers is called a *congregation*, and a congregation of engineers is called a *corps*, and a corps of robbers is called a *band*, and a band of locusts is called a *swarm*, and a swarm of people is called a *crowd*, and a crowd of gentlefolk is called the *élite*, and a miscellaneous crowd of city folk is called the *community* or the *public*.

ADDRESS OF P.G.M. BRO. HON. RICHARD VAUX, AT CENTENNIAL OF AMERICAN UNION LODGE.

(*Continued from page* 141.)

When God spoke to Noah and taught him the Truth he was to learn, and all the generations after him, the testimony and

the revelation of omnipotence, this attribute of God, declaring a covenant with man, sealed with the "Yea and Amen for ever," the promise and its receiving affirmance, were manifested under a sign. "I do set my bow in the cloud and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." "And God said unto Noah, this is the token of the covenant which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth." And now in this joyous summer solstice, when nature, clothed in gladness, has come up out of the tomb of winter, a resurrection which teaches by its symbolism that death is but a final preparation for another life, on this bright and glowing, beautiful and happy summer morning, a cloud, perchance, no longer than a man's hand is seen in the horizon gathering darkness, to end in storm. But as the clouds go, as the wind goes, we know not whither or from whence, and the sun reasserting its dominion over the day, lights up on the lagging cloud that bow of promise, that sign to us, as to Noah, of the eternal covenant made with all mankind, the truth is taught, that all who see may understand.

In that epoch of doubt and despair when the "chosen people" were in sore distress, when faith was well nigh lost, and hope was fading as the daylight mingles in the darkness of the coming night, the Red Sea before them and Pharaoh's hosts behind them, the hearts of the Israelites were covered as with a cloud. Their emotions and their thoughts were dead within them, and their minds had become barren except in the growth of a rebellious spirit. On them reason then had no influence. The exhortations of their leader fell on ears that would not hear. Distrust and despondency were overwhelming them as the great ground swell of the ocean submerges the last remaining peninsular of its shoal bound shore. And so it was from Succoth to Ethan.

Surely, then, to have taught a truth to this fleeing, doubting, desponding people, by the process of didactic teaching would have been utterly in vain. Ears they had, but they would not have listened. Yet the tauth was—and it must be known. And so it came to pass that under a sign it was communicated, subjective truth objectively imparted—for we read, "And the Lord went before them by day, in a pillar of a cloud to lead them the way and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light, to go by day and by night."

Even now as one seeks to penetrate the thick darkness of the limitless past, when even the sight of the seer is powerless to discern objects which are yet in the confines of the latter days, hid from human ken in the mists which gather by some unseen attraction into the shades which constitute the atmosphere in which past ages live in a solemn silence, that pillar of fire yet stands as it did between the camp of the Egyptians and the Children of Israel, to teach by its symbolism, glowing now in the darkness, like a light in the remoteness of a vast cavern, that eternal truth, which has its abiding place in the mind of God.

As the "province of faith is not to be invaded by reason" and as Truth is eternal and to be known of all men, the process by which it is imparted depends on the perceptive process of those to whom it is presented. Divine wisdom has consecrated the sign, or symbolic teaching, as the earliest method established for human instruction.

Written history, as well as that equally authoritative teacher, tradition, enables us to comprehend the vast stores of knowledge and wisdom which were gathered and garnered by the philosophers of the pre-christian era. It is now the subject of our wonder how the few, the very few, attained this learning, while the masses of the peoples neither appreciated its possession, nor stimulated its acquirement by any earnest demonstration of their approval. It was the love of wisdom, the desire for knowledge, or light, that animated those who devoted their lives to the highest intellectual culture. We are forced to consider only as representatives of schools, Moses, Solomon, Zadok, Hillel, Shammai, Antigonus of Socho, Hyreanus, Plato, Socrates, Proclus, Origen, Pythagoras, and Aristotle, men who taught the chosen people, or to a select few, who as disciples, sought wisdom or light, from oral communications.

It is not possible to do more now than glance at the pre-christian teachings, or these memorable men who inspired by divine authority, interpreted, or from the innate love of knowledge and wisdom were recognized instructors.

But as our line of thought requires, reference must be made to the Pharisees,

and Sadducees, two of the prominent pre-christian schools of religious knowledge or doctrine, which exercised a large influence, long before the coming of our blessed Saviour. These schools differed essentially in their respective tenets. The Sadducees maintained that the Pentateuch contained the 613 divine laws, and that there was no oral Mosaic Law. If any such tradition was claimed ever to have been given to the Israelites, it was heterodox. They further asserted that there was no resurrection or immortality. The Sadducees were restricted in their faith to the doctrines of the inspired books, and they opposed all interpretations on the text.

The Pharisees maintained that oral traditions had their origin contemporaneously with, and were incident to the concise statements of the Pentateuch, both as explanatory of, and adjunctive to the law of Moses.

Among these oral teachings they asserted was the doctrine of the resurection and and immortality, which though not positively declared in the divine books were undoubtedly orally communicated as a necessity to the completeness of the Abrahamic faith. It is this acceptance of oral teachings that was one of the distinctive features of the faith of the Pharisees, and it involves the conclusion that some at least of these doctrines were the outcomes from the cults of the Egyptian, Persian and Grecian mythologies.

(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.

HOWEVER much we may differ in our theological opinions—and the Jew and the Mahometan have equal interest in genuine Freemasonry with the Christian—no sincere Craftsman can fail to feel glad when any of those noble fabrics erected by our ancient operative brethren are rescued from destruction. Thus I am pleased to see that the inhabitants of Bridlington are making strenuous efforts to preserve and restore their fine old parish church, once the Augustine Priory of St. Mary, founded by Walter de Gant and his vassals, early in the reign of Henry the First. When societies like the "Bridlington Foresters' Club" figure in the subscription list, surely that of the Craft should not be wanting on this or on any similar occasion. "The Bridlington and Quay Gazette," of August 5th, 1876, remarks:—

"The holding of the Bazaar during next week, in aid of the fund now being raised to preserve and restore the parish church at Bridlington, forms a fitting opportunity to make an appeal on its behalf to all who love these 'old grey churches of our native land,' especially to the hundreds who are now amongst us in search of health, or enjoyment. We do not appeal to the latter upon selfish grounds, hoping to escape the responsibility of keeping up the old pile, around which are clustered the remains of ten generations of honoured dead—to shift our duty on the shoulders of others. The majority of the townspeople have done, for some time past, and still are doing, their utmost to repair the ruin wrought on the ancient structure by the decaying hand of time, and the more ruthless hand of man. Within a few years something like £15,000 has been spent upon and around the church, and yet, unless we get help from those outside, one of the finest historic monuments of the Kingdom must remain little better than a wreck, and a reproach to the age. Therefore we earnestly ask all—and there are very few who cannot do something—to give a helping hand in our great work. The present effort, which was inaugurated at a public meeting held in February last, presided over by His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, is directed towards raising the sum of £13,000 to restore the two south clerestory windows, the whole of the western front, (which is absolutely in a dangerous state,) and the erection of two towers. The committee appointed to carry out the work have called in the services of Sir GILBERT SCOTT, who has prepared the necessary plans, and as visitors to the church will have seen, the restoration of the clerestory windows is now proceeding. Towards the large sum required, £5,850

has been subscribed, and an earnest appeal is now made for further help. The work is one that has claims upon all, in some way or other. To churchmen it appeals, of course, most strongly, but as a national monument its preservation should be an object of universal concern, therefore we trust that the many visitors at present in the town will co-operate with the inhabitants in this movement, and that either by subscriptions or by visiting the forthcoming bazaar, the work may be speedily forwarded, and the proportions of the Priory may be preserved, restored, and beautified in a manner befitting the grand old building."

And Mr. Thomas Waller, a gentleman of considerable love for antiquities, writing in the same paper, after a casual allusion to "the restoration of this grand old Priory Church, under the late vicar, the Rev. H. F. Barnes," says:—

"When this Church was standing in all its glory, it exceeded somewhat the dimensions of Beverley Minster, and no Cathedral in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales equalled it in size. The total length was 360 feet; was composed of ten bays, and an early English choir of seven bays, which, with the transept of the same period, had a considerable northerly deflection. At the crossing stood a large central tower of great elevation, in which were placed seven bells. It is said the western towers were begun, but never completed. I rather doubt this, for they were in a transition state when the Reformation began. The nave, which is 180 feet by 68 feet, and 69 feet in height, alone remains; it is of the best period of Geometrical Decorated. The north side was completed before the south, in which the triforium is omitted; and the clerestory is brought down in its place, with a gallery having double mullions, which cross it below. The porch is of the 14th century, is very fine, and should be restored, with a road leading into Sewerby Street. The restoration of the clerestory windows alone would be a grand feature in the old building, but if the complete restoration of the west front, with the addition of the two towers, can be accomplished, it will present an aspect most imposing. The north-west tower is good, but it is in the south-west tower where our great architect displays his wonderful skill, and here we shall have a tower equalling the Driffield tower, unanimously considered the very best in this part of England, nay, if it does not surpass it. I find £5,840 has already been raised to meet the £13,000 required to complete the proposed restoration. All honour to those who have so lovingly joined in their effort to restore the house of their fathers' God. Might I urge upon those who have not yet done anything, to to make an effort, however small, to help it forward."

Having, in the May number of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, briefly glanced at the ancient history of Pottery, in noticing Mr. Arnoux's interesting paper in "British Manufacturing Industries"; and having then stated that "the revival of the art of Pottery in Europe will afford us matter sufficient for a future Note," we will now resume our remarks. "The precise date of the revival," says Mr. Arnoux, "is not positively ascertained; but it was probably contemporary with the establishment of Islamism amongst the Arabs. The energy displayed by this people in improving and adapting the different fabrics to the requirements of their new religion, was no doubt beneficial to the art of Pottery; and with their fanaticism and spirit of proselytism, they carried their new ideas to every country which they conquered. Syria became a great industrial centre, and some of its towns, such as Damascus, were soon famous for the perfection of their wares. To reach Europe, however, this new movement did not take its course through Greece and Italy, as in the first instance; it was through Egypt and the North of Africa that, at the beginning of the eight century, it made its way to Spain, where it became firmly established. As regards Pottery, nowhere were better specimens produced than in the towns of Malaga, Grenada, Cardova, and others, going northwards as far as Valencia and Toledo. The newest feature of the Arabian or Saracenic Pottery (called Hispano Moresco ware, when made in Spain), was the introduction of the oxide of tin in the glaze, to render it opaque. Previous to this innovation, when white was required for a design executed on a clay which did not take that colour in firing, these parts had to be covered with a silicious mixture,

and subsequently coated over with a transparent glaze. This was the Assyrian and Persian process. To find a white opaque enamel, which could be applied direct on a coloured clay and adhere firmly to it, was a great discovery."

By using this tin enamel judiciously all over the Pottery-ware, so as to make it more or less opaque as he wished, Lucca Della Robia produced his famous Majolica, so called from its exportation from the island of Majorca (the Spanish *Mallorca*) to Italy, early in the fifteenth century. But it was in Italy itself that the manufacture of Majolica attained its highest perfection, so that even Perugino, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, are said to have painted this peculiar Pottery. But keen competition, whilst it destroys monopolies, also engenders innumerable knaveries; and as our English manufacturers now are seeking only to make the best imitation of good articles, instead of the best manufactures, so did the Potters of the seventeenth century, in Italy, France, Holland, and elsewhere. At Delft, in South Holland, some nine miles from Rotterdam, a blue and white imitation of Chinese Pottery was successfully manufactured, which supplied this and other countries, until our own Wedgwood produced a superior ware at home, which supplanted it in the markets of Europe; but "common Delf" is still the English name for ordinary plates, cups and saucers, etc., as "China" is for the best porcelain.

"At Rouen," says Mr. Arnoux, "the blue ornamentation was relieved with touches of red, green, and yellow; at Monstiers the monochrome designs were light and uncommonly elegant; at Paris, Marseilles, and many other places, the flower decoration of the old Sevres and Dresden ware was imitated with a freedom of touch and a freshness of colour which is really charming." But the high price of tin rendered the best glazes costly, as that of lead in our own day would have done common Pottery: the mixture of silicate of soda, powdered quartz, Mendon chalk, and borax, not having been hit upon as a substitute for the poisonous lead glazing until very recently.

Stoneware was produced in Germany, "at Nuremberg, Ratisbon, Bayreuth, and Mansfield, and other places; but the best were made in the neighbourhood of the Lower Rhine, where the clays most fitted for that class of pottery were easily to be found. Here we find, for the first time in Europe, the body of the ware partly vitrified by the high temperature to which it was submitted, and also the remarkable peculiarity that it was glazed by the volitalization of common salt, thrown into the oven when the temperature had reached its climax. The combination of these two processes had never been effected before, and it would be difficult on that account to find any connection between stoneware and some of the Egyptian potteries. For this stoneware, which was of various colours, T. Hopfer designed many of the embossed ornamentations. It began to decline towards the close of the seventeenth century, and has only been revived of late by Doulton & Co., of Lambeth.

How very low the potter's art had sunk in France, those who have read John Morley's most interesting life of "Bernard Palissy," will have a vivid recollection: for it is as interesting as any romance. And France produced only one Palissy. What a truly worshipful man he was, compared with numbers to whom she has shown much higher honour! But the world, when wiser will, rank him among her greatest heroes, as he most undoubtedly was.

Of the rise and progress of English pottery, I must speak in another note.

Mr. J. C. Cox has in the press the second volume of his able and interesting work on the Churches of Derbyshire, which is anxiously looked for.

Resin melted with half its weight of paraffin, at a temperature not exceeding 230 degrees Fah, is said to produce artificial wax; so is rosin with one-third tallow.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
From "SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY."

A MIGHTY hand, an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves

Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry too and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revellers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From canon where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armèd men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bear them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam
Down go the steed and rider; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who wields
The living mass, as if it were its soul.
The waters choak the shout and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;
A poet as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks,
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the maid,
With hands out-stretched in vain and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks and then are seen no more.
Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled and never to be uttered more.
I pause and turn my eyes and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls

Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshipers.
There lie memorial stones whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust; and all around,
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten,—haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment and then they sink away from sight.
I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold, in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days too brief,
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace.
Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And re-appearing, haply giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
Molds from the idle air; where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low and distant, where the Life that Is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that fair river broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed for ever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 41.—Vol. IV. NOVEMBER, 1876. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

We have not much to report, except the great Masonic Gathering at Glasgow, and the rapid increase of our Lodges in Great Britain, especially under the English Grand Lodge.

The Masonic Gathering at Glasgow has been a great success; and our Royal Grand Master and his amiable and august Consort received, as they well deserved, the enthusiastic greetings of the loyal inhabitants of Glasgow and the Masonic body.

Abroad, we have to note increased violence of the Ultramontane Press. We wish we could think that the course foreign Freemasonry is taking is altogether conducive to the best interests and the true position of our great Order; but truth and a conscientious conviction on the subject compel us to add, that we cannot unfortunately think so. The French G. Orient, in our humble opinion, is taking a most retrogade and downward course at the same time.

It has determined by a large majority to agitate the entirety of French Freemasonry, with a consideration of whether it is advisable to maintain the Article of the Constitutional Laws relative to a Belief in God and the Immortality of the Soul.

What the result of such an appeal must be, in the state of things and opinion in France, it is not very difficult to anticipate, and we conceive the step to be fraught with grave dangers to French Freemasonry.

The Council of the Order, presided over by Bro. St. Jean, Bros. Caubet and Wyrouboff, represent the movement, not as a negation of dogmata, but an affirmation of toleration. But they forget that in the very step they are now apparently contemplating, they are fulfilling the prophecy of the Bishop of Orleans, and playing into the hands of the Ultramontane Party.

They are, in fact, inaugurating a Masonic regime of the great goddess Reason, and incorporating the teaching of a materialistic negativism in the laws of French Freemasonry.

They may disguise the act itself under many fine phrases and rhapsodical utterances; but to the Anglo-Saxon mind, plain and practical, the removal of such an affirmation of simple faith in the T.G.A.O.T.U. is simply a surrender to the unbelief and atheism of "Iconoclasts" of every kind.

By this foolish and perverse step, if persisted in, they will sever French Freemasonry from Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry; and we cannot see how any Anglo-Saxon Mason can enter a French Lodge, from which the Bible has been removed, and where Freemasons have not the courage to own their belief in the Great Architect of the Universe.

We deeply deplore the fact as it can only place arms in the hands of the violent Ultramontane Party in France, who will not be slow to use them against Freemasonry, both in general and in particular.

PINE'S ENGRAVED LISTS OF LODGES.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THROUGH the kindness of Brother James Newton, of Bolton, we have become possessed of a beautiful transcript of Pine's List of Lodges for A.D., 1734, which he had copied from the original, owned by the Prov. Grand Secretary (Bro. Tunnah) of East Lancashire. It is the only one of its kind we have been able to trace, and its value is considerable to all Masonic Students, for which reason we have sent it to the Editor of the "Masonic Magazine" for reproduction—thus the property of the *one* will become the possession virtually of the *many*, and all thus benefited should remember their indebtedness to the two Brethren mentioned. The following information on the subject will doubtless interest some of our readers, and also serve the purpose of an introduction to the List.

The first of these engraved Lists was issued in 1723, the only known survivor being in the Archives of the Grand Lodge of England. As it was published annually another was we presume issued in 1724, of which we can find no trace, and in 1725 apparently two editions were issued. One of the earliest is in the Library of the Grand Lodge of England, and what we take to be the second edition is in the custody of that ripe Masonic Scholar, General Pike, who has had an excellent fac-simile made, an impression of which we have compared with its *elder brother*. Brother Pike's edition has the "Arms" and "Titles" of *The Most High Puissant and noble Prince Charles Lenos, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, Earl of March and Darnley, Baron of Setterington Methuin and Torbolton, Knt. of ye most Honourable Order of ye Bath*, Grand Master," *A.D.*, 1725, *A.L.*, 5725.

The edition in the Grand Lodge is minus the Knight of the Bath qualification, and in consequence the Coat of Arms lacks the Garter, and Motto *Tria Juncta in uno*, by which it is surrounded. Moreover the first issue has eight Lodges less on the List than the second edition, including those warranted for Reading and Chester, evidently during A.D., 1725. After 1723 and 1725 is an unfortunate gap to 1734, none having yet been found between these years, and the copy of the latter year was only recently made known through our enquiries in the "Freemason." The Grand Lodge of England has no Lists between 1725 and 1736; then follow in regular order 1737 and 1738, and then another wide space, which we hope will yet be filled up, as it is the duty and the privilege, we take it, of brethren in possession of the Lists for the years vacant (if there be such) to supply our National Masonic Library, so that they may be permanently cared for, and be at hand for the examination of all interested. The years of the Engraved Lists required by the Grand Lodge are 1724, 1726 to 1735 (inclusive), 1739 to 1745 (inclusive), 1747 to 1749 (inclusive), and 1816 (*Freemason's Calendar*). We trust this notice may lead to the discovery of some of the defaulters. A deal depends upon what these Lists contain, as they are the only official Roll of Lodges from 1723 until past the middle of the last century which we possess, save the List of Lodges in the Books of Constitutions for 1738 and 1756, which are devoid of the numbers of such Lodges, and therefore less valuable than Engraved Lists of those years. In one of the early numbers of the "Masonic Magazine,"* we inserted a List of Lodges for A.D., 1730, a great curiosity in its way, and in the "Voice of Masonry," for August, 1876, we gave another List, (with the numerical position added by us for subsequent years) of the year 1733 from Dr. Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It will be noted that No. 79 is left vacant, as it is in the following transcript of the Roll of A.D., 1734, and which in the "*Companion*" issued in 1735 at Dublin, is ascribed to "The Hoop in Water Street, in Philadelphia," (without date) and comes *after* and *before* Lodges in England of 1731—the latter work having thus to do with a still earlier copy of these Engraved Lists, not at present discovered, but which we do not despair yet of tracing, having, since

* No. 8—for Feb., 1874 ("Masonic Magazine.")

our researches commenced, heard of the valuable Book of 1734, authorized as it is by the Grand Lodge of England.

The List of 1734 has a Frontispiece similar to that in Scott's Pocket Companion of 1754, and some earlier editions of such publications, but with the addition of the Arms of "The Most Noble and Puissant Lord John Lindsay, El. of Crauford and Lindsay. Visct. Kilberney, Ld. Spinzie Glenes, Feneven Town, and Columb Finch, Premier El. of Scotland"

"Grand Master——A.D., 1734, A.L., 5734."

The Lodges are numbered 1 to 128, with only the one vacancy mentioned of No. 79.

The Signs of the houses in which the Lodges met are generally engraved in reduced facsimile, and form a very pleasing and artistic feature of the work, and at the end is a Table showing the days of meeting arranged in order from Monday to Saturday. The former of course could not be reproduced without a considerable outlay, and so we have noted as far as possible, the names of the signs instead; and the latter is omitted as being of no consequence at the present time, the information being given in the body of the work. We cannot conclude our notice without stating that as we were afraid to entrust our transcript to the printer's hands, our friend Bro. James Horner Neilson, of Dublin, offered to have the MS. attended to, and to our surprise soon afterwards sent us a beautiful copy made by Miss Neilson, to whom we feel personally much obliged, as it enables us to send it for reproduction in these pages, and the valuable MS. remains clean and intact as before.

A LIST OF REGULAR LODGES,

According to their Seniority and Constitution.

Printed for and sold by I. PINE, Engraver, agst. Little Brittain,

end in Aldersgate Street.

			CONSTITUTED.
1 King's Arms	St. Paul's Churchyard	First Tuesday	
2 Bull	In Holborn	1st Wednesday in every month	
3 Horn	Westminster	Second Thursday	
4 Swan	Hamstead	First and third Saturday	17 Jan., 1722
5 Ship	Behind the Royal Exchange	Second Wednesday	July 11, 1721
6 A Female	New Bond Street	2nd and 4th Tuesday	Jan. 19, 1722
7 A Mug	Queen's Street, Cheapside	Second and 4th Thursday	Jan. 28, 1722
8 Devil, Union Lodge	Devil, Temple Bar	1st and 3d Monday	Apl. 25, 1722
9 Tun	Noble Street	First and Third Wednesday	May, 1722
10 King's Arms	New Bond Street	Last Thursday	Nov. 25, 1722
11 Queen Anne	Knaves' Acre	First and Third Wednesday	Feb. 27, 1722-3
12 Castle	Drury Lane	First and Third Wednesday	

13	Coat of Arms. Motto "Che Sara Sara"	Covent Garden	Second Friday and last Monday.	Mar. 28, 1723
14	Queen Anne	Great Queen Street	First and Third Monday	Mar. 30, 1723
15	Bull's Head	Southwark	Second Monday	Apl. 1, 1723
16	Bedford Court Coffee House	Bedford Court, Covent Garden	1st and third Wednesday	Apl. 3, 1723
17	Crown	St. Giles	First and Third Tuesday	1723
18	Crown	Ludgate Hill	First Wednesday	May 5, 1723
19	Coat of Arms. The supporters being a Lion and a Griffin	Newgate Street	2nd and 4th Friday	1723
20	Swan, French Lodge	Long Acre	1st and 3d Monday	June 12, 1723
21	Rope & Anchor	Chancery Lane	Second and last Tuesday	Aug. 4, 1723
22	Swan	Fish Street Hill	First Friday	Sep. 11, 1723
23	Crescent	Cheapside	First and Third Tuesday	Sep. 18, 1723
24	A Swan	Whitecross Street	First Friday	
25	Lubec: A Man holding a "tall - boy" drinking glass	London Street, Greenwich	Last Saturday in the month	Dec. 24, 1723
26	Motto of the Thistle, and Key	Pall Mall	1st and 3rd Thursday	
27	Crown and Sceptre	St. Martin's Lane	Second and last Monday	Mar. 27, 1724
28	Queen Anne	City of Bath	Last Thursday in the month	
29	Nag's Head	Bristol		
30	Queen Anne	City of Norwich		
31	Dolphin	City of Chichester	Third Friday in the month	
32	Bull	Northgate Street, City of Chester		
33	Castle	Watergate Street, City of Chester	First Tuesday in the month	
34	Grapes	Carmarthen, South Wales		
35	East Indian Arms, East India	Gosport, Hampshire	2nd Thursday in the month, at 3 o'clock	
36	Red Lion	Congleton, Cheshire		
37	A Castle	Moore Fields	First and Third Thursday	July, 1724
38	Head, etc.	Cheapside	1st Thursday	Jan. 22, 1725
39	Swan, etc.	Finch Lane	Second and Fourth Wednesday	Feb., 1725
40	A Man, etc.	Ludgate Street	Fourth Monday in the month	Apl., 1725
41	Royal Oak	Holborn	1st Monday in the month	May 10, 1725

42	Two Male figures in the act of shaking hands	Billingsgate	Third Wednesday	
43	King's Arms	Strand	First Monday	May 25, 1725
44	Swan	Long Acre	2nd and last Wednesday	Sept., 1725
45	Stag	Without Bishopsgate	1st Tuesday in the month	Jan. 19, 1726
46	Mount	Grosvenor Street, near Hanover Square	1st Thursday in the month	Jan. 12, 1727
47	Three Crowns	Stoke Newington	1st Saturday in the month	Aug. 9, 1727
48	King's Head	Salford, near Manchester	1st Monday in the month	
49	Castle	Holborn	2nd and last Wedday	Jan. 31, 1727-8
50	Coat of Arms, etc.	St. Bernard Street, in Madrid	1st Sunday in the month	
51	View of Gibraltar	Gibraltar	First Tuesday	Nov., 1728
52	Woolpack	Warwick	1st and 3rd Friday in the month	Apl. 22, 1728
53	Griffin	Leadenhall Street	Third Wednesday	1728
54	Rose & Crown	Greek Street, Soho	First and Third Friday	1728
55	A Cup	Henrietta Street, Covent Garden	First and Third Friday	1728
56	Crown & Anchor	Short's Gardens	First and Third Friday	
57	Red Lion	Red Lyon Street, Holbourn.	2nd and 4th Wednesday	15 Apr., 1728
58	Crown	Corn Market, Oxford	every Thursday	Aug. 8, 1729
59	Three Tuns	Scarsburgh	First Wednesday	Aug. 27, 1729
60	Three Tuns	Billingsgate	Second and Fourth Thursday	Jan. 22, 1729
61	King's Arms	Caseton Street	First & Third Friday	Jan. 24, 1730
62	George & Dragon	Northampton	First Saturday	Jan. 16, 1730
63	Bear & Gridiron	Butcher Row	First Thursday	
64	Rose	Without Temple Barr	Third Wednesday	6 Mar., 1730
65	St. Rook's Hill	Near Chichester in Sussex	Once a year, viz., Tues. in Easter week	In the reign of Julius Cæsar
66	Red Lion	In ye City of Canterbury	1st and 3d Tuesday	3 Apr., 1730
67	Castle	St. Giles's	1st and 3d Wednesday	
68	Royal Oak	Long Acre	Second and 4th Wednesday	28 Apr., 1730
69	Britannia	Bloomsbury Market	2nd and 4th Monday	22 May, 1730
70	Dukes Head	Lynn Regis in Norfolk	First Friday	Oct. 1st, 1729
71	Rose	Cheapside	1st and 3rd Monday	26 Jan., 1730
72	East India Arms	Being all in the East Indies		
73	Saracens Head	Lincoln	First Tuesday	Sep. 7, 1730
74	University Lodge	At the Bear and Harrow in the Butcher Row	First Tuesday	14 Dec., 1730
75	Rainbow Coffee H.	York Buildings	2nd Monday and last Friday	17 July, 1730

76	White Bear	King's Street, Golden Square	First and Third Thursday	
77	Lion	Jockey Fields	First and 3d Monday	11 Jan., 1731
78	Fountain	Bury St. Edmonds	Second and 4th Tuesday	1731
79	(vacant)	... ...	... ...	... ...
80	Angel	Macclesfield, Chester		
81	Fleece	Bury St. Edmonds	1st and 3d Thursday	1st Nov., 1731
82	Three Tuns	Newgate Street	2nd and last Monday	21 Oct., 1731
83	Three Tuns	Smithfield	2nd and 4th Wednesday	17 Decem. 1731
84	Sun	Behind the Royal Exchange	2nd and 4th Friday	
85	King's Arms	Russel Street, Covent Garden	2nd and 4th Wednesday	24 Jan., 1732
86	King's Arms	St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark	Third Monday	2nd Feb., 1732
87	New King's Arms	Leigh in Lancashire		22 Feb., 1731
88	Bell & Magpie	Woolverhampton In Stafford Shr.	1st Monday	28 March, 1732
89	Cup, &c.	Drury Lane	2nd and 4th Tuesday	11th Apr., 1732
90	Au Louis D'Argent	Dans la Rue de Boucherie à Paris	Every Wednesday	3rd Apr., 1732
91	Sun	Fleet Street	2nd and last Tuesday	12 Apr., 1732
92	Antwerp Arms	Threednedle Street	2nd and 4th Tuesday	25 May, 1732
93	Goose & Gridiron	St. Paul's Churchyard	2nd & 4th Monday	21 June, 1732
94	Emblems	Ludgate Street	2nd and 4th Thursday	29 June, 1732
95	Horn, etc.	Wood Street	2nd and 4th Wednesday	12 July, 1732
96	White Horse	Ipswich	2nd and 4th Thursday	
97	New Inn	Exeter		
98	D. of Lorrain	Suffolk Street	2nd and 4th Wednesday	17 Aug., 1732
99	Garter	Fleet Street	1st and 3rd Friday	18 Aug., 1732
100	George and Dragon	Butcher Row	1st and 3rd Friday	19 Aug., 1732
101	Crown	Upper Moore Fields	Second Tuesday	29 Aug., 1732
102	Royal Vine Yard	St. James's Park	Every Saturday, 2 a'clock	5 Sept., 1732
103	Ship	Without Temple Bar	1st and 3rd Tuesday	8 Sept., 1732
104	Virgin's Inn	Darby		14 Sept., 1732
105	A Private Room	Bolton Le Moors, in Lancashire	Next Wednesday to every full moon	9 Nov., 1732
106	Nag's Head	Audley Street	1st and 3rd Wednesday	15 Nov., 1732
107	Dale's Coffee House	Warwick Street	2nd and 4th Wednesday	12 Dec., 1732
108	Seven Stars	Bury St. Edmonds	2nd and 4th Thursday	15 Dec., 1732
109	Three Lions	Salisbury	1st and 3rd Wednesday	27 Dec., 1732
110	Ship Coffee House	Near the Hermitage Bridge	1st and 3rd Thursday	2 Feb., 1732-3
111	Theatre Tavern	Goodman's Fields	2nd and 4th Monday	17 Feb., 1732-3
112	King's Arms	Tower Street, near the Seven Dials	1st and 3rd Tuesday	3 Mar., 1732-3
113	Bear	City of Bath	1st and 3rd Friday	18 Ma., 1733

114	Sun	Winchester Street, Little Moore Gate	2nd and 4th Thursday	23 Ma., 1733
115	Devil	Scott's Masons' Lodge, Devil, Temple Bar	2nd and 4th Munday	
116	Bear and Gridiron	Master Masons' Lodge, Butcher Row	2nd and 4th Friday	
117	King's Arms	Master Masons' Lodge, Strand	1st Munday, Masters' Lodge ; Do. 3rd Munday in ye winter	
118	Red Lion	Bury, in Lancashire	Next Thursd. to every full moon	26 July, 1733
119	Dog	Stourbridge, Worcester	Every Wednesday	1 Aug., 1733
120	Oate's Coffee House	Master's Lodge, Great Whild Street	1st and 3rd Sunday	
121	Solomon's Coffee House	Pimblico	1st and 3rd Monday	27 Dec., 1733
122	Forrest Coffee House	Charing Cross	2nd and 4th Wednesday	
123	Prince of Orange	St. Saviours Dock, Southwark	2nd and 4th Tuesday	
124		Hamburgh, in Lower Saxony		
125	Swan	Birmingham	Last Monday	
126		Boston, in New England		
127		Valenciennes, in French Flanders		
128	Duke of Marlborough	Petticoate Lane, White Chapell	Third Fry d	Novem. ye 5th 1734

NOTES ON THE LIST OF A.D. 1734.

We have preferred to let any obvious errors of the engraver remain, as a *verbatim et literatim* transcript is more reliable than a corrected version. The dates of Constitution are according to the "OLD STYLE." A few mistakes as to the years of constitution will occasionally be noticed, and the extraordinary antiquity ascribed to No. 65, on St. Rook's Hill, near Chichester, will serve to amuse even if it fails to convince the reader.

So far as we can trace Numbers 1 (*now* 2), 3 (*now* 4), 4 (*now* 6), 6 (*now* 8), 7 (*now* 10), 8 (*now* 12), 9 (*now* 14), 10 (*now* 16), 11 (*now* 18), 13 (*now* 20), 19 (*now* 21), 23 (*now* 23), 38 (*now* 26), 43 (*now* 28), 46 (*now* 29), 69 (*now* 33), 97 (*now* 39), 105 (*now* 37), 113 (*now* 41), 118 (*now* 42), 125 (*now* 43), *and* 128 (*now* 45) are still in existence. The Medina Lodge' Cowes (according to the present numeration 35) was warranted A.D. 1731, but the foregoing list contains no such reference, so that it is likely the Lodge has been removed since its constitution. Of course few, if any, from *one* to *one hundred and twenty eight*, as enumerated, are held now in the same street or locality as originally constituted, and their numbers from 1723 to 1863 have gone through many changes, the last named being now 45. In 1734 there were 128 Lodges on the Roll of the Grand Lodge of England, only 23 of which are still to be found on its Register, the remainder having ceased to work or removed to other Grand Lodge Jurisdictions.

EXTRACTS FROM A MINUTE BOOK OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY THE EDITOR.

I HOPE that this title will not appear misleading, or this paper disappointing to any of my readers. We live at a time when the publication of the olden Minute Books of Lodges seems to be the order of the day, and as chance has thrown one into my possession, I see no reason why I should not fall in for the nonce with the prevailing fashion of the hour. But I wish to make one or two remarks on the subject. I see no objection to the publication of old Minute Books if only we do not lay too much store by their evidence, for at the best such evidence, be it remembered, is always of a fragmentary and dubious kind.

Minute Books are governed by the unfailing laws of reserve, suppression, incorrectness, and unreliability. That is to say, the age of formality and of careful entry had not yet dawned upon the Order, and the secretaries of the last century seem to be animated always by the intense desire to say as little as possible, and that little as carelessly and indistinctly as may be.

Perhaps they had a reason for being so hazy and haphazard in their minutes; but as it is, the student to-day takes up an old Minute Book and lays it down equally disappointed and dissatisfied. On every point on which we would much like to be informed, we are told nothing; and even what is communicated to us is so sparingly doled out to us, that we can make but little use of it, and find it impossible often clearly to understand even! Therefore, with this warning, let us go to the Minute Book in question.

It belonged to No. 194 of the Antients (perhaps Bro. Hughan can tell us what was its subsequent history), and is marked No. 3. I do not possess Nos. 1 or 2, but only this chance No. 3. It commences July 5th, 1797, and ends April 3rd, 1806. So my readers will perceive that this Minute Book has not certainly the "hoar antiquity of age" about it, whatever No. 1 might tell us; and I am bound also to add as an honest chronicler, is as prosaic, commonplace, uninteresting a book to read as well may be.

The Lodge, whatever may have been its subsequent condition, was when the book opens in very "low water," with few members and not well off for funds. It seems to have been purely a tradesman's Lodge, not of the most literate kind, as the English and spelling of the Minutes would have driven Lindley Murray mad. I have never read anything worse, or more trying to those who like good grammar and are partial to correct "concords." When the third Minute Book commences, the Lodge was held at the "Pitt's Head," Old Bailey, and owing to the "non-attendance of the members and the insolvencie of the landlord," it was determined, as the Americans say, "to make tracks," and so, the "regalia" being "moved accordingly," they migrated to the "Castle," Smithfield Bar, or Greenhill Rents. In 1797 they shifted their quarters to the "White Swan," Braham's Buildings; and in 1798 to "The Cooper's Arms," West Street, Smithfield, where they still were in 1806. In the earlier pages of the Minute Book the attendance was very limited indeed, four and even three members being sufficient to open the Lodge and transact the business. Take for instance the Minute of April 6th, 1797, "verbatim et literatim":—

"At the Castle, Smithfield Bars, opened at 8 o Clock p.m. In the Third Degree. The W.M. being sick could not attend. Br. Bollam acted as W.M., Br. Mead, S.W., Br. Ray, J., Warder. The Minuets of Last Lodge Night were Read and Confirmed, and the other Regular Business of the Lodge being disposed of, Br. Ray requested the Loan of the Constitution Book, which was granted. Nothing more being offered for the Good of Masonry, the Lodge was closed in good harmony at 10 o'Clock."

Then follows the reckoning, which is patriarchal in its simplicity:—

"House Bill -	2 10	Brs. present.	
Tyler - - -	2 0	Br. Bollam -	1s.
Expended -	4 10	Br. Mead -	1
Collected - -	4 0	Br. Ray - -	2
Due to Treasurer	1 0	Collected -	4

R. Bollam, Secry."

The three Officers W.M., S. and J. Wardens seem to be considered a Lodge.

It is very remarkable that almost all the principal business of the Lodge, down to

1806, is very often transacted in the Third Degree, certainly oftener than in the First. The Lodge is often opened also in the Second Degree. This shows how cautious we must be in dogmatizing too harshly on the evidence of Minutes alone, as though they are "scintillæ" of evidence, they are only at the best and by no means conclusive on many points.

Indeed it is to me a strong proof of the irregularity and laxity of the work in this and other Lodges, then, whether ancient or modern, that Bro. Harper, the D.G.M., is said to be present more than once during these Lodge meetings. As another proof of their free and easy way of doing business, a certain Bro. "John Dye" proposed Mr. John Colby, Turner, at 63, West Street, to be made an Ancient Mason, and paid 5s. There were fourteen Visitors that night, among them Bro. Dye and the W.M. and S.W. and J.W., in all seventeen, and as the Visitors paid an equal sum with the Members, 17s. were collected. This was on September 2, 1798. On October 4th the same John Dye proposed Mr. Joshua Exton as a member of the Lodge.

Now in the previous list Bro. Dye's name appears in the list of "Visitors"; on this occasion his name is not inserted either in the list of Members or Visitors, of whom six of the former and six of the latter were present. At the meeting of December 27th he is entered still in the list of "Visitors," and on February 17th, 1798 at a Lodge of "Emergency" opened in the Third Degree at four o'clock, "Bro. Bollam then proposed Bro. John Dye, Victualer, late of Lodge 245, to join this Lodge, which was unanimously agreed to on his paying the sum of 5s." The only explanation I can offer is that he was master of the tavern, and may have had "privileges" as such. But it is a strong proof of the laxity of the procedure of Lodge 194.

As some of my Brethren may like to know how in those days they kept then St. John's I will give a Minute bearing on the point.

"December 27, 1799. Opened in the Second Degree at 4 o'clock p.m. The W.M, present, and J. W. Br. Dye, S.W., protempore. When After stating the Business of the Grand Lodge, and Dinner being Ready, the Lodge was called to Refreshment at ½ past 4, when the Members enjoyed themselves with Conviviality until 8 o'clock. When the Lodge was called to Labour, the S.W. still being ill and could not attend, the Installation of Officers was deferred till a future opportunity. The Lodge then proceeded to examine the Lodge Books and Audit the accounts, &c. Nothing more being offered for the good of Masonry, the Lodge was closed at 10 o'clock in good harmony.

Brs. present.						
Bollam -	5	6	House Bill	1	14	8
Dye - -	5	6	Servants -	0	3	4
Colby -	5	6	Expended	1	18	0
Chaplin -	5	6	Collected -	1	13	0
Hampton	5	6	Due to Trea-			
Lavender	5	6	surer -	0	0	5

Collected 1 13 0 Ballance in favour of the Lodge 0 6 3½

The W M. and officers were elected by the Lodge half-yearly, and on some occasions, especially if a Bro. was going to leave the country, the three degrees were conferred in one night. There are some entries which I cannot explain. At a meeting Sept. 1, 1803, the Lodge being "opened in the Third Degree at 8 o'clock p.m.," and all officers present, the legal officers being the W.M. and the two Wardens apparently, "Bro. Bollam delivered the nine Worthy's Jewel to the W.M." On this occasion seven Brethren were present and seven Visitors. On October 6th, the Lodge "being opened in the First Degree, &c.," the W.M. informed the Brs. present that he had delivered the nine Worthy's Jewel he received of Br. Bollam the last Lodge Night to Br. Harper, D.G.M., at the Grand Lodge. On this occasion seven Members were present and seven Visitors. On May the 3rd 1804 the Lodge was opened in the Third Degree; the Minutes of the last Lodge were read and confirmed, "When the W.M. gave a lecture on the First Degree, the reason was given in the same by Bro. Ronalds, one of the nine Worthyes." Who were the nine Worthies, and what was the nine Worthies' Jewels? Can Bro. Hughan in his letter tell us?

I do not know that I need make any more remarks, or give any more extracts from the routine Minutes of the Lodge 194, but as such Minutes seem to have

interest for some readers, I will conclude with the last entry in the book—

"April the 3rd, 1806. Opened in the Third Degree; all officers present. The Minutes of the last Lodge were read and confirmed, when the W.M. gave a lecture in the First Degree. Br. Corcoran proposed that our Br. Tyler should be allowed three shillings for Tyeling and summoning the Brethren of this Lodge, which was seconded by Bro. Renalds, W.M. A petition was laid before this Lodge from Br. Wilson, who is in Distress, requesting its support at the next Steward's Lodge. Nothing more being offered for the good of Masonry, the Lodge was closed in good order at 10 o'clock.

Bros. present.				Visiting Bros. L. 37.			
W.M. Ronalds	1	0		Clark	0	1	0
S.W. Lawrence	1	0		Hawkes	0	1	0
Evans	1	0		O'Brien	0	1	0
Miller	2	0		Savage	0	1	0
Yates	1	0		Gubbett	0	1	0
Goldsworthy	1	0		Pierce	0	1	0
Honedew	1	0		Pain	0	1	0
Cubmore	1	0		240, Pizgele	1	0	
Corcoran	0	0		Narch	0	1	0
for Bagg	2	0		212, Leveta	1	0	
Lodge 159, Wilson	1	0					
Sharp	1	0			0	10	0
Young	1	0			0	16	0
	14	0			1	6	0
R. W. Plummer	1	0					
No. 10, Weatherhead	1	0					
	16	0					

House Bill	1	7	3
Tyler	0	3	0
Candles	0	12	0
	2	2	3

Do my readers think this little paper worth perusing? If so, I may not have made even these trifling extracts from a umble, humdrum record altogether in vain.

Since I have written the above I have found an explanation of the "Nine Worthys," which connects them with the Royal Arch, I presume, as one of the Officers of the Grand Chapter.

"*September the 20, 1802. Opened in the third* Degree; W.M. and S.W. present, Br. Chaplin, J.W., protem. Br. Chaplin proposed that Br. Bollom should be returned to the Grand Royal Arch Chapter as one of the Nine Worthys for the year."

MUSING.

I'm stringing my thoughts together
As I watch the flow of the tide,
The ships sail hither and thither
And gay steamers onward glide.
There's an ever and ever going
With the restless motion of life,
The waves of the sea just showing
The faintest approach to our strife.
To me there's a rhythm in motion
That casts a spell o'er my brain,
Awaking quaint thought and notion
That twine like the links of a chain.
I look through the vista of years,
And scenes of my childhood I see,
My eyes are all blinded with tears,
The view is too touching for me.
The playmates and friends of my youth,
No more shall I see them again,
They are gone from the world; like truth
The shore and the ocean remain.
And still, as the visions advance,
My heart beats faster and quick,
I seem to be quite in a trance,
The air appears misty and thick;
But out from the mist and the haze,
The forms of the lost ones arise,
The Magic of mind each obeys,
And floats fast away to the skies.
One bright scene, above all the rest,
Transfixes my soul with delight;
In glory I see one who's blest—
An angel all clothed in white.
I fancy she beckons and speaks,
I feel I must go to her soon;
Love tells me she ardently seeks
My spirit from midnight till noon.
As I gaze, the features so dear
Illumine with expression divine;
'Tis meed for the pilgrimage here,
When love's rays on this earth combine.
They're a light to guide us below,
A token from those that we love,
A sign that the faithful may know
Their devotion is cherished above.
For after the perils are past
That environ our souls in this life,
We're taught there's a haven at last,
Where all are exempted from strife.
And so, till my mission is done,
I patiently journey along;
Just seeking fresh strength from the Son,
My heart, it rejoiceth with song.

The birds ever singing to me
Are emblems of innocent love,
Typifying what we may be
When our souls are happy above.
As I muse, sweet sounds from afar,
Like murmurs that float o'er the sea,
Commingle to pleasantly jar,
And come with the breezes to me.
Can it be that Spirits of Air,
The souls of the Blessed and Good,
When mortals a message they bear,
That their purport may be understood,
By influence or essence unseen,
A spell o'er the senses they cast,
That maketh us live o'er each scene
Of life that was blissfully pass'd?
If so, then it is when we dream,
But whisp'rings of friends that we hear,
An exchange of thought it doth seem,
And union with those that are dear.
The message that comes on the wind
Brings tidings of joy to my heart;
'Tis sweetly confiding to find
That love is of heaven our part.
The sorrows of earth are but brief,
The joys of eternity last;
'Tis better to live without grief,
And cheerful instead of downcast.
Then come ye bright visions to me,
O'er my senses be casting your spell;
When musing alone by the sea,
My soul on such fancies shall dwell.

JOHN SAFFERY, J.D.,
De Shurland Lodge, No. 1089.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

Wir sitzen so frölich beisammen,
Wir haben reinande so lieb.
A CARLSBAD DITTY.

THE memorable picnic had come and gone the way of all such events and all such arrangements in this world, and the party at the Cedars had fallen back into their normal life of easy-going comfort and placidity.

Like many other similar affairs of the kind, the picnic had turned out somewhat dull and certainly very commonplace. Poor Mr. Williams especially thought so, as he had but small chance of getting a word in even with the fair Lucy—for with Walter Mainwaring on the one side, and Col. Mackintosh on the other, she seemed to be with an escort whose vigilance was never relaxed, and whose presence was a great impediment to a silly or a spoony young man. But to do Lucy justice, she was not a bit of a flirt. She was herself perfectly happy in the company of her two chief friends, and though Miss Margerison was most cordial to Mr. Williams, it was quite patent to the most careless observer, that Mr. Mainwaring and the Colonel looked on Mr. Williams as not belonging to their little party.

Poor man! It is a sad thing, is it not, the sense of worth unappreciated, of love rejected? It is curious, however, how we all get over the "most dreadful trial of our lives," when we tell all, whom we can decently bore, with lugubrious tones and lengthened faces, that "we shall never recover it, no never!" But yet we do.

Emily Maitland, as she now is, (*née* Bonner), once thought when she gave up Frank Mortimer and married Walter Maitland, as she said to please her "dear parents" (he being a much better parti, by the way), "that it was a very great trial for her, for she had known what it was to love and to be loved."

I saw her the other day, the best of wives and the cheeriest of women. She has got a daughter Ethel coming out, as good-looking and as dangerous as herself, and as she told me confidentially, "knowing from experience, how young girls' affections may be wrongly bestowed, she is very anxious that her darling and pretty Ethel should make no mistake, and should pick up the right man." And I quite agree with her.

There is Willie Hope. Willie once told all his friends distinctly, that "if Edith Manners married the Honourable Thomas de Lacy, he should go to India, and should never get over it." But strange to say he has. Edith Manners did marry the Honourable Thomas; Willie Pope did not go to India, and has long got over it. He went down into Scotland to "shoot grouse," with his uncle, the gallant General. He met a Scotch lassie with a nice little fortune, ringlets and two blue eyes, who sang, "Cam ye by Athol," and "Are ye sure the news is true," &c., &c., (as I once heard them say of old,) so effectively, that Willie has long been, to his uncle's

great delight, a Scotch Laird, happy and stout, and you would not suppose, if you saw him now, that he had ever had an unhappy hour in his life.

So I think we need not lay over much store to the outpourings of disconsolate lovers, or the vaticinations of disappointed bosoms. They all do get over it, somehow or other, "she-males" as well as "he-males," and if I might be permitted to advise in any case of confirmed "heart complaint," whether it be a young officer in the Guards, or the eldest son of a peer, or the fairy Ethel, or the radiant Violet, I say, "plenty of out-door exercise, a yacht voyage, or a pleasant party on the moors," will soon put all to rights, and restore the sentimental system, and the nervous action to their normal state of contented calmness.

Still Lucy was a young woman, and all young women have such great discernment when men admire them, so quick, that long before pater or mater, or inquisitive brother (nay, even a jealous cousin) has "spotted" the state of the victim, they are perfectly conversant with his innermost feelings, they understand all his symptoms, and have found out, from their lady's maid, all about him.

And therefore, though Lucy knew well what was uppermost in poor Mr. Williams's little mind, like a discreet maiden as she was, she kept it to herself. She never departed from the "even tenor of her way;" but full of kindness to Mr. Williams, she seemed to become more friendly and familiar than ever with Mr. Mainwaring. Colonel Mackintosh, who as an old campaigner, was quite alive to what he called "light infantry movements," was not slow or backward in giving Lucy all the encouragement in his power.

First of all, he looked upon Lucy almost as his own daughter, and secondly, as he had a little competence of his own, he had always in his own mind considered Lucy his heiress. For as he used to say to his old chum, Dr. McVittie, who had been the cheery Surgeon-Major of his old regiment, and always was his fast friend, a clever and enlightened old Highlander—"For a soldier, I am not so badly off, my boy. Soldiers, like 'rolling stones, gather no moss,' as a general rule; but I have always been prudent and cautious. My banker's the safest of men, and what with prize money in India, and my savings, and the ex-savings of my old aunt, and that what I inherited from my father (not much indeed), and my half-pay, I have enough for "bread and cheese and a glass of whiskey toddy."

"I have always considered Lucy Longhurst my heiress. I have no kith or kin. None of the Mackintoshes of that ilk survive. I am the last of my race, and Longhurst and I were as brothers; and all I have, save one or two legacies to old friends and to charity, shall go to that saucy and that sousie lass."

Whether Lucy knew this or not, I don't know; but to tell my readers the truth, it would have made no difference to her in any way. She did not do as some people are fond of doing, "discount other peoples' wills." She was purely unselfish and untainted by the world's calculations. She had that "golden heart" of which poets have liked to sing, and which pleasant enough in man, is ever so dear and delightful in woman. I, for one, utterly deny the truth of the imputation often cast upon women, by the sceptical and the profligate, that they are naturally cold, selfish, mercenary, only lovers of money, position and the like.

As a rule a woman looks at all these outer things from a completely opposite point of view, to that of man.

She is guileless and gracious, kind and considerate, sentimental and trusting, all at the same time. She will often live against her own interests, and in the face of her whole family, simply because in her ardent and truthful nature she scorns the mere conventionality of fashion, the treacheries of life, the debasement of worldly teaching, even the colder calculations of prudence.

That in every artificial state of society women will become artificial too, is not to be wondered at; that when she hears nothing but petty views and contracted sentiments, she becomes sometimes petty and contracted in aim and vision too, is not a matter of blame to her. On the contrary, knowing as we all must do, how the so-called refinements and exigencies of society, of position, of respectability, and many other things, charm us, and warp us, and depress us all here, we have no right to

condemn the woman, who too often sacrifices, even against her truer heart and better judgment the happiness of a whole life—her own "beau ideal" of what she most considers pleasantness and peace, because she is overborne by the sordid aims of friends, or influenced by the overbearing presence of strong-minded parents.

On the other hand I do not want to take a too morbid view of things in any respect. Very often the friends who so kindly interfere, and "stern parients" of many a little domestic drama, or comedy or screeching farce, are right altogether, and the young people are utterly and entirely wrong!

If Laura had married her dear, dear Rupert, what a "fiasco" she would have made of it. He and she had not a single taste in common, and nothing ever could have made them in any sense fitting companions for each other.

If Harry had been united to his darling Blanche, what a mess he would have made of it. They would have quarrelled like cat and dog in a fortnight, and ere long have found their way without doubt into the Divorce Court.

It is difficult to preach to the young and inexperienced, or to impress them either with the folly of loving, or the injudiciousness of matrimony. They don't believe you, and they won't. They have got, somehow or other, truly or falsely never mind, a golden dream of their own, and they cannot and will not thank you who wake them up out of it.

Still as young people will fall in love, as Jimmy and Dora, as Tommy and Sophy, will make geese of themselves, every now and then, friends are compelled to intervene and point out to them, that they have made a blunder and taken a "faux pas."

So I believe that on the principle of compensation and equilibrium, things after all are pretty much on the square, and certainly are all for the best here.

We none of us can forecast the future, and instead of sitting down and repining like children who have broken their toys, when we are ourselves disappointed and cannot get all that we want, let us with a "heart for every fate," firmly believe that after all is said and done, a wise Providence, wiser than we are by a very long way, still overhauls and controls and unravels the twisted skeins of that confused warp which measures out the span of mortals.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

VI.—Our Food-Supply.

"He giveth food to all flesh . . .
But . . . the slothful man roasteth
Not That which he took in hunting."

"Some eat to live, some live to eat," is trite and true—truer still, alas, that some do neither!

Why?

We will not stay to discuss the reason of those melancholy cases of absolute starvation that ever and again come under our notice, some of which arise from the apathy of the neglected pauper's surroundings, and yet more from the starved one's self-respect or indomitable pride; nor will we stay to grieve over the terrible fact that we have elsewhere noticed, that this miserable poverty is in too many cases brought about by the bread-winner's intemperate habits; but, having already seen that certainly one cause of this fearful curse is the want of a sufficiency of wholesome and palatable food, we will pass at once to the consideration of how this may be, at all events to some extent, mitigated by discussing, and let us hope finding a reply and thence a remedy for, one of the most important social questions of the day, "how it is that with such vast resources at her command, England's people are so badly fed?"

The first reason is that they stand so thick upon the ground, and that so much of it as is still left uncovered by the manufacturer's brick and mortar factories, will not produce sufficient food for the support of the manufacturer's flesh and blood machinery.

The second reason is that through every class of society, in the use of every necessary of life, equally as in that of life itself, there is enormous, although preventable waste.

The third reason is that although there

are vast stores of food both indigenous and imported, yet that through a deplorable ignorance of their qualities, coupled with some unreasoning and therefore well-nigh unconquerable prejudice against their use, many of these stores remain unutilised.

Oh, for some social reformer who would give his time, his talents, his energies, to the removal of this ignorance and the uprooting of this prejudice! Truly would he deserve a niche in the temple of fame, worthy would he be to rank with your Howards and your Peabodys; a lot far nobler his, the vanquisher of prejudice, than that of the conqueror of any two worlds.

If your self-constituted social reformers, instead of wasting their time and the people's money in making Sunday hideous with their blatant clamour of atheistical sedition, would turn their attention to some useful and feasible means of ameliorating the benighted condition of the masses; if instead of doubly desecrating the Lord's day of peace, by sowing enmity and keeping wide open gaping chasms in our social relationships, they would endeavour to practically benefit His people; then, instead of coming under the ban of all sensible and orderly persons as noisy and troublesome demagogues, they would earn for themselves an enduring renown as real reformers of crying abuses, and become world-widely popular as being truly of and for the people.

As, however, there is just about as much chance of our arriving at this desirable consummation as there is of our catching larks by the grand natural process of the sky falling, let us do our best, little though it be, towards bringing about the enlightenment, so devoutly to be wished, of our people on this vital subject of our food-supply.

It has been well said that "he is a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before;" others may be allowed this greater honour, we shall be quite satisfied if we can at least partially ameliorate the hard lot of our brethren by teaching them how to utilise such portions of the already existing blade as have hitherto been regarded as beneath notice.

In olden time when the Great Architect was temporal king as well as Heavenly Father, He provided for His poorer children in His Heaven-made though earth-given law, by commanding of the land that He gave them, "the seventh year ye shall let it rest and lie still, that the poor of thy people may eat;" in these days it is the bounden duty of us who now make laws to see that we neglect not the good of that endless inheritance that He has given us, the care of that "poor that we have always with us;" and to this end the least that we can do is to help them to free themselves from the load of this poverty; let us, then, consider those causes of it that we have already mentioned, and see whether we cannot devise some sound scheme for their removal.

Now the first of these causes of an insufficient supply of food for the masses, can only be met by one of two courses, or by a combination of them, namely, the emigration of our surplus population and the importation of food for those who remain.

By the openings afforded to industry and enterprise in our colonies and dependencies—we say emphatically industry and enterprise, for "the slothful" do not "hunt," let alone the after "roasting" either at home or abroad, nor is indolence anything but a dead weight anywhere—the first of these objects is met, but as yet the people are but imperfectly acquainted with either the advantages thus offered to them or the mode of embracing them. This obstacle to emigration, that natural process of peopling the earth's surface and utilising its riches, is soon overcome by an application to one of the many reliable colonial agencies.

The second object, namely, the importation of food from abroad, is already an accomplished fact, whilst the knowledge of the utility and wholesomeness of many indigenous products is becoming more diffused, but there stands in the way of the full development of the usefulness of both these modes of mitigating want the well-nigh invincible ignorance and terribly obstinate prejudice of the masses. To the consideration of the removal of these we will return hereafter; meanwhile let us say a few words concerning the second cause of the semi-starvation of our people, namely, that widespread and deplorable waste that we know is to be found on every hand.

Now there cannot be a doubt but that in nearly every, if not in every, household of the middle classes of society, to say nothing of the upper, sufficient is absolutely wasted to feed at least one poorer family—witness the crusts of bread, trimmings and shreddings of meat, skimmings of fat, parings and outsides of vegetables, and the like; all of which properly cleaned and cooked would form many a meal not only wholesome and nutritious, but positively toothsome and savoury, only our sisters know not how to utilise them; the very bones, again, which are tossed aside as useless, would yield in a digester a quantity of excellent stock. We have met with one capital plan by which soup, as good as it is wholesome, is made without any expense further than that of the thickening: all bones, whether of meat or of poultry, instead of being "picked," after having had the meat cut from them are carefully placed aside; these together with any shreddings are put to stew in the digester; the addition of the rind of ham or bacon gives an exquisite flavour to the soup; tops and parings of vegetables, as well as those rejected on account of their small size are added, and when the whole has been stewed a sufficient time a capital soup is the result, which can be thickened either with oatmeal, pea-flour, or the pulp of vegetables. We must not, however, suppose that waste is confined to the well-to-do, for there is probably no more extravagant class in existence than the extreme poor—witness the way in which the cottager who has a garden rejects those small vegetables—potatoes, for instance—which are too small to cook in the ordinary way, but which are quite as useful in a stew as the largest that he can produce. One other blunder, made by richer as well as poorer housewives, requires correction, which is that only the so-called primest parts of the meat are good for cooking; no greater mistake can be made, for every portion, properly manipulated, has not only its use but also its individual merit. That savoury dish known as "à la mode" or stewed beef is best prepared from the so-called "coarse" part of the meat taken from the shoulder, which part, indeed, is the only proper one for the purpose.

Now to return to the latter part of our first remedy, namely, the utilisation of home and foreign products for our purpose. When we come to deal with our indigenous food-supply we find that our people act as if there were a certain definite number, and that small enough in all conscience, of animals and plants upon which we may safely feed, whilst all others are to be avoided as poison, or at least to be shunned as carrion; but what is the actual state of the case? Why, that the lap of mother-earth is brimming over with wholesome and nutritious products, from which we turn with disgust, simply because we have never been accustomed to their use. Why should our French neighbours consider snails a delicacy, whilst we pass them by with loathing. We eat the periwinkle, which is exactly the same thing, and the shrimp and prawn, which are worse, being nothing more nor less than sea beetles; then why not snails, especially such as are within a few yards of us, as we write, find noble fellows, descendants, they say, of those brought over by the ancient Romans? Our gipsy friends make a luxurious meal off a hedgehog, why not we. Anyhow, it is as clean a feeder as a duck or a pig. Take small birds again, why should starlings, which are in one county regarded as remarkably good eating in a pie, be regarded as carrion in the next? Now turn to the vegetable world, and see what stores of good Dame Nature provides to our hand in every field and hedgerow: the tender tops of the hop and nettle give us excellent greens, the young dandelion and sorrel a capital salad, arrow-root, or something very nearly resembling it, is to be had in plenty from the roots of the cuckoo-pint; flour can be obtained from the chesnut properly cooked, and we are much mistaken if something could not be done with the bitter acorn. Our fathers ate it, and we strongly doubt that they relished it in its acrid state, and rather fancy that they must have had some method of making it palatable, which we surely might recover. What we have said with respect to other vegetable growths will apply equally well to the mushroom tribe. Hundreds of tons of edible fungi, other than true, that is to say the ordinary, mushrooms, spring up and decay where they stand, instead of going, as they might, were it not for ignorance of their wholesome properties, to feed our hungry

thousands. These fungi contain all the nutritive qualities of meat without the indigestible part, and it seems as mournful as monstrous that men, women, and children here in England, go unfed, whilst food, eagerly sought after by our Continental neighbours, is rotting at their very feet. If the products of earth are thus neglected, so too are those of the water. Many a river, brook, and pond teems with fish, which although it may be somewhat coarse, still may be rendered by proper cooking, not only wholesome, but positively relishing; the much-despised bream, for instance, salted and dried haddock-wise, will come off hardly second-best in a contest with his more fashionable friend.

We next come to consider imported products, the most important of which are the various preparations known as "Australian Meat," by the use of which a vast economy may be practised in every household, for, besides the more solid articles of food, certain of the preparations are positive delicacies, and may be enjoyed at a cost of one half that of similar English productions, whilst there is neither trouble nor risk in their preparation. To those who are about to use these meats for the first time, a word of warning is perhaps necessary, which is to look to the brand* before purchasing as, owing to the ready sale that these preparations have already attained to, many inferior kinds are sent to our market, to have obtained which is to have acquired at once an erroneous idea of the quality of the true kinds. It may be mentioned, whilst speaking of quality, that a worthy Brother, a butcher in a very large way of business, unhesitatingly said that certain tins of meat which he examined and tasted, were from joints as prime and as fine in quality as any of English growth that he had ever sold. Australian Meat, then, is not "cheap and nasty," and, perhaps, one of the best possible proofs of its excellence is the fact that little children will eat it with avidity, even choosing it in preference to the ordinary home-grown joint. In bearing our own testimony to its merits let it be distinctly understood that our liking for it is the result of conviction, for we approached its use with a deeply-rooted prejudice against it; but, having tried the meat, prejudice was vanquished and its excellence established beyond dispute; and we now here state, without fear of contradiction, that not only is Australian meat cheaper than our own, but also that for nutritious properties and excellence of flavour, it in all cases equals—in many excels—our English meat. It is not our purpose here to describe the various appetising methods of preparing it for table; suffice it to say that, warmed up with such vegetables as any cottager can call from his own garden, it forms a meal to be despised by none. Yet more than this, a slice of the meat cut cold as it comes from the tin, with nothing but bread and salt, forms a luncheon or supper that need not, to satisfy the usual requirements of any ordinary frugal mortal, be surpassed.

We have spoken of its cheapness, a word, therefore, as to its cost. We have from one four-pound tin had cooked in various ways no less than twenty-six meals, at twopence per head; we have had served up for luncheon a curry with attendant vegetables, more than enough for six persons, at a total cost of one shilling.

And, now, seeing all these advantages, whatever is the obstacle to their general adoption? Our third reason for the semi-starvation of our people—crass ignorance, and that blind prejudice which springs from it.

The cause seems simple, but it is a very difficult one to overcome, so deeply-rooted is prejudice, so impractitable and well-nigh insuperable its attendant obstinacy. What then must we do to overcome it? The best of all possible ways is to show, not tell, the way. To tell people that "that's the stuff for the poor" is to inevitably defeat the object we have at heart. Let us use it then ourselves, and set our people an example; rely upon it we shall not regret the experiment.

Let us not forget that man is a gregarious animal and strongly resembles, in many characteristics, the quondam owners of the fibre in those tins; awfully suspicious, even in a mass; but just let one old belwether jump, and, hey, presto! all the flock instantly follow, if even it be to destruction.

*Of the many excellent brands that of the "Tallerman Company" (agency at 110, Fleet Street) is perhaps as reliable as any.

Some lady has hair of some outrageous colour, the height of her rank is the height of her beauty, and forthwith every woman, whether the fashion suit her or not, is dyed to match. Some courtly gentleman is afflicted with some terrible deformity, lo! on every courtier springs the hump. So it is in everything else, even in food; and, 'though a supply of it be ready to their hand, yet will the people refuse it, if they think it be not such as their betters partake of. Thus we see the poor refusing the proffered tin of meat, even as a gift, and purchasing the coarse and refuse lump of string, bone, and fat, that has lain for hours upon the butcher's board, which said lump has been twenty-times handled by every dirty passer-by.

Surely, surely, there is a heavy responsibility imposed upon us here; would that the well-to-do would recognise their duty in rendering to God's poor that best of all assistance, helping them to help themselves——better, far better, than any mere almsgiving, is the setting a bright example of Social and Economic Reform.

FREEMASONRY.

BY WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE.

From the "Voice of Masonry," we believe.

You may smite with a feather the granite rock,
You may bombard the oak with the player's ball,
Yet you shall not hear the expected shock,
And may wait for ay for the oak to fall.

And Masonry stands like the granite rock—
Like the giant form of the forest oak;
Has stood through ages the battles shock—
Has received unharmed the heaviest stroke.

And Masonry spreads like the heaving sea—
It shines like the stars in the vaulted sky;
For your wrath it will never cease to be,
Like the ocean deep it will never dry.

Thus Masonry shines like the noon-day sun,
Resistless its march as Niagara's tide;
Will continue to shine as the years run on,
And bless like the rushing river wide.

Thus Masonry sweeps like a whirlwind the world,
Devastating error, intolerance, sin;
For this is the banner forever unfurled,
And these its labor where'er it has been.

THE RAVENNA BAPTISTERY.

We take this most interesting paper from the "Times," of September 15th, for two especial reasons. First because it is a most admirable contribution to Ecclesiastical History and Architectural Study, a subject quite cognate with Freemasonry, and secondly because in a passage printed in large letters later on, we have as it appears to us proof so early as the third century, that the Masonic Guilds and Sodalites, left their marks even on the creations of art, on walls and windows, on the "Opus Musivum," on the decorated ceilings of churches. If such a fact be established, it is another interesting and important item in the history of the Masonic Guilds.

It is, perhaps, fortunate for the interests of Art that from the time when Gaston de Foix laid siege to Ravenna, and fell while pushing his victory over the relieving army too far, she has gradually sunk into the background until she has become the lonely, unvisited, melancholy city she is now. Her churches have been more than enough for her decreased population—some, like that dedicated to the sainted Shoemaker-Bishop, the dove-chosen Severus, have certainly disappeared altogether, but, with one or two exceptions, the others have had the good fortune to be only neglected, and the neglect of edifices built with the faithful solid workmanship expended even during the decline of the Roman Empire, is careful preservation when compared to repairs and restorations of the nature now obliterating the last vestiges of the Cathedral Church of the Popes of the first 15 centuries. Such as they were built the churches of Ravenna have been, more or less, allowed to remain, like the out-of-the-way unused Basilicas of Saints Nereo and Achilleo, St. Cesario, and others at Rome. They have been left "unembellished" by Renaissance altars and post-Raphaelite

pictures. The worst they have suffered has been the destruction—whether wilful, or in part, at least, through the lapse of time, I am not prepared to say—of in some cases external features, such as the Atrium of St. Appolinare in Classis, and the original front, with its two circular towers, of the Basilica of St. Vitale; and of internal details in others; such as, alas! the loss of some of the inestimable mosaics, and, in the Baptistery, the wilful substitution of dwarf colonettes for the original columns more than double their height. With the exception of this, the restoration of two of the niches, and some other very trifling matters of detail, the orthodox Baptistery of Ravenna, the earliest, and in many respects the most interesting among her ecclesiastical edifices, erected, it is said, by Bishop St. Ursus about the year A.D. 380, and ornamented with mosaics by Bishop Neon, A.D. 430, has, both in outward appearance and internal decoration, been left untouched since the day it was completed. Time, however, has wrought one great alteration in it, an alteration the Italian government have undertaken to remove. Partly owing to that geological phenomenon which causes a continual lowering of the ground between Venice and Ancona, and partly to the accumulation gathered above, the Baptistery has sunk three metres in what below is marshy ground. To remedy this and save the building and its mosaics from the dangers that menace it, Signor Lanciani has prepared plans for raising it bodily to the present level of the city. As this will, I believe, be the first ancient edifice any attempt has yet been made to lift, some description of it may be interesting, both on this account and the very high importance it possesses in itself.

To give as clear an idea as is possible of the form of the building, which externally is of simple brickwork, I must ask you to imagine a plain square, with corners rounded off, rising 7¾ metres from the ground, and at that height converted into a perfect octagon, terminating in a low eight-sided pyramidal roof of tiles, and having at the spring of four alternate sides little half domes also tiled, covering the summits of the angles of the square, where they are cut off to form the upper octagon. These half domes are the roots of four internal niches. The interior line of the ground plan is, in fact, a perfect octagon, with large semicircular niches projecting outwards from four alternate sides, but, by the concealment on the outside of the set-in, caused by the diameter of the niches being necessarily so much less than the width of the sides of the octagon from which they spring, as was requisite to bring them within the original square, the outer line of the ground plan and the lower 7¾ metres of the building externally preserve that form, with, as I have said, rounded angles. Some authors describe this Baptistery as an octagon with five continuous plain sides, and two niches within the other three. So it appeared when they wrote. Two of the niches have been destroyed, but as distinct traces upon the walls show where they originally stood, they have been carefully restored in exact accordance with the others. The outside of the building is entirely unornamented with the exception of very simple brick cornices below the lines of the side and central roofs, and on the upper part of each wall of the octagon, a blind window—like a sunk panel—having a double arched top, without any central mullion. On the lower part of one of these panels a small antique marble bas-relief of a warrior on horseback, with the right hand extended, has been let in, but why or when there is nothing to show.

More than half the building which originally stood alone, and will again before long—is hidden by some mean houses, built up against it, and through the first of these, inhabited by the *Parroco*, one is admitted, as if surreptitiously, along a passage so narrow that it is almost necessary to walk sideways, into full view of the glorious beauty of the interior—one mass of mosaics almost from floor to ceiling—and to the squalor in which it is kept. It is like a brilliant jewel thrown on a dust-heap, and soiled by the filth around it. Constantine V. received the opprobrious surname of *Copronymus* for having by a baby indiscretion sinned against the purity of the font, but here it is in a perennial state of dirt and defilement. An unsightly, bestained octagon of marble, a modern addition standing in the centre, encloses a still more modern imitation porphyry sarcophagus, with its lid cut across in the

middle and swung back on dislocated hinges, disclosing a dirty basin, and by the side of the semi-circular marble pulpit-like stand for the priest, a dirty money-box that would disgrace a pot-house. To penetrate into the building I had also to make my way through a crowd of squalid beggars assembled at the door in hopes of some chance baptism alms. But all these degradations will now soon be cleared away, and in the meantime one quickly forgets their presence in delight at the beauties they cannot disfigure.

In each corner of the octagon, standing on the actual floor, and occupying the place of the original columns, which measured 41½ metres in height, are dwarf colonettes of less than half their dimensions, from which spring eight round arches—four opening in the niches I have mentioned—and from the lines formed by them, or rather from the returns below, the mosaic work commences. On the spandrils, upon oval backgrounds of gold enclosed by acanthus leaves springing from the capitals of the columns beneath them, and spreading out in lovely scrolls to the right and left over and above the arches, are eight Prophets, grand, noble, majestic figures, draped in white, without any ornament beyond two black lines on their tunics, descending from the shoulders to the knees, and a sign like the letter "I" on the corner of each of their togas.

It does not require more than half a glance to convince any one possessing the least knowledge that these are the work of an artist of the highest merit, deeply imbued with the principles of classic art as they were, not as they are understood, and thoroughly comprehending them. The wonder is how in the fifth century, when sculpture had so much declined, there lived a man capable of drawing figures, worthy, if not of the best, at least of the Augustan period. Found in a Pagan building one would say they represented Roman Senators of the sterner Republican type, and further were portraits of celebrated persons. The most remarkable individuality, not merely in face but in figure is preserved in each, and in each a distinct expression life-like — nothing could be more so—and full of character. They stand in the easy, dignified posture of distinguished men; their actions are essentially different; their draperies cast with that truthful, excellent variety of fold no study of art examples only could have taught, and the manipulation of light and shadow is perfect. There are touches of colouring on the lips, cheeks, and eyes the most cunning pencil could scarce have placed more effectively. Some of these are figures of young men with shaven faces, others older, with thick black hair and beards, and aged men with flowing beards and scanty white hair. Each has a written scroll, held either closed in one hand or open in both. One figure, with his right arm folded in his toga, bears a considerable resemblance to the Sophocles of the Lateran. It would be difficult to say which is the more worthy of its counterpart. Another of the prophets, a young man with both arms folded in his toga across his breast and holding a rolled-up scroll in one hand, faces straight upon the spectator, and with his right foot immediately before his left, steps out with so much life-likeness that one might almost imitate Michael Angelo, and tell any one present to stand out of the way. While the oval backgrounds to these figures are of gold, that of the remaining space is black, with, spreading over it, the rich scrolls of the acanthus, of two shades of olive green outlined and pencilled with gold, with the exception of those portions of the leaves which, from the central fibre forming the oval, turn over upon its gold, and they are shaded in black. Above these, and at the height of about a foot from the summit of the arches, runs a slight cornice, carrying at each corner a pilaster corresponding to the columns below. The cap of each is surmounted by a floriated bracket or corbel, with a cross in the centre, and from these the vault of the dome springs upwards, while laterally they carry arches on the sides of the octagon, repeating those beneath. Within the span of each arch are three others, side by side, springing from the line of its diameter, the two outer touching the caps of the bilasters, their inner points and the arch in the middle, which is somewhat larger than the others, and forms the window on each side, resting on other pilasters of stucco, forming altogether a range of 24. This belt is entirely ornamented with stucco work. Upon the

arched spans at the sides of the windows are Ædiculæ, with their cornices and pediments supported by columns, and statues standing within them, the whole in *basso relievo*, and on the flat space above each three arches and below the greater one which spans them scroll work of the same description. Some are inclined to think that this stucco work is a comparatively modern substitution for mosaic once occupying the same spaces, but apart from the improbability that the mosaic would have been either ruined exactly along this zone or removed from it, while it remained uninjured above and below, there are abundant evidences visible by the side of some ill-proportioned restorations it has received to show that it belongs to the same period and might easily be ascribed to an earlier.

The ornamentation of the dome is divided into two zones surrounding the central picture; the baptism of Our Saviour in the Jordan. The lower zone, including the spandrils between the arches decorated with stucco work, is divided into eight compartments, corresponding with the sides of the octagon below, and separated from each other by a perpendicular ornament like the grand marble candelabra of the Roman palaces. It springs from a splendid acanthus plant, shaded in greens, reds, and gold, with doves, parrots, and other birds resting upon them, and, with acanthus ornaments, lessening in size and varied in the richest colours, continues to the base of the zone above. In each compartment is, as it were, the representation of the interior of a circular temple supported on columns with a kind of rectangular colonnade at each side, or the internal section of a double peripteros, showing the semicircle in the middle and two columns in a line at the sides, with the two next behind them, somewhat in perspective. The backgrounds are alternately dark blue and dark green, the columns are of gold, the cornices gold and ornamented with gems, and the soffits either divided into sunk panels or formed by a great shell. In four of these splendid temple-like edifices are tables in the central part, each supported by four little columns, and bearing an open book of one of the Gospels. On the pages are inscribed in Latin "The Word according to" followed on each by the name of the separate Evangelist. Between the columns on each side is represented a handsome chair, with what is either a crown resting on the seat or a rich ornament of some kind on the lower part of the back. These chairs have curved legs, and are not unlike those seen in modern drawing-rooms. In each of the other four edifices, and alternately with those I have mentioned, is placed, in the central portion, a splendid golden throne supported on perpendicular legs, with a round back, on the upper part of which is a gemmed circle containing a cross. The seat is covered with richly-coloured drapery, hanging over at the sides and front, and upon it a magnificent cushion, like a very thick, soft pillow, the folds shaded with gold and silver, the latter having turned a pale metallic blue. Between the columns on the sides is marble trellis work, rising to the lower third, and enclosing plants and trees, and this portion, I may remark, as another evidence of the original art source, bears a sufficient resemblance to some of the frescoed ornamentation on the walls of the Auditorium, discovered on the Esquiline, and supposed to have formed part of the house of Mecenas.

Above the zone runs a band of ornaments supporting a grassy field, whereon walk the twelve Apostles, with the name inscribed against each, advancing with somewhat hurried gait, six from the one side and six from the other, towards the perpendicular of the central picture. They are draped alternately in golden tunics, and white mantles, and white tunics and golden mantles. On their tunics are the two perpendicular black lines I have described on those of the Prophets, and which are found on the dresses of all the saints and ecclesiastics in the Ravenna mosaics, **and on the corners of their mantles—a sign in black like a mason's two-sided square.** Their heads are uncovered and without nimbi. In their hands, extended forward and hidden in their mantles, they carry crowns set with gems. They are separated from each other by tall upright stalks, ornamented with golden wreaths and springing up between them from acanthus plants on the level of their feet. While these figures

are full of life, they are at the same time somewhat disproportionately tall, the heads too small for the height, the limbs slightly angular, and the drapery which floats behind them wanting in grace and correctness of fold. The faces have much individuality, but the aim has not been fully attained. They are, with all the upper portion, including the central picture, by another, or by other and inferior, hands to those which wrought the Prophets below. They evidently belong to a later period, for it cannot be supposed that the lesser talent would be employed on the more important part. We have no other record than that the mosaic decoration was made by order of Bishop Neon, but there is nothing to prove that information to be complete. It is therefore reasonable to suppose, nor, in fact, can there be any doubt upon it either, that the lower mosaics were made at the time when the building was completed by St. Ursus, in 380—the most probable supposition from their unparalleled beauty even for that date—and that the dome was the portion alluded to as having been ornamented by order of Neon 50 years afterwards, or that, through some cause, the mosaics in the dome were injured and wrought anew some half a century later. A careful examination of these mosaics detects the work of different hands, when at the first glance they seem to be by one, and the central picture, though closely resembling in manner the group of the Apostles, is somewhat superior in style. On the left stands St. John the Baptist, nude with the exception of the coat of skins hanging from the left shoulder and covering the loins. He stands upon his right foot, with his left raised upon a fragment of the rocky side of the river, so as to bring the knee considerably upwards. With his left hand he leans upon a *crux hastata*—the cross being of the Greek form, jewelled on the summit of a jewelled staff—and, with his right arm extended, pours the water from a *patera* over the head of Christ, above which is the dove descending with extended wings. The figure of the Saviour is entirely nude and immersed in the water up to the middle, but the lower limbs are faintly seen through it. He stands erect, facing the spectator, with his feet close together, his arms hanging motionless by his side, and the hands immersed in the water. The expression of the face is gentle. The beard is pointed, and his hair, divided in the middle, falls over the shoulders. There is only one bank of the river seen, that where St. John stands. On the water, to the right of the Saviour, floats the half figure—the lower portion not being seen—of a very pagan representation of the river deity, an old man with grey hair and beard, dark sea-green drapery about the waist, and holding a reed in his hand. Above him is the word "Iordann." Around the heads of the Saviour and St. John are nimbi with silver grounds. This picture is enclosed by a rich circle of ornament, from which festoons of light blue drapery, with red stripes upon it, hang down towards the Apostles.

GERARD MONTAGU;

A Winter's Tale.

BY EMRA HOLMES.

(*Continued from page* 187.)

CHAPTER II.

LADY MURIEL'S DREAM AND GERARD MONTAGU'S CONFESSION.

"MURIEL, Muriel, dear, get up." The speaker is Mrs. Vaux, who has gone into Lady Muriel's bedroom in her *sac de nuit*, looking more peculiar than picturesque.

No response.

"What can be the matter with the child; she will not wake? Margaret, do come and see if you can wake her: I never did see a girl in so sound a sleep in my life; and the house may be burned down over our heads," Mrs. Vaux continues.

"My lady, my lady," the housemaid cries, and tries to rouse her without effect. "Law, ma'am, how she does sleep!"

There has been an alarm of fire from some old maids over the way; fortunately, however, not founded on fact; at least it was only a chimney, and that was soon put out, but not before the neighbouring households were unnecessarily roused from their slumbers at five o'clock in the morning.

At length peace being restored in the

Crescent, and Mrs. Vaux's fears subsided in a measure, Muriel was left to her slumbers, which were so profound as to be almost death-like.

When they all came down to breakfast, Lady Muriel complained of headache.

"You slept well enough; or at all events sound enough," Mrs. Vaux said.

"Did I, dear aunt? I had *such* an odd dream. I dreamt I was carried away against my will to a place very far away. It was somewhere in England though, because the people spoke English and looked like English. There was a broad, beautiful river with parks on either side of it, and trees right down to the water's edge. But the land was covered wish snow, and it all looked *so* white, and glistening, and ghost-like under the moon, which was shining overhead. I found myself suddenly close to a great mansion. In the distance I could see quite clear in the moonlight a large town with towers and spires. It seemed quite sheltered by little hills, which rose at its back and sides, and appeared to nestle at their base, and its streets to try and climb up their sides. Once I was close to the town and looking at it, and then I was at the great house, and a young man came out and spoke to me. He was so handsome; tall and dark, with curly hair, and *such* nice whiskers. I am sure I should know him again if I saw him, and the town, and the river. Well then all was mist again, and after a long, long time I came back. It was such an odd dream, quite unlike other dreams."

"Well, my dear, I daresay it was in consequence of all your talk last night. John was telling me about your Hallowe'en doings."

"Perhaps it was Mr. Montagu I saw, aunt."

"Who is Mr. Montagu, Muriel?"

"Oh, don't you know?" and then pretty, fair-haired Lady Muriel told Mrs. Vaux all about our hero.

Meanwhile that gentleman was taking a constitutional on the new pier preparatory to breakfast. He had come down for a few days to taste the briny odours at Weston-super-*Mud* (as some one truly, though not very politely, named this now fashionable watering-place), not so much on account of the place itself, for he was not a believer in the efficacy of the iodine said to be given out of the oozy slime at low water, but principally on my account, as he found that I had taken a house there.

I used to run up and down every day to Bristol to my place of business. My wife told me when I got home that night that he was coming to tea with us at seven o'clock (I always dined in Bristol), and mentioned incidentally that she had met him that morning when walking with Lady Muriel, and that he seemed much struck with her little ladyship. He was profuse in his apologies for not coming as he had promised the previous evening, but business had prevented him; "and your husband will tell you, Mrs. Beverley," he added, "that I make it a principle never to neglect business."

"Mr. Montagu!" Margaret announces, as she ushers into the room a tall, dark, gentlemanly-looking man about thirty years of age, perhaps a little more.

Little Ethel, our only child, aged two years, is sitting on the floor amusing us with her small gossip and pretty ways; but her mother who is one of those matrons that does not care to bore her guests with her babies as some people do, signs to Margaret to take off the little imp, who at first looks defiant, but at length good-naturedly succumbs and trots off laughingly after Maddie, as she calls our housemaid. Gerard begs that the little one shall not be taken away on his account, as he is fond of children, but mamma is peremptory, and only after much entreaty promises that baby shall come back to say good night.

We were sitting silently round the fire after the little one's departure.

"Well Gerard, what are you dreaming about?" I said, observing that usually amusing bachelor gazing into vacancy, as sober as a judge and quite as stupid-looking.

"Well, I was thinking of your fair friend, Mrs. Beverley;" he said, addressing my wife.

"Well, and what do you think of her, Mr. Montagu?"

"Me? oh I dont know, she has a very sweet face, I think. I like those oval faces with large violet eyes, and hair that sometimes looks dark and sometimes fair. You don't often see that hair, I think; it looks as if it were intended to be black or brown, only some stray sunbeams have got caught in its silken meshes.—Tell me about her,

Frank, I admire the little lady very much," he added.

"Well, first and foremost, she is only sixteen."

"Nonsense: she looks quite nineteen or twenty."

"Yes, I daresay she does to a stranger, for she has had a great deal of trouble."

"I think I understood you, she was a lady of title," Gerard said turning to Mildred.

"Yes; her father was Lord Kilpatrick, but on his death the title went to a distant cousin who lives in the North of England. The Earl died intestate, and his widow was left entirely unprovided for, but Lady Muriel has found a good friend in Captain Falconbridge who has adopted her, and no doubt on his death she will be very well off."

"Have her family taken no notice of her?"

"Not the slightest; indeed, they scarcely know of her existence. I believe Lady Kilpatrick, considering herself neglected by them in her life, and being a proud woman made Captain Falconbridge, (who was an old lover of her's and was to have married her, had she not been carried off suddenly), promise to have no communication with them if he could avoid it."

"Her name appears in *Burke*, and that is about all the connection her ladyship has with the aristocracy, and besides ourselves they scarcely know a soul in Weston, but the doctor and clergyman of the parish," I added.

"Kilpatrick! I fancy I've heard that name before," Gerard remarks. "What is the second title?"

"Viscount Chelmondiston."

"Lord Chelmondiston, of course I know the name. He was Captain in our Artillery Corps at Abbot Wrington."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and a very nice fellow, though rather fast. I don't suppose he is more than twenty-three, or so."

"What is he like?"

"Well he's not at all like Lady Muriel."

"Don't suppose he is, for she takes after her mother, so I've heard Falconbridge say; and besides the relationship must be very remote. I've been told that the title went to a cousin about sixteen times removed.

"Nonsense, Fred," murmurs Mrs. Beverley over her work.

"Well, my dear, I am sure the late Earl of Kilpatrick was a precious distant relative of the present one, who it is hoped is a better sort of fellow than he was."

Presently baby who had been put to bed, but resolutely refused to sleep, was brought down stairs in an unpleasant state of wakefulness, and not being one of the shy sort made overtures to Gerard, who seemed nothing loth to take her, much to her mother's delight, and he immediately rose 100 per cent. in her estimation, I could see. However, the young urchin persisted in flogging her doll to such an extent for some heinous offence against propriety (which it was thought dolls were not in the habit of committing) and otherwise became so obstreperous through Montagu's encouragement that summary measures had to be resorted to, and the young tyrant removed from the scene of her labour in a state of howl.

"Baby is a great favourite with everybody," her mamma proudly says, "but Lady Muriel quite spoils her."

"Indeed," said Gerard, "then who would not be spoiled?"

"'Tis a sweet face, the sweetest I have ever seen."

"Who's? Baby's?" Mildred asked.

"No. Your friend Lady Muriel's."

"Oh! Yes, well she is pretty."

When we retired for the night," Mildred said to me, "Fred, dear, I do believe its a case of love at first sight."

"What between, Gerard and the baby?"

"No, you great goose."

"Well, who then?"

"Why, Mr. Montagu, of course; can't you see he's fallen in love with Muriel?"

"Bosh! my dear. You women are all matchmakers. It's all bosh."

"Well, he's a nice fellow, I like him; and how baby took to him!"

(*To be continued.*)

PARTING.

'Tis hard to render up the things we love—
The active life and troops of kindly friends—
And moan in anguish like some stricken dove;—
The spirit bears it, but the heart it rends.

But then, the loving one that's with me shared
All joy and sorrow through a chequer'd way,
As though by suffering we were more endear'd,
Ne'er tires, but tends me both by night and day.

If aught on earth in suff'ring can sustain,
And in surrounding gloom a brightness shed,
'Tis thus—to find the loved one e'er remain,
Though faint and weary, watching by my bed.

Oh, loving Lord, who dost two hearts inspire
With thine own sympathy so deep and wide;
To Thee in fervent prayer our hearts aspire,
That we who're one on earth, may one in heaven abide.

A Review.

Morituri Salutamus. Poem by H. W. Longfellow.

We have already reviewed the little volume in which this striking poem is to be found; but we have felt ever since we first read it, how well it deserves the appreciation of our readers in the "Masonic Magazine," as few poems, in our humble opinion, have been so true a specimen of genuine poetry, and more certainly have had more to commend them to the tastes and sympathies of all ages and all classes. But we will let the poetry speak for itself, keeping before us those well chosen lines which Mr. Longfellow gives us as a motto to his happy verse, well known to some of us—

"Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies."
OLD OVID.

Let us listen to the introduction:—

"'O Ceasar, we who are about to die,
Salute you!' was the gladiators' cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace."

With but little waste of words the poet advances very properly "rem," for let us bear in mind that this is a poem written and spoken for the fiftieth anniversary of the Class of 1875, in Bowdoin College, U.S.:—

"O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer mine,—
Thou river, widening through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen,—
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished,—we who are to die
Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town."

And most true and touching is the apostrophe which follows:—

"Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;
They answer us—alas! what have I said?
What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?
What salutation, welcome, or reply?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?
They are no longer here; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows,—all save one.
Honor and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute."

How very effecting are the following happy lines:—

"And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,

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Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high.
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!
How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
'Be thou removed!' it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight
To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,
Of Trojans and Achaians in the field;
So from the snowy summits of our years
We see you in the plain, as each appears,
And question of you; asking, 'Who is he
That towers above the others? Which may be
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?'"

And here comes in a seasonable word of warning:—

"Let him not boast who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves; and most of all note well
Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played;
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.
Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
'Be bold; be bold!' and everywhere—'Be bold;
Be not too bold!' Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly."

Such a fact as is now depicted by the poet has necessarily a side of melancholy well represented in the moving words which follow:—

"And now, my classmates; ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute! The horologe of Time
Strikes the half-century with a solemn chime,
And summons us together once again,
The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.
Where are the others? Voices from the deep
Caverns of darkness answer me: 'They sleep!'
I name no names; instinctively I feel
Each at some well-remembered grave will kneel,
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss,
For every heart best knoweth its own loss.

I see their scattered gravestones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night;
O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose;
We give to each a tender thought, and pass
Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass,
Unto these scenes frequented by our feet
When we were young, and life was fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is? When I survey
This throng of faces turned to meet my own,
Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,
Transformed the very landscape seems to be;
It is the same, yet not the same to me.
So many memories crowd upon my brain,
So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,
I fain would steal away, with noiseless tread,
As from a house where some one lieth dead.
I cannot go;—I pause;—I hesitate;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate;
As one who struggles in a troubled dream
To speak and cannot, to myself I seem."

And here comes as fine a burst of poetic fervour and truthfulness as it has been our lot to peruse for many a long day:—

"Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle fears!
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!
Whatever time or space may intervene,
I will not be a stranger in this scene.
Here every doubt, all indecision ends;
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
By Time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves.
What tragedies, what comedies, are there;
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat!
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears!
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears!
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust!

Whose hand shall dare to open and explore
These volumes, closed and clasped for evermore?
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass;
I hear a voice that cries, 'Alas! alas!
Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee:
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be.'"

Most effective is the poet's "argumentum ad peuros et ad seniores!":—

"The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market-place, the eager love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years,
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his Characters of Men.
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions; but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow

Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives."

There is something almost hushed and beautiful in the closing lines :—

"As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air ;
The telltale blood in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain ;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon :
It is not strength, but weakness ; not desire,
But its surcease ; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.
What then ? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come ; it is no longer day ?
The night hath not yet come ; we are not quite
Cut off from labour by the failing light ;
Something remains for us to do or dare ;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear ;
Not Œdipus Coloneus, or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin ;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

We have preferred to let these golden words speak for themselves. Many of them are imprinted in our memories, and we trust that they will be preserved in the memories of many others, as no better, nobler words were ever uttered by any of "God's singers," and no more effective and real and living, poetry in its highest characteristics, has been submitted in our age at any rate, to the sympathies of the cultured, and the admiration of the intelligent.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Unsatisfactory Women.

I AM getting very near the "end of my tether," and in another paper these lucubrations of mine must have an end. But before I close the fitful page, I wish to say a word upon a topic which is, I think, sometimes overlooked by us all in dealing with the question of our female world to-day. We meet in society often with women whom it is difficult to class in any of the categories we have been touching upon. "Nondescripts" we may not unfairly term them ; and most unsatisfactory they are, under every form, and in every circumstance, in which you confront them, or they alarm you. I do not mean to say that this unsatisfactoriness is evidenced in the same way, because it is not, but yet we all know it, and all have experienced it, more or less. How many unsatisfactory women do you and I, kind readers, know, and know well, too, in our little neighbourhoods, and even domestic circles ? Unsatisfactory they are—most unsatisfactory—in every relation of life, too often making life a curse, instead of a blessing, to many a poor wayfarer here, and perverting the great gifts and privileges of home existence, of talents, and powers, and graces, to the very worst possible use, forgetting alike their responsibility to God, and their duty to man. It is perhaps not quite so easy, as I attempted to point out at first, to lay down decidedly here any strict canon of that which makes up an unsatisfactory woman, because some

women are unsatisfactory in one way, some in another. But there often comes over us, in society, a sense of unsatisfactoriness as regards this daughter of Eve, or that daughter of Eve, which we perhaps find difficult ourselves to analyze or explain, but still it exists, and acts upon us, and dominates alike our sympathies and behaviour. Of course we ought always to be on our guard against prejudice, hasty prepossessions, self-opinionated dislikes. If it be true, as some has said, that the world is full of prejudices, and that most people are prejudiced in it, admitting the truth in the abstract of this old assertion, yet we should on higher grounds, and animated by a truer teaching, always set our faces against rash and premature prejudices. Second impressions are sometimes better than first, or rather first impressions are modified by subsequent knowledge and more matured experience.

But putting all prejudice out of the question, it is impossible, I think, to deny that, as a general rule, we are all more or less struck by,—just as we "spot," to use a slang word of our young men to-day,—the unsatisfactory woman. If we can hardly explain it ourselves, still there she is, as large as life, and most unsatisfactory to us. "Oh, most unsatisfactory of women!" we mentally exclaim, "May your shadow never grow less, but may I never see your blessed face again." And if the stern philosopher may say, in exactness she is only subjectively unsatisfactory to you—not objectively, remember—be it so. We deal for the most part as individuals with subjective trifles and realities. The objective we leave, and must leave, to what somebody has termed your "first-principle people," who, by the way, often appear to me to act on second principles, if indeed they do act on any principles at all.

The unsatisfactory woman then, who is now before us, is unsatisfactory in and by numerous ways and means. She is unsatisfactory in her "morale," or her manners, her temper or her tea parties, her words or her ways, her habit or her h's, her dress or her drawing-room, her "tricks of the stage," or her "tout-ensemble." She may bully her husband or her children, she may slight her relations or her friends, she may defy the rules of society, or disobey the moral code of Mrs. Grundy (low even as it be), or else she may give so bad a tone to her own circle, and so mislead the neighbourhood in which she takes a prominent part, that the whole moral atmosphere around her is impregnated with the odours of what is "maquin," uncomfortable, unsatisfactory, unbecoming. Then there is that unsatisfactory woman, so common, weak at home, childish abroad, who is sort of "waiter upon Providence," the toady of her richer neighbours. She always is repeating what Mrs. Twoshoes has said, or is lost in admiration at what Mrs. Giddy has done. She is always second-hand, never original; and if you talk to her, it is like speaking to a parrot, for she does nothing but repeat to you stock sentences which have no meaning in themselves, and which she positively does not understand herself.

Then, again, we have that very unsatisfactory woman who is above, as she calls them, "the cold conventionalites of society." "She does not care what the world says or what people think, not she," and accordingly you hear from her very astounding sentiment often, and note in her many very peculiar proceedings. A good deal of all this is put on, no doubt,—female bravado, — "falutin," — swagger, — "fastness," which she foolishly thinks please men, and attract masculine admiration. But you who like to see a woman self-possessed and self-respecting, who desiderate reserve and restraint in the woman of your heart, you move away with a sigh of regret, from a boldness which only alarms, and from an unfeminiuity which greatly depresses.

Once more, we have the unsatisfactory woman who will always lecture and preach in season and out of season. I for one equally object to a woman dogmatically laying down the law, as well as always "testifying" and "ejaculating." No good that I am aware of ever came from hyper-profession, and I am certain that in the case of a woman it leads to unreality of life and action, throwing the colouring of a blatant pharasaism over what should be the active, consistent piety of the humble, unostentatious, silent, religious woman! And what a blessing a truly religious woman is and may be in a family and a neighbourhood. We all of us know how great her worth, and her intense usefulness to society, and we have some of us full experience and pleasant memories

of a true-hearted, religious woman! But in my humble opinion there is no such unsatisfactory woman as she who is always mouthing and mumbling religious phrases, and in her daily conduct, before her children and servants, is alike uncertain in temper, and inconsistent in act, the slave of every passing whim, and the puppet of every intriguing sycophant. And lastly we have that far too common and very unsatisfactory woman who is a "rolling stone" in society, who certainly "gather no moss," who has found no husband, and has retained no friends. She is malicious, gossiping, uncharitable, mendacious, and nothing gives her greater pleasure than to set people by the ears, to make mischief in a domestic circle, to separate "chief friends," and to render others in fact as unsettled and as uncomfortable, if not as heartless, as herself. Does our memory conjure up no vision to-day before our eyes, clear and full of the babbling, gossip-mongering, tiresome, most unsatisfactory woman, who seemed to find pleasure in the troubles of her neighbours, who appeared to derive gratification from the general uneasiness of a family or a parish? Alas! ever at this moment there rises up before us the picture, only too real and living, of that unsatisfactory woman, who made us so very ill at ease, and poured such verjuice into our cup of happiness, in life's young morn, or in the maturer hours of after life! we can recall her grating words and her irritating voice, the sneers with which she disheartened the young, and the callousness with which she tyrannised over the old; and we are glad to think that for us, at any rate, her presence has past away, and that other scenes and duties call us from our old familiar spot, and that she, though she troubles others still, has no part or lot in our normal daily life. I have said all this in kindness after all, not in anger or reproach, for unsatisfactory women are happily the exception to the rule, and as the old Latin saying runs, prove the rule to be the "clear contrary." Here I stop to-day. In my last chapter next month (D.V.) I shall hope to sum up all that may be said fairly for women, and point out how foolish and perverse are the often childish complaints of men, the witless sarcasms of the coxcomb, the railer, the disappointed, and the demoralized.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

By Theophilus Tomlinson.

Years ago, at a pleasant meeting in a country village, in the diffusion (and confusion) of general knowledge and improvement, the writer of this little paper ventured to point out to a kind and assenting audience that one of the "indiciæ" of the advance of education amongst us, and the valuable labours of the schoolmaster, would be found in the signing of marriage registers. At that time, and for some time previously, the return through the Registrar-General's department as to "marks" and "crosses," instead of actually written names, was of the blackest. I remarked then, and I see no reason to modify my statement to-day, that we must not accept however such a return as absolutely an indication of the exact number of those who could write and those who could not. And for this reason, the marriage ceremony is always more or less one of nervousness and excitement to our young people, especially those of the toiling classes. The writer had once upon a time something to do with marriage, and the serious responsibility of marrying happy couples, and he remembers well how very often, especially in the case of the woman who could write her name, but would not for some reason or other, the register book would have contained nothing but the too common X

Jenny Stiles,
her Mark,

had it not been for his persuasion and exhortation. How often has he heard it said by the plucky maiden, "Weel, if I moost wroite, I will; thou know'st best." For curiously enough such is the sympathy of the sexes, that if the man cannot or will not write, the woman sometimes will not either; and there even has been a prejudice or superstition, call it what you like, existing in many parts of our rural ditsricts, that it was unlucky to sign your own name, and better to make the usual mark or cross. We cannot therefore assume as an indisputable fact, that all who do not sign their names in the registers of marriage cannot write; but I think we may fairly assume that the prevalence of

marks or crosses denotes a high rate if not of actual regressing of indifference, at any rate, perhaps to some extent, of both combined. Still I am glad, after the lapse of ten years, to see from some statistical returns, which I give below, that there is a gradual breaking down of the great burst of apathy and ignorance in this respect, and that the mighty sea of general instruction appears to be overrunning happily the fallow fields of uninstructedness, leaving a fertile sediment behind, which will germinate and fructify, let us hope, in the good providence of God, in after years.

I invite the attention of my readers to the following "statistics and story of ignorances," for they are very striking as they are very encouraging:—

"The annual abstracts of the marriage registers of England and Wales show a continued decrease in the number of persons who, on marrying, have to excuse themselves when called upon to sign the register, and make a "mark" instead of writing their names. In the year 1873 "marks" had to be made by 18·8 per cent. of the men marrying, and 25·4 per cent. of the women; in 1874, for which the returns have now been issued, the numbers were reduced to 17·9 per cent. of the men, and 24·2 per cent. of the women. Every one of the 11 divisions of the kingdom shows a smaller number of illiterates, though the same cannot be said of every county. London shows, in 1874, only 8·1 per cent. of its men making their marks, but 13·1 per cent. of the women; the south-eastern division has only 11·5 per cent. of its women not writing their names, but 14·2 per cent. of its men. In the southern parts of England—the south-western division, the south-eastern, the eastern, and the south-midland—there are generally more of the men than of the women unable to write their names. The number of women in those parts ignorant of the art of writing is as low as 9·4 per cent. in Sussex, and is below—commonly far below—20 per cent. in every county except Hertfordshire, where it is 21·6; Buckinghamshire, 23·9; Cornwall, 24·1; and Bedfordshire no less than 33·1 per cent. This last county may boast of its straw-plat manufacture, but it has the humiliation of showing that one-third of its women marrying and 27·4 per cent. of the men do not write their own names, and both ratios are higher in the return for 1874 than they were in 1873. The same disability is shown by 24·9 per cent. of the men marrying in Cambridgeshire, 25·9 in Norfolk, and 26·1 in Suffolk and Hertfordshire. But north and south differ considerably. In three of the five southerly divisions the ignorant men are less than 19 per cent., but they are below that ratio in four of the five more northerly divisions; the women unable to write are below 18 per cent. in four of the five southerly divisions, but they are above 27 per cent. in four of the five northerly divisions. The illiterate men reach a high figure in three west-midland counties—in Herefordshire, 24·3; in Shropshire, 25·3; in Staffordshire, 31·7 per cent.; but further north the county returns hardly ever show 20 per cent., and in Westmoreland they are as low as 8 per cent. The women unable to write are nearly 26 per cent. in Cheshire, more than 26 in Shropshire and Warwickshire, more than 27 in Nottinghamshire, nearly 32 in Durham, nearly 33 in the West Riding, more than 34 in Lancashire, and more than 38 in Staffordshire. Several of these counties are in the west-midland, which is the worst of all the English divisions, showing 24·5 per cent. of the men and 28·5 per cent. of the women illiterate. But Wales beats even this. In North Wales, 26·1 per cent. of the men and 34·5 per cent. of the women who were married in 1874 could not write their names; in South Wales, 27·1 per cent. of the men and 41·3 of the women, or two in every five. The return gives a separate account for the districts not containing parliamentary boroughs, and therefore, we may suppose, of a more rural character. In these districts the number of illiterate men rises to 20·7 per cent., but the number of illiterate women declines to 21·8 per cent. Yet here, again, South Wales makes a return of 28·4 per cent. of its men illiterate, and 44·7 per cent. of its women. And Monmouthshire keeps it in countenance with 35·4 per cent. of its men and 43·2 of its women unable to write."

It is rather remarkable that in these returns the general education of the women appears to be less than that of the men, so late as the end of 1874, which clearly

is not the case in itself, as all educationists know well, and therefore some explanation must be found for this evident unreliability of the returns per se as a test of actual education. In 1873 it seems that 18·8 per cent. of the men marrying made their "marks," and 25·4 per cent. of the women, while in 1874, 17·8 per cent. of the men and 24·2 per cent of the women made their marks. Gratifying as the decrease is of the "marks," of ignorance, or nervousness, or indifference, as the case may be, in either sex, we hope and believe that succeeding years will show still more striking results, as a general unletteredness passes away, and education is happily universal among our true-hearted people.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(*Continued from page* 148.)

CHAPTER XII.

THE REFERENCE TO A TRIAD OF DEITY.

"The Monad is there first where the paternal Monad subsists. The Monad is extended which generates two. The mind of the Father said that all things should be cut into three. *His will assented,* and immediately all things were cut. The mind of the Eternal Father said into three, governing all things by mind. The Father mingled every spirit from this Triad. All things are governed in the bosoms of this Triad. All things are governed and subsist in these three."—ORACLES OF ZOROASTER.

IN speculating on the religious customs and ceremonies of ancient heathen nations, we are obliged to wander in darkness; and the conclusions to which we arrive are necessarily the result of analogy and conjecture rather than of sober argument founded on certain and intelligible data. Modern discovery amongst the monuments of Egypt has thrown considerable light upon the civil affairs of that people, which contributes materially to illustrate their knowledge of the arts and sciences, and the practices and enjoyments of domestic and social life; but on the abstruse doctrines of their religion we have still much to learn.

While such able and talented scholars as Bishop Warburton, Sir William Jones, Maurice, Bryant, Faber, Bishop Tomline, and other writers of equal eminence, cannot agree on the construction and reference of the heathen triads, where are we to look for light to guide us through the mazes of this difficult inquiry? One supposes that they were derived from some mutilated tradition of a trinity which prevailed in the earliest ages of the world, and was known to mankind before the dispersion from Shinar, when they lived together in society as one great family, with the patriarch Noah at its head as their prophet, priest, and king. Others dissent from this supposition, and maintain that it is little short of blasphemy to class the Christian Trinity with the impure triads which prevailed amongst the heathen, and not to be tolerated for a moment. Of the latter opinion was Sir William Jones and Mr. Faber, both of them learned, talented, and wise; and amongst those who favour the former theory, Bishop Tomline and Mr. Maurice may be mentioned, and they occupy a prominent situation in the ranks of theological literature. Under these circumstances this great question must remain undecided; and every reader will form his own conclusions while I endeavour to explain the reference to a triad of deity which is contained in the hieroglyphic before us.

The figure is furnished with a human head. This is an instance of symbolical combination which does not often occur on the Egyptian monuments, except in their sphinxes, emblematical of strength and wisdom, and also of regeneration, a doctrine which the Egyptians are said to have derived from the patriarchal religion.* The body of the sphinx was that of a lion with the head of a man; and it was consequently a symbol of those deities who united the attributes of wisdom and strength in their own person. Some have wings, and others not. The Theban sphinx has the head and bosom of a girl, the claws of a lion, the body of a dog, the tail of a dragon, and the wings of a bird. The Egyptian sphinx has two sexes, and are found with human hands armed with crooked nails, with beards; the Persea plant upon the chin; horses' tails

* Lord Lindsay's Letters, vol. i. p. 85.

and legs, veiled, &c. Plutarch says that it was placed before temples to show the sacredness of the mysteries.* But when the hawk occurred with a human face, it signified "the soul with hands and wings,"† or "the soul in the sun, or the great spirit manifested in the abime of the heaven."‡

A curious instance of a winged figure with a human head, which is found on one of the monuments of Egypt, has been described by Champollion, in a letter to the Duke of Blacas, as existing in the Museum at Turin. He thinks it a memorial of the daughter of Pharaoh, who adopted Moses as her son. And in a plate of an Egyptian obelisk found among the papers of the late Mr. Taylor, the Platonist, and engraven in "Fraser's Magazine,"§ we find a hawk with a human head. The instances of this practice are, however, of rare occurrence.

The Greeks represented their deities in the human form, attended by the animal which constituted the acknowledged symbol of their respective attributes. Thus Jupiter was accompanied by an eagle, Minerva by an owl, Juno by a peacock, Venus by a dove, Dionysus by a bull, Cybele by a lion, &c.; but in Egypt the head of the symbol was generally placed upon the body of a man, and thus the deities in the Egyptian Pantheon were easily distinguished from each other.

Sometimes the figure was altogether human, and identified by appropriate symbols. Thus Cneph was represented as a man crowned with magnificent plumes of feathers, with a girdle and a sceptre, and extruding from his mouth an egg. The plumes denoted his invisibility, his omnipresence, and spiritual power. The egg was the world, of which he is thus proclaimed to be the creator, produced by the breath, or in other words, the spirit of his mouth. "The doctrine taught in the Pimander is not at variance with that attributed to the Egyptians by Porphyry. Cneph, the Demiourgos, the great Opifex-verum, was considered, as we learn from Plutarch, as an unbegotten and immortal being. This then was the intellectual spirit which produced the world, and which gave form and order to the shapeless mass. This was the spirit of God which moved on the face of the waters."*

Sometimes Cneph was depicted as a serpent with a hawk's head, and it is remarkable that although the hawk was considered the representative of other deities besides Cneph, its head attire denoted the particular deity whom it represented. Thus if it had upon its head nothing, it signified Orus; if the pschent, it represented Harsiesi; if with a complicated plume of feathers in a peculiar form, it was the emblem of Phtah; if with the disc of the sun, Rhe, &c. Under the above appearance it was feigned that when Cneph opened his eyes the world was illuminated by light, and when he closed them it was involved in impenetrable darkness.†

But all their numerous male divinities were resolvable into the sun, and all the female ones into the moon; and even these latter were sometimes identified with the former. In Egypt Cneph, or Amon, is the sun or the divine word. He enters the golden circle of the year in the sign Aries; and having obtained a victory over the darkness in his progress through the lower hemisphere, he emerges forth in light and brightness to invigorate Nature and bring the fruits of the earth to perfection. He is sometimes painted with a ram's head and a deep blue colour.

The polyonomy of the heathen deities was one of the artifices of the priesthood to veil their mysteries from the penetration of the vulgar. "If the several histories of the principal deities, revered by the most ancient nations, be considered, we shall find them at once allusive to the Sabian idolatry and to the catastrophe of the Deluge. Thus the account which is given of Osiris and Isis, if taken in one point of view, directs our attention to the sun and the moon; but if in another, it places immediately before our eyes the great patriarch and the vessel in which he was preserved. Accordingly we learn from Plutarch that Osiris was a husbandman, a legislator, and a zealous advocate for the worship of the gods; that Typhon, or the sea, conspired against him, and compelled him to enter into an ark, and that this event took place

* Fosbr. Encyc. vol. i. p. 122, n.
† Champol. Mon. Eg. Tom. i. cxxxix. 2.
‡ *Lepsius, xxxii. 85; Gal. Ant. p. 55.*
§ Vol. xvi. p. 629.

* Drummond. Origines, vol. iii. p. 152.
† See Euseb. Prap. Evan. l. i. 10.

on the seventeenth day of the month Athyr, the very day on which Noah is said to have embarked. In a similar manner a ship was the peculiar symbol of Isis; while the symbolical bull was alike dedicated both to this goddess and to her mythological consort, the history of her wanderings presents to us the image of the erratic state of the ark upon the surface of the waters; yet there is no doubt that the sun was worshipped by the Egyptians under the title of Osiris, and the moon under that of Isis or Ceres."*

The soul of Osiris was feigned to have been transferred to the bull Apis, whence the veneration which was paid to him; and there was a statue of Isis inscribed *Isidi Myrionymæ*, the thousand-named Isis. And even in Scandinavia the same figure was used to express the multifarious properties of their chief deity, Odin or Woden—

> "When in the nations I am seen,
> Mortals who to my fanes convene,
> Shall hail me with a *thousand names*,
> Great as celestial virtue claims."†

But all the male divinities, however they might be named, were the same; and the female ones were sometimes represented as of two sexes, so that some have been in doubt whether they should address them as gods or goddesses. Thus it was said of Venus, "pollentemque deum Venerem." This construction is approved by Macrobious, and therefore Virgil says,—

"Discedo, et ducente *deo* flammam inter et hostes Expedior,"

and not *dea*. Aristophanes speaks of the same goddess in the masculine gender as Αφριδιτον. And thus all the deities may be considered as one, although it is uncertain whether that one was deemed a male or an hermophradite, and we have already seen that the crescent or half circle was the androgene emblem.

"The deity was feigned to be both male and female—that which generates and that which produces; and this was a figment common to the mythologies both of the Greeks and of the Egyptians. More frequently and more naturally, however, the active and generating power was symbolized by a male, while the passive and producing power was presented by a female deity. The sun, or the material heaven, was generally adored as the type of the former, and the moon, or more commonly the earth, was venerated as the proper image of the latter. Hence were feigned the marriages of Osiris and Isis, of Ouranos and Ge; hence was Ether, or Heaven, considered as the all-generating god, and the earth was worshipped as the great mother. Neither are we to ascribe to any other source the institution of those Phallic rites which ancient superstition performed with devotion, but which modern decency hesitates to mention and refuses to describe. It is clear that the priests who celebrated these impure mysteries, confounded the spiritual power that creates with the material power that generates."*

The fact is, it was the union of the two divine principles of wisdom and love, light and heat, which are male and female, that produced this absurd doctrine. Cneph was supposed to be Androgynous, and, as we have just seen, was painted of a deep blue colour to represent wisdom; and to signify love he was depicted as in the act of ejecting an egg. The union of the above properties caused Jupiter to be described as of both sexes, being at once the cause of generation and production. The same principle may be applied to all other androgynal fictions.

With respect to the purple colour of Cneph, it may be observed that this colour was highly esteemed in the Spurious Freemasonry. The priests and priestesses of Eleusis wore purple robes, and sacrifices to the Eumenides could not be performed except in robes of that particular hue. Garments of purple wool were used in all sacrifices preceding the celebration of the mysteries; and the couches of the initiated were bound round by fillets of the same colour. The fields of Elysium were represented as being covered over with roses of purple; and these flowers were strewed on the tombs of the dead. All this was symbolical of a future life, because the candidate was supposed to have gone through the valley of the shadow of death during his initiation, and having been regenerated in the process, was passed on to the Autopsia, as an emblem of the life to come.

* *Fab. Cab. vol. i. p. 151.*

† Edda of Saemund, Song of Grimner. Cottle's version.

* Drummond. Origines, vol. ii. p. 161.

In the figure before us, the head of Osiris, as the crowned king of Egypt, is placed on the body of the scarab and hawk, to represent the sacred triad of deity, Phre or Re, Cneph-Phtha, or more properly Phtah; the former symbolized by the beetle, and represented as "the sun of *both worlds; the god who diffused his* light to the blessed in a future state. His titles are the sun of the two solar hills (rising and setting), great god, lord of heaven manifested with variegated plumes in the solar hill, resident in the centre of Edfou, the chief god belonging to the region of the abode of Orus, father of the gods in Senem, &c."* The second was symbolized by the hawk, which was sometimes identified by the serpent and sometimes called the Platonic Naces. Anaxagoras of Clazomene had been in Egypt and propagated a curious opinion amongst his disciples that this deity was the inventor of the seven liberal sciences.† The latter by Osiris, or the sun, or fire; and was reputed to be an emanation of the other two, having been mythologically born from the egg which was protruded out of the mouth of Cneph. Hence he is represented at Philœ holding on a potter's wheel an egg, with this inscription, "Phtah Totouem, the father of beginnings, his setting in motion the egg of the sun and moon, director of the gods of the upper world." It will be unnecessary to add that the egg here mentioned was the universe, and the universe was Cneph.

(To be continued.)

* Egyptian Monuments, p. 24.
† See Euseb Hist. Synga. p. 374.

RECIPROCAL KINDNESS.

BY BRO. WILLIAM DARLEY, P.M.

I DO like these Yankees somehow, and especially the brethren with whom I have been brought into contact—although I am proud to meet with a Mason wherever I am—hence for the sake of the pleasant society I meet with occasionally, and to show that I am not ashamed of Masonry, I always wear my Past Master's scarf pin, which was given me by my wife.

An incident occured a short time since upon which I look with great pleasure, and its associations will never be effaced from my memory.

I was about to wait on that excellent man, S. Plimsoll, Esq., M.P. (whose philanthropic labours have won him a place in the hearts of his countrymen), but having a little time on my hands I was going to see the House of Lords. On my way I was accosted by two ladies and a little boy, who were anxious to know how they could get in. I offered to show them if they would go with me. They consented. We had not advanced many steps when the elder lady said: "I see you are a Freemason, sir, by your scarf pin." "Yes I am," said I. Pointing to the other lady, the stranger said "That is a Mason's wife." Then said I, "she is my sister and Masonry is my religion, and I am sworn to protect her, although I have never seen her before.

The lady smiled, and said, "Yes I am a Mason's wife, and my husband is very proud of Masonry. He gave me a pin to wear on my coming to England, and told me if I got into any difficulty I was to find out a Mason, but I forgot to wear it, and have left it at my lodgings." She added "That is my son," pointing to a sharp intelligent-looking little boy. I took little Charley by the hand, and it was not long before we were at home together as though related, seeing all that was to be seen, little Charley asking at times questions which puzzled me. We spent a pleasant hour in going over both houses, and when parting at the door I gave my card by request, kissed little Charley and blessed them, and sent my blessing to my brother in Washington.

Some time passed, and I received a Masonic book of great interest, which was followed by a Directory of Columbia, with a dash against the name of Bro. C. F. Benjamin. I made up my mind to write to him, but pressure of business and affliction prevented me. On the 10th of July last I received a very beautifully

illustrated book which made me blush, and with which I was greatly pleased.

Alfred, my son, took it up and looked over it with pleasure, expressed his delight at the respect shown to his pa by such a perfect stranger, and said, "Pa, I shall be made a Mason one day, that I will, and there's no mistake."

The dear boy, between 17 and 18, by his expression told that as far as his "heart" was concerned, he was fully prepared to be made a Mason, much of the outward principles of Masonry being much admired by him. He was truly a Lewis. But ambitious as he was to follow his father's footsteps, God has ordered otherwise.

That book was the last on which he looked on earth; he was taken ill, told us he was going to die, made his arrangements as to who should have certain books, his watch, and other articles of interest; he laid a week without a murmer, but cheerfully, triumphantly met his doom as though going a pleasant journey, kissed and blessed us each, with kisses for the absent ones, sending the message to his sister 300 miles away—"My blessing and fondest love to Amelia." He died on the 17th; before he left he proposed to sing to cheer me, a beautiful piece, "The Singer in the Skies," and went to engage in the realms of the blest, in that heavenly harmony. May I not call him a Lewis in heaven? A wreath decorated his breast within, and from the little circle of his acquaintances, were thrown wreaths and nosegays that covered his coffin, and I should add that just as he was about to breathe his last a fourth volume was placed in my hands by my servant from Bro. Benjamin. I look upon the incident with infinite pleasure, and have written expressive of my last wishes for little Charley as well as his parents, and should I not have the pleasure of meeting Bro. Benjamin on earth I have a sacred pleasure in thinking of this incident, and conclude with my devout prayer for the success of Masonry in America. May we be closer tied as nations by its influence, and in the absence of the privilege of shaking hands with him let me devoutly wish that we may meet in yon Grand Lodge when earth and seas are fled, and hear the Judge pronounce our end.

Our Archæological Corner.

To the editor of the "MASONIC MAGAZINE."

Dear Sir and Brother,—I have in my cabinet an iron or steel seal similar in every respect, *as regards the Masonic emblems*, to that engraved at p. 131 of





the Magazine, and which has evidently been struck from the same die. Mine, however, has two faces—on the reverse one is what appears to me to be an early head of George III., crowned with a laurel wreath, and which is very similar to the heads of that monarch on the coinage of 1762, to about which period these seals may probably be assigned. My seal, which was dug up in Leicestershire some years ago, has two shallow holes in the sides, by which it was so fixed in the framework as to be reversible for use.

Yours fraternally,

WILLIAM KELLY,

Past Pro. G. Master,
Leicestershire and Rutland.

Leicester, Sept. 21, 1876.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

(*From "Temple Bar" for October.*)

A child in a nursery crying—a boy in a cricket-field "out!"—
A youth for a phantasy sighing—a man with a fit of the gout—
A heart dried up and narrowed—a task repeated in vain—
A field ploughed deep and harrowed, but bare and barren of grain.
Some sense of experience wasted, of counsel misunderstood,
Of pleasure, bitter when tasted, and pain that did him no good.
Some sparks of sentiment perished—some flashes of genius lost—
A torrent of false love cherished—a ripple of true love crossed.

Some feeble breasting of trouble, to glide again with the stream—
In principal void as a bubble—in purpose vague as a dream.
A future hope half-hearted, for dim is the future now
That the triple cord has parted, that death is damp on the brow.
And a debt is to pay by the debtor—a a doctor, a lawyer, a nurse :
A feeling he should have been better, a doubt if he could have been worse ;
While the ghostly finger traces its ghostly message of doom,
And a troop of ghostly faces pass on in a darkened room ;
With ghostly shapes to beckon, and ghostly voices to call,
And the grim recorder to reckon, and add the total of all.
The sum of a life expended—a pearl in a pig-trough cast—
A comedy played and ended—and what has it come to at last?
A dead man propped on a pillow—the journey taken alone—
The tomb with an urn and a willow, and a lie carved deep in the stone!

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

BY BRO. J. H. GABALL.

THE action of the Congress at Lausanne has evoked a report from the Council of Rites to the Grand Orient of France, which was adopted by the latter body at its meeting of the 28th August, 1876, and it was ordered that the Report, and the Summary of the History of Freemasonry in France, of which a translation is given below, should be published in the "Bulletin Official."

It will perhaps be necessary to explain that at the Congress at Lausanne eleven Supreme Councils were represented, viz. those of England, Belgium, Colon (Cuba), Italy, Peru, Scotland, France, Greece, Hungary, Portugal and Switzerland. By the proceedings of the Congress it appeared that the right was denied to the Grand Orient of France of conferring the high degrees of the Scottish rite, and to the Masons under the jurisdiction of the Grand Orient of France the legitimate possession of such degrees. The Grand College of Rites naturally objects, in its report to the Grand Council of the Grand Orient, to such an agression on their hitherto acknowledged privileges, and to what it terms the audacious assertions of the Congress of Lausanne. It states that their mission would be incompletely fulfilled if they simply published this document ; and they thought that it would be well to show what was the state of things in France, from a Masonic point of view, before the publication of the manifesto of the Congress of Lausanne, and to this end gives a resumé of the organisation of the Grand Orient of France.

Article 2 of the General Statutes provides, that Masonry comprises "ateliers" of different degrees under the denomination of Lodges, Chapters and Councils. There exists besides a central power, which, under the appelation of "Grand College of Rites, Suprême Conseil pour la France et les possessions Françaises," has the sole right of initiation into the last degrees of Freemasonry. In the terms of this article of the Constitution the Lodges of the Grand Orient confer the three first degrees, Apprentice, Fellow-Craft and Master Mason ; the Chapters confer the grades of Capitular Masonry from the 4th to the 18th degree ; the Councils confer the Philosophic Grades from the 19th to the 30th degree ; and lastly, to the College of Rites is reserved the power of conferring the 31st, the 32nd and the 33rd and last degree of the Scottish Rite. The Supreme Council of France practises the same rite, possesses Lodges of the same grades, and the members of both bodies have hitherto been in cordial and fraternal relation with each other, in conformity with the principles of Freemasonry, which arrangement Article 18 of the treaty of Lausanne would tend to destroy, by attacking at once the right of the Grand Orient of France (which is thereby declared a usurper of the Scottish Rite) ; the regularity of its Capitular and Philosophic bodies ; and also the regularity of Masons under its jurisdiction."

It is hardly possible for English Masons to understand the rather complicated re-

lations of these apparently conflicting and concurrent jurisdictions, each of which is naturally tenacious of its hitherto acknowledged privileges; but in any case the summary of the history of Freemasonry in France will be interesting, and its attentive perusal will perhaps enable us the better to comprehend the situation.

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

PART. I.—PERIOD OF FORMATION.

Section I.

The history of Freemasonry in France may be divided into two great periods. The first, which may be termed the period of formation, takes its starting point in 1725, the date of the first Lodge established in Paris, and extends to the treaty of alliance, signed in 1799, which confided to the Grand Orient of France the sole power of regulating and governing the Masonic order. The second may be termed the period of activity, (fonctionnement) extends from the treaty of alliance down to the present time.

It is not intended here to write a history of Freemasonry in France, but at the present moment, when the Congress of Lausanne has just decided that the Confederated Supreme Councils will not acknowledge to the Grand Orient the right of conferring the first three degrees, and that all those which they have conferred in the past or will confer in the future will be declared void and irregular, it will be interesting to examine, historically at least, this singular pretention. We shall therefore endeavour to discover by what means the Grand Orient of France, during the first period, had been enabled to re-establish in this great body, divided by so many sects, that unity which alone could give it the importance to which it was entitled, and which could enable it to attain its avowed end—the physical and moral amelioration of mankind. We shall see how and by what means this unity was destroyed, what dissensions arose, which continued, and which wasted in sterile debates, and in useless expenditure the forces and resources of the divers Masonic bodies, which, otherwise should have united for the love of well doing and the grand principles which form the foundation of the Institution.

The date of the introduction into France of symbolic Masonry is well known. In 1725, Lord Derventwaters (*sic*), the Chevalier Maskelyne and Bro. Héguerty founded the first Lodge, which met at the house of Hure (an English hotel keeper), in the rue des Boucheries-Saint-Germain.* This institution prospered; other Lodges were established, and in 1735 a deputation was nominated to go to England to ask of the Grand Lodge of England for authority to form themselves into a Provincial Grand Lodge. In 1743, the authorisation having been granted, the administrative body of French Masonry legally constituted itself under the title of the "Grande Loge Anglaise de France." It was only in 1756 that it declared itself independent, and assumed the name of the "Grand Loge de France." It revised its constitutions, and was composed of the Masters of the regular Lodges established in Paris.

During the Grand Mastership of the Comte de Clermont and under the direction of his deputies, Laure, banker, Lacorne, dancing master, and Bro. Chaillou de Jonville, the disorder became so great as to cause numerous protestations, and by a decree of May 15, 1766, a portion of the brethren composing the Grand Lodge were excluded by the dominant party. The struggle continued, and only ceased at the death of the Grand Master.

The Comte de Clermont having died in 1771, the excluded brethren conceived the idea of offering the succession to the Duke de Chartres, afterwards Duc d'Orleans.

It does not into enter the plan of our work to recount the history of these dissensions, of which Brother Jouaust has given a very precise and reliable account. Suffice it to state that the Grand Orient of France was formed on the 24th Decem-

*** Some questions may fairly arise as to how far the Grand Orient of France can go beyond the four superior grades, which constitute the seven of the Rite Moderne, and whether A. and A.S. Rite cannot claim jurisdiction over grades which do not belong to the Rite Moderne.—Ed. M. M.

* Clavel, in his "Histoire pittoresque de la Franc-Maçonnerie," mentions a lodge founded at Dunkerque in 1721, but he gives no proof of the correctness of his assertion.

ber, 1722, and that its constitution provided that it should be composed in future of the Masters or deputies, acknowledging no longer any precedence of the "venerables" over the freely elected brethren, repudiating their immovability. This was a true progress, but the immovable "venerables" rebelled against the new statutes, the "Grand Loge" anathematized the "Grand Orient," and from this time two authorities governed concurrently the Masonic Order in France.

The Grand Lodge was not able to hold its own, and the Grand Orient, its rival, dominated in Paris and in the provinces till the revolution broke out. The two powers (according to Thory) during these troublous times had but an ephemeral existence, and did not resume their labours till 1796. At this time Roëttiers de Montaleau, named a Grand Master by the Grand Orient of France, sought to re-unite the two Grand Lodges, and addressed himself to all those who still recognized the authority of the Grand Lodge of France.

Commissioners were named, they met with those of the Grand Orient, and on the 29th May, 1799, they recommended a treaty of union, of which the essential clause was the abolition of the immovability of the Masters of the Lodges. On the 28th June in the same year the reunion was ratified in a general assembly, at which upwards of 500 Masons assisted.

From this time the Grand Orient amalgamated the rights which it possessed under the Concordat of 1772, with those of the Grand Lodge, and its sole authority over Masonry in France, has since proved incontestible; it is still to this day the representative of symbolical Masonry, derived from England in 1725.

Section II.

This organisation of symbolic Masonry of three degrees is not difficult to understand and follow historically. Unfortunately this is not the case with Scottish Masonry in the high grades.

We shall explain how, during the same period, the Grand Orient was enabled to end the anarchy which all the Scottish systems had introduced into France, and succeeding in uniting under its authority all those which had not died a natural death.

It is an undoubted fact that the creator of this Masonry, to wit, the Scottish Rite, was the Chevalier Ramsay. The proof of this is easy, but the details will occupy too much space; we must be content with an abridgment.

Attached to the Stuart party, Ramsay desired to make Masonry subservient to that cause; and in 1728 he attempted to lay in London the foundation of a new organisation. His doctrines were rejected, says Thory, the partial historian of all the acts of Scottish Masonry, and the avowed enemy of the Grand Orient of France. Ramsay had hopes of better success in France, where he sought the support of his Masters, and in an oration, which he delivered in 1740 in the Grand Lodge in solemn assembly, he endeavoured to trace the origin of the order to the time of the Crusades, spoke of the Knights Hospitallers of the Temple, and affirmed that in 1286 Lord James Steward was Master of a Lodge established at Kilwin (*sic*) in the West of Scotland. This discourse, however, seems not to have produced upon French Masons the effect which its author had hoped, for the first central authority of the high grades that have come to our knowledge was established, it is said, at Arras by Charles Stuart himself in 1747 upon his return from France, and was called the "Chapitre primordial Jacobite," d'Arras.

About the same date (in 1748) Sir Manuel Lockard, aide-de-camp of the Pretender Charles Edward, instituted at Toulouse the Rite of "Les Ecossais fidèles," or of "La Vieille Bru," and George de Walnon founded at Marseilles, in 1751, the "Mère Loge Ecossais, the first known Masonic body in the South of France.

It was not until 1752 that there was formed in Paris a central authority of the Scottish Rite, under the high sounding title of the "Souverain Conseil sublime mère Loge écossaise du grand Globe français." This Sovereign Council has left no trace of its existence. It was soon merged into the Grand Lodge and the Chapter of Clermont, created in 1754 by the Chevalier de Bonneville, who installed it in a large house which he had expressly built for it in the Faubourg of Paris,

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* Samuel Lockhart.

called "La Nouvelle France." In this Chapter, established on the Templar system, was founded the grade of Kadosh, created at Lyons, under the name of "Petit élu," in 1743. This grade, which was adopted in all the Templar organisations, was successfully developed and divided into "élu des neuf," or "de Pérignan," élu des "quinze," and "grand élu," the different degrees being given up to the 19th.

The Chapter of Clermont had not a much longer existence, and on its débris was constituted, in 1758, a new body of the Scottish Rite, which took the title of "Conseil des Empereurs d'Orient et d'Occident." This Council has played an important rôle in French Freemasonry; it is certain that it is the source and origin of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, and therefore deserves particular mention.

Following the customs of their predecessors, the founders of the new Council created a new rite, which was called "Rite de Perfection ou d'Heredom de Kilwinning ou de Prince de royal Secret." It was divided into 25 degrees, of which the Knight Kadosh was the 24th, and the Prince of the Royal Secret the 25th and last.

It is difficult [says the author of the report] to find at the present day either the village of Kilwinning [?] or the Mount of Heredom, although the names still remain; but it is easy to prove that this Council has never been without the pale of the great French Masonic family, that it acknowledged as its Grand Master the Count de Clermont, and that when the Duc de Chatres succeeded the former, he took the title of Grand Master of all the regular Lodges in France, and of Sovereign Council of the Emperors of the East and Most Sublime Grand Mother Lodge of Scottish Rite.

No account of his installation, which bears the date April 5, 1772, appears in the philosophical history of Kauffmann and Cherpin, and in Bésuchet, who gives it in its entirety.

The charter granted in 1761 to Bro. Stephen Morin, on his departure to Saint Domingo, and by which was granted to him power to spread the order of Freemasons, and which constituted him Grand Inspector, bears names which dispel every doubt on this point. It commences thus: "A.·. L.·. G.·. D.·. G.·. A.·. D.·. L'U. et sous le bon plaisir de S. A. S. le T. M. F. Louis de Bourbon, Comte de Clermont, prince du sang, Grand Maître et protecteur de toutes les Loges; elle est accordée sur la demande du F.·. Lacorne, substitut du T. M. G. M. et signée par le F.·. Chaillou de Jonville, substitut général de l'Ordre, du Prince de Rohan, de Lacorne, de Lachaussée et de tous les officiers dignitaires de la Grand Loge de France ce qui indique bien qu'un *seule et même autorité* dirigeait à la fois le Rite symbolique aux trois grades et le Rite de perfection aux 25 degrés."

Some authors, on the faith of a statement without proof, have declared that the Rite of Perfection had also been practised at Bordeaux, and that it was there the delegates from Paris repaired on the 20th September, 1762, to send forth the famous regulations which form the basis of the Scottish Rite. In every case the Commissioners would have been delegates from the Council of Paris, and the regulations should have been adopted by the central authority; but it is certain that there never existed at Bordeaux a Consistory of Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret; that there was nothing to compel nine Commissioners to come from Paris (the practice of Masonry being free) to conceal themselves at Bordeaux, and there make regulations which nothing could prevent them doing elsewhere; and further, that in 1762 the regulations were not ready for transmission to Bro. De Grasse Tilley, "Grand Inspector of all the Lodges in the two Hemispheres."

What is true is, that in 1762 the Sovereign Council was in a sufficiently flourishing state that Bro. Pirlet, tailor, as the head of the "Conseil des Chevaliers d'Orient, in which was practised a rite free from the restraints of the Templar grades, made overtures for an amalgamation.

But there, where one Council might have prospered, two Councils necessarily fell into decay, and, on the advice of Thory himself, it ended by disappearing, and merged into what was called "Le Grand Chapitre Général."

The Grand Orient, which above all desired to re-establish in France the unity of Masonry, had opened negotiations with

this Chapter in 1780, and they were already in accord, when De Gerbier, calling himself President of a Rose Croix Chapter, said to be Grand Chapter of France, claimed a right of precedence and supremacy in virtue of a document dated 21 March, 1721. The Grand Lodges disdained to take the necessary steps to prove the falsity of a title anterior to the introduction of Masonry into France, perhaps of yielding to a desire to avoid all controversy, and to rally its dissentient brethren. However that may be, on the 17th February, 1786, the Grand Chapter General and the Chapter of Rose Croix were united to the Grand Orient of France.

A commission of the High Grades was instituted by the Grand Orient in 1773. The labours of this commission resulted, in 1786, after the re-union of the Grand Chapters, the "Rite Français" in three grades and four orders, élu, écossais, chevalier d'Orient and Rose Croix. There now remained in Paris but the Mother Lodge of the Philosophic Rite, called the "Contrat Social."

The documents published in 1875 by the Chapter of Marseilles establishes, in the most emphatic manner, that the "Loge du Contrat Social' derived its Scottish origin under the Lodge of Avignon, which itself was the creation of the Mother Scottish Lodge of Marseilles; but without casting a doubt upon this origin, the Grand Lodge had concluded with this Lodge a concordat, by which its supremacy was acknowledged, and imposed on this Lodge an obligation to no longer constitute Lodges within the extent of the French dominion. This Lodge and this rite, of which we shall have more to say hereafter, have now disappeared.

Although the Grand Orient had thus established its supremacy in Paris, it continued to treat with the bodies of the Scottish Rite established in the provinces, according to the Rite of Reformed Masonry. The three directories established at Lyons, Bordeaux and Strasburg, signed on the 13th April, 1776, an act of aggregation; and a Septet treaty was entered into the 6th March, 1781.

There exist no longer in France: 1. The Mother Lodge of the Scottish Rite of Marseilles, which, during its whole existence, would not recognize the supremacy of neither the Grand Lodge, the Grand Orient, and later still the Supreme Council, which became extinct in 1815, but its influence is still felt in the South of France, and especially in the Orient of Marseilles. 2. A Lodge constituted at Rouen by the Mother Lodge of Edinburgh, under the title of "l'Ardente Amitié."

This Lodge, or Chapter, of which the charter appears to have been granted by Bro. Matthews, placed several difficulties in the way of the Grand Orient, but it seems never to have attained to any great importance, and has disappeared without leaving any trace of its existence.

The other Rites and Lodges which were created during this period existed no later than 1799, the date of the reunion. We shall mention amongst others those of "l'Etoile flamboyante," "Elus coens," "la Maçonnerie Adonhiramite," "Illuminés d'Avignon," "la Toison d'or," "Chevaliers de la Cité Sainte," "la Stricte observance," "le Rite Primitif," etc.

Also, by an interpretative agreement executed he 24th day of the 10th month, 5801, when the report of Bro. Bordas, and upon the request for union by the Chapter of Arras, the Grand Orient declared common to all the Chapters of the High Grades the Concordat entered into with the Grand Lodge in 1799, and proclaimed truly the unity of French Freemasonry.

It had absorbed within itself and the Symbolic Rite, the only one which had been imported from England in 1725, and all the so-called Scottish Rites, which were united to it, notably the two which only had attained to any importance, viz., the Grand Chapter of the Rose Croix, and that of Heredom of Kilwinning, or Prince of the Royal Secret, also called the Rite of Perfection.

We shall see in the Second Period how the efforts of Roettiers de Montaleau and of all the members of the Grand Orient were neutralised by the ambition of some foreign masons, who sought to renew the forgotten struggles and usurping once more the name of Scottish Masonry and throw discord into the Rite Anglais, the veritable Rite ancien, and the Rite Francais (called the Rite Modern—of seven degrees), which was instituted by the Commissioners of the Grand Orient, which would have reformed all High Grade Masonry.

These new lucubrations augmented still more the number of titles and grades, and as if human ambition was insatiable, there have already been invented rites to the number of 90 degrees, to 95, and even to 120. Words and signs have been perverted as a natural consequence of things. We have seen the Sacred Word of the Rose Croix thus translated: "Emperor Napoleon, King of Italy." Is this not, as has been already observed, a pure waste of our force, our money, and our influence.

In our next number we shall enter upon the second part, which treats upon the absolute right of the Grand Orient of France to the government of all the degrees, and especially of the Ancient and accepted Scottish Rite.

POETS' CORNER.*

WHAT a host of glorious recollections crowd upon us as we utter those words! How often in long past days, when our heart was warmed by the glow of youthful enthusiasm, have we looked upon those words and longed with more eagerness than we can well express to visit the place which so vividly haunted our imagination! This was a pilgrimage we had resolved to make, a shrine we were determined to visit; and when the hour at last came, when our dreams and our desires were fulfilled, we remember well with what chastened feelings of awe and reverence we stood amongst those eloquent monuments, and fancied ourself in the presence of the illustrious dead, whose memorials surround us here on every hand.

We love to spend a meditative hour in this sacred place. Our being seems to be enlarged and ennobled, and the spirit seems to reach far back into the ages, and to bring within the scope of its experience all the years that have been brightened by the genius of those whose memories are here preserved. This is our British poetical Valhalla. The brightest stars that have risen in our intellectual firmament are here grouped into a constellation of matchless splendour. The past is united to the present, and the ashes of him who raised the sweet strains of English song five hundred years ago are only separated by a few feet from the grave of him whose prose writings are idylls of the heart, and whose magic hand influenced at will the springs of laughter and the fountain of tears. The walls, the graven stones, and the mouldering dust beneath them, become inspired with life to the enthusiastic mind, and here we deeply feel that there is an immortality in man, for Chaucer is not a memory but a reality, whose spirit has lived, and still lives, in the world, making it wiser, better, and happier, though centuries have passed since the clay that once enwrapped it returned to its original mould.

But we are not here to-day to indulge in such reflections as these. We have asked you to come with us to spend a leisure hour in lightly examining the many interesting objects in our Poets' Corner. Well, we will proceed.

Entering the Abbey once more by the "Beautiful Porch," we proceed straight across the building, and enter the south transept. This transept is what is called Poets' Corner.

Here upon our right is the monument of *David Garrick*, the famous actor, who was the friend of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, the great painter, and many other illustrious men. It is a very striking work.

A little further on we see the monument of a very learned man, of whom you will learn more, we hope, when you are somewhat older. This was *William Camden*, the learned historian, and the great recorder of English antiquities. Any one who has read much of English history must be familiar with his name at least.

In front of Camden's monument lie the remains of *William Gifford*, the distinguished satirist, critic, and editor of the *Quarterly Review*. This great man was the son of poor parents, and had many difficulties to encounter in his youthful days, and the story of his life affords a very cheering example to those who desire to improve their standing in life. He was apprenticed to the sea in his youth; but dis-

* Though this paper was originally written for the "Young Folk's Weekly Budget," we think that it is equally interesting for children of a larger growth.—ED.

liking that occupation, he was afterwards put to the making of shoes. At this trade he worked until he was twenty years of age, and during all that time he was untiring in his efforts to improve himself in every species of learning. Often did the poor young shoemaker devote to his books hours that should have been given to rest; and the reward of his industry and perseverance came at last. A surgeon of his native town, Ashburton, noticed his industry, and recognized his great talents. He sent him to Oxford University, where he soon distinguished himself, and from that time forward his life was a series of literary triumphs. He was the author of those great satires the "Bæviad" and Mæviad, of which, perhaps, you may have heard.

We pass over several monuments which are not strictly proper to the Poets' Corner, as they are raised to the memory of persons who did not achieve any distinction in the world of literature. We need not pause until we come to the fine statue of *Joseph Addison*, which stands upon a circular stand. Of course you have heard of Addison, the greatest of our essayists, and the writer of the purest and most graceful English in all our literature. He was a poet, too; but the unrivalled beauty of his prose writings diverted attention from his talents in that line.

Close to the statue of Addison is the grave of *Lord Macaulay*, the delightful historian and essayist. But we daresay our young friends will recognize him more readily as the author of those splendid ballads, the "Lays of Ancient Rome," or better still, as the author of the glowing "Battle of Ivry." In our boyhood this was a favourite piece for recitation at our school, and we remember how earnestly we used to roll out the lines—

"Press where ye see my white plume shine
amid the rank of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet
of Navarre."

There is a bust of him upon the left of the statue of Addison.

On the other side of the same statue is another bust of the deeply-regretted and noble-souled writer, *William Makepeace Thackeray*.

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.

R. VAN REICHENBACH proposes the following methods of smelting iron ores:—

1. For the older lignites, a blast furnace of moderate height, with a very hot blast, to prevent a sintering of the coal. 2. With the more recent lignites, to dry them so as to expel all hydroscopic and chemically combined water, and to use these also in low furnaces. 3. To carry on further experiments as to the coking of the lignites. 4. Where there are large quantities of fine coal, to use this in one shaft for the reduction of the ore, which is then to be smelted in another shaft with the coarser coal. 5. In case the preceding methods are not successful, to try a partial or total treatment of the ores with the gas produced from the lignites in generators.

The difference between the traffic receipts on a fine week and a wet one on the South Eastern Railway alone during the excursion season is £3,000 at the least, showing how anxious the people are to take advantage of the train for visiting their friends, or scenes of interest, when reasonable charges for travelling enable them to do so. My own opinion has long been that trains run frequently at low fares would not only help on civilisation materially, but also pay the shareholders better than high fares. Even a penny a mile is prohibitory to poor people in long journeys for pleasure or for health, and can only be undertaken when necessity compels.

We are too apt, in these peaceful times in Britain, to forget to be thankful to the G.A.U. for the privileges we enjoy compared with those of our fore-elders. "Until the middle of last century," says Mr. Jenkinson, in his really *Practical* Guide to Carlisle, Gilsland, Roman Wall and Neighbourhood, "Carlisle had kept up the appearance of a formidable place; sentries were stationed at each of the gates, at the commanding officer's house, the

Castle, &c., and the gates were shut and locked every night with much military parade; morning and evening guns were fired as a signal when to open and shut the garrison gates, and pieces of ordnance were placed upon the turrets situated in different parts of the fortification. Seldom in ancient days were the gates without the adornment of heads of rebels. At one time, we are told, one of the heads was that of a comely youth with yellow hair, to look at which there came every morning at sunrise, and every evening at sunset, a young and beautiful lady. It is said that on a Highland regiment passing southward, after the rebellion of 1745, they avoided entering the city by the Scotch gate, on which the grim and ghastly heads were exhibited." Now, had not our reverend Brother Woodford been so busily engaged on his forthcoming Masonic Cyclopædia, here is a fine subject for a poem from his pathetic pen. As it is, will no poet try what he can produce from it?

The first canto of a poem entitled "Marmaduke Clifford" has reached me. It bears no author's name on the title page, but the publishers are Frank and William Kerslake, 13, Booksellers' Row, Strand, and the price only a shilling. How many cantos there are to follow very probably depends on the sale of the first. The author indeed tells us—

> "My pen will prove occasionally prolix,"

and his style is evidently copied from Byron's "Beppo" and "Don Juan," who had copied from "William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers"—the fanciful nom de plume assumed by the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere, in his "Prospectus and Specimen of an intended historical work," which was "to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table," a humorous production which deserves to be better known than it is. "Whistlecraft is my immediate model," remarks Byron, in sending "Beppo" as a present to his publisher, Murray, "but Berni is the father of that kind of writing, which, I think, suits our language too very well." How Byron made it suit our language soon after in his "Don Juan," no one who has ever read the many beautiful passages in that too-libertine poem will for a moment call in question. But Berni and Byron had not only the free verse, the wit, and the humour, in which Frere was not far their inferior, but they had a story of interest for their readers; a matter in which the author of "Marmaduke Clifford" will do well to copy their example. He evidently has the pen of a ready writer, much poetical feeling, and great knowledge of men and manners; and how he will work out his story, which so far is promising enough, it is impossible to tell from his introductory canto. In this age men must be deeply interested to read poetry at all, and yet there is more poetry read now in England than in any former age. Wise men learn wisdom by the failures, as well as by the successes of others, and the author of this hitherto interesting poem will do well to study Whistlecraft's failure, as well as the great success of Berni and Byron. Although the Italians call this style of jocose poetry "Poësia Bernesca," Berni was rather the improver than the real inventor; for Burchiello, Pucci, Bellicioni, and others, had preceded him; just as there were, and must of necessity have been, many poets long before Homer. Berni himself, probably, would never have been half so good in his moralising and other digressions from the plot of his stories, had no Ariosto preceded him. Thus the effect of every true poet is eternal; no one can see where their influence begins or ends, and woe be to him or her who rashly strike their lyre-strings without lofty thoughts and holy aspirations, calculated to help on the true progress of the human race. The author of "Marmaduke Clifford" is evidently an ardent admirer of Byron's poetry, and in many respects he can have no better model. Let him seek to imitate, at such distance as he may, the marvellous powers of description, and the electrical bursts of feeling, which permeate all that great genius has written; and, whilst he loses none of his intense hatred of all tyranny and all cheatery, let him avoid, as he would the Evil One, that moody self-pride which made Byron not inaptly termed a fallen archangel. I would neither be a blind idolater of Byron nor Wordsworth; but he has much to learn who has not yet discovered how infinitely superior

the perhaps less gifted *writer* of the Lakes was in penetrating beneath the surface of all earthly things. But—forgetting for a time the rival merits of Byron and Wordsworth—let us look for a few moments at the little poem which has drawn us into this digression; a fault, if it be one, which it will at once be seen our author has no right to complain of. Here is his opening passage:—

"Hail, Pegasus! fire-wing'd, ethereal steed,
Whose tameless hoof was ne'er confined to ground;
Thee will I mount, from silence' durance freed,
And scour the varied universe around;
And though no fame be my exalted meed,
Nor this my ride adventurous be renown'd,
Enough if I but roam at large, with thee,
The world, uncheck'd, contemplative and free.

Then on thy back I'll gallop, walk, or canter,
Through all the fields of thought or speculation;
And, as through changing scenes I post or saunter,
I do not mean to curb imagination,
But give vent to my inmost thoughts instanter,
According to my mood or inclination."

I am glad that the writer, like my dear friend, the late Charles Swain, makes poetry the amusement of his leisure, and not the means of livelihood, for he sings:—

"But, first of all, be't plainly understood
That I have led my courser from the stable
Not for that aim—pecuniary good;
T'exist by other means I am quite able;
In fact, to tell the truth, I never should
Have dreamt of making rhyme my saving cable,
Although it must unfortunately be told,
The spur of Pegasus too oft's of gold."

This is as it should be; for, as the late John Walker Ord once remarked to me, "I think poetry should be a thing above all money price."

Our author has here and there some fine thoughts; and at times he has what the Duke in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" would call—

———"Some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony;"

as, for instance, when he remarks, alas! with too much truth:—

"'Tis curious how some men, by strategy
Or toil, contrive t'obtain so large a part
Of Fortune's favours; surely it must be
Their deep assurance in this world's great mart,
And that their art one crowning phase embraces—
Coining to gold the brass in their own faces."

I am not so sure about the line—

"And down falls ruin, like Damocles' sword."

I guess the sword *would* fall, if allowed to hang long enough, seeing that it was only suspended by a single hair from a horse's tail. But when the Sicilian flatterer looked up from the throne which the tyrant had temporarily resigned to him, and beheld the gleaming instrument of death pointing down to his head, we are not to suppose that the elder Dionysius—who really was as clever as he was ambitious—usually allowed the falchion to hang dangling in so dangerous a manner, but rather had only ordered it to be so suspended to teach his flatterer the danger of supreme power, by that fine piece of symbolic instruction: and the terrified Damocles, according to the story, did not sit there long enough for the steel to sheathe itself in his sconce, but wisely abdicated.

Of the story of "Marmaduke Miller" there is not sufficient yet published to enable one to speak with certainty, but it promises so far to be very interesting. As might be expected, there are many digressions. The author seems to me too credulous of apparitions and supernatural appearances; and though he may "instance Johnson, Bonaparte, Wesley, Byron," and a thousand other

"Men no mere myths, but all with minds of iron,"

who were equally superstitious, it does not in the least prove the truth of a single ghost story. There is not a single delusion that he can name but some clever man, nay, even many clever men, have been deluded by it. As he tells us that, like Cervantes' famous hero of La Mancha, he has

"All that famed mad knight's aversion
To wrong and tyranny, where'er display'd,
And shall on all occasions draw the pen,
Which is *his* lance, on recreant modes and men,"

there is good work for him yet to do, and I shall anxiously look to see how he accomplishes it in his second and following cantos. He evidently has true poetry within him. Let him ever remember the great Wordsworth's wise maxim, that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," and he will not fail.

Mr. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., who lately presided at a revival of the famous Dunmow Flitch of Bacon custom, has in the press a shilling pamphlet on the subject, giving its history from the commencement, with poems by William Harrison Ainsworth, the Chevalier de Chatelain, the late John Joseph Briggs, Florence Cleveland, R. H. Horne, J. H. Eccles, and myself. William Hone, John Timbs, and others, have acted as brave pioneers to clear the way for Mr. Andrews, who is well known in the North of England as a keen student of folk-lore and antiquities. The oath required to be taken by "the pilgrims," as the applicants for the Flitch were termed, was as follows :—

"We do swear by custom of confession,
That we ne'er made nuptial transgression ;
Nor since we were married man and wife,
By household brawls or contentions strife,
Or otherwise, in bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or in word :
Or in a twelvemonth's time and a day,
Repented not in any way ;
Or since the Church Clerk said Amen,
Wished ourselves unmarried again,
But continue true and in desire
As when we joined hands in holy quire."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

TAKEN BY BRIGANDS.

THE SCOTCH SAILOR'S YARN.

(*Continued from page* 201.)

PART III.

His lairdship was quite dead, riddled with bullets.

Presently the driver crawled out frae the bushes, wringing his hands, and calling on his saints, and we drove back to Palermo.

There was a rare fuss at the hotel when I brought in the lifeless body, you may well believe, and what with the police, and one thing and another, I was properly bothered ; for the yacht had sailed, and I had all the responsibility.

The first thing to be settled was the funeral, for, in foreign parts, they willna let you keep a corpse sae long as we do in England. The landlord helped me out better than any one, for he had a brother who prepared bodies for a particular sort of Sicilian burying, and he naturally recommended his relation.

By this process the outline and expression of the features was exactly preserved, and then the subject wasna put in a coffin, but dressed in its usual clothes, and set up in a cavern, for all the world like a stuffed animal in a museum.

I liked the notion of this, because when the MacKenzie came back in the yacht, and asked where his friend was, I could say, "Come and see for yourself," which would be much more satisfactory than just showing him a mound of airth, and telling him his lairdship was underneath.

Eh, well ! I grieved for the puir young mon, when he took his place in the ranks of the dead. To have a title and plenty of siller, and one of the handsomest little schooners afloat, and the best of health and spirits, and to lose all in a moment, in such a wanton way, just for nothing at all ! The only consolatory reflection was, that he deed vera game, and left his mark on some of the ruffians who slew him.

Though the finding him dead in the chaise was the only impression of what I had witnessed after the firing began, which stuck to me at first, on thinking the matter over at leisure afterward, I re-

membered seeing two of the assailants carried off by their mate, and that another left blood-marks in his wake as he retreated.

The dead looked vera strange and weird, ranged along the sides of that cavern, wonderfully weel preserved, and dressed in all manner of costumes. Ane had black clothes and a white necktie on, another a military uniform, and there was one in a suit of shepherd's plaid.

I was drawn to go and have a closer look at *him*, for a Briton he was sure to be, and a North Briton, maist likely.

But my astonishment was very great indeed when, in the dried specimen before me, I recognised the features of Archibald Mac Kenzie. There was his vera mouth, all to ane side, and his nose twisted the other way. There could be nae doubt of him.

I have knocked about the world a gude bit, and it isna a trifle that will take the wind out of my sails, but that sight did send me into a bewilderment, I must e'en confess, and the people thought I had gone clean daft.

It seemed such an impossible way of finding what we had come to look for, that I felt as if I had seen a miracle or a ghaist.

A Scotsman is vera glad to meet a tounsman abroad, if only fra the sake o' lang syne, be he never sic a stranger; but to come acrass ane o' that ilk was an unspeakable delight.

I spent the days after that on a bit of a hill, looking out for the schooner; and when, at last, I got a glimpse of her, I could stand the waiting nae longer, sae I ran down to the port, took a boat, and went to meet her.

In an hour or so I was under her bows, and, in answer to the signal I made, the MacKenzie hove to and took me on board.

"Weel, what is it Sandy?" he asked, when I stepped on the deck.

"Laird Goldfinch had been shot dead, and I have found Mr. Archibald!" I cried, in a breath, and, they told me, afterward, with a strang Scotch accent, which shows how very much off my head I must ha'e been; for I left Scotland sae young, and ha'e associated with such a variety of people, that nae one would ever guess my nationality from my speech.

But, when a mon is fou, or very much excited, little peculiarities of his youth, which have lang been clean forgotten, will e'en crap up.

When I explained what had happened more clearly, the MacKenzie approved of what I had done; but decided not to leave the body of his friend in the cavern, but to take it home in the yacht for the satisfaction of the relatives.

Sae it was put in a decent coffin, and brought on board; and, though we did carry a corpse, we had a very good passage to England, which proves that there is nae rule without an exception. And so he was buried at last in his proper family vault.

As for Mr. Archibald, the MacKenzie let him bide; but, what with my evidence, and other proofs, easy to trace now he had the clew, he was able to satisfy the lawyer of his uncle's death, and sae he got the little property and the insurance money.

Part of his inheritance was some house property in Glasgow, including the "Robert Bruce" hotel; and when he proposed to make me a present for my discovery, I said I would have it put in the lease of the "Robert Bruce," that I should be on the free-list for life, and drink as much toddy as I chose without paying for it.

Ye ken whatever siller I received would ha'e been spent, leaving me nane the better for it; but now I have made a provision for my auld age.

ADDRESS OF P.G.M. BRO. HON. RICHARD VAUX, AT CENTENNIAL OF AMERICAN UNION LODGE.

(*Continued from Page* 204.)

When St. Paul addressed the Council, perceiving some were Sadducees and some Pharisees, "Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, of the hope and resurrection of the dead, I am called in question," he proclaimed a belief in a truth that was revealed in the oral teachings by which these ancient mythologies or the mysteries were known. The knowledge of these mysteries is peculiar in St.

Paul. These ancient, oriental, eastern myths, contained the truth of a resurrection and immortality. The Pharisees accepted the traditions or oral teachings, as part of the tenets of their school or sect. These mythologies then become of importance as the primary source of St. Paul's wisdom.

We are aware that the profoundest esoteric doctrines of the ancients were denominated wisdom, and afterward philosophy, and also gnosis or knowledge. These profoundest doctrines were taught in the mythologies or mysteries.

In Persia, Egypt, Greece and Rome they were known. For 500 years before Christ these mythologies were said to have been in existence in Egypt. They were secretly imparted to initiates, and were divided into degrees. They were of course orally taught, and preparation for initiation and advancement in the acquirement of light or wisdom, marked their rituals. To disclose the secret of these mysteries was punished with death. The mythologies of Mithras in Persia, Osiris in Egypt, Eleuses in Greece, Bacchus in Rome, were almost identical in their character, and the truth each embodied and communicated was the *resurrection from the dead, and an immortal life.* The allegory or symbolism of Proserpine, Ceres, Bacchus and Isis, indicate this beyond a reasonable doubt. Therefore these secret mysteries and their oral teachings, and their symbology, confined as they were to a select few of prepared initiates only, give to the utterance of St. Paul the highest importance.

St. Paul was doubtless an initiate in these mysteries, else it seems difficult to account for his special and enigmatical reference to them. That he had, as a Pharisee, faith in oral teachings is proved by his speech before the council, by his acknowledgment that for his belief in a resurrection as a Pharisee, he was called in question. But when as a Christian teacher he cites these mysteries, it is either because his knowledge found in them the best illustration of his thought, or that the great truth he desires to impress on his hearers was the truth these mythologies embodied for the instruction of the world. Either view is predicated of St. Paul's initiation. For evidence of this listen to his own words. In his letter to the Romans he says: "According to the revelation of the mystery which was kept secret since the world began." To the Corinthians he writes: "But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory." "Behold I show you a mystery. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understanding all mysteries and all knowledge." To the Ephesians he declares: "Having made known unto us the mystery of His will, as I wrote before in a few words, now that by revelation He made known to me the mystery, whereby when ye read ye may understand my knowledge in the mystery." * * * "And make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning of the world had been hid in God." To the Collossians: "Even the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations."

Surely these words establish a most strong presumption that St. Paul was an initiate, that he fully understood these secret mysteries, the ancient mythologies, "hid from ages and from generations," embodied the truth of a resurrection of the dead and immortality for which he was "called in question," when teaching as a Pharisee, and which had been confirmed as revealed to him by Divine supernatural interposition when he taught as a Christian. It was from these mythologies St. Paul first learned the truth they held in their secrets, of a resurrection from the dead, which was a preparatory preparation for the highest degree of wisdom, eternal life. It should be remarked that the Greek word "mystery," as usual in St. Paul's letters, is interpreted to be, initiated into mysteries.

When therefore St. Paul was called to teach the Gentiles in Corinth, this great truth which had travelled with time, "from the ages and from the generations," he found that by symbolism only, he could make it comprehensible to the ordinary mind. Symbolism and allegory were used in the teachings of the initiates in the mysteries, and St. Paul adopted this method of exoteric instruction. It is a most remarkable fact that in writing to the Corinthians on the doctrine of the

resurrection, St. Paul takes from the Elusian mystery, in which Ceres has so important a place, the symbol of the seed of grain, to explain to them the mystery of rising from the dead, for he writes:—"But some man will say, How are the dead risen up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain."

Can it then be even plausibly asserted that if St. Paul was an initiate in these pre-Christian mysteries, and enlightened mankind either from these wisdoms, or by adapting them to this end after he became a divinely ordained teacher, that he taught anti-Christian doctrines?

And so it came to pass that the great truth of the resurrection and eternal life contained in the teachings of the cults or the mythologies or mysteries, hid from ages and from generations, which from the beginning of the world was had with God, imparted only in secret to initiates in tyled lodges of the fellowship of the mystery, where it was deposited under the protection of commissioned conservators, was taught by St. Paul to mankind, who thus in the symbolism of the seed of grain, "brought immortality to light."

These thoughts may be likened to viaducts composed of century spans, enabling Truth and Time to travel the journey in which they are inseparable associates over chasms of omitted periods, which, if filled up and fitted into their appropriate places, would constitute the level pathway of continuous history.

But out of them it is proposed to present what they inherently contain, the preparation for a clearer understanding of the origin, purpose and character of Freemasonry, and if not a clearer understanding, at least a more sublime conception of its derivation from those mythologies, those mysteries which, "from the beginning of the world had been hid in God," and as the Truth could not be unfolded for the comprehension of the people till Time should make it possible, had been "hid from ages and from generations."

It has been already shown that in all Time, Truth has ever been taught by some form of symbolism. The Noachian age, the Israelitish period, the Pauline epoch are conspicuous for demonstrating this fact. Profane traditions prove that in the earliest dawn of civilization there were cults known to the initiated, which were celebrated by the most exhaustive allegory, by means of well defined symbolism. These mysteries were circumscribed to a secret and select number of mystœ or "initiates," who advancing in wisdom, or knowledge, or light, were next known as ephori or epoptœ, having learned the secret meaning of the rites.

It is also shown that in Persia, Egypt and Greece these mysteries were nearly identical, and the mysteries are said to have existed many centuries B.C.

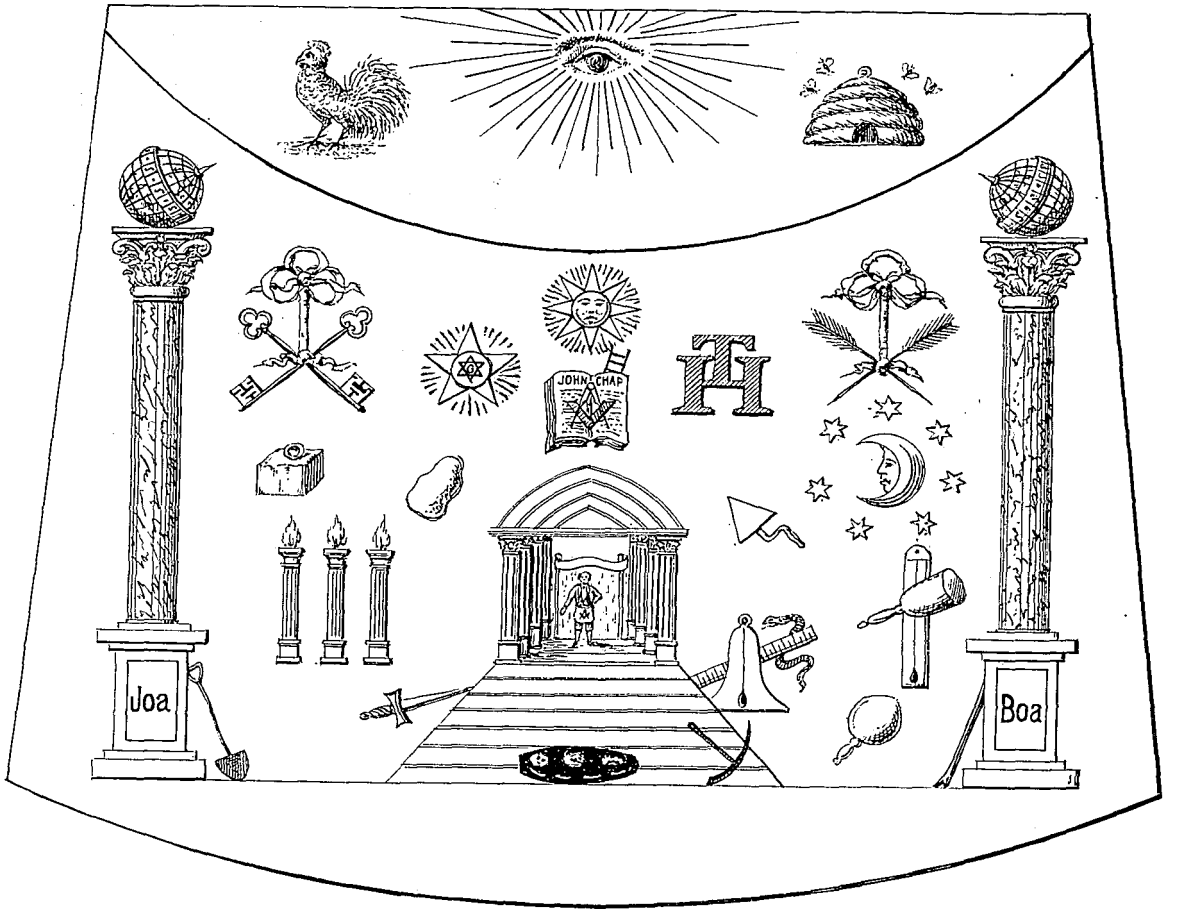
The two most celebrated, and probably the best known of the mythologies or mysteries are the Eleusinian and Bacchic. The former were celebrated, it is claimed, thirteen centuries B. C.

Confining notice then to these mysteries, we discover that each was a secret teaching of Truth, which could not be accepted by the general mind of the people. It was necessary to subject the applicant for admission to a state of preparation, that he was then entered as a novitiate, and advanced to the highest degree, after probation.

It appears that the Truth then obtained or imparted was so great a mystery to the "natural mind," that it could not be accepted without the application of the method suited to a proper unfolding of it by degrees. The preparation and subsequent ceremonies were intended to enlighten the understanding, and they were directed to develop faith, courage, secrecy, devotion and hope. The penalty of a violation of imparted knowledge by clandestine means, was death.

It is also shown that some of the mysteries which these mythologies or cults taught in secret, were death, resurrection and a future life, and these were the elements in the higher mysteries. The universality of these cults among nations, at this earliest dawn of the light of civilization, confined to secret associations of the initiated, and the Truth which each embodied in its allegory, and taught orally by the aid of symbolism, is known.

(To be continued.)



Fac Simile of an Old Apron which is hanging in the Shakespeare Lodge
No 4268 Spilsby Lincolnshire

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

The year of 1876 is drawing to a close, and with this number we wish our kind readers farewell for the Old Year. When we next greet them a New Year will have dawned upon us, and for what it will bring us all of good or evil, peace or war, joy or sorrow, success or failure, we must leave humbly to the Great Disposer of all events, as it is in vain for us poor mortals to seek to penetrate the veil which hangs over the mystic hours of futurity.

But with the closing year we wish to all our friendly patrons and zealous contributors, every happiness for their families and themselves in their home circles, in their public duties, and we trust that theirs may be, in every good sense of the words, a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

At the close of 1876 we also, publisher and editor, beg to tender our heartfelt thanks to all who have cheered us by their support, or aided us by their pens in the past twelve months.

We hope that each succeeding month will see the "Masonic Magazine" progressing in its true literary position, and obtaining the approval of all educated Masons.

No efforts on our part will be spared to render the Magazine worthy of our great craft; but we hope our friends will not be angry if we remind them that the surest way to make the "Masonic Magazine" successful and A 1 in its literary prestige, is to enable the publisher, by a largely increased list of subscribers, to make this Magazine a paying concern, and not a mere monthly charge on his own resources alone.

With an increased subscription list, the staple of the articles would be sensibly increased, as gratuitous contributions, however good, do not rise to the level, artistically, of those for which the morket price of literary labour is fully paid.

But "verbum sat sapienti;" we have no wish to complain or depreciate our own good wares, which are offered to the open market of thought and study, without fear and without misgiving, month by month. Yet we do not think that it is ever wrong to speak the truth, and so we have spoken to-day in all sincerity and without offence, we hope, to any.

The onward progress of Freemasonry continues, and new Lodges are continually added to the long roll of the English Grand Lodge.

A case has occurred before a County Court Judge, about an initiate refusing to pay his fees of initiation, and the County Court Judge refused to enforce the payment on the plea that the Society was not incorporated.

This fact speaks volumes, as the want of caution of the Lodge, which such a "fiasco" has occurred, and is in itself a disgrace to Freemasonry. We are a little in doubt as to whether the decision of the County Court Judge will hold good, and fancy that, on appeal such judgment will be somewhat reversed; at any rate the point ought to be looked into.

The Ultramontanes have still nothing better to do but to revile us poor Freemasons. Amid the darkening signs of the times one would have thought that the Church of Rome might be more judiciously employed in setting her own house in order and restraining the violence of her more turbulent members; but there are some bodies which never will be wise in time, until the handwriting is on the wall, until all that is left for them is, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."

SOME FURTHER REMARKS ON THE EXTRACTS FROM THE SHEFFIELD CHAPTER OF PARADISE MINUTE BOOKS.*

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

THE thanks of the Craft are due to Bro. Ellis for his exertions in bringing to the light these interesting records of the doings of Brethren and Companions of a bye-gone age, as well as for the courteous and fraternal way in which he has received the suggestions of several brethren who are anxious to extract somewhat of the valuable material that they seem to yield.

The first noteworthy fact that strikes us, in this instalment, is that in this Chapter were occasionally† given lectures which, though not contained within the limits of the ritual proper, yet tend to illustrate subjects dear to Masons. This plan has been adopted recently in different Lodges and, as we have experienced, with good result; many Brethren to whom the mere routine business of the Lodge presents but little attraction, being thereby led to resume their active working in the Craft's behalf.

We now ‡ come to a resumption of the title of "Superexcellent" but with the addition of the words "Master in ye chair," and find that "raising" to this degree was used as a preliminary step to exaltation. About three years later, as well as twice in the following year,§ we find the same thing done, but here described as "passing the superlative chair." In this latter year also we find the Mark degree conferred. In his interesting notes on the former portion of extracts Brother Hughan calls attention to this fact, remarking that these Mark Masons could not have been advanced by the R. A. Warrant, but that "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." Now it seems to us that such could hardly have been the case here, for we find that it is *Companions* that were advanced, and that in Chapter and not in Lodge; for, although this degree might not have been given *by virtue of the R. A. Warrant*, it appears to have been Companions who conferred it on Companions, and not Brethren on Brethren.

The next thing that strikes us is the mode of election of Officers which was by show of hands* and not ballot although we read † that Brother Fouque was elected into the Chapter by the latter mode. Other business was done by show of hands as when the recommendation to Grand Chapter for the holding a Chapter at Longnor was carried.‡ The usual rule, too, as to the previous choice of Principals (to whom the warrant for forming a Chapter is addressed) seems to have been departed from in the case of the opening of the Chapter at Doncaster,§ where, after the Chapter had been constituted, Brethren exalted, and a lecture given, "Officers were chose for their *own* chapter." Brother Hughan has already pointed out that the Officers of the Paradise Chapter were chosen twice instead of once a year. One other point is here worthy of notice, namely, that owing to a difference a first Principal resigned‖ when the Chapter forthwith proceeded to an election of Officers; why Officers we cannot see; any more than we can the propriety of the step at all.

It is not until late¶ that we read of the election of a serving brother here called "Tiler," unless the "Ninetor" ** of the former extracts be taken to mean, as we have before suggested, "Janitor."

Public processions were as yet in existence and that apparently without dispensation, for we find one arranged between this Chapter, and the two Sheffield Lodges (the "Brittannia" and the "Brunswick") in

*See *Freemason* of May 20th, 1876; and *Masonic Magazine* for May and June, 1876.
† April 19th, 1812, and Feb. 21st, 1813.
‡ May 10, 1812.
§ Dec. 18, 1814; Jan. 15, and Oct. 22, 1815.

* December 20, 1812.
† January 17, 1813.
‡ November 15, 1812.
§ May 10, 1812.
‖ October 8, 1815.
¶ March 17, 1816.
** See *Freemason*, May 20, 1876, p. 234, column 1

honour of the Union of the Ancient and Modern Masons.*

One rather odd proceeding seems to have been the "humble request in open chapter" for the R. A. Certificate, followed, on the petitioner's being found worthy, by the recommendation of the Chapter to the three M. E. Principals of Grand Chapter that they should grant the same.

The last point is the continued use of the word "Encampment;"† and this long subsequent to the Chapter's acknowledgement of and by the Grand Chapter.‡ When we consider that the Chapter seemed invariably to confer a degree, or degrees, preliminary to exaltation into the Holy Royal Arch, it would seem as though the Chapter, although under the Grand Chapter, were yet worked according to some other Constitutions than our own, possibly Scotch or Irish. In our remarks on the former portion of the extracts we suggested the latter, at all events, subsequent to May of the year 1788; with which suggestion Brother Hughan agreed in his notes on the same portion. To this opinion we were inclined by the practise of conferring the Excellent and Super-Excellent degrees previous to the exaltation. On reconsideration, however, especially now that the extracts from the second minute-book speak of this preliminary step as the degree of "Super-Excellent Masters *in ye Chair*" and in another place speak of the preliminary degree of "Mark Masons," and also that the meetings of the Chapter are headed "Encampments" we should feel disposed to regard the working as Scotch, for the Scotch Masons contend that the Royal Arch with its subsidiary degrees, constitutes a part of Templar Masonry.§ Were we to have found an allusion of this kind but a short time back it might have struck us with no especial force; but, since the recent publication of the Dedication to the "Long Livers" of Eugenius Philalethes‖ with the more than suspicion therein contained of some higher grades before the date of Ramsay's supposed innovations, it certainly seems as if this early quasi-evidence of the existence of Templary is worth at least a passing notice; we say *early* because, although it is true that the minutes date back only to the year 1783, from the very opening entry itself with its list of 83 "Belongin" and its proportion of "Left" and "Dead," it is apparent that it was no new thing. In addition to all this we find (from the former extracts) that "Brother Macel Roy, of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, was *farther initiated* in this Sublime Degree by Brother Michl. James Boyle."* It is, of course, within the bounds of possibility that this Bro. Boyle might have himself introduced all these novelties on his visiting the Lodge on May 22nd, 1788, but it is hardly within the bounds of probability that an old-established Chapter, apparently well versed in working, would allow, at all events without debate, an entire stranger to completely overturn the existing state of things, and of such debate, and on so momentous a topic, if there had been one, surely the minutes would have borne some witness: but there is nothing of the kind, merely a difference in the subsequent entries which may be sufficiently explained by the supposition that Brother Boyle found things ready to his hand and merely altered some few details.

We may perhaps be pardoned for returning for an instant, in conclusion, to the former extracts:—We must still demur to the "Z" after "B.O.A." as being very unlikely to be so found, and indeed meaningless if there at all; we much rather incline either to our formerly expressed view of its being "Boarders" occupying the room, or else that a meeting of some "Board" was then being held.

With regard to the prayer we had overlooked Brother Ellis' suggested correction of the word "strait"—"strait," (i.e. narrow) is, doubtless, the word intended to be used here—compare the text "Enter ye in at the *strait* gate;" as well as our own word "strait," still in use for a narrow strip of water joining two larger portions of sea.

* September 24, 1815.
† January 19, 1812, and following dates.
‡ 1800 to 1807.
§ *Gen. Reg. for the Government of the Order of R. A. Masons in Scotland, Edinburgh*, 1845, quoted by Mackey in voc. "R. A."
‖ *Masonic Magazine*, October, 1876.

* May 22, 1788.

FATHER FOY ON SECRET SOCIETIES.

We publish this extraordinary harangue of a Roman Catholic Preacher in a church "on the steps of the altar." Let us note it, because we think that Freemasons should know what it is that our accusers are really not ashamed to say of our inoffensive and beneficent order.

"Secret Societies: their base plots against God and man," was the subject of an eloquent and powerful address, delivered in the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Hastings, by the Rev. Father Foy, on Tuesday evening, October 10th, in the presence of a numerous and interested audience. The proceedings having been opened with a short service, the Rev. gentleman proceeded to the altar steps, from whence he delivered his address, which was extemporaneous. It was, he said, a matter of notoriety, not only in this country, but throughout the world, that a great statesman, whose words must be allowed to have considerable weight in the world, had uttered things about secret societies full of portentous and deep meaning; and when a man like that spoke on such a subject he was not to be put aside. He was not arguing now in a political sense, as he had not come here to speak politics, nor about the Turkish atrocities any more than he should about the barbarities the Russians had been enacting for 100 years against the Poles, numbering 16,000,000 people; but he was dealing with the question of secret societies. There was another preparatory remark which he also wished to make. He was aware that in this country there were various estimable, high-minded, noble persons who belonged to societies which were secret, and who belonged to them as they looked on them more as a pastime, and who did not for a moment suppose that there was in them any of the execrable nature that belonged to various societies found in other parts of the world. If he said anything about such things, it was not in condemnation of certain estimable persons in England, because he knew of such persons that they would sooner have their hands cut off than do anything ignoble. There had been persons, however, who had made enquiries respecting these secret societies, and amongst others no less a personage than the Marquis of Ripon, a Grand Master, took the matter in hand. After having prosecuted his enquiry, the noble Marquis wrote a letter to say that he had resigned the Grand Mastership of the Society, and had entered the Catholic Church. He could not be a member of a secret society and of the Catholic Church at the same time, but that was not all. At one time he thought the judgment and condemnation of secret societies by the various Popes as unjust, and he therefore proceeded himself to read up all the authors he could come across to show that this had been unfair and unjust towards these societies. The course of reading, however, brought him to the opposite conclusion from which he started, and he found the position of secret societies untenable, and the accusations made against them by the Popes perfectly justifiable. He therefore made up his mind to leave them, and to take a further step, and that was to join the Church in Communion with the Holy See. Now, this evening he should have to divide his subject into three parts, and speak firstly of these societies from a period of several hundred years back, till the period of starting of Illuminism in 1748. The second period would be from 1748 until these societies arrived at the climax of their horrors in the French revolution, whilst thirdly he should treat of these societies from the period of the French revolution, up till the present time. He would suppose a general proposition for this purpose. No one could deny that there were such things as secret societies. The words of a distinguished man like the Prime Minister of this country could not be ignored. Lord Beaconsfield had spoken of secret societies which had power through their agents to declare war against any state, and not only to bring about war, but assassinations and general massacres. First, then, it was clear to the world that there were secret societies, and secondly, that these societies aimed completely at insulting God, to throw Him down from the throne on which He was adored, and they also plotted against man and his future welfare. With reference to the first period there was a great uncertainty

when such societies began to show themselves. If they conversed with those who belonged to various secret societies they would tell them about these bodies that they were conspicuous at the time Solomon built his temple, and that one of their members—a mason—was remarkable for his skill, and that he was killed from envy. Then they claimed a descent through various periods until they came to the time of the Gnostics and Manichæns, in the first five centuries, and ultimately through the Knights Templars. When that order was broken up by a Pope and General Council, it was alleged that certain Knights Templars establised themselves at Aberdeen, in Scotland, and secretly retained in certain caves, those, the odious practises for which they had been condemned. In course of time, it was asserted they grew in numbers, and were called Scottish Knights or Masons. When the Stuarts left England for France, they began to have rapid propagation throughout the world. This was the account given about these societies in the first period. He would not dwell much on this, as when these societies were rapidly spreading themselves there came to be certain great doubts as to what was really done in those caves near Aberdeen, where these Knights Templars first hid themselves. Members were sent from France to investigate the question, and the end of it was that no one in Aberdeen could throw any light upon these questions. That he quoted from Robison, a Scotch writer of great ability. In some way or other it was possible that there was some connection between some of these secret societies of the present time and those of Aberdeen. There was the Grand Master, and the custom of guarding the Temple, as a meeting or lodge was termed, and persons were also put on the roof to guard the place, in accordance with the practices of the former Knights Templars. In many such ways there was a similiarity between the Freemasons and the Knights Templars. The first of the three branches of secret societies of the earlier period was called the Hermetic or Scottish Rite; the second was that of the Cabalistic, or of a Manichæan type, which rested on the same theory as that of the Manichæans; and the third was that of the Eclectics or Philosophers, who merged, at the time of the French Revolution, all these former secret societies into their own peculiar shape, resulting in the wickedness of the French Revolution. The distinguishing badge of the first, or Scottish Rite, was distinctly that of Pantheism. It said there was a God who governed the world, but who was no more than the soul of this world, and that the whole of this world was a part of this God, and that if you destroyed a grain of sand you destroyed a part of the Deity. Thus they destroyed the personality of God. Good men and bad men were all of them part of this creative principle, or God, thus making God bad as well as good. By this principle a person thus raised himself to be God, and they said frequently "We are gods, as we are part of God, and owe no responsibility to anyone, as we are gods ourselves, and there is no one higher than ourselves to whom we are responsible." This was the main principle of the first division of the early secret societies. The second was the Cabalistic Societies, as they were termed, and their principles were equally bad, as being those of the Manichæns, who taught that there was a good God and an evil one; further, that the flesh of man was made by the evil God, and therefore that it could not be called to account for any wickedness on its part—principles which aimed at the destruction of mankind. In 1748, the so called Eclectics worked together the kindred secret societies into a far worse shape, which, for infamous principles, then exceeded anything that had been in existence before that. Coming to this second period of secret societies founded, as we might say by the Eclectic sect of philosophers—for they called themselves by that name—that movement began in 1748, and had for its founder Dr. Adam Weishaulpt, of Ingolstadt, in Bavaria, who was described as the most infamous of mankind. This was the starting of Illuminism, which spread throughout Germany in six months to an incredible extent, and in a short time its tenets found their way all over Europe, and had more to do with the evils of the French Revolution than any other cause whatever. This principle was called that of Illuminati, or that of Illuminism, or Illumination, and the persons believing

in it were called "Enlightenment." Why were they more enlightened than any other people? They put it down that up to that time the whole of the world had been in darkness; that it had been in darkness under kings and princes and creatures who had ministered to them; and that the time had come when they were to throw off the cloak that had been on them for centuries. On anyone joining the movement, the question was asked, "What hour is it?" and the reply came "The hour of darkness outside and of light inside." And what was the hour of light? It was the dispelling of darkness. And what was darkness? The belief in any unseen being and superstition. And what was superstition? The belief in any future punishment. This doctrine was spread about by means of books, which exercised great power, and which induced the belief to be taken up by vast bodies of men. After some years the princes of Germany became terrified, for they saw that the system had for its express purpose the throwing down of orders, and also the intention of hurling to ruin the palaces of the earth, and hence the maxim that became bruited about in connection with the society, "Up with the cottage, and down with the palace." In this way they tried to turn mens' minds by promising them a false liberty, which could scarcely exist if the world was not a fallen world, in which the inhabitants of it were subject to various passions. The princes became terrified, and in various ways endeavoured by the public laws to put these Eclectics down. They were not, however, altogether enabled to do so. It was during the time of the persecution of these societies that another project, the German Union, was started. The main object of the German Union was to corrupt the world. Books were to be spread about in every direction; books of atheism were to be foisted upon the world, and especially books of immortality, and at this moment they were fortunate or unfortunate in obtaining the services of a great German bookseller, named Nicolai, who went about the country attending fairs. This was of great advantage to them in issuing these books which had the pernicious object of destroying altogether the belief of men in another world, and also their morality. Thus, in an exceedingly brief and precise manner he had endeavoured to sum up what was the object of the secret societies, as they all banded together under the system of Illumination and the German Union, in order to corrupt and destroy all that which was noble in the world. This accumulated and came to a crisis in the savage horrors of the French Revolution of 1793, and of the Commune of 1870. At that time, a character well known in history—viz, Mirabeau, the revolutionist, spendthrift, and traitor—had been in Berlin, and brought the new system to Paris. The lodges in France at once proceeded to adopt all that was bad in the German Union. Their headquarters were at a club in the neighbourhood of Versailles, but when the Revolution broke out they removed their headquarters to the Church of St. James, and hence the name of the Jacobin Club. Those who had read the able and voluminous history of Sir A. Alison would be acquainted with all this, but he might be permitted to sum it up. Up to that time, in every Christian country the Ten Commandants were obeyed, and a man might not blaspheme and tread on the Scriptures. The first step of these secret societies—who became from that moment the rulers of France, for the very departments in which France is mapped out are only in accordance with the divisions of the country by the Freemason lodges—was to shut up every church in France; and it was even a penal crime to believe in the existence of God. They set up in the place of God the goddess of Reason to be adored; and he hardly knew whether he could trust himself to tell them of some of the abominations they practised in many of the churches. In the Cathedral of Notre Dame on one occasion, when one of these philosophers was lecturing before a body of impious people, there was seen on the altar a nude female, and there was a cry "Behold your goddess!" and the people, intoxicated with delight, shouted out, "This is our goddess—we will have no other God but the God of Nature!" They also abolished every system of religious education; and wherever the doctrine had spread to other countries, there were these godless schools, which had turned out the men who had fought over barricades and called out for

blood. Wherever these societies had spread, there had been this dissolution, this destruction of principle, and uprooting of government. He might go much farther than this, but he would cease, and briefly allude to his third point—and that was the consideration of these societies from the period of the French Revolution down to the present time. When the government became tranquil again, after having been oppressed by the wars and revolutions, and the armies which invaded the country, they kept somewhat of a sharp eye on members belonging to the secret societies. Notwithstanding this they appeared to have grown more imperious even than they were before, and he would quote from a distinguished work, that had more than a world-wide circulation, from the pen of an orator, the greatest in the world, viz. the Bishop of Orleans. Bishop Dupanloup had collected the documents that had appeared in the *Journal Masonique*, in order to show that they were aiming at the destruction both of God, Society, and Mankind, and he would read a few extracts:—Christianity, it is said incessantly in the Lodges, is a lying, bastard religion, repudiated by common sense; brutalising, and which must be annihilated. It is a heap of fables, a worm-eaten fabric, which must fall to make way for a Masonic Temple. There are some of their formal assertions, chosen out of some thousands. Catholicism is a used-up formula, and repudiated by every sensible person: a worm-eaten fabric! At the end of eighteen centuries the human conscience finds itself still face to face with this bastard religion, propounded by the successors of the Apostles! It is not the lying religion of the false priests of a Christ which will guide our steps. Thus spoke, at the installation of the Lodge of "Hope," the great orator of the Lodge, the Brother Lacomblé. According to this orator, the ministers of the Gospel are a party which has undertaken to enchain all progress, stifle all light, and destroy all liberty, in or to reign quietly over a brutalized population of ignorant slaves. Further on he continues: To-day, that the light is beginning to shine through the clouds, we must have the courage to make short work of all this rubbish of fables, even should the torch of reason reduce to cinders all that still remains standing of these vestiges of ignorance and superstition. This is the way Freemasonry speaks; this is what it calls not troubling its head about Christianity, and how it respects it when it does occupy its attention. The theme is precisely the same with every species of impiety; for example, the same sentiments are expressed in all those books with which the revolution and Freemasonry are deluging Rome at this moment, and which I have read with my own eyes. Its theme, its word of command, is precisely that of Voltaire: "Let us crush the infamous one (*Ecrasons l'infame*)." These are the very words, in fact, used by the venerable member of the Lodge called "La Fidélité," at Ghent, on the occasion of his installation. "In vain with the eighteenth century, we flattered ourselves to have crushed the Infamous One; he only takes fresh and more vigorous root." . . . Every one knows that Freemasonry received Voltaire in its Lodges, and associated itself with his work. And as a further proof that, faithful to these ill-omened traditions, it has never ceased to fight with Voltaire, either privately or publicly, but with an indefatigable perseverance against Catholic institutions and all Christian influences, we may quote the words of Brother Jean Macé, one of the most eminent of the Freemason body, who at a great Masonic dinner at Strasbourg proposed the toast of Voltaire in the following words: "To the memory of Brother Voltaire, that indefatigable soldier. All the battles he fought he gained, my brethren, on our behalf, and for our profit." According to Brother Jean Macé, revealed religion is a log which humanity drags after it; but "happily," he adds, "Freemasonry is at hand to replace the faith in revelation, which is rapidly disappearing." Next, let us listen to the words of the Grand Master of the French Freemasons, the Bro. Baband-Laribière, nominated three years ago Prefect of the Pyreness Orientals, in which post he died:—"Freemasonry," he says, "is superior to all dogmas." . . . "Anterior and superior to all religions," writes another brother, "Freemasonry is to give a new impulse to the world." And in fact, in another speech, this very Baband-Laribière exclaims, "All dogmas

are perishing fatally." He therefore declares Catholic dogma dead; Rome, its capital, a dead town; and clearly puts Freemasonry as the irreconcilable adversary of Catholicism. What *is the fundamental* doctrine of our adversaries? An immutable dogma. What is their capital? A dead town. And after this insolent assertion he goes on to say, "Paris to be the capital of Freemasonry, and the Vatican of the human race. Freemasonry, on the contrary, has established its Vatican here in this parish, where ideas boil and purify themselves as in a furnace." This was spoken and applauded in a general assembly of the Grand Orient. It is Freemasonry, then, which is to replace Christianity. And it can do so if it will. "With her wonderful organizations," says F. Felix Pyat, "Freemasonry may, if she will, replace the Christian Church." Such are the declarations of these gentlemen. But we must proceed further. The hatred of Christianity becomes more and more pronounced, and arrives, if I may so speak, at its paroxysm. "It wants energy to carry the scalpel into the very sanctuary of that blind faith which we have sucked from our mothers' breasts. No, the revealed God does not exist." And at Ghent, the Venerable Brother of La Fidélité exclaims: "We must raise altar against altar, teaching against teaching. . . We must fight, but fight with the certainty of victory." Then he adds: "To them (the ministers of Christ) we leave their easy and perverse morality, their gross fanaticism. To us, pure morals, disinterestedness self-devotion. Freemasonry rejects these idolatrous phantasmagoria. . . . Lastly: "We are our own gods." And the Vente Suprême of the Carbonarists, which has intimate affinities with Freemasonry, says frankly: "Our final object and aim is that of Voltaire in the French Revolution, —the total annihilation for ever of Catholicity, and of all ideas of Christianity." Those who fancy they can be at the same time Christians and Freemasons, must begin to see that this is somewhat difficult. But Freemasonry does not restrict itself to the speeches made in its lodges; and the warfare which it carries on against religion outside its walls is as rabid as its hatred. And now what are we to say to those Masonic confraternities in which they enter into a formal engagement to have neither baptism nor religious marriage, nor priest at the sick bed; where they go so far as to issue orders to the members of the confraternity to intervene, in the most odious manner, at the last hour, between the dying man and his family, where the adept of Freemasonry thus deprives himself, by these sacrilegious engagements, of all possible return of conscience, or repentance at the hour of death. From whence sprung this horrible sect, which seems to have given itself the mission to immolate all hope between what they call the "eternal unknown," which precedes birth, and the "eternal nothingness," which follows death? From the Masonic Lodges in Belgium, whence it passed quickly to the Masonic Lodges in France. Very soon, in fact, one of the Paris Lodges (*L'avenir*), in imitation of the Belgian Freemasons, created in its bosom a committee or confraternity of this kind. The following is the 10th Article in its statutes:—"Art. 10. Lest the free-thinker should be prevented, at the moment of death, by strange influences, (those of his own family!) from fulfilling his obligations towards the committee, he will remit to three of the brothers (to facilitate their mission in such a case) a mandate, of which there shall be at least three official copies, giving full authority to these brothers to protest loudly, if, for any reason whatever, his formal will and resolution should be disregarded, to be buried without any kind of religious rite." And they call this the rite to die in freedom (*le libre mourir*)! They thus bind the will of their members. They institute of their own free will this revolting intrusion in the very heart of their own families, so that these Freemasons, armed with a three-folded copy of the mandate, may come into a house, and say to the father, mother, wife, or children of the dying victim;—"This dying man, this corpse, belongs to us. Be so good as to leave us alone, and retire." It is, then, the member of the Freemasons' committee, and he alone, who will watch by the dying bed; and when his last hour is at hand there will be for the unhappy Freemason neither father, mother, wife, nor child; neither brother nor sister, nor any link of family or friendship, or religion; nothing

but the committee and its tyranny! It is true that in France the official organ of Freemasonry has been somewhat shocked at the publicity given to this monstrous abuse, which had been but too long tolerated. *From reasons of order* and prudence, the Grand Master pretended that this extreme measure was a reflection on Masonic principles, and in consequence he suspended the Lodge called "L'Avenir," for six months. But how often, and in how many other lodges and Masonic newspapers have not the principles of the "Avenir" and the confraternity been proclaimed? That which the Masonic journals such as the *Monde Maconnique*, set up above everything is Atheism by the dying bed. These deaths without God, these departures for eternity without any religious consolations, these funerals without prayers, these are what this newspaper calls "dying without weakness." For one single number I see related and carefully chronicled five deaths and five burials of this sort, two of which are of women! and they are described in these terms: "He died without the assistance of a minister of any religion." "He died faithful to his principles, and was buried without a priest." "Useless to mention that the Induce F. was a purely civil ceremony." And again, "Upwards of two thousand Masons followed the hearse of Induce S.C." Elsewhere in the same review, I read: "Ever since 1868 Brother Bremond, treasurer of the Lodge called 'L'Echo du Grand Orient,' and entrusted to the 'Venerable' of the Lodge a letter, in which he declared 'I wish to be buried civilly and masonically.'" So that I am not surprised to read in this *Monde Maconnique* that the R. Lodge "L'Ecole Mutuelle," which has for first Sur (Inspector) Brother Tirard, placed among the "orders of the day" for discussion the following subject: "On the Organization of Civil and Masonic Burials." And, alas, what impieties, and I must add, what miserable *stupidities these lodge Orators* indulge in on these occasions! Thus at the funeral of Brother Bremond, of whom we spoke just now, Brother Pinchenat exclaimed "Man dies, but his ideas do not die with him. . . . Poor dear brother, thou wilt revive in us." What a consolation for this poor Brother Bremond thus to revive in the dear Brother Pinchenat! Do not then talk to me any more of this toleration and respect for religion, inscribed, must one say, so hypocritically, on the frontispiece of the Masonic Constitution. He would now show some of the means whereby these societies had endeavoured to carry out the objects they had in view. He had spoken of the bad literature of the German Union being the main instrument in the hands of these secret societies in foreign countries. They also effected their purposes by means of secret assassinations. The words of the oath as taken by the members in some of the societies was a terrible one, and he would give it. This was the oath the violation of which condemned them to assassination on the part of the society. It was as follows:—"I swear, in the name of the Supreme Architect of all worlds, never to reveal the secrets, the signs, the grips, the passwords, the doctrines, or the customs of the Freemasons; and to preserve with respect to them an eternal silence. I promise and swear *to God* never to betray any of them, either by writing, by word, or gesture; never to cause them to be written, lithographed, or printed; never to make public anything of that which has now been confided to me, or of that which shall be confided to me in the future. I pledge myself to this, and submit myself to the following penalties if I fail in keeping my word. They may burn my lips with a red-hot iron, they may cut off my hand, they may pluck out my tongue, they may cut my throat, they may hang up my dead body in a lodge till the admission of a new brother, as a scourge for my faithlessness, and as a terrible warning to others. Then they may burn it, and cast its ashes to the winds, to the end that there may not remain a single trace of the memory of my treason. So help me God, and His Holy Gospel. Amen." That was the oath that was taken. Thus they saw how *unscrupulous these men were.* Mazzini was the chief of one of the Italian lodges, the Carbonari, and he told them that if any one broke this oath there was death declared against him, not by any public tribunal, but by a tribunal of these secret societies; and, notwithstanding how far the culprit might flee, even if it were to

the ends of the earth, steps would be taken to carry out this sentence against him. He would read them an extract from the "Life of Mazzini," written by himself.

"I was desired," he says, "to be on the Ponte della Mercansi at midnight. There I found some of the young men I had enrolled. They had been ordered there, like me, without knowing wherefore. After we had waited there a long time, Doria appeared, accompanied by two others, whom he did not know, and who remained wrapped up to the eyes in their cloaks, and as mute as spectres. Our hearts bounded within us at the thought and hope of action. Having arranged us in a circle, Doria began a discourse directed at me, about the culpability of certain words of blame of the order, uttered by inexpert and imprudent young men, and, pointing to the two cloaked individuals, he told us that they were about to start on the morrow for Bologna, in order to stab a Carbonaro there for having spoken against the chiefs; for that the order no sooner discovered rebels than it crushed them." A similar incident is related by Ruffini. About twenty of the Carbonari were assembled at midnight, in one of the smaller squares of Genoa, and there one of the leaders told them to pray for the soul of a comrade condemned to death by the Alta Vendita, and who would die by the dagger as the clock struck twelve. That was taken from a translation of his life by Mr. O'Clery, a soldier and a member of the Parliament of this country, and a gentleman to whose honour he could trust. He would now give them a quotation from an article on the proceedings of secret societies which appeared in that great Italian review, the "Civilla Cattoica," from the pen of Bresciani. "They whose position made it a duty to form the conflagration which would follow at the first gleamings of those furnaces, fed by the secret societies, were stupified at the result. Then they exclaimed, 'Ah, the felons! Ah, the assassins! Ah, the worst, depraved of men!' Yet it is well known those men only follow their natural trade, and they follow it with profound artfulness and the utmost refinement of subtlety. They deceive none but the inattentive, for they proclaim in a thousand ways that they will have no Christ, no Church, no Kings, no Governments, but that they will pursue their designs until they have overturned the thrones of kings and the altar of God. And when they had accomplished their threats we hear exclamations!" Even after the triumph of Drucy and his partisans in the overthrow of the legitimate Government of Lausanne, they stupidly continued to wonder, after they had heard their yells of "Down with God! Death to Christ! Death to all that pray! Death to the Methodist pastors, to the Momiers, to the ministers of the Reformed Church!" At Echallens the doors of the Protestant deaconesses were burst open, their furniture broken and reduced to fragments, all that was precious plundered, and the Bible was torn up and trampled under foot. The Protestant ministers were hunted as Jesuits, and took refuge among the Catholics of the Vallese. The rabble shouted through the streets, "Death to the rich! Death to all that have domestics!" Treichler, Fournier and Considerant preached in Lausanne the Communism of the Phalanx, which Proudhon himself pronounced "bestial" and "infamous," such is its ferocity and and the horrible deformity of its villainy. Berne, in the Constitution of July, 1846, threw down the impious Neauhaus to replace him with the impious and still more inhuman Ochsenbein, who called to the theological chair of Berne the Atheist Zeller, of Tubingen, which even the journals of Berne styled, "Antichrist descended in disguise into the University of Berne under the mask of the disciple of Strauss." But the great den of every iniquity was behind the Lungara. There, in those concealed and solitary vaults, they held mighty conventicles, they hatched plots and planned revolts and assassinations; there they cast lots to determine their murderer of their next victim, there it was said to the incendiaries, "Go you and set fire to such a hayloft, you set fire to this granary, or that warehouse, which belongs to the infamous wretches whom our brethren of Switzerland have enjoined us to punish." Some were appointed to poison those females of their society whom they feared as being too communicative, others to drop a dose of morphia into the wine of certain poor unfortunate girls, who, rendered insensible

by the effects of the poison, were removed to the hospitals, where, in delirious paroxysms, they miserably breathed their last. There were the presses on which were printed the infernal productions which, to the surprise of the good, appeared in the morning on every post and wall in Rome, and which stirred the populace to every act of villainy. There was the depository of creasote and vitrol which they used in accomplishing their nefarious ends. This den was the seat of every depth of depravity and sacrilegious impiety. Here the very altar of Satan (by the permission of the Omnipotent and All-merciful God, for the ineffable ends of His infinite wisdom) was erected to the rival of the Almighty! Here actual adoration was paid to the devil as to a supreme deity; here he received incenses, tremendous vows, obscene sacrifices, and execrable offerings. Round this altar twelve infamous females danced every night, and, as its priestesses, offered the execrable sacrifice." He would say but one word more—they should be on their guard against those touting about secret societies. They might not be Catholics all of them, they might not altogether heed the prohibition of the Church against every one belonging to any secret society, but they should remember that if they joined any such secret society they took an oath whereby they bound themselves hand and foot, body and soul, to obey some person unknown, or body of persons, in England, France, Italy, Turkey, Hindostan, wherever might be the central power, and the day might come even in England when they might be so powerful as to be able to perform the deeds of which Mazzini had told them. Therefore, they should be on their guard, and think not lightly of secret societies. There must be something that required their attention when an author like Lord Beaconsfield said they were a power that could create a massacre. Therefore, it was a matter that they should not treat with levity and forget in a moment or two. When such personages as Lord Beaconsfield, the Bishop of Orleans, and Pope Pius IX. expressed themselves in the manner they had done, it was an imperative duty on their part to do all in their power to dissuade persons from ever binding themselves down to belong to such societies, or at all events, countenancing such evil principles as had been spread about the world through them. These societies arranged themselves against Christianity and against God, and though at the present time they made use of the gold of the rich members of the secret societies in England for their own base purposes in other places. Let them remember what had occurred in other countries—the godless education, the destructive revolutions, the throwing down of the altars of God, and the breaking of every commandment, and be on their guard that such was not the case in England.

PRINCE BOLTIKOFF:

A STORY.

By the kind and special permission of Bro. Charles Dickens, we re-publish this amusing story from the pages of "All the Year Round."

There are posts more important, perhaps, than Fort Needham on the South Coast, but it is at all times so strictly garrisoned that the integrity of the empire might depend upon its tenure. I was once its garrison—I, Randal de Loutherberg Carruthers, lieutenant in her Majesty's Royal Regiment of Fencibles—that is to say, I, with a handful of soldiers, held it against all comers. My men were better off than I was, for they took it in turn to mount guard upon the honeycombed ordnance and the tumble-down gates of the fortress. They had employment, I had none. I bathed, breakfasted, and walked upon the shore; to eat, drink, sleep, and smoke made up the sum total of my diversions. But that I was gifted with powers of progression, I might have been an oyster.

One day as usual I strolled upon the beach. The season was spring-time, the sky bright, the sea like a mirror. Nothing ever broke the stillness that reigned around Fort Needham; it lay off the high-road, no one came to it, even the fishing-boats avoided the bay because of the shoal water. With my glass I swept the horizon, now and again examining the sea-gulls or a far-off sail.

What is that black thing bobbling up and down in the water? a hen-coop or a whale? or a new rock shot up suddenly from beneath the waves?

No, it is a boat of some sort; very low in the water, not unlike a raft, and there is a figure on it, a man paddling. He is making for the shore; slowly and surely he approaches. Closer and closer. His face is plainly visible now, and his breast through his open shirt. He handles his little oar with skill and vigour—nearer and nearer he comes. At length—grate, squeeze, thud, his raft has run aground, and he jumps on to the shingle.

The stranger's first act was to throw himself upon his knees and exclaim fervently in French, "Thank God! Safe at last!"

Then he rose and came to greet me with the bow of a finished courtier. He was in rags, he wore only a dilapidated shirt of coarse calico, and a pair of tattered trousers reaching just beyond his knees, made apparently from an old gray blanket; yet, in spite of all, he seemed a gentleman. His manner was perfect, the English in which he addressed me, though tinged with a foreign accent, pure, and in intonation decidedly well-bred.

"This is a sorry plight in which I find myself, monsieur. I am a waif cast up by the sea. I have been shipwrecked. I never dreamt I should reach the land alive!"

"Shipwrecked?" I asked. "When? Where? How?"

"Yesterday I was on board my own yacht, the Feodorowna—I am Prince Boltikoff—you know my name perhaps?" he said, seeing that I bowed at this introduction of himself. "No? I am a Russian. I was en route for Cowes. Last night the yacht lay becalmed off the Needles, I was in my berth—half reading, half dozing, when—crack!—something crashed into the side of the yacht. I jumped from bed and rushed, as I was, on deck. It was a collision. Death stared us one and all in the face. I snatched up the first garments I could find—you see them," he pointed smiling, to his rags—"and jumped overboard. I am a good swimmer. At dawn I was still afloat. Then I got together a few floating spars from the wreck, made that little raft—good friend, it has done its duty,"—and as he spoke he pushed it back into the tide—"Adieu; go, mon ami, go."

"May I ask," continued the stranger, as soon as the raft had drifted away, "may I ask where I am? Would you have the extreme complaisance to direct me to the nearest town?"

"This is Fort Needham," I said. "Yarchester is the nearest place—some dozen miles distant."

"So far! I am hardly in walking trim, I fear, but I must make shift to push on."

"Impossible. I cannot permit it. You need rest, food. My quarters are close at hand. I am the commandant of the fort——"

"You are then an English officer. I might have guessed it! You are all generous as you are brave. I was with Menschikoff in Sebastopol, and I learnt to respect you then."

"If you are yourself a soldier, prince, it is the more incumbent upon me to be your host."

With this I led the way into the fort. The admission of such a tatterdemalion rather surprised the decorous sentry, but my servant, who was called in to assist at the prince's toilette, soon spread the real story throughout the barracks.

A bath, my razors, and a complete rig-out of my clothes, made a wonderful change in the prince's appearance. He was evidently a person of the highest distinction, not exactly handsome, his smoothly-shaven face was too sallow, and his cheek-bones too high, but he had good features and dark penetrating eyes. He made the mistake also of wearing his hair too short; it was clipped so close that his head looked like a round shot.

"Your clothes fit me to the marvel, mon cher M. Curruthers. It would not be indiscreet to ask your tailor's name? He is an artist."

I was flattered, and replied readily:

"Mr. Schneider will be glad to get an order from you, prince."

"He shall have it. His cut is superb."

Then we sat down to lunch. The prince, although aristocratic to the finger-tips, had the most plebeian appetite; within a few minutes he had cleared the table.

"I have not tasted food for twenty-four hours," he said apologetically.

After lunch I produced cigars. He looked at the tobacco ravenously.

"It is my passion. I did not think I could have existed so long without it."

He lay back in an arm-chair and smoked half a-dozen cigars one after the other, apparently with the most intense gratification. Meanwhile we talked. The prince was a most agreeable companion, his experiences were varied; he had travelled far and wide, had seen many cities, and knew men and manners. It was delightful to listen to him. But he was far too well-bred to monopolise the conversation. He also could listen, and did so with courteous, unflagging interest as I enlarged upon the subjects I had most at heart—he even led me on to talk quite familiarly and freely of my regiment; my comrades; my life and prospects; everything, in short, which interested me.

In this way the hours passed, till suddenly the prince jumped up.

"You have been most good, M. Carruthers. I can never repay your kindness. But now, the day is advancing, I must be moving on."

"Pray do not think of it. You will surely stay and dine? To-morrow or next day will be time enough to travel; by then you will be refreshed and recruited in strength."

"I hardly dare take advantage of your good nature. I know not what to say. But your pleasant society draws me towards you; I will stay. Suffer me only to write a few letters. I must communicate with the Russian Embassy; I should send to my bankers, and to my London hotel for clothes and necessaries."

I sat him down at once to my writing-desk, a piece of portable barrack furniture limited in dimensions, very much littered with old letters, books, and stray papers; tradesmen's bills, an army list, Bradshaw, officials' reports and returns, some in my own handwriting and bearing my signature. But from among these I cleared sufficient space, and left the prince to write his letters alone.

It was quite an hour before I returned. He started rather as I re-entered the room, but explained that his recent narrow escape had shaken his nerves. He had been busy: several letters were lying on the table, their addresses uppermost, and, for the life of me, I could not help seeing that one was to a secretary of the Russian Embassy, another to someone at Claridge's Hotel, a third to Messrs. Coutts; of a fourth I read only a part. It looked like "Jemmy Haw—— Seven Di——." But the moment my somewhat surprised and curious eyes had read thus far, the prince took up all his correspondence, put the letters in his pocket, and rose to greet me with a pleasant smile.

"There! So much for business. This contretemps will alter all my plans. But what matter? I am still alive. Shall we take a breath of air?

Outside, after a few turns upon the shore, he said:

"Is your post-office far? We might drop these in as we passed."

I said I sent an orderly with the letter-bag as far as Silverburn, the nearest village and railway station: three miles or so. He would start in an hour.

"Now confess—you are sending on purpose? I should be truly grieved to derange you. Your soldier would hate me. What say you; shall we walk to the post ourselves? I should like it, and it would do you good too; you are lazy, mon lieutenant, you will grow fat. Say then, shall we walk to Silverburn?"

I excused myself. The fact was I wished to stay at the fort to attend to household affairs. I did not often entertain a prince, and I was somewhat anxious about the dinner which was being prepared by my inexperienced soldier cook.

"You will not? You are wrong. You should walk more. It is excellent exercise. I find the benefit and need it much always, as now. But I see you will not be persuaded. Au revoir then—till——?"

"Dinner at half-past six. That will give us a nice long evening."

"Yes; a nice long evening," he repeated after me in a strange mocking tone. If he had not been a prince I might have considered his conduct rude.

We parted. He walked on at a very brisk pace; I returned slowly to the fort.

For the next few hours I was busy superintending the operations in the kitchen, assisting to lay the table, drawing wine, and making ready for the feast. About six P.M. I dressed in mess uniform to do honour to my foreign guest, and

walked down the road to meet him on his return.

He had had three hours to do the journey there and back, but half-past six came, and with it no prince. Seven—still he did not appear.

What had happened? He must have lost his way. It was quite dark, and rather cold. At half-past seven I sent off two non-commissioned officers in search of him; at eight I went myself, and, growing more and more concerned, walked on to Silverburn.

Yes; a person answering to the description of the prince had been seen there. He had taken the train to Yarchester. An extraordinary proceeding: still it accounted for his absence, so somewhat relieved I went home, dined by myself, and went to bed.

I slept late next morning. It was close on ten when I was roused by a familiar voice in the outer room.

"What, Randal! Still in bed!"

It was Bob Finch, a brother lieutenant from head-quarters.

"You are to return at once to the regiment," he said. "I have come to relieve you."

"Hurrah!"

"Steady, boy, steady. Read this. Don't sing out too soon."

It was an official letter from the adjutant, desiring me to hand over my detachment, and report myself forthwith at head-quarters—under arrest.

"Bless me! What's up?"

"The colonel's furious. He declares he'll prefer charges, and have you tried by court-martial."

"But why, man? why?"

"What on earth induced you to give that sharper letters of introduction to the regiment? Where, in heaven's name, did you pick him up?"

"The Prince——?"

"Ot Darkness. He made nice fools of us all."

I told Bob Finch the story of the raft, at which he laughed a little, adding soon:

"But its no joke, Randal. He was asked to mess on the strength of your letter to Greycliffe."

"I gave him none."

"He produced one—on paper with your monogram, and in your writing."

"A forgery."

"But how could he have done it!"

"I left him alone here for an hour or more to write letters. There was one for Messrs. Coutts, and another for somebody 'offski,' and one"——for Seven Dials, of course, but I would not confess to this.

"Well, he dined at mess, en bourgeois. He was travelling, and had left his mails at another stage; after dinner he got us to baccarat, which he played to a nicety. We were cleaned out, every one of us. The prince, however, promised us our revenge. Only the same night—it could have been no one else—he broke into the mess-house, stole three dozen silver forks, a heap of teaspoons, several snuff-boxes, one or two racing-cups—in fact, all the light portable articles on which he could lay his hands."

I was utterly ashamed of myself for being so easily imposed upon, and was preparing, in pain and humiliation, to proceed to head-quarters, when my sergeant came in and said two warders had arrived from Talkham Convict Prison! would I see them?

One came in.

"Might I make so bold as to claim your assistance sir? We have been in pursuit of a convict who escaped from our establishment the day before yesterday."

He produced a large placard headed with the royal arms. Under them, in flaming capitals, were the words:

"Convict just Escaped! Five Pounds Reward!"

Then followed the discription.

"Thomas Twoshoes, alias Polish Ned, alias the Swaggering Sumph, alias Harry Highflyer; complexion sallow, dark eyes, high cheek-bones, black hair. Speaks with a foreign accent. Was dressed in trousers of patched blanketing and an old check shirt."

"Well, what can I do?" I asked a little nervousely. Was I suspected of complicity? Doubtless I had lain myself open to the charge of aiding and abetting in the convict's escape. "If I can assist you in your search——"

"That isn't necessary, sir, for we've caught him."

"Caught him!" cried both Finch and myself in a breath.

"He is outside in the custody of Assist-

ant-warder Tightlock. We captured him seven miles the other side of Yarchester. A boy saw him about daylight hiding behind a hedge changing his shirt—that he had on was marked with the Broad Arrow. We were informed, gave chase, and, after a sharp tussle, took him. Will you allow me to lodge him in your guard-room till the prison-van arrives?

I consented, and went out with Finch to see the culprit, who was handcuffed and still in my clothes.

"Well, prince," I began.

"Pardon me," he said, gravely, "I am incog.; travelling under the name of Two-shoes. My equerry here Mr. Tightlock, will explain."

"Always was a rum'un to patter. Flash as you like, and artful," said Mr. Tightlock.

"How he got away was marvellous; like magic," said the senior warder. "He was here to-day——"

"And will be gone again to-morrow," put in the incorrigible rogue. "But, while I have the opportunity, allow me to thank M. Carruthers for his generous hospitality; and perhaps you, sir," he went on to Bob Finch, "will convey to your brother officers an invitation to visit me at Talkham? The place is rough, but I am compelled to make it my residence for the present, and if any care to come over I shall be happy to give them their revenge."

"And the mess plate, Twoshoes?"

"Made into white soup hours ago."

"Melted down that is," remarked Tightlock, by way of explanation.

And that was all we ever heard of it.

A VOICE IN NATURE.

BY REV. M. GORDON, M.A.

"'A Voice in Nature,' intended as a brief Poetical Exposition of Psalm XIX, 1, was written several years ago when the Author was a Student in the University of Dublin, where he obtained a Vice-Chancellor's Prize for it; the theme, which was originally in Latin—'*Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei*'—having been proposed to all Undergraduates in the usual form as a subject for composition, whether in Greek, Latin, or English verse."

THERE is a Voice in Nature—heard, indeed,
Not by an ear of flesh, but sweeter far
In reason's ear, than all the varied tones
Of finest modulation, or the chords
Of earthly music; plain alike to all,
To all extended, and by most confest.
No clime so rude that hath not own'd its pow'r:
Ev'n the old Briton, who, engirt with rocks
And deafen'd by the all-surrounding main,
Cast his blue eye upon the scowling heav'ns,
For ever darken'd with a waste of clouds:
E'en he felt rapture, when by fits the moon
Now lit their edges, and now bursting forth
Shed her broad splendour o'er the rugged scene.
What, then, must they of eastern climes have felt,
Whose skies are ever clear and ever bright,
And ever open to th' enquiring eye;
Whose soul partakes the nature of those climes,
Which light their black eyes with a triple fire?
Hence the Chaldean shepherd, who kept watch
Among the mountains, leaning on his crook,
Stretch'd on a bank on which the moon-light slept,
For ages look'd out for Messiah's star;
Or wand'ring by the solitary stream
Of broad Euphrates, view'd th' invert'd heav'ns
Reflected in the wave; or from the walls
Of hundred-gated Babylon, while all
The City slept, with philosophic eye
Mark'd out, and nam'd, each constellation bright,
The lunar course and planetary fire.

But modern days God's wonders more disclos'd.
For this each night in some star-gazing tow'r
That overlook'd the subject city wide,
The sleepless sage beheld each distant taper
Fade one by one, and in the gloom expire;
Except his own, which, like the stars he view'd,
Burn'd, while the rest were in oblivion sunk.
He, wraped in mantle of loose-folding lawn,

With night-cap pyramidical, drawn tight
O'er care-worn brow, and hanging loose behind
With silken tassel, look'd through optic tube;
Now here, now there, slow guiding with his hands.
By this the radiant image of the moon
Dilated, pictur'd to his wond'ring eye
A new-discover'd world; nor did there want
Ocean and land and solid continent,
And mountains pregant with volcanic fire.
Some planets circular appear'd and full;
And some with crescent horns, by other moons
Attended; now emerging, and now hid.
Th' eternal constellations—they alone
Defied his utmost pow'r; they, distant, far,
Wrapt in the dark immensity of space,
Unalter'd blaz'd; nor deign'd a clear survey
Of parts explain'd by computation nice.

Nor did they not excite some thoughts sublime.
What if each gem that decks the brow of night
Be in itself a sun as large as ours,
Danc'd round by other systems great as ours;
What if the star-bespangled vault display
An infinite diversity of suns;
What if the glass can multiply these suns,
Thick as the sands that strew the ocean's shore;
What if superior glasses can display
Unnumber'd more, beyond the reach of these;
And what if these be but a little part
Of the great mass that fills eternal space?
Oh, how doth this exalt our thoughts of Him,
Who rules, directs, and agitates the whole.
The heav'ns upsend one shout of praise to Him!
Oh, in the gen'ral chorus let us join;
And let us call upon these sons of heav'n
To swell the Anthem with their Maker's praise.

And thou, oh Sun—upon thee first I call;
Best image of thy great Creator's pow'r,
He, who, like thee, beams only in those rays,
In which from Nature he reflected shines,
Himself inscrutable to mortal gaze;
Or image of his image—his Son's type,
That intellectual Sun of Righteousness,
Who rose upon a world in darkness lost.
Oh thou, along whose path the seasons dance,
Scatt'ring the varied treasures of the year.
Thou mover motionless—thou fix'd erratic;
Thou glorious contradiction in the sky;
Thou cheater and delighter of our senses;
Who seemest now to rise, and now to set
In ocean's bed, firm and unchang'd the while.
By thee we measure our ideal lives;
Thyself the great idea, by whose course
We mete the flight of all ideas else
Which float, successive, in the mind of man.
Thou hast outliv'd the nations of mankind,
Their generations and their centuries,
From the first signal of created time,
Which has begun, and yet shall end with thee,
When both are swallow'd in eternity!
Thou everlasting beacon to direct us,
Amid the dull routine of mortal cares,
To heav'nly things;—for who, beholding thee,
Feels not the goodness of that hand which gave
So fair a lamp to us ungrateful worms?
All hail, thou queller of the hostile storms,
O'er which thou rarest thy triumphal arch,
The rainbow, wreath'd with many-colour'd hues.
Thou spirit, that dost animate the clouds
That brighten into beauty as thou dost
Paint their pale cheeks with blushes that suffuse
Thy evening chariot.—Oh, thou mystic fountain
Of the sev'n colours, which do brighten nature
With their immortal hues, all mix'd in thee.
Thou Giver of ideas to the eye;
Thyself the eye of heav'n that looks through all.
Shout, shout, Oh Sun,—thou king of many worlds,
Thron'd in the centre;—shout the praise of Him,
Who first array'd thee in a robe of fire;
Who crown'd thee with a diadem of rays;
And bade the circling worlds, obedient, wheel

Beneath thy viewless sceptre's wide control.

And thou, Oh Moon,—nocturnal mirror fair,
In which the unseen sun, reflected, shows
His image bright;—fair handmaid of this earth,
Circling thy mistress' path, and pouring from
Thy silver urn the tribute of thy beams;
Thou delegated queen,—thou lesser pow'r,
Cast down thy borrow'd crescent, and adore.

Ye sisterhood of Planets,—who inhale,
In common with our earth, the vital stream
From one great fountain in the centre plac'd;
Acknowledge Him, whose hand that fount supplies.

Ye distant Suns,—to us how passing small.
Ye anchors, fix'd in the deep sands of space;
To which the else erratic worlds are tied,
And ride secure amidst the boundless gulf.
Isles of Eternity!—space-girded shores
Of an illimitable sea, which knows
No continent, nor possibly can know!
Echo his praises to creation's bound.

Oh Heav'n!—of which this earth is but a star,
Compos'd of suns, and circumvolant worlds;
Dost thou not audibly proclaim a God,
And laugh to scorn the atheist's puny sneer?
Oh, thou celestial revelation!
Writ by God's finger with a pen of fire!
Laid open to the race of all mankind!
Which need'st no missionaries to proclaim
Thy wonders, wherein the Almighty pow'r,
His wisdom, and his goodness, stand display'd
In shining characters indelible!
Whose prophets are astronomers, who foretell
Thy seasons, months, and days, and rolling years;
Whose priests are poets, ministers divine
Of thy celestial mysteries, and preach
Abroad thy wonders to a list'ning world!

Thus, while the whole creation speaks God's praise,
Th' eternal Father, is there nought to shout
The Hallelujahs of the risen God;
Ah, 'mid the varied glories of the sky,
Is there no picture of redeeming grace;
No kindling image of the Spirit's pow'r?

Yes; for while, oft, at evening's solemn hour,
Reclin'd beneath some oak's fantastic shade,
I've view'd declining sunset, has a thought
Struck me, which thus unconciously I poured.
Ye clouds of many dyes!—immortal streaks
Of coloured radiance that invest the red
Descending sun that breathes his spirit in you,
And dyes you with the glory of his beams!
Are ye not emblems of the souls of men,
Dark in themselves, unlovely, and but clouds
Staining the moral hemisphere?—but when
The Holy Spirit takes his dwelling there,
They glow; they brighten; ev'ry inward thought
Is purified; all, all is moral beauty,
And mortals shine with glories not their own.

"THE ALBURY MS."—AN ANALYSIS.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

"*The Albury MS.: The Amalgamated Guild of Freemasons and Masons,*" is the title of a pamphlet published by Messrs. Clayton & Co., London, in 1875, and which apparently has been but little noticed by the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. In fact, we do not remember seeing any reference to it at any time, save an advertisement of its advent in the "Freemason."

We have carefully perused the work, but fail to discover why it has been called "The Albury MS.;" and the Preface by the editor, as also the "Prefatory Note of the Author" are silent on the question. The former is dated Aug. 15, 1875, and states that the editor, "In sorting some MS. papers which it had become his duty to arrange, happened upon the following

notes. Finding them, on examination, to be of a purely archæological and historical nature, and judging they might be not only interesting but instructive, and calculated to rectify many misconceptions and extravagant mythical ideas, with which view they were doubtless prepared—it would appear as the basis of some more extended work—he has printed them, suppressing, for obvious reasons, some few but immaterial expressions, so that it might be indifferent into whose hands they might fall." From internal evidence it is quite clear that the essay was *written within the last ten years*, so that to say the least the title is a most misleading one—as one would naturally expect from its name to see some old account of the Masons, instead of a very modern production.

The author declares in his preface that "the great mistake into which writers on this subject (*i. e.*, Freemasonry) have fallen, lies principally in their ignorance of history, and still more in taking vulgar error for fact, and worse still, in pandering to that which they know their readers wish to believe. They allege that symbolical Masonry, as we now have it, existed before the historic period, whereas the question really is, at what period Freemasonry ceased to be operative, and became purely symbolical and speculative?"

After this peculiar deliverance we should anticipate the writer would be most anxious to avoid accepting *fiction* for *fact*, and be well versed in Masonic as well as in general history. Accepting the basis of the inquiry as he places it, we have failed to see any light thrown on the subject in the so-called "Albury MS.;" and the absence of any allusion to the works of late years, and the numerous discoveries of MSS. and important facts verified during this century, all go clearly to show the author has attempted a task much beyond his knowledge and capabilities. What he states "as new is not true, and what is true is not new"—so that for all practical purposes it would have been as well unwritten and unprinted.

The introduction deals with "Solomon's Policy and Temple," and retails another hash of the Biblical account of his times and acts, which formerly prefaced all old Masonic works. Then the reader is referred to the Guilds: "At a time far anterior to Solomon the system of castes existed in India, and still exists, and trades descend from father to son in the *ensnafs* of the Indian population—the country whence the Jewish tribes derived their origin; it is therefore presumable that Solomon did little more than improve the organization he found in existence by a *quasi* military system, and on a large scale. The bodies of men we call Lodges were presided over by master-workers; the Lodges themselves consisted of journeymen, and perhaps and probably, also apprentices."

We should gather from the following extract from the pamphlet, and another to which reference will be made subsequently, as to the prefix "Masonic" to the Knights Templars of England, that the "Albury MS." has been written in the interest of those who favour the recent unpopular alterations, three of the chief of which are, to substitute Preceptor for Commander, Preceptory for Encampment, and to abolish the prefix *Masonic*—formerly a portion of the title.

"The great employers of labour in the middle ages were the territorial nobility, who, by their tenure, belonged exclusively to the profession of arms, the ecclesiastics, who held territorial possessions, and, in the cities, the mercantile class. To the former two categories belonged the two chivalric orders of the Temple and Hospital, who, noble by birth or profession, and as lay monks—*quasi* ecclesiastical—partook of the characteristics of both, and rapidly increasing in territorial wealth, necessarily employed large numbers of skilled workmen and artisans for the construction and repair of the various farm and other buildings of their estates, and the erection of chapels and conventual buildings—termed preceptory houses—in which were placed veterans, or persons possessed of commercial knowledge, for the management of the estates and collection of the revenues—as implied by the term preceptor." [*Preceptor*, receiver—*percervoir les revenus.*] After mentioning that in the forty-ninth year of Edward, the franchise, or right to elect city deputaries and members of Parliament, was transferred from the ward aldermen to the masters of the city companies, . . . "Subsequently (we are told), the elective franchise was extended to all liverymen, and some of the

companies were merged in others—for instance, the Freemasons in the Masons."

For the latter no evidence is vouchsafed, nor any particulars given, so we must leave it where we find it—though as it is the object of the author (according to the editor) to "trace the origin of the Freemasonic Guild, or society, from the trade associations existing previously to Edward III—when many became partially, and subsequently fully, incorporated by charter—and of the more modern societies, based on, initiated from or arising out of the amalgamated Guild of Freemasons and Masons," surely a little information about the amalgamation mentioned would not have been amiss, especially as it is opposed to all the published facts.

The next chapter is headed "English Lodges," and commences with the startling assertion, "James I, who was Grand Master of Masons and Patron of Inigo Jones between 1603 and 1625, encouraged architecture." Whatever may have been the object of the writer of this "Albury MS.," it is clear that the one professed to be the motive actuating him is a signal failure, for his great mistake, as with, some other writers on the subject, "is *an ignorance of history.*"

In 1673 Lord Rivers is spoken of as Grand Master, and Christopher Wren as Deputy Grand Master, and in the few lines before, Lord St. Albans is declared to have been the President at a general meeting, at which certain laws were passed—which are given in the "Harleian MSS., No. 1942" (British Museum) though their origin is not noted in the pamphlet. We know that similar random statements have been made in times gone by, and which are now looked upon as the essentially credulous period of the craft, but we were not anticipating their reproduction in a professedly historical work on the Masonic Guilds.

But to continue the narrative (which would be interesting if not calaulated to delude the neophyte), at page 32 we are informed that "George I. made his solemn entry into London on September 20, 1714," which, as a disconnected paragraph, may pass muster. The next sentence, however, with respect to the Grand Master, is open to question—and in fact is, according to all particulars known, contrary to the evidence accumulated; "Wren, born in 1631, was then in his eighty-fourth year, and opportunity was then seized to render the Grand Master the centre of combination and harmony." Not a particle of evidence has been presented in proof of the foregoing, and yet it is given as authentic On the next page an unfortunate typographical error occurs, which we mention not by way of complaint, but simply of correction—1825 being evidently intended for 1725, up to which period it is said, "*Grand Lodge could alone make Masons,*" By the latter we presume *Master* Masons is meant—and which, though generally believed to be true, is not in reality, as records exist before that year of the degree being worked by a Lodge.

An incorrect sketch of the secession of 1738-1813 is given at page 38, and the different questions involved in the consideration of so important a subject are so jumbled together that even a "Philadelphia lawyer," with all his keenness, could not manage to make sense out of the confusion. We present a portion of the sketch in confirmation of our statement.

"*The feud continued until* 1790, *when, by arrangement, the Duke of Kent became Grand Master of the excommunicate Masons and the Duke of Sussex of the legitimate branch. Articles of union were drawn up, the two royal Grand Masters sitting on either side of the throne. The articles were then signed by either, on behalf of the bodies they respectively represented, and being received by acclamation, the Duke of Kent resigned the Grand Mastership of the Ancient Masons, and the Duke of Sussex was installed Grand Master of the united body. This was termed the Lodge of Reconciliation.*"

To remodel and correct the foregoing would require a similar transformation to the Highlander's gun—which needed "a new lock, a new stock, and a new barrel."

The Earl of Antrim was Grand Master of the "Ancients" A.D. 1790, having occupied that post from 1782. He died in 1791, and was succeeded by the Duke of Athol, who was re-elected annually until Nov. 8, 1813, when a letter being read from His Grace resigning the office, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent was elected in his place, and installed as Grand Master on

Dec. 1 of the same year. H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex was installed the Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of England on St. John's Day, 27th of December, 1813. The "Lodge of Reconciliation" was composed of "*nine* worthy and expert Past Masters or Master Masons" from each Grand Lodge, making *eighteen* members in all, and was not founded until after December 1, 1813, but before St. John's Day, and had nothing whatever to do with the proceedings narrated in the "Albury M.S.," their duty having simply to do with the "work." The meeting of the two Grand Masters took place at the "Athol" Grand Lodge on Dec. 1, when the Duke of Sussex was made an "*Ancient* Mason," and also on the 27th, at the Festival of St. John the Evangelist.

The writer of the "Albury MS." also notices the "*Articles of Union*" with respect to the Chivalric Masonic Degrees, stating that they are antagonistic to the assumption of the title or prefix "Masonic" which is confined to the three above mentioned degrees (*i. e.*, the craft); at the same time it implies that a Masonic qualification is required for such orders." We think this is written in the interests of the new body of Templars, which, under the recent rules, drops the *prefix* Masonic, contrary to the custom for many years of the previous society of the Masonic Knights Templars. *If this society is not a Masonic body, it is nothing*; and hence many complain of the shortened title, which disconnects it from its adopted parent."

As the clause in question ('*But this article is not intended to prevent any Lodge or Chapter from holding a meeting in any of the degrees of the orders of Chivalry, according to the Constitution of the said orders*') does not appear in the printed book of Constitutions of Grand Lodge," we are gravely told by the same writer, "it is said to have been omitted by the influence of the Grand Master, who, being a Unitarian, was, anxious to ignore the Trinitarian element of the Temple and the Rose Croix degrees, and, having become the head of all the degrees, used his position to suppress all but the craft degrees, which were purely deistic!" A more unfounded and unfair charge could not have been made, and certainly a more insulting attempt to misrepresent the motives of the revered Duke of Sussex could not have been imagined by the most rabid of anti-Masons. None of the clauses of the "Articles of Union" were printed in the editions of the Book of Constitutions, save of *late years*, when the first part of the 2d Article (of which the concluding portion is the *foregoing*) has been inserted, viz., "It is declared and pronounced that pure Ancient Masonry consists of three degrees, and no more, viz.; those of Entered Apprentice, the Fellow Craft, and the Master Mason — including the Supreme Order of the Holy Royal Arch." There were XXI Articles, and as only a part of the 2d has been published in the authorized Books of Constitutions, it seems quite inexplicable why H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex has thus been singled out for attack, when during his lifetime, not one of the "Articles of Union" were ever printed in the Regulations, though they were issued separately, and also to all Lodges with the *Quarterly Communication* papers.

Next, we are assured that "The Royal Arch degree, dating only from 1790, was composed and put together out of several of these so-called higher degrees—the Knights of the Sword, the Knights of the East and West, the Red Cross of Babylon, and others, eliminating the Christian element, so as to bring it within the building allegory and deistic principle. It is, however, not the old Royal Arch, but a new invention of very recent date, founded on ignorance and an error of the meaning of the French word *ach*, or $H(\overset{\top}{\mathrm{H}})$, or triple *crux ansata*—a symbol of life and Trinitarianism." The astounding intelligence that the Royal Arch dates "only from 1790," when we have it referred to in print A.D. 1744, and in the Records of the "Ancients" A.D., 1752, as well as in many other works and MSS. about the middle of the last century, makes the fact palpable that the "Albury MS." was written by a novice in Masonic history, and renders it quite unnecessary for us to exhibit any more erroneous references to that degree which disfigure pages 40 and 41.

The chapter on "French Lodges" is an epitome of Rebold's *Historie des Trois Grande Loges en France*, and so acknow-

ledged. The writer's opinion of Masonry in France is a most severe one: "It may be said that the simple principles of modern Freemasonry have been so prostituted by the French that it is by no means advisable for British Masons to enter their Lodges." As to the *hautes grades*, we are told that "in no case can the craft tolerate the arrogation by these degrees of the designation 'Masonic,' which is its exclusive right, and which neither historically nor logically applies to any other society." It is doubtless true that all degrees other than those of the craft are Masonic only by adoption; but if their Masonic source or origin be ignored, it is difficult to see any reason for their continuance, or any plea for their existence; the "Articles of Union," as well as the Act of Parliament respecting secret societies, having clearly to do simply with veritable or so-called Masonic degrees. Some of the "hautes grades" are nearly as old apparently as the craft degrees of the Grand Lodge—and so a few years cannot make all the difference claimed by the writer.

The chapter on "Scottish Lodges" is occasionally fairly written, but when we read that "it is clear that up to 1753, at least, the Lodges in Scotland were purely Guilds of operative workmen, with a very small admixture of non-operatives elected *honoris causa*," we must emphatically object to such a false statement of the matter, for, since the institution of the Grand Lodge of Scotland in 1736, the operative basis of the society was to all intents and purposes changed for a combination of the operative with the speculative. Equally untrue is the statement that the antiquity of "symbolical Masonry in Scotland . . is reduced to a century," for we have records in existence of a purely speculative Lodge meeting in Scotland during the *first* decade of the last century, and certainly the numerous Lodges constituted by the speculative Grand Lodge of Scotland from 1736 were not generally of an operative character.

The author of the "Albury MS." goes out of his way to abuse the "Ancient and Accepted Rite," which can well afford to smile at the puny weapons turned against its invulnerable fortifications, as also at the charter of "Frederick the Great," being designated "*a bare-faced forgery*!" The writer is not singular in holding such an opinion, but we doubt if he, or any other brother, has carefully studied General Albert Pike's grand work, "A Historical Inquiry," before arriving at such a decision, for that learned brother establishes the probability, to say the least, of such constitutions having been granted.

The following proposition concludes the pamphlet: "that an antiquity of one hundred and fifty-eight years is the greatest that can possibly be attributed to speculative or purely symbolical Masonry," which conclusion is as incorrect as much that precedes it—for such a limit has been proved to be too restricted "over and over again."—*Masonic Jewel.*

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

Chapter V.

"Und hauft sich noch so trübe
Um's herz der nebeldunst,
Das herz sei voll von Liebe,
Und frölich sei die Kunst!"
Moritz Graf Strachwitz.

Miss Margerison and Lucy Longhurst were sitting occupied with what somebody has called irreverently that "eternal crochet," in the little oval morning-room at the Cedars, two days after the events recorded in the last chapter, when a ring at the bell announced a visitor. "Who can it be?" said Lucy to her aunt.

"I cannot think," Miss Margerison replied a little hastily; "it is only just half-past twelve.

But all doubt and speculation were soon at an end when Mr. Walters opened the door and announced Mr. Williams. There was a ring in Mr. Walters sonorous voice which did not sound over pleased, or rather somewhat dissatisfied; and, by the way, have you ever observed what a deal of satisfaction or the reverse may often be represented by that flexible organ the voice? There is a way of saying everything; and what a volume of thoughts and fancies, fears and feelings, likes and dislikes is conveyed by an inflexion, represented by the subtleties of the "vox humana." But Mr. Williams did not

perceive anything in Mr. Walters' voice, and advanced, hat in hand, as usual quite at his ease, to pay his respects to the two ladies.

Miss Margerison greeted him warmly, Lucy was as her wont most kind, but clearly a little constrained in her reception of the smiling and somewhat free and easy young man. There was, to say the truth, reason to believe that she was a little bored by his arrival, as she was expecting her godfather and Mr. Mainwaring to luncheon, and they had all agreed to drive over, and dine quietly at Richmond, and return in the cool of the evening. What was to be done? What was to become of this inevitable curate? Such reflections, however, did not affect Miss Margerison, who for some reason or other, appeared pleased with the advent of this at any rate conversational youth!

Much to Lucy's distress, ere a few minutes had elapsed, she heard her aunt asking Mr. Williams to luncheon, and even telling him of the expedition to Richmond. And then, as she had to leave the room to give her orders, "on hospitable thoughts intent," poor Lucy found herself condemned to a tête-a-tête with the curate. I have said before that Mr. Williams always flattered himself that he knew how to improve the occasion; and so with this unexpected good luck, no sooner did he see that the coast was clear, than he endeavoured—I do not say that he was to blame—to profit by his opportunity.

But Lucy was, like young ladies often, not very easy to get on with, especially if it was not the "right man!"

How often have I laughed in life, amid pleasant parties and festive scenes, alas, all things of the past! "tiempi passati" of one's sojourning never to return, at the huge adroitness with which the female "athlete" as it were gets rid of the wrong man, or gives the cold shoulder to the bore, and "tackles," as old Jorum puts it, "an unsuspecting fellow," the real hero, however, of her own little life drama. The difference between the right man and the wrong man in a woman's eyes is very great, and always most important.

Now, as my readers will have guessed, unless they are very dense, that for poor Lucy the right man was Mr. Mainwaring, the wrong man Mr. Williams, and so she accordingly, like a wide-awake British maiden as she was, set herself calmly to work to meet the blushing Mr. Williams on his own ground, and if possible to give him his "coup-de-grace" before that Miss Margerison could come upon the scene.

And so when our friend the interesting and energetic curate began in dulcet tones to speak confidingly and pleasantly to that goddess in blue and white, who sat before him in all her grace of "golden youth," he soon felt as all men feel, as if by intuition, that for some reason or other his words fell flat on, and his special confidences were not reciprocated by the sympathies or attention of his graceful companion. Her eyes would not meet his.

Lucy clearly cared nothing for his views and wants, his ideas or opinions, his words or his ways, and as she was a resolute young woman, and clear and decided in her enunciation of what she thought and what she wished, and what she disliked, poor Mr. Williams with a sigh gave up the struggle, and resigned himself gracefully to the consolation of a coming luncheon, and the conversation of that "superior woman" Miss Margerison, when she kindly reappeared!

Sensible man! And must we not say that Lucy behaved very well? There is in her, we note, no weakness, as a friend of mine says, of "hand or mouth;" she is not a flirt—she does not think it right to profess an interest she does not feel, or to avow a liking which is too surely unreal! What an example to some fair young friends of mine!

They seem to look upon man, as the law-books say, "feræ naturæ," fair game, for that most dangerous of pastimes, the little innocent, harmless, tender flirtation! They forget often, in these gay flirtations of theirs, that what is sport to them is often a deadly wound to the trusting and true-hearted, and that what seems to them a legitimate amusement for the space of half-an-hour, may become the saddening "reverie" of a whole life!

Minnie Compton met Harry Higheover at a pleasant dance. Minnie was a blonde with bewitching blue eyes, golden hair, good hands, good teeth, good feet, and all that sort of thing. Harry Higheover was a reckless youth, who thought more of horses

than ladies, and was gven rather to ride, across country than, as he said himself, to "potter about in a ballroom, amongst a lot of petticoats."

But all heroes have their weakness, and their hour!

And Harry had his. He saw Minnie, did sad to his friend Jenkinson, commonly called "old Jinks," "she is a very fine stepper, Jinks!" and Jinks assenting, remarked in addition, that she seemed to be sound in "wind and limb."

So Harry got presented, danced away with the joyous Minnie, got interested, got animated, got spooney. That evening was the precursor of many happy evenings, parties, meetings, rides, drives &c., until Harry became "very bad indeed." His friends were severely alarmed; his maiden aunts were quite excited; his sisters laughed, and his father and mother shook their heads.

And then on the other side Mrs. Compton said "there was nothing in it." "Minnie was young, artless, inexperienced, but it could not be thought of," and old Papa Compton said decisively "There's not enough money."

And soon after Harry saw his "own Minnie," his "darling Minnie," the "Minnie of his heart and his affection," desperately civil, "sweet," as he remarked to old Jinks, bitterly, to a thin, sandy-faced young man, with what Tennyson calls an "educated whisker," who turned out to be the eldest son of Sir Parkson Judson, a great Manchester millionare.

Poor Harry Higheover! it's all over with him. His Minnie was married by the Bishop of Connemara (an Irish cousin of Mrs. Compton,) and three other officiating clergymen, and the "Morning Post," gave a full description of the dresses of the bridesmaids, and the magnificent trousseau and presents of the bride, and Minnie talks of "poor Harry Higheover," and says it was "only a flirtation!" Luckily for Harry Higheover he did not like the Frenchmen say—

"Ah c'en est fait, je cede a la rigueur
du sort,
Je vais mourir je me meurs, je suis
mort."

No, he went on calmly smoking his cigar, but has "a very low opinion of women."

Oh, you young ladies, who will have "only a flirtation," remember, if you please, that on that which you reck so little of, the "Harry Higheover's" of society have often, as it were, made the "cast," so to say, of their very life.

I do not say that people don't recover from these "illusions of young days;" I for one, do not wish to seek to exaggerate or extenuate anything; on the contrary, I firmly believe that it is "never too late to mend" and "to marry," and that there are as "good fish in the sea as ever yet were caught."

Nay, even more than this, I am inclined to believe, despite the charge of heresy which some may bring against me in respect of "first love," "love's young dream," &c., &c., that "second thoughts," in love, like in most other things, are "best."

But, bless me, how I have run on until I have to leave Lucy and Mr. Williams, still in their tête-a-tête, until our next number.

"Ah," says a young friend of mine, confidentially, "what a pleasant thing, old fellow, a tête-a-tête is!"

"So it is, my boy," is my curt but sedate reply; "especially if your 'vis-a-vis' is pleasant and patronizing, good-looking and conformable, and ready to please and be pleased, and not unwilling to make herself generally agreeable under the circumstances."

(To be continued.)

TWO SIDES.

There is very much that is loveable, much that is praiseworthy, much that is laudable, and much to emulate in Freemasonry, in short, the percentage is very much in its favour. There is no society ever founded, beyond the bounds of contradiction, that has an order bonded together for benevolent purposes and for breaking down the frontiers of nationalities; there is no society that has done more real good in charity, neither is there any society in existance that has such widespread ramifications over the face of the world for peaceable and benignant intentions *as ours*. The fraternity commends itself to the heart of every honest man; there is within its bosom all that can improve, and instruct, and make a good

man, even better—this is why it is so universal—through its hidden self, and so supremely excellent, that, with all its guarded cautiousness, its light breaks forth and beams with the truthfulness of its righteous actions. There is so much that is so beautiful in it, that it is to be regretted there is a reverse side to it, and all such communities and systems. Freemasonry is no exception, and this, by way of parenthesis, is a grand reason why the older heads should carefully watch her bulwarks. My experience teaches me that the more pure a "doctrina" is the more likely is it to be abused, and under its mantle evil is easier and sooner practised. This is the sorrowful side of it, but with careful watchfulness these excrescencies can both be modified and ameliorated and such stumbling blocks removed. Only let the fathers of the craft observe more caution, more prudence in whom we introduce. The rigour of introduction is certainly not so strict as it was years gone by; it was then considered a very high privilege and honour to be made a freemason. I do not say it is not so now. I hold that it is most honourable, but still it appears to me that there is much surface character about it, both inside a lodge and outside of it too. Somehow or other there is not the solid geniality of former times. This comes in my opinion from growing too fast, and is this growth and increase of that sort of stuff we may be proud of? Not altogether so, I think. It is said young blood vitalises, strengthens perhaps. But suppose erysipelas is current in this stream of life, and it makes itself apparent. I think more watchfulness is necessary. I do not believe in the induction of too much juniorism, it is neither politic nor acceptable for many reasons. For instance, here is one. An observation of the following nature is not calculated to give sterlingness to the sacred rites of our order—"There is a good chance of your going into office and soon arriving at the chair." I hold that such a remark takes away both the solemnity and dignity of Freemasonry, when it is made a stalking horse to get to Power. The fact of becoming the Master of a Lodge causes many young M.Ms. to learn off by rote our holy rituals, in parrot fashion, without the true knowledge necessary to practise the principles upon which the Craft is built. Such knowledge is as the sapling to the sturdy oak, but this sapling knowledge becomes presumption, and oak presumptive. I have witnessed this and regretted it. Once more little coteries are formed and small cliques, which are injurious to the firm solidity of Lodge and Craft rights. I hold the order in higher veneration, and do not believe in alphabetic Masonry or Masons. I do not wish to see it overrun by types of this kind, or to see the elder Mason under the dictation of inexperienced novices. Such proceedure is not Freemasonry, neither does it form any part of her glorious principles. Good men leave her ranks from such causes. If good working means per se, the learning of our ritual, and implies that it is the substance upon which the order is held together, then it is froth and schoolboyish. If it means the helping hand and fulfilling the divine law, then there are thousands of laudable Masons who never arrive at the dignity of the chair, and these, in my humble opinion, are as superior to an attainer of the chair as the sun is to Saturn. I think very much of the grandeur of our themes. They are lost when the ritual is stumblingly spoken, and I would rather at any time hear it read as from a lectern, with right punctuation. All men cannot be "actors," neither is it necessary to the well-being of the order. In foreign Lodges I believe much of the oft-repeated ritual is dispensed with, and the Brethren are entertained by Lectures upon some of the numberless and beautiful subjects there are to be found in the rites and ceremonies of our mighty fraternity. For my own part I would sooner listen to a sound speech than so much repetition. Let me plainly ask why do so many brethren retire when raising and passing takes place? It arises from the "ennui" created by the constantly repeated same ritual. Oft repetition creates weariness.

'Tis not in the power of all to be preceptors, neither are all men blessed with capacious memories, neither do I think it of such vital importance, either for the well-being or stability of the Craft; surely it is not the essential of Freemasonry. Business men, of whom ninety per cent. are its members, and the blood and soul of it, have not the time to acquire with per-

fection the whole of the ritual, but you find these very men liberal supporters of all our charities, most probably serving the office of steward to each of them. I therefore hold that such men ought not to be withheld from honours because he simply cannot wade through with perfection the ceremonies of Craft Masonry. I hold that a giving Mason is a preferable type to one fighting for the chair, through mastering the ritual, and then sliding into inactivity and inertness, one who perhaps never subscribed a five-pound note for twice five years. There are many and noble exceptions admitted, but ..... My face has often been suffused with blushes on seeing Brethren retire and leave the W.M. and his officers, save the initiates. Such absenteeism is not honourable under such circumstances,

"Inclarissima luce versare." Anon.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

VII.—Adulteration, &c.

"*Just balances, just weights, . . . will I have,—*
Ye shall do no unrighteousness in weight or in measure."

"This is the will of God, that no man defraud his brother in any matter."

"A merchant shall hardly keep himself from doing wrong; and an huckster shall not be freed from sin."

"Many have sinned for a small matter; and he that seeketh for abundance will turn his eyes away.

"As a nail sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones; so doth sin stick close between buying and selling.

"Unless a man hold himself diligently in the fear of the Lord."

There is a manifest repugnance to consume the whole of the proverbial peck of dirt that everybody must perforce get through during the term of his natural life, at one sitting; but when this foulness of feeding becomes indefinitely multiplied, so that the peck becomes a bushel, the bushel a sack, we are compelled, however reluctantly, to feel that "there are limits" beyond which human forbearance, long suffering though it be, must not be taxed, and we are fain to cry "hold, enough!"

Many of us have thus cried "hold!" until we have been well-nigh tired out, and become pretty-well resigned to "endure what can't be cured." But still this resignation seems hardly demanded of us, and surely, if we seek it, there must be some remedy for this one of the crying evils of the day.

Far be it from us—and let this reservation be throughly understood at the outset—to impute the nefarious practices, of which we complain, to all alike: for there is, probably, no more honourable body of men, as a whole, than our British merchants and traders, indeed their reputation is proverbial and world-wide; but as "there are black sheep in every fold" so are there unscrupulous men in every profession and trade, and it is against these that our warfare is to be mainly directed; and we are nerved for the conflict by the thought that the nefarious practices of which we complain, press the hardest upon our poorer brethren, in whose behalf we thus try to carry out the divine behest to "help those to right that suffer wrong."

Supposing then that our former efforts have been successful, and that paucity of food has been replaced by plenty, there next arises the question of its purity. Finding, perhaps, a defect in the quality of our purchase, we come also to the question of quantity, that is to say the question as to whether this is in proper proportion to the money expended. We know, of course, that the proportionate quality and quantity of an article with regard to its cost, must depend upon its marketable value at the time of purchase; but what we mean by our question now is whether when we purchase a certain quantity of any particular article, we get what we buy for our money—and if not, why not?

Now none can deny that this negative answer is but too often arrived at, that, in short, faults both in quality and quantity of provisions are rife. Whence do they arise?, and how rectify them?, are questions that naturally force themselves upon our consideration. To the second question we must seek an answer later on; meanwhile, to the first three reasons present themselves by way of reply. In certain cases the greed, and consequent rapacity of the trader, but in far more the undue proportion of sellers to buyers, is the

cause ; whilst in very great measure the folly of the purchaser himself it is that is at the root of the evil.

This folly of the purchaser himself we will discuss presently, just now let us look at the other two reasons. The dishonesty of the trader, caused either by the keen competition in the present overwhelming number of those who would earn their bread by becoming sellers, or by the over-reaching of those who desire to make money fast by any means in their power.

The first of these causes of mischief would probably be reached, and eliminated by a free competition in every trade, that is by the removal of all licenses whatever, when "the weakest would go to the wall," and only "the fittest survive ;" but a more effectual check would be given by a rigorous system of universally licensing every public salesman of any article whatever. In either case a rigorous system of inspection, not only of weights and measures, but also of quality, must be instituted and enforced on all alike.

Any loss of revenue that might accrue to the national exchequer by the abolition of licenses might be amply made up for, either by a slight increase of taxation upon the article purchased, and, if any objection should be raised to this plan, as laying a burden upon those we wish to benefit, we should simply reply that the small increase of outlay would be fully compensated by the increase of both quantity and excellence of the purchase in question.

An alternative mode of making up this deficit in the revenue would be to impose a special income-tax upon the profits of all articles publicly sold ; but as this system would be almost an equivalent, in a monetary point of view, to our second or universal licensing plan, without its advantages, we will pass directly to a consideration of this latter system, which seems to us to be the best.

This licensing system, then, should be in the hands of some perfectly impartial Board of Government Commissioners, the members of which should be so well paid as to be willing to give a guarantee that they would enter into no financial operations—that is as a matter of business or speculation—whatever, and thus be, and remain, "above suspicion."

By this Board, holders of suitable premises on due proof of respectability, and on payment of a fee calculated upon the amount of capital to be employed, should be duly licensed for a limited period, such license to be renewable at stated times on payment of like fees, unless a valid objection should be raised and substantiated, or a third conviction should have been made against the holder as hereunder mentioned. It might, perhaps, here be urged that a fee calculated upon capital would act unfairly as pressing hardly upon those who, from having limited means, were working with borrowed money. This objection hardly needs a further answer than the counter-question as to whether many traders, holding and paying for excise-licenses, are not even now working with borrowed capital ; but beyond this, we have a reply, and it is this : —that this very pressure would be ultimately beneficial to trade in general, as capitalists would naturally test more carefully the worth of any scheme towards the promotion of which they were lending, and thus extort beforehand, by its capacity of bearing a double burden, the guarantee of the stability of the projected enterprise.

The respectability of the trader having been established, and guaranteed by the license thus obtained, there would remain of course, the necessity of a supervision that the details of the business were honestly carried on, and for this purpose the powers of the present Inspectors of Weights and Measures should be extended to the quality of all articles prepared for sale. More rigorous and definite inspection, too, would be necessary than is now the case, for although the scalebeam may balance to a hair and the weights be perfection itself, what guarantee is there yet that the purchaser gets even his proper quantity. Such tricks as the lump of suet stuck to the bottom of the scale, it is not our province here to discuss, further than to say that they must be detected where possible, and punished one by one, and further that in a case like this, no excuse of accidental adhesion should be for a moment entertained, for it is as much a tradesman's bounden duty to see before every sale that his weighing apparatus and its surroundings are honestly true, as it is for him to ascertain that the amount tendered in payment is not short of the stipulated price.

That with which we have to do more particularly just now is those practices which are in trade considered perfectly legitimate, and which, indeed, are in continual use, but which rob the purchaser of a portion of that which he buys and pays for. As an example of what we mean, it is only necessary to mention the custom of selling the wrapping-paper at the same rate as the substance being purchased, which result is brought about by the paper being placed and weighed together with it in the scale. To show the injury done to the purchaser by this mode of weighing, we might just suggest that if a man buys tea at half-a-crown a pound, he does not care to pay the same price for the paper in which it is wrapped, however highly ornamented the covering may be; still less would he care to buy paper at the price of quinine; why, we might just as well pay the jeweller for the box, in which he puts the trinket, at the rate of eighteen-carat gold. Against putting an end to this trade custom, we know that two seemingly plausible arguments are raised, but neither when investigated are worthy a moment's consideration. One is that the paper makes up for the "turn of the scale," and that if this practice were not acquiesced in, the vendor must slightly increase the price. If this be so, why not "call a spade a spade," and increase the price? better make a definite bargain than an indefinite one, if even it be, at first sight, seemingly rather more adverse to us; but where, after all, is the necessity of the "turn of the scale" at all? We buy a certain quantity, and when the beam is even there is our weight! If we seek more, we are as bad as the seller who would seek to give it us in appearance, and yet save it in reality, indeed by our own persistance in greed we drive him to overreach in turn. The other objection is, at the first glance, a more feasible one, but is just as capable of being met. Certain substances *must* be weighed in or upon paper, or a certain loss or deterioration to the purchaser by sticking to the scale would be the inevitable result. Granted that such is the case, but what is to hinder the weigher putting a piece of paper into *each* scale?

Let, then, the matter of quantity be once for all disposed of, by laying down the rule that wherever possible, all goods shall be bought and sold by *net* weight.

Just a word may be well inserted here as to the varying quantity really obtained in buying some natural products, for example potatoes, by measure—so much depends upon the size of the tubers as well as upon their variable density, that all such things—corn, fruit, and the like—should be compulsorily sold by weight.

Having disposed of the question of weights and measures, or quantity, we have next to consider the quality of the commodities purchased. Putting aside for the present, the grosser form of loss to the purchaser by adulteration, we had better first seek a remedy for the loss that may accrue by the natural variation in quality of the object itself. Now to meet this difficulty, we would propose the appointment of an Analyst to each Inspectorship, who should report upon the deviation of the quality of all articles offered for sale from some recognized standard, which might be as accurately fixed by law as is that of the precious metals. All goods might thus be classed by the trader as being of certain standards of quality, (just as gold is 22, 18, 15, or 12 carat, or Spirits Over, Full, or Under proof,) and sold by him at proportionate prices; these prices could be very well left to him, as they would be sufficiently regulated by competition. This system, then, might be briefly stated thus: The quality of all goods to be declared according to some legal standard, leaving traders to compete in open market as to price. If anyone should object that the labour of classifying the goods exposed for sale in so many shops would be enormous, we would simply point out that the classifying would be done in bulk, just as spirits are now—the wholesale dealer merely delivering to the retailer a copy of the government declaration of the standard of quality. Besides, which if slightly increased trouble is the result to the trader of this system of vouching, surely, if he is capable of so much exertion as is necessary to convince him that the purchaser's coin is the genuine product of the Mint, he may be expected to satisfy, at such a trifling cost to himself, the purchaser of the absolute genuineness of his bargain.

As to adulteration, whether it consisted

in selling goods under false names, goods made poorer in quality by the admixture of foreign substances, or the making articles look presentable by colouring or other processes, upon such a system of fraudulent and, in many cases, murderous crime, we would have no mercy. To put a stop to this evil we would make the sale of any article described, as different in any respect to its real nature or character illegal, and carrying with it entire forfeiture of the whole bulk of the goods, as well as condign punishment. To this end we would enact that any infringement of these regulations, duly proved before a bench of magistrates, should entail, besides, as we have already said, forfeiture of the goods, a heavy fine and endorsement of the license for the first offence; imprisonment without option of fine, and a lengthened suspension of the license for the second; and for the third, imprisonment with hard labour and total revocation of the license, preventing the offender from ever entering into trade again. One might say here, perhaps, that we were putting such restrictions upon it that trading would be well-nigh impossible, or at least, would prevent its being entered into by any man of self-respect; to which objection we would say that we believe the very reverse would be the case, for the reputation of every individual trader, being thus vouched for, the whole body would be above suspicion. Surely no reasonable person with any regard for his own or his family's health would resent the visit of a sanitary inspector, and by parity of reasoning every respectable trader would gladly welcome a system of inspection by which disreputable and noxious members of the fraternity would be effectually weeded out; besides, if they did object, no man is allowed by the law to rob his neighbours or poison them by keeping a nuisance upon his premises, surely society at large has as great a right to protect itself from robbery and poisoning in its food-supply, its very life. Just one qualification, and that a reasonable one, must be made on the point of the admixture of goods with foreign ingredients: some articles in common use are preferred so mixed, some *must* be manipulated with other things, coffee with chicory affords an instance of the former; mustard of the latter—well, let the admixture be made, but let it also be declared, and let the declaration embody not only the quality, but the proportionate quantity of each ingedient, and then, and not till then, will people have a guarantee of the real worth of their purchases. We press these points especially in the interests of our less well-to-do brethren; for, whilst the rich enjoy, either from the character of those with whom they can afford to deal, or from their own indifference to price, at least a comparative immunity from this system of pilfering and slow poisoning combined, it is a melancholy fact that the poor are but too often shamefully defrauded, both in quantity and quality on every hand.

With regard to the preparation for sale of articles of food unfit for human consumption, but little need here be said, certainly not more than this:—that there can be no possible difference in guilt between the poisoner who commits his crime to realize the policy of insurance, and the purveyor of poison wholesale in the shape of unsound food; the latter, probably, is the more mischievous of the two, as warring against numbers instead of individuals, and ought to be dealt with accordingly.

And now as to our third reason of all this mischief—the folly of the purchaser himself. We call it all folly, although the mischief may be brought about through ignorance as well as through prejudice, but from whichever source it spring, the evil can only be remedied by ignorance and obstinacy giving way to education and reason. A word as to what we mean: now we all know that any natural product does not always present the same appearance as to colour, &c., as for instance, barley, one of our own home-grown products; why, then, look for a sameness of appearance which is absolutely unattainable, at least in a *genuine* way? If, however, it is looked for and, what is more, demanded, adulteration *must* ensue. If a man *will* have his cayenne of such a startling red as pepper never grew, and his pickles of such a vivid green as is to Dame Nature quite unknown, what must he expect but that the deficiencies in these respects of the vegetable kingdom, must be made up for by the products of the mineral world? If he will have the eye delighted as well as the taste gratified, whence must he look for these "improvements," save from those in-

gredients which would better become the palette than the palate? Besides, one step leads to another, and a fictitious standard of appearance being thus got up and the good article dressed in its artificial coat, what is to hinder the bad from finding a ready market when presented under the same deceptive garb, and thus whilst satisfying the buyer yield the seller a still more handsome profit than he could otherwise obtain?

One other fault of purchasers may here be fitly commented on, which is that one man sees another using an article, and he must forthwith, whether he can afford it or not, possess himself of the same; but he sticks at the price of the genuine article and so one must be manufactured to meet his demand; who is here the most to blame? Yet, once again, in these days of cutting-out and contracts, the purchaser, grasping to get more than his money's-worth for his money, encourages a class of reckless and unscrupulous traders, to whom honesty is a laughing-stock and bankruptcy a fortune.

If, then, in conclusion, we desire a really good article, let us remember that as price is regulated by supply and demand, every article has a definite worth, and that we must therefore pay a proper price for what we need.

Do we want to be dealt with fairly? Let us deal fairly ourselves!

We do not want to be cheated? then let us not ourselves be over-reaching!

Let us, in short, always remember that money's worth is worth money! and let us never forget that, in all things, the best is, in the long-run, the cheapest!

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Concluding Chapter.

I AM come to the last of my essays on this interesting subject, and I am like the traveller at the end of his journey looking back on the road he has traversed; and I feel strongly how imperfect these lucubations of mine are after all—how scant justice they do to a most important subject; for what can be so important as that portion of society, which so contributes to the general happiness and domestic welfare of humankind?

Therefore as one who has a deep regard and respect for the woman, as contra-distinguished from the man, I think it right to point out what her many virtues are, and what her great value to us all alike is; and where we often, in my opinion, are very hard on women,—how, in short, we often appear to overlook their intense importance and prevailing blessedness in the social arrangements of the world.

If, indeed, you were to judge by the contemptuous language in which some foolish men like sometimes to indulge, as regards women generally, you would have to suppose that woman was an altogether inferior creature, hardly endowed with the same capacities, and certainly not equal in intellect with man. Some have actually contended that women have "no souls," and often have liked to treat them as if there was a marked difference in every respect between them and the "Lords of the Creation."

We need not go into, to-day, the old sarcasms of other days, of the heavy wit of would-be facetious writers, because I, for one, hold that all such attacks on women are as puerile as they are pitiful. A good deal must be allowed for fair fun, for innocent chaff, as regards the weaknesses and failings of our "dear sisters," for even they have weaknesses and failings it must be admitted; but the habitual abuse of the ignorant, or the frivolous sneer of empty-headed coxcombs, are neither subjects for laughter or approval. He is either radically bad or habitually profligate who seriously assails either the character or the goodness of woman.

I do not even think we need notice such amusing incriminations as those which aver that "There's nothing true they say; there's nothing good they do." Neither need we deal now with the charge, that "their principal concerns are dress and fashion;" that a woman can't "hold her tongue, can't keep a secret, can't understand business;" that, as Lord Beaconsfield pictures so well in "Lothair," the only season when they are really veracious in the twenty-four hours when they have "let down their back hair and are in dressing

gown and slippers." Neither, though we remember and laugh at Moliere's caustic words to-day, need we either subscribe to them fully, or agree with them entirely:

"Tout le monde connoit leur imperfection,
Ce n'est qu'extravagance et qu'indiscretion,
Leur esprit est méchant, et leur ame fragile,
Il n'est rien de plus faible et de plus imbecile,
Rien de plus infidele, et malgré tout cela
Dans le monde on fait tout pour ces animaux la."*

Surely we may pass over these old and modern attacks against the poor "Sheemale," and confine our attention to woman as she really is.

Now I, for one, do not believe that there is anything which betokens either an inferior creation, or inferior intellect in woman.

On the contrary, not only is woman on a complete par with man in all these respects, but she often excels—she often surpasses man.

In somethings, especially, she is clearly superior to man; that is to say in her intuition into the moral aspects of life,—her adherence to principle, her distinct and often noble avowal of right and truth.

When men are very weak and wavering, shallow and self-sufficient, nay credulous and very easily satisfied, always ready to compromise, not particularly strong in morals, or "the eternal fitness of things," a woman will pierce at once through the clouds of sophistry and subtlety, and openly assert "first *principles*," and gallantly do battle for the right!

We owe, in fact, a great debt to woman for her resolute and rigid attention to the laws of morality, virtue, decency, and decorum, when society is apt to run riot, and man is inclined to take a lax and easy view of things and persons.

It is to the warm faith, and clear convictions of woman that the various surges of doubt and unbelief have after all rolled back, leaving only happily a thin line of unhealthy sediment behind.

It is to woman that even now society owes its most redeeming graces, and its most hopeful hours; in that though some times the votary of fashion, and sometimes the captive of some childish phantasy of the moment, her great good sense ere long strikes a balance, and keeps the vessel trim.

What must we not admit, of gratitude is due from us all for that grace which gladdens, those smiles which enliven, the troubled pathway of man? for that goodness of heart which never wearies, for that unselfishness of which shines so brightly in life's darkest hours? for that cool, calm courage and animating trust which are often man's best props and mainstays amid the turbulent ocean of existence, through the troubles which harass, through the griefs which depress?

It is very noteworthy how woman seems to rise superior to fear and danger; and still, as of old, the old song is quite true,—

"When the heart of a man is oppressed with care,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears."

If we are to sum up then all that woman is to life and to man, we must say that she is ever true when men often desert us,—"faithful among the faithless found,"—always ready to sacrifice herself for the sake of one whom she truly loves; and while she is the ornament and pride of the society which she graces, she is the bright genius who consecrates the household hearth, the angel of peace, and purity, and gentleness, who lightens up the inner shrine!

Now it appears to me that we are often very hard on women, in society and in the world? We condemn too hastily, we judge too partially! We seem to make no allowance often for the peculiar trials difficulties, temptations, dangers, which are a woman's lot and inheritance, and we frame a moral code of our own, by which we pass sentence upon woman, and from which we allow no appeal, as the French wife says in "Pour et Contre":—

Ah! a loi joli!
Et laissez moi donc avec vos lois,

* The Printer's Devil of "Our Chapel," being a rising and poetic youth, has translated these verses for all who "don't understand," as he says, "the French lingo":—

The whole world knows their imperfection,
Their extravagance and their indiscretion;
Their soul is fragile, and their spirit vile;
There is nothing more weak and more imbecile;
Nothing more faithless, and notwithstanding all I say
In the world, theydo every thing for these haunimals day by day.

Ne sait en pas bien que c'est vous qui les faites?"

And yet when I remember to-day the idle, profitless, baneful lives of many men, the open and the secret vices which deform civilization, the want of consideration for others, the selfishness, the sybaritism, the evil tone, the worse example, which seem to be conspicuous amongst us just now, I often ask myself by what right have we to pass judgment on women, those whom our own habits mislead, those whom our own heartlessness betrays?

No, let us learn to be more careful more just, in fact, in our ethics, and in our disquisitions as regards women. When all is said and done, they will compare with us all well in any department of life—in the powers which adorn, in the gifts which dominate our poor human nature.

After the false teaching of ages, after the shallow philosophy of the intolerant, amid idle schemes, and garish shows, and painted shadows, as we move on through the puppets of Vanity Fair, let us make that fair allowance for woman, which she has a right to demand at our hands.

Too often, alas, woman is but the slave and plaything of man, the companion of idle or leisure hours, the purchased possession, the hired ornament, the being of inferior nature and lower sensiblilities who is our admiration and our jest, and our privileged property, or our scorn, our contumely and our ill usage!

But, like everything else on earth, the great axiom of Divine Revelation is stamped on all the true teaching which relates to man's social condition, and to woman's normal state. She is a "help-meet" for man; his companion, his friend, his adviser, his consoler, his support—not the painted toy of unholy hours, not the passing show, the gew-gaw of fashion and frivolity, not the bedizened doll, not the hurtful idol, but a true woman, mother, wife, sister, friend!

We have tried to forget her real status, her true mission, and we have suffered accordingly. Let us be wise in time; let us retrace our steps. To her we are indebted for all that is graceful in life, for all that is benevolent in effort, for all that is fascinating in society, for all that is ennobling in aim!

And while we turn from her little errors with a smile of sympathy, and are "to her virtues very kind, and to her failings very blind," I think we may fairly say, that without her the world would be a wilderness, life a desolation, civilization an idle name, and Hope, and Love, and Trust, and Truth but the "baseless fabric of a dream."

GERARD MONTAGU;

A Winter's Tale.

BY EMRA HOLMES.

Author of "The Lady Muriel," "Waiting for Her," etc:

(*Continued from page* 231.)

CHAPTER III.

A MARVELLOUS day for the 5th November, a quiet, warm, lovely autumn day, and but for its shortness it might be taken for the month of September.

Some one suggested that the weather was so fine we might all have a sail, and as Montagu's stay would be short, and we ought to take advantage of every fine day, I gave myself a holiday, and we went with the party from the crescent over to Brean Down, and roamed about the part where the new fortifications are being constructed. Gerard attached himself to Lady Muriel, who seemed pleased with his attentions.

"Do you despise trade?" he asked her.

"Despise trade? Oh, dear no; why should I? Uncle's kindest friend, Mr. Beverley, is in trade. I think his firm are large brokers and exporters in Bristol."

"Well, you know that some people in your Ladyship's class do affect to despise it."

"I daresay they do; but I don't know any one in my class, as you call it; and I am sure I don't want to if they are all as cold and unkind as my father was to poor Mamma!" and her little Ladyship dashed a tear away with a haughty effort at self-control and attempted concealment, as painful recollections rose up in her mind.

"You do not despise business, do you?" she presently enquired.

"No; I like it well enough when one has an object."

"And your's is a noble ambition, I think."

"Mine?"

"Yes; I think it is noble to strive to win back the old estates, which have been in your family for centuries, and which have left you through no fault of your own."

"Do you?" Gerard said, and the colour mounted his cheek with mingled pride and pleasure, as he looked at the sweet maiden walking by his side, and thought that for her sake it would be a worthy ambition to strive and to succeed.

"Mr. Beverley said you had some communication with a London lawyer about those estates?"

"Yes, I saw Mr. Grainger, and he seemed to think he could prove my claims; but of course I had to authorise him to proceed, and equally of course there were preliminary expenses. I don't know what to think about it. I ran down to Ipswich whilst in town, and took a trap and drove over to see the place, saw the church and the old hall, and took an impression of one or two of the brasses of my ancestors, one of Queen Elizabeth's and one of Charles' 1st reign; he added."

"Is it a pretty place?"

"Very, for Suffolk; but you know nothing to compare with Somersetshire. The country about is undulating in some parts, but mostly very flat. The village of Montagu is much scattered, but the old church stands very well near the high road. The churchyard is bounded on two sides by the park, and the great avenue is close to the old grey flint embattled tower, which looks very pretty seen through the vista of trees. The old hall was originally built by my family about the 14th century, though little remains of the original structure but the foundations I suspect. The present edifice is decidedly Tudor in character, and was erected in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign."

"Well, I hope you will be successful," Muriel says, looking up in her frank winning way into his face. "You have my best wishes I am sure."

"Thank you, Lady Muriel; there is nothing I should prize higher than your good wishes," Gerard replies earnestly.

"Indeed you are too kind," Muriel says quickly, and with woman's instinct changes the subject, as if feeling she was getting on dangerous ground.

Gerard had seen a good deal of Lady Muriel the last few days. We were so intimate with the Falconbridge household that scarcely a day passed but we were either at *their's*, or they at *our's*.

(That's pure Suffolk, the last phrase I take it.)

When we got home they must needs make a day of it, and we all went in to tea at the Crescent, and Falconbridge, to please the young people—my cousins were there—let off a lot of fireworks, and Gerard must needs pursuade Lady Muriel, who was fond of fun, and like all pretty maidens disposed to be a little flirt, to go outside to see them better. We left early, and I persuaded Falconbridge to walk down with us and have a smoke, and Mildred having seen we were properly provided with the nicotian weed and the necessary pipes, left us to our fate.

"Well, Mr. Montagu," Falconbridge said, "Beverley has been telling us about you being advertised for the other day in the papers. I hope something is likely to come of it."

"Thanks; I don't know I'm sure. I am beginning to disbelieve in old estates and old families."

"Indeed! rather hard I think in the face of facts; but there is no doubt that the aristocracy of to-day are in too many cases the *parvenus* of yesterday, and the working man of the 19th century boasts in some instances the blood of the Plantagenets."

"Do you think so?"

"Sure of it. Why isn't it Burke in his Vicissitudes of Families who tells us that there is living at this moment at Beaulieu, in Hants, a woodman who is a lineal descendant of one of the Plantagenet kings? Is not the present representative of the great northern family of Conyers a postman or postmaster at Hexham, or somewhere thereabouts? I knew an Irish Baronet myself, a pauper in a Hospital in the North, and his next heir was in the Irish Constabulary. Then look back at the history of many of our Aristocracy, One man's great grandfather was a grocer, became Lord Mayor of London, and got made a Baronet. His son gets into Parliament and is made a Peer when a new

batch is wanted to swamp the Lords on some Liberal question. The present Lord is twice as proud and haughty as a De Courcy, a Stanley, a Howard, or a Percy. Another noble Lord's grandfather was a lawyer, and becomes Lord Chancellor, he marries his cook, and his grandson figures in the Divorce Court. Or, perhaps, the descendant of twenty Earls, an *effete* gentleman, who boasts of his blue blood obtained through marrying in and in for ten generations, until it has become, shall I say *ichor*, falls in love and marries a pretty actress, and the result is the azure becomes more like crimson, and the brains of the new generation are improved in quality, whilst the physical man is improved in tone. I have had some experience, and I say this, that in these days money is everything, blood and birth nothing. A man with money can aspire to anyone!"

"By the bye, Gerard, I think you said you knew Lord Chelmondiston, Lady Muriel's relative?" I put in.

"Well, I don't know much of him. The first time I met him it was a queer business."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes I do. I was then in business at South Wrington, and was going home to Barton, where I lodged, about two miles off. Abbot Wrington is an old town in the north of England, standing out on a peninsula, and jutting out into the sea. South Wrington, the new town, lies more back and stretches away to the South, rather towards Barton, which is a little watering place, you know. There are large iron works at South Wrington, and at the time I speak of the men were out on strike. Some of them were desperate looking fellows, and I thought I would rather not meet any of them on a dark night.

Well, I had been on drill (I was a full private in our Artillery Corps) and we strolled into the principal hotel afterwards to have a smoke and a glass of grog before going home, for it was a cold night in December. Lord Chelmondiston had been on drill too; but to tell the truth he was rather a fast fellow at that time. Its now four years ago he was only—19 or 20—and I daresay he's altered now. At any rate he went off to the Theatre with Menzies, one of our Captains, and a regular tuft hunter by the way. Where they went afterwards I don't know; but I left the hotel a little before 12 (it was before Bruce's act you see) and was on my way home when I heard the sound of some one riding furiously behind me. The tide was up, and I could'nt get by the sands, which were always covered at high water, and there was nothing for it but to go over the sand hills—or bents as they call them in the North, which in the darkness was not pleasant, they are so full of pit falls. Well, I thought this fellow must be either mad or a fool, or he would not come pounding along at this pace such a night as this and in such a place. However, he passed me at a galop, yelling out as he went by a drunken "Tally ho." Fearing something would be sure to happen, I hurried after him as fast as I could, and I don't suppose I had gone another hundred yards before I heard a cry of 'Help!' Sure enough his Lordship is down, I thought, lucky for him its soft sand and not hard boulder. I ran on as fast as I could as I heard another cry, and by Jove, there he was pitched off the horse on to his head, and two fellows trying to rob him. I recognised one of them as a man I had seen at the Iron Works, and before he could say Jack Robinson, I had given him a crack with the flat of my sword-bayonet, which sent him down like a shot. The other fellow was off in quick sticks, and luckily we were not far from a lonely farm, known as Carr House, which stands midway between Barton and West Wrington, and I was able to call assistance and get him in. His collar bone was out, but we got him removed in a few days to the Castle, and my dear old friend, Dr. Evans, (a first class fellow) attended him, and soon pulled him through. I think it did him good, you know; I don't believe he's been drunk since."

"Sharp lesson, certainly. Lucky you were in the way it strikes me;" Falconbridge remarks.

"Was he going home?" I asked.

"Well, he thought he was I suppose; but the fact is if he had gone much farther he would have found himself in the German Ocean I suspect."

"What became of the fellow you knocked down?" said Falconbridge.

"Oh, him?" James Beard, I remem-

ber the fellow's name was. Oh, we picked him up, he was stunned, you know, and we took him in, and then sent off for a policeman. I had to appear against him at the Assizes, and he got two years."

"*He says he owes me one, and means to pay me some day,*" he added.

"Did Lord Chelmondiston express himself as grateful to you?" Falconbridge asked.

"Oh, yes, he behaved like a brick, and has been very civil to me since then. Of course the papers got hold of the story, but they told a lot of lies, praised me up no end, and said nothing about his Lordship's being drunk. They headed it 'Daring Highway Robbery,' and there was an illustration, of course, in the *Police News*, and didn't they make me handsome! Oh no, not at all!"

As Gerard went back to his hotel that night, he thought a great deal about what Falconbridge had said about birth, and blood, and money, and he resolved to himself this task—to win back the Montagu Estates, and if successful to offer Lady Muriel his hand.

"*She* will not despise me because I am a corn merchant, he said, "and Falconbridge is too much a man of the world to oppose it if I can only make her love me. *At any rate if I ever marry at all Muriel shall be my wife.*

THE ENCHANTED ISLE OF THE SEA.

A Fairy Tale.

BY SAVARICUS.

Upon a summer's day,
Along the sea-girt shore,
A little child at play
Was aged nine—no more;
Bright sunlit auburn hair,
Crowned the darlings head,
By it, an halo there,
Was radiantly shed;
Her smiling angel face,
And beautiful blue eyes,
Combined with every grace
We see beneath the skies:
The patter of her feet,
And accents of her tongue
Keep time in union sweet
As thus she softly sung:—

"Under the sea, under the sea,
The mermaids live sportive and free;
My heart it doth tell,
That I love them well,
And their home I am wishing to see;
Under the sea, under the sea,
The fairies are singing to me."

And then communing with herself,
The child addressed an unseen elf:—

"I listen and hear in tones that are clear,
Fairy-like music so sweet to the ear;
Each ravishing sound appears to wind round
The chords of my heart, and there to be bound.
The whole of my frame,
Doth thrill with the same,
The songs and the voices surely,
Are part of a plan
Of your fairy clan,
And way they have to allure me,
By day and by night,
I dream that some sprite,
For ever doth say, in fond loving way,—
'From under the sea,
We watch over thee,
Delighted to think that we may.'
Oh, if it were true,
I ever could view,
The fairies, their sea-homes, and all?
My heart, how it bounds,
To singular sounds,
In fancy I hear some one call,
And often thus I hear a sweet voice,
Arise as it were from the sea;
The tones that then come bid me rejoice,
And trill like a fairy to me."

The rippling waves upon the pebly shore,
That softly fell with laughter's mimic roar,
Unto the child, that watched the feath'ry spray,
With winning voice and words, thus seem'd to say:—

"Be of good cheer, no mortal here,
Except yourself dare I go near;
And I am sent, with good intent,
To serve your oft repeated bent,
But you must say, you will obey,
The pleasing message I convey;

'Tis from my Queen,
Fair and serene,
That I am sent to thee;
To-day we hold,
For spirits bold,
High court beneath the sea:
A gift I bring,—
A magic ring,
When e'er the charm you wear,
A guard unseen,
Will come between,
Yourself and every snare:
My Queen hath smil'd,
On you dear child,
When near the sea you've played;
By her command,
I've come to land,
To fetch you dearest maid.
And to decoy
From earth's annoy,
Amid the waves of late,
I sang to thee,
With symphony—
A song, 'For thee we wait:'
Then let's away,
For 'tis to day,
We majesty beguile,
With song and dance,
And rare romance,
On our Enchanted Isle.
At our review,
King Neptune's due,
His sons their homage bring,
And with a kiss,
This monarch is,
A tributary King.
Now let me hear,
You'll leave this sphere,
And willing with me come;
If it is so?
My form I'll show,
And guide thee to my home."

The voice that pleased,
With this speech ceased.
In ecstacies the happy maid,
Abashed, thus to the fairy said:—

"When I have gazed upon the sea,
And wished that fairies would guard me,
Soft zephyrs kissed my cheek;
'Tis then sincerely I have longed,
To know, if syrens 'round me thronged,
A child so young and meek?

Oh! tell me fairy, if you may,
Do ye with song and roundelay,
Us mortals ever cheer?
The sweetest songs to me were sung,
And these around my heart have clung,
And grown to be so dear.

Oh! speak again, and only say,
You sang the soft delightful lay,
That gently thrill'd through me;
My throbbing heart, is full of joy,
Sweet fancies now my senses cloy;
Yes! I will go with thee."

Then from the wave arose a form,
O'erpowering to behold;
A nymph, fair, bright and beautiful,
Stood ready to enfold
The child within her syren arms,
And spirit her away:

"Now come, dear maid," the fairy said,
To where our Queen doth sway;
The Court itself impatient is.
At this prolonged delay."

The wond'ring child filled with delight,
Was anxious to be gone,
And readily her hand she gave
The ring to have placed on.
When, lo! A fairy boat approach'd
Swift sailing to the shore;
A gem of rearest workmanship,
Its like ne'er seen before.
A boat of choicest iv'ry made,
Inlaid with precious pearl,
And silver'd sail, transparent, like
The Nautilii unfurl.
A boat (not of the common mould)
In model as the swan,
Surpassing for its gracefulness,
The rude attempts of man;
The cordage trim in every line,
Of richest silk, held fast
The flowing sail that swung about,
Dependent from the mast;
And from its gem-wrought bird-like head,
Suspended by a chain,
The scintillating anchor hung,
Above the dancing main.
The rudder—an automaton—
The vessel safely steered,
Nor wind, nor storm, could her affect,
Or cause her to be veered.
Soft cushions filled with finest down,
Lined her around inside,
And formed a cozy resting place,
For guileless child and guide.

Tho fairy transport touched the strand,
The voyagers embarked,
And gliding on with greatest glee,
The child each wonder marked.
The land soon faded from the view,
Save water nought was seen,
'Till straight ahead a speck appear'd,
Upon the tranquil scene.
The speck grew large, and larger still,
Sweet music floated round,
As they drew nigh their eyes beheld.
What proved enchanted ground.
The pilot nymph then took the boat,
To Admiration Bay,
Where shining sands, and silver'd shells,
In vast profusion lay.
On sportive crest of curling wave,
The boat was borne to shore;
The gentle breaker, dext'rous made,
Appeared to laugh and roar.
The boat now thus left high and dry,
Fresh wonders soon revealed,
A car, of beauty, instantly
All trace of boat concealed.
A steed was yoked by fairy hands,
Fast to the glitt'ring car,
'Twas Neptune's own famed *Arion*
The mythic horse of war.
Along a road they travelled now,
Were stately trees and flowers
Of strange and supernatural growth.
Devised by sorcerys powers.
Endowed with long-lost magic gifts,
Each tree and flower could sing,
And wak'ning plants melodiously,
Oft made the welkin ring.
The sun resplendent shone on high,
Its golden rays of light,
Illum'd the scene so mystical,
But beautiful and bright.
Enraptured and enchanted with
The everchanging view,
The trusting traveller journeyed on
Surprised, and pleased too.
Thick hung the rare enclustering fruit,
On every ripening bough;
With lusciousness to tempt an Eve,
If one were living now.
Far down the road, and at the end,
Towering to the sky,
A rock with many peaks was seen,
Imposing to the eye;
In verdure clad, with rugged paths
Designed by faultless hand,
Where natural steps and terraces,
Led to the table land.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Paris, July 2nd, 1790.

THE decrees to which you allude in your last letter as being likely to produce confusion are I suppose those relative to the Church and the nobility, but they have not nor are they likely to excite anything more than that animosity which began to subside. The joy with which the real great families — the Montmorencies, Rohans, etc. — whose names stood conspicuous amongst the low and vulgar appellations which others are forced to adopt, and whose titles had hitherto seemed to put them on a level, the anger of many of the Democrates, the ridicule of all, and the ruin of many trades, induced the party to agree and even wish for the royal refusal or modification of the decree, but the king, to the great joy of the aristocrates, insisted upon sanctioning it in its full extent.

I see but one inference to be drawn from so extraordinary a conduct, which is that he is not sincere in the sacrifices he has made, and that he looks forward to other times; if so, he stands on a precipice, and the scene of Charles the First may again be renewed.

He is at present rather beloved, but certainly not respected. That love is grounded on the supposed idea of his firm adherence to the Assembly and the Constitution, and that the Democratic party, to deprive their adversaries of the advantage, however feeble, of being supported bp the good wishes of the king or of fighting his personal cause, have been obliged to trumpet forth his virtues and declare his sincere attachment to the popular cause.

But the attachment of the people is founded only on that idea; they avow a regard they do not feel because if would be the height of ingratitude not to pretend affection for one who has sacrificed so much. But if at any time his fidelity is suspected, his person troublesome, or his death advantageous, another forged letter to his queen, another escape induced by fears of personal safety, will produce the same fate.

The confidence he has placed in M. de la Fayette and the preference which he

has so avowedly given him over his opponents will make at least his chains heavier, if not his safety more precarious!

There is now no doubt that the Party la Fayette have lost their superiority in the Assembly and in the kingdom, and if as yet, he possesses authority, it is only within the walls and in the militia of Paris. How long he will be able to maintain his situation against the efforts of his enemies is uncertain, but I think he will see it expire on the fourteenth. Whenever that crisis arrives all that this kingdom has hitherto suffered will be but a faint picture of what they are to expect. Enthusiastic as this country is in all its pursuits, what will be its fate when governed by a set of men whose principles of Republicanism equal that of the Levellers and who have seriously debated in their club the proposal of reducing every fortune to 20,000 livres a year. We certainly have nothing to fear. Their principles, or at least their interest is diametrically opposite to the affording any assistance to Spain. Castellane said that the family compact would certainly be annulled, but that he was convinced they would adopt a defensive treaty. The face of affairs is changed; his party is overturned, and the letter of M. Montmorency sleeps in his portfolio.

I was present the other evening at the first representation of a tragedy named "Bamorvelt," where the cause of dispute between him and Maurice is the continuation or infraction of the truce with Spain. In Maurice it was not difficult to trace M. de la Fayette, in his desire of war, the assistance to be given to Spain, and in Bamorvelt the friend of peace. During four acts the play was received with unbounded applause, particularly the part of Bamorvelt, and all those sentiments which treated war and its supporters as the curse of human nature.

M. de la Meth has nearly been chosen commander of the militia of Versailles, but for the present that evil—though with every effort of royal, aristocratic, and la Fayette interest—is avoided, yet have I little doubt his success is not far distant. Deputies even are quitting Paris previous to the 14th, and never was any spectacle of public rejoicing which seemed so universally to inspire terror and dismay. The presence of the Duke of Orleans, whose return is now no longer a doubt, will certainly add to the public tranquility. M. Nekar was insulted last Sunday as he was walking in the garden of the Tuilleries with his wife.

Paris, July 9th, 1790.

The return of the Duke of Orleans has occasioned a general alarm amongst the aristocratic party and the friends of M. de la Fayette. To the latter the bourgeoisie still hold firm, and of course look with an evil eye, nay many with indignation, on his arrival, but with the lower orders of people the case is far different. The militia and its chief have long passed with them for aristocrates, far more despotic than their former enemies, because their influence is more immediately felt. In the course of last week the 10,000 workmen employed to prepare le Champ de Mars insisted on an augmentation of their pay, and cannon were pointed and cavalry employed to oblige them to complete their daily labour.

Would you imagine that in a moment when the fear of popular commotion drives from the capital the larger portion of its wealthiest inhabitants, when a faction are secretly undermining his influence, and a rival, whose purse if not his popularity may command all those who occasioned the Revolution, is on his return, would you imagine in that moment M. de la Fayette should himself afford a pretext for every species of riotous assembly.

The idleness or mutinous disposition of the labourers made doubtful the finishing the preparations for the 14th inst., M. de la Fayette insisted on the inhabitants of the difierent districts to prove their patriotism by contributing their labour.

At first it seemed ridiculous, but, prompted by curiosity, the number of spectators was immense. From spectators they became labourers, and with the enthusiasm peculiar to this country, every order, every age, nay even women of the superior class affected to find in their patriotism the recompense of their fatigue.

The hairdressers, the tailors, the butchers, and the gardiners went en corps. The two latter had banners; on the one was inscribed "Tremblez Aristocrates! Nous

sommes les Bouchers"; on the other, "Allons creuser le Tombeau de l'Aristocratie!"

The Democratic party have given the best turn they could to the manner in which the king sanctioned the decree that abolished titles and arms, by reporting that a moment of humour against the queen, who accused him of abandoning those who were faithfully attached to him determined him to sign the Act.

Outwardly the king himself favours their views by an appearance of content which he is far from feeling. I know for certain that he said on the 1st inst., "I have received advice I shall be assassinated in fifteen days. I shall not avoid what will deliver me from a life that is become odious and insupportable." I cannot be more sure of anything I have not heard with my own ears than I am of the truth of the above speech.

The Dauphin appeared yesterday at his window in the uniform of the Paris Militia.

Were the aristocrates sincere in their coalition with M. de la Fayette and did not those who have not relinquished the hopes that a continuation of troubles would assist their cause strive to miss him, the two parties would be too strong for their adversaries. But D'Epremeuil avowed to me that although their personal safety would be endangered and the public tranquility destroyed by the success of the party Bamave, yet that the violence, ingratitude and incapacity of M. de la Meth would make him a far less dangerous opponent than those real or pretended virtues by which only the other still maintains his ground in the capital.

M. de Menou, one of the chiefs of the Enragés, moved yesterday that the king should be declared by the Assembly chief of the Confederacy. The Aseembly was not ripe for the proposition, and therefore passed to the order of the day. You may be assured it will be renewed and most likely successfully within this day or two.

It will be a hard struggle. The Democrates mean it as a precedent for the power of the Assembly to name on future occasions a chief of the united army or, in other terms, a Lieutenant General of the kingdom. Yesterday they spread with great alacrity that peace was certainly signed, but although this was mentioned in the Assembly, I do not find they had any better authority than a letter from a merchant at Bilbao, who wrote that they had been informed *officially* that they might in safety continue their commercial arrangements with England. Excuse me if I look upon it merely as a stock jobbing trick of l'Evique D'Autun and M. de Lusignan.

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR.

BY GEORGE A. BAKER.

"Love your neighbour as yourself,"
So the parson preaches;
"That's one-half of the Decalogue—
So the Prayer-book teaches.
Half my duty I can do
With but little labour,
For with all my heart and soul
I do love my neighbour.

Mighty little credit that
To my self-denial;
Not to love her, though might be
Something of a trial,
Why, the rosy light that peeps
Through the glass above her,
Lingers round her lips; you see
E'en the sunbeams love her.

So, to make my merit more,
I'll go beyond the letter—
Love my neighbour as myself?
Yes, and ten times better.
For sh's sweeter than the breath
Of the spring, that passes
Through the fragrant, budding woods,
O'er the meadow grasses.

And I've preached the word, I know,
For it was my duty
To convert the stubborn heart
Of the little beauty.
Once again success has crowned
Missionary labour,
For her sweet eyes own that she
Also loves her neighbour.

RETURN OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

ALL Freemasons will be glad to hear of the return of the Arctic Expedition in safety, and we shall all be pleased to think that our gallant countrymen will spend their well-earned Christmas holiday amid those who specially love and care for them.

Captain Nares, with the Alert, arrived at Valentia on the 27th, and the Discovery, Captain Stephenson, reached Queenstown (where both vessels met) on the Sunday following.

The Expedition has been very successful in many points, and its reports are most interesting and important. They have lost their good interpreter, Neil Peterser, by frost-bite; Gunner, George Porter, Alert; and James Hand and Charles Paul, seamen of the Discovery, through scurvy. We may well recollect amid our rejoicing, the many who will mourn for some who come not back, whose faces they will no more see.

It is stated that the approach to the North Pole is impracticable. The Expedition which sailed on the 20th of May last, wintered in 82.87 deg. N.L., and the sledging parties reached 83° 20 min. N.L., where they planted the British flag, a degree of N. latitude further than has ever been achieved.

The gallant little Austrian Expedition, we are reminded, reached 82 degrees N.L., and sighted 83, and the present Expedition passed Sir Edward Parry's and Sir James Ross's furthest point in 1827, using the Union flag they then left. Sir Edward Parry's furthest point was 82.45. The "Times" well sums up the actual facts established by this latest Expedition of our gallant sailors:—

"The Expedition is said to have experienced a temperature of no less than 104 degrees below freezing point, and the ice at the point where the Alert wintered reached a thickness of 150 or even 200 feet. It was hoped the sledges might have advanced as much as about ten miles a day, but the ice proved so rough that it cost a terrible struggle to advance even one mile a day. The Pole, it would thus seem, is surrounded by ice of such thickness and roughness, and of such extent, that the hope of reaching it must be finally abandoned. A journey of 400 miles in these regions at the rate of a mile a day, and that only at the cost of a 'terrible struggle,' is, of course, not to be dreamt of. Whether or not, as has been supposed, a Central Polar Sea exists, it is at least inaccessible, and if there is "no land to Northward," we must conclude that a monstrous barrier of ice bars all further advance. This, of itself, is a great discovery."

And we quite agree with the "Times," that the first impulse of the public will be, to render due honour to the endurance, and at the same time the skill and prudence, which have conducted the Expedition to so satisfactory an issue. More severe work, and more trying to the moral as well as to the physical qualities of the crews, could hardly be conceived. It tells well for commanders and crews alike, that both officers and men are said to speak in unmeasured praise of Captain Nares. When the Commander of such an Expedition returns with the unqualified confidence of his officers and crews, we may be sure that good work has been done on all hands. There seems every reason to believe that this last Arctic Expedition will sustain the renown hitherto acquired by English seaman in the Polar Seas, and it will not be the least of its merits if it has rendered any further adventure of the same kind unnecessary.

The following paragraphs taken from the notes, are both very interesting and very affecting:—

"When at Polaris Bay Captain Stephenson hoisted the American ensign and fired a salute, as a brass tablet which he and Captain Nares had prepared in England, was fixed on Hall's grave. The plate bore the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Captain C. F. Hall, of the U.S. ship Polaris, who sacrificed his life in the advancement of science on November 8, 1871." This tablet has been erected by the British Polar Expedition of 1875, who, following in his footsteps, have profited by his experience.

The return journeys were therefore a prolonged struggle homewards of gradually

weakening men, the available force to pull the sledge constantly decreasing, and the weight to be dragged as steadily increasing, as one after another the invalids were stricken down and had to be carried by their weakened comrades. Lieutenant Parr setting out for a lonely heroic walk of 35 miles, over soft snow and the heavy broken-up ice, guiding himself in the mist by the fresh track of a roaming wolf, brought intelligence to the Alert of the prostration of the Northern division. Relief was immediately sent out, officers and men alike dragging the sledges; but, unfortunately, the parties did not meet in time to save the life of the man who died, and who had been buried by the roadside in the thick ice only a few hours previously.

The Greenland and Western divisions not returning on the day appointed, relief was sent to meet them, and on each occasion it arrived just in the nick of time. In the Western party, Lieutenant Aldrich and one man, Adam Ayles, out of a crew of seven, remained at the drag ropes.

In the Greenland division, when met by Lieutenant Rawson and Dr. Coppinger, Lieutenant Beaumont, Alexander Grey, ice quartermaster, and Frank Jones, stoker, were dragging forward their helpless comrades, two at a time, thankful if they advanced only half-a-mile a day. Before arrival at the Polaris depôt, Grey and Jones were obliged to fall out, leaving the three officers alone at the drag ropes; the dog sledge, under Hans, the Eskimo, who has been of the utmost service to the Expedition, helping to advance the invalids onward two at a time. The two who died, just succeeded in reaching Polaris Bay and sighting the hills above their Arctic home, on the opposite side of the channel, before their spirits were called away. They were buried near Hall's grave.

On arriving on board, out of the original 17 men, five only—the two officers and three men, Radmore, Joliffe, and Maskell—were able to work; three others, Laurence, Harley, and Winston, cheerfully but painfully struggled on with alpenstocks, and were just able to walk on board; the remainder, being perfectly helpless, were carried on sledges.

However vivid the description may be, it is difficult to a stranger to the surrounding circumstances and scenery to realize the condition and appearance of these prostrated bands of men. Separated by long distances, their sufferings were totally unknown to each other or at head-quarters on board their respective ships; and yet one and all displayed the same courageous pluck, and, in spite of their general collapse, remained faithful to their duty, resolutely struggling onwards, determined to hold to each other to the last, their ardour in no way checked as the difficulties of the journey increased, and their manful determination increasing as greater sacrifices were demanded."

As Freemasons we congratulate Captains Nares and Stephenson (we have many brethren in the Expedition) and their officers and crews on their noble valour, their high discipline, their brave endurance, and above all, on their safe and happy return to Old England.

A MEMORY.

FROM CLAUDE DE HAVEN'S "LEGEND OF BATHURST."

If he had come in the early dawn,
When the sunrise flushed the earth,
I would have given him all my heart,
Whatever the heart was worth.

If he had come at the noontide hour,
He would not have come too late—
I would have given him patient faith,
For then I had learned to wait.

If he had come in the after-glow,
In the peace of the even-tide,
I would have given him hands and brain,
And worked for him till I died.

If he comes now—the sun is set,
And the light has died away—
I will not give him a broken life,
But will turn and say him "Nay."

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

WE propose from time to time to give an account of all our English cathedrals. and foreign cathedrals of interest, and we take from the "Guardian" of October 11th a very admirable paper on Durham Cathedral, which we know very well, and so feel how thoroughly true the words of the writer are. We shall be obliged by any of our brethren who will give us a sketch of the history and architectural features of the cathedral or minster in their vicinity. If this appeal should find favour, we may extend the series afterwards to parochial churches.

The Cathedral of Durham stands absolutely supreme among English cathedrals for grandeur of situation. Lincoln comes the nearest to it. Some, indeed, may doubt to which the palm is to be accorded. But the two are so unlike in position and character as hardly to admit of a comparison. Each is peerless in its way, but the way is different; and Durham certainly presents greater elements of grandeur than her southern sister. Lincoln, as she reposes on her "sovereign hill," calmly looking out over the great Mercian plain, is characterised by queenly grace and dignity. Durham, planted aloft on its precipitous rock, side by side with the fortress home of its Prince-Bishops, breathes a stern, we had almost said, a savage majesty. Each is in strict keeping with its destiny. The peaceful dignity of Lincoln bespeaks the seat of a Christian Bishop. The frowning pile that crowns the rocky hill at Durham, "half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot," is the fitting home of warlike prelates reigning in the strictest sense as sovereigns over their rugged palatinate. Nowhere has the *genius loci* stamped itself more unmistakeably on the outward form of the buildings.

We doubt whether a more impressive view can anywhere be seen than that which presents itself to the traveller from the south as he emerges from the railway cutting and, crossing the lofty viaduct, nears the Durham Station. We think Mr. Ruskin has somewhere called it "the finest thing in Europe." Whether he has said so or not, the fact is unquestionable. Equalled perhaps it may be, surpassed it cannot be. The moment when that wondrous group of "mixed and massive piles," whose grey walls seem almost to grow up out of the native rock from which their huge buttressed slopes, grasping the crag with tenacious grip, bidding defiance to time and violence, can hardly be distinguished, and whose towers rise proudly to the sky with a strength that seems eternal, bursts first upon the sight, is simply overwhelming. The windings of the rushing Wear below, its steep banks clothed with luxuriant foliage, half hiding, half revealing the graceful arches of the Prebends' and Framwell Gate Bridges, the confused mass of houses clustering in the valley and climbing the steep sides of the hill, broken by the taper spire of St. Nicholas, the Castle perched on the very edge of the precipice, soaring high above the river, whose passage it absolutely commands, with its wide *enceinte*—

"Where tower and buttress rise in martial rank,
And girdle in the massive donjon-keep,"

now happily rescued from ruin and devoted to the peaceful duties of a University, and as the one central object to which all else are mere accessories, "the vast mass of the cathedral," to use Montalembert's words, stretching right across the lofty peninsula, with its huge truncated central tower and western towers soaring into the sky, its arcaded west front and rude projecting Galilee, and its transeptal east front—that almost unique feature—with its four spirelets (*oreilles du lapin* some irreverantly term them), only divided from the Wear by a steep slope of terrace gardens, with a blue background of distant hill and moorland—all combine to form a picture of picturesqueness and majesty which no lapse of time can efface from the memory.

We have spoken of some of the points in which we consider that Durham surpasses Lincoln. *En revanche*, there can be no question that in architectural detail St. Cuthbert's minster, externally at least, is greatly inferior to the minster of Remigius and St. Hugh. It is in its mass and general effect that the cathedral of Durham is so striking. The nearer we approach the more disappointing does it become. Indeed, we are not sure whether it would not be better to shut one's eyes when one begins

to climb the hill, after having filled oneself with the view from the Framwell Gate or Prebend's Bridge, and not open them again till one is fairly within the church. They may be opened then without fear of disappointment.

The meagre effect of the outside of Durham is partly due to the plainness of its Norman architecture, unrelieved by projecting buttresses, and with its length but little broken by the transept and Chapel of Nine Altars, but chiefly to the havoc made when, at the end of the last century, Wyatt, "the Destructive," was called in to "restore" the cathedral. No cathedral, not even the misused Salisbury, has suffered such irreparable damage in the name of improvement. It is an oft-told tale how, in old John Carter's words, and in spite of his earnest remonstrances, about 1780, "a great repair of the cathedral was made," and that of so destructive a character that "every house in the neighbourhood bore testimony to the wreck of the smaller decorations suffered by the church in that repair." The whole of the outside stonework was pared down several inches to a clean, smooth surface, the mouldings were rechiselled, all decayed members boldly removed, to the grievous loss of the play of light and shade, and tameness and flatness substituted for the bold grandeur of the original design, which was improved upon new decorations, the greater part being "run in compo." The grand north porch —the sanctuary door—lost its watching-chamber, and its sturdy Norman arch was bedizened with a vulgar perdendicular canopy and pinnacles; the turrets of the Nine Altars were finished with ill-proportioned spires, while, by way of compensation, the pyramidal capping of the transept turrets gave place to flimsy quatrefoil parapets with classical mouldings. The light tracery was torn from the lancets of the Nine Altars, except at the south end, and the eastern circle received tracery described by Carter as "not much resembling the work of any period of our ancient architecture, but totally discordant from the style of the chapel in which it is inserted." The stately central tower was liberally coated with Roman cement, while—the foulest deed of barbarism committed even by Wyatt—the Chapter-house, a grand apsidal Norman vaulted apartment, absolutely without a parallel in England, was wilfully demolished, and a comfortable parlour patched up out of its ruins, in which the cathedral dignitaries might meet without fear of catching cold. Even, as most of our readers know, the destruction of the Galilee, that unique and most characteristic feature of the cathedral, was not only resolved upon, to form a new and more convenient drive to the prebendal houses, but the lead had been actually removed from its roof and the demolition commenced, when the opportune arrival of a member of the Chapter with more reverence for antiquity than his brethren saved the burial-place of the Venerable Bede and "the Saracenic grace of Hugh of Puiset's Chapel." We can well conceive that the rude grandeur of this chapel, with its cavernous buttressed front growing out of the living rock, was offensive to the refined taste of the architect of Fonthill and Ashridge, and that he regarded it as an ugly excrescence the cathedral would be well rid of, but its loss would have been simply irreparable. More remains to be told. It is not generally known how sweeping Wyatt's plans for "beautifying" Durham Cathedral were. A volume of architectural drawings exists in the Chapter Library, from which we learn that what this irreverent meddler carried out forms but a small portion of what he proposed, and we are led almost to admire the frank audacity with which he set to work to polish and refine the barbarous pile committed to his hands, and render it more in harmony with the enlightened century which had had the honour of producing so distinguished an artist. It almost takes one's breath away to find Wyatt coolly proposing the destruction of the three towers and the erection of new ones designed by himself "in a more elegant Gothic taste," the central tower being crowned with a metricious spire. The vulgar cresting which he inflicted on the western towers makes us shudder at what Wyatt's substitutes for these grand old works would have been. Much as this noble pile has suffered, this volume makes us thankful it did not suffer more.

The best point to approach Durham Cathedral from is the Prebends' Bridge to the S.W. The view of the west front and towers perched on the brink of the precipitous rocky slope, set in a framework of noble trees, with the Wear winding below, is singularly beautiful. The cathedral, too,

reveals itself gradually as one mounts the walks, and the first complete view of it is obtained on the side on which, protected by the cloisters and the monastic buildings, its somewhat gaunt length is less apparent, and Wyatt's misdeeds are not so painfully conspicuous. The Abbey-yard of Durham which we have now entered, wants the calm loveliness of the Close of Salisbury or the dignified repose of that of Wells, and the houses surrounding it are for the most part singularly plain and ugly; but it has a stern grandeur of its own in keeping with the locality. Some fine trees shade the area, which is broken by a picturesque ivy-clad conduit of an octagonal shape. To our left rises, huge and bare, the conventual kitchen, in shape and dimensions recalling one of our polygonal Chapter-houses. Beyond stretches the long, mullioned front of the refectory, now the library, containing unrivalled manuscript treasures, which presents in its modernised garb and its plate-glass windows but few features of the monastic dining-hall. Further still is the deanery, a large and not unpicturesque pile, in which the Dean has simply taken the Prior's place, using the same rooms, for the most part, for the same purposes to which they were assigned four or five centuries back, and displaying the liberal and refined hospitality for which his monastic and decanal predecessors have ever been famous. The Prior's chapel, we must remark, has been unhappily secularised, and its Early English walls contain two stories of bedrooms—a fireplace taking the place of the altar, the chimney of which obliterates the central lancet of its eastern triplet.

Passing into the Cloister Court, a spacious but decidedly common-place quadrangle, from which Wyatt has most successfully wiped out the traces of those curious traditional customs which that unique little record, "The Rites of Durham," sets so vividly before us, we have to the west the massive walls of the monastic Dormitory—here, as at Worcester, contrary to usual custom, occupying the western instead of the eastern side of the cloister court—now "the New Library," bookcases having, to the regret of all lovers of antiquity, been substituted for the cubicles of the monks, which, Mr. J. H. Parker tells us, existed till a comparatively recent period—and we enter the nave of the cathedral by the Monk's Door. Here all criticism is at once stopped. We can only gaze and in silence admire that which Mr. E. A. Freeman has so truly styled "the perfection of northern Romanesque," "the church which, above all others, is all glorious within, presbytery, lantern, and nave unequalled in their stately and solemn majesty, and notice how "the faultless proportions of the mighty channelled piers avoid" alike "a mere massiveness which seems to grovel on the earth," and "the vain attempt at a soaring height"—as at Gloucester and Tewkesbury —"consistent only with pillars of either an earlier or a later form." The works of restoration being now happily completed, and the temporary screen which has long cut the building in two removed, the eye is once more at liberty to roam unchecked through every part of the vast and harmonious pile, and delightedly to pursue the long perspective which the perfect adjustment of the proportions — length, breadth and height exactly of the right measure—saves so effectually from the long, low, tunnel-like aspect presented by some of our cathedrals. We notice also with satisfaction how during the restoration—the close of which was marked by special services—much of Dean Waddington's well-intentioned but mischievous work has been undone—the choir, till lately so perfectly open, being decorously divided from the nave and transepts by a light open screen protecting, but not, like Cosen's black oak barrier, concealing the sacred enclosure beyond—Cosin's canopied stalls, so remarkable an effort of Gothic art, rising with a convulsive effort after the long sleep of the Protectorate before it expired altogether, which Dean Waddington had cut up and placed back within the choir arches, once more ranged in dignified order in their accustomed place—the font again standing at the west end of the nave, with its tabernacle of coarse but gorgeous elaboration soaring almost to the vault—the organ placed on one side, so as not to break the vista, and the whole church rearranged with admirable taste and judgment for the due celebration of our Anglican ceremonial in its stateliest form, "to the glory of God and the edification of His people." We are

glad to remark the wise arrangement by which the nave and transepts have become once more "the preaching place"; a pulpit worthy of its position having been erected just outside the choir screen, so that the sermon may be audible to the clergy and ministers remaining in their stalls, as well as to the larger congregation assembled outside. We notice with pleasure every such evidence of a reversion to the old plan, which puts each division of a cathedral to its proper purpose, instead of packing the laity within the narrow limits of the eastern limb, the presbytery, and even the aisles being seated for their accomodation. It will naturally take some time to unlearn the old improper habit and to get accustomed to the still older and more decorous usage, but every year sees an advance in the right direction, and every fresh restoration on the true plan makes the work easier for those that come after. Among the minor, but not less conspicuous, features of this very successful restoration—which we must not forget to mention has been carried on under the direction of Sir G. G. Scott—are a marble pavement to the choir of intricate and harmonious design, the filling the eastern and transeptal windows with stained glass, excellent both in drawing and colour, and the cleaning of the tabernacle work of the altar-screen, which now awaits in calm confidence the filling of its niches with the statues and the decoration of its stonework with the colour, for which they were originally designed. We are slowly coming to understand that an empty niche is as meaningless an ornament as a vacant picture-frame, and that the purpose of a niche is lost as long as it remains destitute of the image its shape and construction show it was formed to contain. It will not be very long we trust before this elaborately beautiful altar-screen once more receives its proper furniture, which can alone redeem it from an air of nakedness and incompleteness.

TRIFLES.

"Only a trifle!"
Oh maiden beware!
These trifles may build you
A mountain of care!

"Only a trifle!"
Young man pray reflect,
Ere you aim that sure blow
To your own self-respect!

A trifle too young,
Or a trifle too old;
A trifle too warm,
Or a trifle too cold;
A trifle too soon,
Or a trifle too late—
All or any of these,
May decide your own fate!

OLD GREGORY'S GHOST:

OR,

How Mr. Playfair spent Christmas Eve at Buffing Hall.

BY OLIVER LOUIS TWEDDELL.

It was a cold, snowy Christmas Eve when Mr. Playfair and Mr. Puggings arrived at the old manor house of their mutual friend, Mr. Buffings, whither they had gone by invitation to spend the Christmas of 1801.

Mr. Buffings stood on the doorstep to receive them as they drove up; the open door behind him letting out a flood of light, and making his jolly red face and bald head shine by its very brightness.

"Welcome to Liberty Hall, my dear friends, welcome, welcome! Glad to see you, glad to see you!" exclaimed that gentleman, as he shook them by the hands with a heartiness not to be mistaken. "Welcome to Liberty Hall," he repeated, as he led them inside, and the old butler closed the door behind them. "But you will be cold and hungry, having been riding through the darkness and snow for two hours, so come to the fire, and let's have a bowl of good hot punch."

And truly they did seem welcome. Every one and everything seemed to welcome them, the great mastiff dog excepted, which growled and smelled about their legs until really Mr. Puggings began to look frightened, and Mr. Playfair to feel uncomfortable, and Keeper was turned out of the room in consequence.

After a substantial Christmas Eve feast

had been served, the old butler entered the apartment, bearing in his arms a huge bowl of steaming punch.

He was an old-fashioned, eccentric looking fellow, this butler, wearing an antique white wig, breeches "with silver buckles at his knees," like Bobby Shafty in the song, and silk stockings, with a smiling face, pleasant to look upon, and he served out the punch in such a genial way that it seemed better for his touching it. He then took his place behind his master's chair, and stood smiling on the company, which consisted of Mr. Buffings (who, as far as smiling went, was the very counterpart of his butler), Mrs. Buffings, two sons and their wives, three daughters and their husbands, and a perfect flock of grandsons and granddaughters, Mr. Playfair, Mr. Puggings, and the butler in question—for, so far as geniality went, our old serving man seemed to keep the party going. Not that they needed much to do it, for a livelier party never met together, as Hall Stevenson would say, "neither before nor since the flood." The young ones played games, the old ones sitting watching and drinking punch, until the butler said:

"I wonder if old Gregory's Ghost will walk to-night. Rather a cold night for him, I fancy, and sprites are never very thickly clad, by all accounts."

"What Ghost is that?" asked Mr. Playfair.

"One that is said to haunt this house," replied Mr. Buffings.

"Ha! pray tell us the legend," requested Mr. Playfair.

"Why, it's all a pack of nonsense," rejoined his host. "However, if you like to hear it, I've no objection to tell it."

Now it was a queer thing, but just at this juncture the young ones seemed to grow tired of playing, and drew up to the old ones, whilst the old ones suddenly felt the cold stronger just then, so that all drew their chairs near to the fire. The wind, which for some time had been growing stronger, began to howl more dismally, and Mr. Buffings began his story:

"All that I know about old Gregory," said he, "is that he was the owner of this mansion a great many years ago. Besides this estate he had acquired much money, no one knew how. He was a bachelor, and lived in a very retired and eccentric manner, with an old housekeeper and an old valet or butler as his only attendants. He occasionally went to London, where he had an office in some part of the city, but what he did there was as much a mystery as the rest of his proceedings. He kept no society, and no one about here knew him except by name. Towards the latter end of his life his visits to London became more frequent, and he appeared unsettled in his manner, and, after one of his visits to the great metropolis, he came back quite agitated, sat drinking alone until midnight, then went up to bed, and was heard by his man-servant to lock himself in his room, a thing which he had never before been in the habit of doing."

At this point of the story the company seemed to feel the cold more keenly than ever, maugre the punch within them, and with one accord all drew nearer the fire; while the old butler came from behind his master's chair, where he had hitherto kept his position, like Corporal Tim with Uncle Toby, and stirred and replenished the fire with fuel, but remained standing at the end of the mantelpiece, doubtless to be ready to attend to the fire when it needed it again, as he kept looking thoughtfully into it, as many other men have done both before and since.

"Next morning," said Mr. Buffings, continuing his story, "old Gregory did not appear at his usual time. Hour after hour passed by, and still he never came. Though forbid to ever call him when he did not rise as usual, the old couple began to be afraid that illness had overtaken him, and therefore mustered courage to break his strict injunctions by knocking at his bedroom door. There was no reply. Again they knocked, and again, but with the same result.

"Old Margery, the housekeeper, who durst not be left alone in the house, put on her bonnet and pattens, and, wrapping herself well up in her scarlet cloak, proceeded to the village, told her story to the doctor and constable, and soon raised a force, some going with a sincere desire to be useful to their fellow-creatures, others merely to see what was the matter at old Gregory's. Arrived at the mansion, the door of old Gregory's bedchamber was soon forced open, and——"

Here the wind shrieked more fiercely

than ever, and the company felt it even colder than before, and the butler gave the fire an extra stir.

"They found him on the floor," continued the host, "in a pool of blood. *He had cut his throat—there was a gash from ear to ear.* The doctor said that life had been extinct for some time.

"They searched his papers, and found out the address of his solicitor in London, for neither of his old servants knew it, nor where any of his friends or relations were to be found. The solicitor at once saw to the burial of the body; but ever since then old Gregory's Ghost is said to walk here on Christmas Eve, that being the night on which he destroyed himself."

Here the company felt it extremely cold, and drew so near to the fire that their chairs formed a tight semicircle. The wind howled louder than before. The faces of all assembled were by this time quite white,—doubtless from the cold. For some time no one spoke. At last Mr. Puggings broke the solemn silence by asking:

"Was there no reason assigned for the rash act?"

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Buffings. "It was always said (though how it came out I don't know) that he had a brother who had been abroad for some years and had turned up again in London, whom Gregory had thought or hoped was dead; that a large sum of money, which was let to be equally divided between them, had been monopolised by Gregory alone, who wickedly made out that his brother had died without wife or issue, although on leaving England he had left a motherless infant daughter in his charge, whom he had almost driven to madness by his brutal usage, and then incarcerated by a false name in a private lunatic asylum, having never revealed to her that she was of his own kith and kin. But the wronged brother had managed to find out his still greater wronged daughter, whose liberation he first obtained, and then commenced proceedings to bring his unnatural brother to justice: and hence old Gregory's rash act. But as it is getting late, and most of you have been travelling and will be tired, I propose that we all go to bed, without waiting for the Christmas Waits, as we had intended doing."

This proposition being agreed to, they were provided with candles by the butler, and retired to their several beds.

Mr. Playfair's room was an ancient apartment, wainscotted with oak carved in a great variety of curious patterns, the furniture being of the same material, all black with age, the hands that fashioned them having rested for centuries in their graves. The massive bedstead alone contained more timber than a modern contract builder could afford in the erection of "a capital messuage or dwelling house," between the foundation and chimney.

Now, Mr. Playfair had been turning the story he had heard over in his mind, as he sat in the great old arm-chair by the side of his bedroom fire. He had got a nightcap on his head, the tassel on the top sticking up in the air about a foot above his brow, and giving him a Punch-like appearance; a piece of red flannel round his throat, to prevent him taking cold; and a long white nightgown covered the remainder of his body, from his neck to his feet.

As it was rather dismal to sit thinking of old Gregory's Ghost alone, in such a place, and at such a time, Mr. Playfair got into bed; but alas! not to sleep as he desired. For the very life of him, he could not help thinking of the story he had just heard. The man, he thought, made away with himself, and in this house too, and if in this house, why not in this very room?

His blood ran chill at the thought, and he was soon in a cold sweat. It was a a likely room, he thought, for such a deed —weird and spectral in appearance, though all was so massive in the construction.

The more Mr. Playfair studied the matter, the more he persuaded himself that the fatal deed was done in the room of which he was now the solitary inmate, nor was he re-assured when his ears caught the sound of some mysterious scratching, for which he could not otherwise account, directly under the bed which he was then occupying.

Scratch—scratch—scratch!

Mr. Playfair began to shake and shiver between the sheets.

Scratch—scratch—scratch!

Mr. P. trembled until the ponderous oak bedstead shook under him, and its massive wooden canopy, with the Devil

and St. Dunstan carved upon it, seemed as though the Evil Spirit would at once liberate his proboscis from the tongs of the saintly smith, and the whole fabric was about to fall upon him, and crush him beneath its ponderous weight.

Scratch—scratch—scratch! again came the mysterious sound, louder than ever; and then the noise suddenly changed to—

"Mew! mew!"

Mr. Playfair began to breath freely again. It was the cat, he thought—yes, it must be the cat.

He listened again, and, screwing up his courage—which took a vast of doing, but there was no help for it— he got out of bed, lit the candle, stooped down, and looked under the bedstead.

Yes, there she was, sure enough, but showing no intention of turning out. Mr. Playfair, seeing he was likely to have a hunt, and the fire having died out, took the white coverlet off his bed, and wrapped it round him like a Red Indian's blanket. Stooping down again, he first flung one of his slippers, and then the other, at the cat, which now flew out from beneath upon the bed, snarling savagely at him, as if it were the model for the crest of the Macpherson clan.

He then opened the door, and taking the poker from the fireplace, gave the cat a poke with it, upon which it took a jump, and was out of the room in a moment.

Mr. P. went and put down the poker, and stood to take breath. Happening to look in a more distant corner, he saw a sight that made his "hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." For there, standing in that very room before him, stood the Ghost he so much feared to meet with.

The figure was entirely draped in white, on its head was a great white cap, an awful red gash extended across its throat from ear to ear, and its eyes, the largest that ever mortal saw, seemed to flicker slightly about, though it never moved from the spot it first appeared on.

Mr. P. stood transfixed, too paralysed for a time to move a foot, but shaking and trembling in every limb like an aspen leaf.

He was spell-bound, and stood gazing in unutterable agony at the Ghost, while the Ghost stood gazing at him.

Suddenly the wind gave a loud howl, the casement rattled as though a thousand furies were coming in, and it broke Mr. P.'s spell. Giving a terrific shriek in his terror, he turned and fled in haste from the room.

Now, it happened that the cook and several more of the servants, unlike to Mr. Buffings and his guests, had sat up to hear the Christmas Waits, who invariably visited them during "the wee small hours ayont the twal" on "Christmas Day in the morning." They too, had been beguiling the time in telling all manner of Ghost stories, as was too common in those superstitious days. The Waits had been, sung their Christmas carol, had refreshments, and departed, unheard by Mr. Playfair, and the servants were retiring to their beds.

Unfortunately, the cook had to pass by Mr. Playfair's room, and her nerves being just then in a state of great excitement, she was not a little alarmed to see a figure clothed all in white, with a scarlet gash across its throat, rush out of Mr. Playfair's bedroom, just as she was about to pass the door. Certainly it could be no other than old Gregory's Ghost. Setting up a fearful scream, she dropped the candle she was carrying, and fainted on the spot.

Here was another surprise for Mr. Playfair, who had never heard her footsteps, nor seen her coming, until the mischief was done. But it was not to be the last; for hearing something rushing upon him from behind, which he felt sure was old Gregory's Ghost in full pursuit, he felt very much relieved to hear a loud bark, and feel a sudden jerk at the coverlet, which convinced him that his pursuer was only the dog which had annoyed him on his arrival.

Now this, under ordinary circumstances, would have been quite bad enough; but it was much better than the ghost.

Yet poor Mr. Playfair was still in a dreadful state of mind, and his heart beat like goodness knows what; for here was the dog tearing at his night-gown and coverlet—the cook laid on the landing as still and deathlike as any corpse—and, for anything that he knew to the contrary, the ghost might pursue him at any moment.

Great was his relief when he heard mortal footsteps approaching, and saw lights that were not weird-like appear. He now heard voices that, it comforted him to know, came from human bodies. However much a man at times may court solitude, most assuredly it is not at a moment like that.

His friends were quickly on the spot, and stood amazed, as well they might, at the sight they now saw. Foremost were Mr. Buffings, Mr. Puggings, and the smiling old butler, while a host of others brought up the rear.

Mr. Buffings at once called off the dog; and some of the servants, who now had mustered in full force, set about restoring the cook to consciousness, while Mr. Playfair began to tell in gasps his dreadful tale of the Ghost.

Mr. Buffings burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and exclaimed :—

"Why, the fact is, my dear Playfair, you have been frightened by your own reflection!"

"Frightened by my own reflection!" ejaculated the bewildered Mr. Playfair; "how could that be, when I distinctly saw the ghost entirely clothed in white, as if in its grave-clothes, and the deadly scarlet gash plainly extending across its throat, as if the suicide was but newly done?"

"Pooh, pooh," said his host; "I see it all. There is a large mirror in your room, reaching from the floor to the ceiling; you have seen your own reflection in that, and mistaken it for old Gregory's Ghost."

And so it proved. Mr. Playfair's white nightcap and coverlet had appeared to his frightened mind as the clothes of the ghost; the red flannel around his throat had been mistaken for the deadly gash from ear to ear; and his spectacled eyes had been reflected back to him as the fiery eyes of the spectre; whilst his own trembling at what he deemed the unearthly apparition, accounted for the flickering motion of the dread presence before him. It was but his own reflection that he had seen in the glass.

Matters having been thus satisfactorily explained, there followed a good long and loud laugh, in which all the company joined, louder than the howling storm without, and all once more subsided and went to their own beds; all but Mr. Puggings, who very considerately went with Mr. Playfair to keep him company.

They kept a merry Christmas and a happy New Year's Day at the old manor house together; though Mr. Playfair never heard the last of OLD GREGORY'S GHOST.

Well Close Square, Whitby.

FURNESS ABBEY.

From the "KEYSTONE."

BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

THE famous monastic ruin of Furness Abbey is situated in Lancashire, about a mile south of Dalton, and was founded A.D. 1127, by King Stephen, while he was Earl of Mortaign and Bulloign, who also endowed it with princely wealth. It is one of the most interesting ruins in England. The deep retirement of its situation, the grandeur of its Gothic arches, and the ancient trees that shadow it, all fill the mind of the beholder with solemn yet delightful emotion. It is only equalled in interest by Fountains Abbey near Ripon in Yorkshire.

On Norman cloister and on Gothic isle,
The fading sunset lingers for awhile:
The rooks chant noisy vespers in the elms—
Then night's slow rising tide the scene o'erwhelms.

So fade the roses and the flowers of kings,
And crowns and palms decay with humbler things.
All works built up by toil of mortal breath,
Tend in unbroken course to dust and death.

Pillar and roof and pavement all are gone;
The lamp extinguished and the prayers long done;
But faith and awe, as stars, eternal shine—
The human heart is their enduring shrine.

O Earth in thine incessant funerals,
Take to thyself these crumbling, outgrown walls;

In the broad world one God we seek and find.
And serve our Maker when we serve our kind.
Yet spare, for tender thought, for beauty spare
Some sculptured capital, some carving fair;
Yon ivied archway, fit for Poet's dream,
For painter's pencil, or for writer's theme!

Save! for our modern hurry rush and strife,
Needs much the lesson that thought, too, is life!
Work is not prayer, nor duty's self divine,
Unless within them Reverence hath her shrine.

THE DAYS TO COME.

From the "NEW YORK HERALD."

THE fine weather which marks the Summer time has come to an end; and though the days we are now passing are beautiful for the season of the year, yet we must all admit that they bring with them the premonition of bitter times to come in the near future, and that they remind us how transitory are all the joys of earthly existence; how like the falling leaves of to-day, the brightest hopes and anticipations of human existence. "Man cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down," he looks forward through a pleasing vista of promise to many years of enjoyment, but at the moment when he least expects it, comes the reaper Death, whose call may not be denied, or the almost equally unwelcome guest Poverty, in whose train follow all the ills that flesh is heir to, and who makes of what might be a paradise a realm, including every tribulation men would most desire to avoid. The provident man now looks to see that the larder is well garnished, and the coal-bin furnished for the chilling days so near. Happy, indeed, is he who finds both basket and store well filled, and who can look upon the well filled stove or grate, and know that, "There is more where this came from." But, ah! how many are there among us who know not where the means of filling the bin, or increasing the store are to come from; who look upon their little ones, and writhe in anguish of spirit lest in the days when the Frost King rules there be not the wherewith to keep hunger away from the door or heat within it. These will have a right to look to us for succour and encouragement in the bitter days when the sun is but a myth so far as the warmth of his rays are concerned, and comfort but a reminiscence, among many who have a right to stand by our fires and claim the relations of fraternity with their more fortunate brethren.

Knowing that these things stand in front of us, and that we shall surely meet them, may we be pardoned if we invite the brethren to pause a moment and scan the horizon of events so near them? The time is at hand when we shall be called to measure our professions by deeds, when the world will know whether, when we speak of the benevolent system of Freemasonry, we mean reality, deeds, gifts, money or only their semblance; only that word of promise which reaches but the ear and leaves the heart sick. We believe that the great mass of the brethren are entirely sound, and that whenever a heart is presented, sick and sore with the disappointments and ill-fortune of the world, it will find in our lodges

"Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands."

But it must be remembered that we do not hold the keys of Fortunatus; that the mines of Golconda are not at our disposition nor even the meagre returns of the Black Hills, but only such means as may have been given for the purpose by men who as a general principle, have no dollars to put by; who, in fact, never come into possession of any means but such as have been earned by the sweat of the brow in honest labour.

It should likewise be kept in remembrance, that your case or mine, are not the only ones having a claim on the bounty and benevolence of the craftsmen—a circumstance quite generally overlooked, perhaps naturally enough, since each one's misery is quite enough for his own contemplation; but nevertheless we may be reminded that however desperate our own circumstances, there are others quite

as unfortunately placed, and having quite as just a claim to sympathy as ourselves.

Generally speaking it may be said that never was the outlook more discouraging for rich and poor alike than just now, and yet it will be found that somehow we manage to get along from one day to the other and to make Saturday night find Monday morning just as was the case in more prosperous days. There may be—there is closer shaving, a more persistent holding on to the last quarter, but somehow it comes about that when that is gone another takes its place, and proves that the Father has not forgotten us, and is still a strong tower and defence to those who trust in Him.

Trust there brethren, but at the same time forget not that there is a work for you to do, and that each of you may unconsciously be an instrument to do the work of benevelence assigned to us, and to make straight the way for those who are to come after us. Gird up your loins to do this work and he who is faithful to the end shall not only receive the reward, but have the consciousness of due preparation for the days to come.

GRUMBLE NOT, BROTHER.

GRUMBLE not, brother, though dark be the night,
Gloomy the shadows of life to the sight;
Others have braved them, and scaled with a cheer,
The hill that divides us from sunnier sphere.
Over the hill! Over the hill!
Sunlight is glowing for ever—be still!

Grumble not, brother though stormy the way
Others have travelled it many a day;
Foot sore and weary they journeyed along,
List'ning each day to the echoing song:
Over the hill! Over the hill!
Sunlight is glowing for ever—be still!

Grumble not, brother, the journey is short,
Flitting the seasons that over us sport;
Autumn and winter bring shadows that stay
Summer undying lies over the way.
Over the hill! Over the hill!
Sunlight is glowing for ever—be still!

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REFERENCE TO A TRIAD OF DEITY.

(*Continued from page* 242.)

"JAMBLICHUS, in his celebrated book, De Mysterüs, professing to give a genuine account of thetheological opinions propagated by Hermes," writes as follows: "Hermes places the god Emeph as the prince and ruler over all the celestial gods. Now, Emeph is no other than Cneph, who produced in the manner before mentioned, the deity Ptha, whence the famous word Emp-Pha, denoting their relation and indissoluble union; before which Emeph however he tells us the same Hermes placed one primordial source of all being; him whom he calls Eicton, in whom is the first intelligences, and the first intelligible, and who is adored only in silence." After these two, Hermes places the Demiurgic mind, which, in the Egyptian language, he says is called Ammon, but is sometimes denominated Ptah, the Vulcan of the Greeks, and at other times Osiris, according to its various operations and energies. But what is very remarkable, as being entirely consonant with the Hebraic notions on this subject, Jamblichus adds, as comparisons to the Demiurgic Mind, and the guardian of Truth and Wisdom, the Cochma of the Hebrews, which he supposes forms the triad of Egypt."*

"According to Jablouski, the good genius of Egypt was called, in the language of that country, Ich, or Ikhnouphi, from *ich*, demon, and *nouphi*, good. Such is the interpretation which this learned writer gives of the name which the Greeks wrote Cneph and Knouphis. Again, Jablouski contends that Phtha was the same with Cneph. Strictly speaking there was a distinction between these deities; Phtha

* Maus. Ind. Aut. vol. iv. p. 691.

being the material Demiurgus, while the nature of Cneph was entirely spiritual; but it may easily be believed that this distinction was not always attentively observed that Cneph and Phtha were often considered as the same, and that both were denominated the good genius by the Egyptians, or, perhaps, rather the guardian genius."* The above triad was frequently designated by a compound symbol which forms a part of the figure before us in its perfect state on the Bembim Table, consisting of a winged serpent bearing a globe or circle, which, in the Hermesian writings is thus interpreted: "Una sola LUX fuit intellectualis ante lucem intellectualem, et fuit semper MEUS mentis lucida; et nihil aliud fuit hujus unio, quam SPIRITUS omnia connecteus." Mr. Maurice is inclined to think that there is some mistake in this appropriation, which he attributes to the imperfect knowledge which the Egyptians possessed respecting the trinity; for he says "they manifestly confounded the order of the hypostases, because the Demiurgic Phtha is made to proceed from Cneph, yet, by the latter, they doubtless meant to typify the sacred person to whom we apply it, the incumbent Spirit that moved upon the face of the waters."† M. Portal says "that in Egypt the candidate was regenerated by the two-fold baptism of the Spirit and of Fire; or the union of truth and love. Neith espoused to the god of Fire, the Memphite Phtha, brought forth the Sun, a symbol of eternal light and divine revelation."

Other triads are figured on the monuments of Egypt, as the Theban triad, Amunre-Maut-Khonso; the triad of the Nile, Re-Phtha-Hapimoon, &c. In fact, according to the discoveries of Champollion in the temple of Kalabski in Nubia, it was a whole series of triads of Gods that the Egyptians worshipped. The first link of these triads was Amon-ras-Muth-Chous; or the genitor, the genitrix, and the son of the production; a super terrestrial triad, which was converted into the more earthly one of Osiris-Isis-Orus, with the usual symbols.

The persons in the first mentioned triad did not receive an equal degree of adoration in every part of the country; for while at Heliopolis Phre or Re was esteemed the superior divinity, the Thebans preferred Cneph, whom they represented as a winged serpent; the Memphites, Phtha, and the Saitans, the female Isis, or Neith, whose tears annually shed in grief for the parched soil of the country in its unproductive state, caused the Nile to overflow its banks.* Her boat was held in such estimation as to be honoured with a yearly festival; and, as Plutarch informs us, was elevated into a constellation under the name of the "Ship of Osiris."†

"Considered in her two-fold capacity, she is called in the upper world, Neith the great mother; in the lower world, mistress of Sais; and as the mother goddesses in the abode of accouchment, considered as Amour, she was entitled the great chief resident in Thebes. Her chief titles are, mistress of the country of the upper region; the great cow, engenderer of the sun;—of the gods, mother of the sun; regent of the region of the abode of paternity."‡ The individual preference given to the several members of the triad was frequently the cause of furiously religious wars. Juvenal was very severe upon these zealots; and his words would be an useful lesson to other nations besides the ancient Egyptians.

A cureless enmity and a bigot hate,
Foster'd by ancient feuds, and dire debate,
The men of Tentyra and Ropt engage,
Filling their bosoms with religious rage.
Each views his neighbour's idol beast with spite,
For rival deities the block heads fight,
You'll scarce believe it, 'tis so wond'rous odd,
They hate each other for the love of God.||

They also varied considerably in the ceremonial of initiation, and the time of their annual commemorations, some using the autumn and others the spring.

The Marquis Spineto, in his lectures, has the following judicious observations on this

* Drummond. *Origines, vol. ii. p. 53.*
† Maus. ut Supra, p. 694.

* Pausan l.x. query, whether the Egyptian Neith was not the prototype of the Greek Athena or Minerva?
† Plut. Is. et Osis. p. 359.
‡ Egypt Mon. p. 12.
|| Juo. Sat. xv.

triad. "Phtha governed and presided over the intellectual world, and the world above; but of the material, or physical world, the government belonged to another god, not less ancient than the other two. He was considered as the soul of nature, the eye of the world, and the son of Phtha, the active intelligence which had originated the universe. He was no less a personage than the sun, the of the Greeks, and in Egyptian language, is called Re;" whence the name of Osiris appears to have been derived. Thus Sir William Drummond says: "if by Sirius both the Sun and the dogstar were originally understood, I should think that the Ethopians and the Egyptians had obtained the word *seir*, or *sari*, or *sira*, from the Arabians. In Egypt the appellation of *soth*, or *seth*, was more commonly given to the dogstar than *sira*; but the Sun, called in the vulgar dialect Re, or with the definite article phre, was personified and adored under the name of *osh-sira*; *osh-seir* which signified *magnus ignis*, or *magnus sol*."*

The priests described him as one of the earliest kings, and the successor of his father in the government of Egypt, and like him, the special protector of the sovereigns whom adulation regarded as members belonging to the family of this god. The name of Egypt, as a country, is attributed by the above writer to the Greeks; and he explains his meaning by the following process: "A vulture was one of the principal symbols of Ikh-Ptah. A vulture was named *noshe* in Egyptian. They would put this into Greek *gups*, or *aigupios*. The Greek mariners would soon confound the names of the genius of the river, and of the symbol of the god. They would remember that a vulture was the symbol of the deity, from whom the great river was denominated; and they might recollect the name of Ptah, though they would, and indeed could, not have distinctly articulated a word which terminates with an aspirate. Thus the *Ikh-Ptah*, demon Ptah of the Egyptians may have been corrupted into Aigupios, Gups-Pta, perhaps Aigups-Ptas, and, finally, into Aiguptos. That the Greeks corrupted Ikh-Ptah into Aiguptos seems sufficiently probable. From a passage in Diodorus we may infer that Sethosis, who took the name of Aiguptois, considered Ptah as his patron god. The Greeks gave the name of Hephaistia to Egypt. Whence came this name, if not from an Egyptian appellation, according to which Egypt was so called from Ptah? Cicero says that Ptah was born in the Nile; and the same deity, according to M. Champollion, was symbolized by a Nilometer."*

In correspondence with the triad doctrines, it was held that the angelic intelligencies are divided into three orders, in essence, virtue, and action. There are also three heavens, which are equally divisible into three; corresponding to which in the material world, are the spheres of fire, air, and water. The same design is pursued by the Jewish cabalists, who deduce from a passage in the book of Wisdom,† that this divine quality is recognised under three several denominations, viz.: Light, Power, and Goodness, which continually emanate from the throne of God. And, indeed, in the sacred writings, the Divine Being is represented as seated on this azure throne, surrounded by a red or fiery sphere, in the centre of an emerald rainbow; blue being the symbol of Wisdom, Queen of Power, and red of Goodness or Love. Mr. Townley was of opinion that "in arranging the symbolical works of ancient art we must follow the mystic system of emanations, which was regularly formed upon one general principle, and not suffer ourselves to be misled by the wild theogonies and fanciful genealogies of the poets, which are all vague, irregular, and incoherent. According to this ancient system, the first place is to be given to the Supreme Triad, or three great local personifications of the universal spirit, or active principle pervading the elements of Æther, Earth, and Water, and acting distinctly on each. These are the three brother deities, Jupiter, Pluto, and Neptune, who were represented under various forms, and distinguished by various attributes or modes of action. In each of these was found a female personification of the material or passive principle, which was still more variously named and distinguished. Latona, Athene, and Astarle,

* Drummond, Orig. vol. ii. p. 68.

* Drummond, Origines, vol. ii. p. 56.

† Wis. vii. 26.

being different names and forms for one personification; Juno, Ceres, and Rhea, for another; and Proserpine and Isis for the third. Each of these general personifications, whether male or female, was endowed with three great attributes, the powers of generation, preservation, and distinction, which, being separately personified in all their different modes of acting and existing, became distinct and subordinate deities."*

In consequence of the above theory, all the Egyptian Kings, from the earliest Pharaoh to the last of the Roman Emperors, adopted, in the legends consecrated to their honour, the pompous titles of "Offspring of the Sun, son of the Sun, king, like the Sun, of all inferior and superior regions;" and the like. They had, besides, consecrated to the Sun, the city of Heliopolis, and thus each of the four principal cities of the empire, Thebes, Memphis, Sais, and Heliopolis was under the especial protection of one of these great deities.† It may, however, be conceived that these deities were in reality the tauric emblem of the Sun under different appellations. Thus "Muevis, the bull of Heliopolis, was said to be sacred to the Sun, and Apis, the bull of Memphis, to the moon. But Macrobius has more accurately referred all the sacred bulls of Egypt to the Sun, in the sign of Taurus. Strabo says that Apis was the same with Osiris; and, according to Plutarch, the priests of Egypt considered this bull as a fair image of the soul of Osiris. Hence, no doubt, Lucian has called Apis the greatest god of the Egyptians."‡

For these reasons, and others, which might be adduced, the hieroglyphic of the principal deity in the triad, viz., the point within a circle, is inserted in the Tracing Board which the crowned or winged beetle, or Hermes, as the above mentioned Re, holds between its two fore legs, in conformity with that sublime description of the deity which was contained in the Hermetic writings; Deus circulus est, cujus centrum ubique, circumferentia nusquam.

* Townley Gallery, Brit. Mus. vol. i. p. 6.
† Spineto. Hies. p. 133.
‡ Drummond, Origines, vol. ii. p. 98.

A Review.

Life of the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin, C.B. (Vol. II.)

After a lapse of two years, the second volume of this most interesting life appears, and Mr. Martin seems to be able to finish it in one more.

Mr. Martin has had the most abundant stores of public papers and private memoranda submitted to his notice for his important task, and thus alludes to his most valuable sources of information :—

"In going through the volumes of State and other papers compiled by the Prince for the use of your Majesty and himself, nothing has impressed or touched me more than the indications on which I everywhere came of how the minds and hands of your Majesty and the Prince had worked together upon the multiform and difficult questions which were constantly presenting themselves for consideration. It cannot but be well that your Majesty's subjects should learn something of the noble activity which reigned within the Palace—how not a day, scarcely an hour, passed which did not leave its record of some good work done, some sagacious counsel tendered, some worthy enterprise encouraged, some measure to make men wiser or better devised or helped forward, some problem of grave, social, or political moment meditated to its depth and advanced towards a solution."

The period over which this volume extends is from 1848 to 1854, a very important epoch in the history of Europe, and which many of us remember with vivid emotions.

It is thus that, writing to the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Cobourg, Prince Albert takes leave of 1848 :—

"One is heartily glad to say goodbye to it (the old year), and deeply grateful ought we to be that we have managed to come out of it with a whole skin. Still I fear that mankind has not grown much wiser or better, and I see symptoms in the German sovereigns of an inclination to to repeat all the old faults, which have been within an ace of losing them their heads."

We cannot go through the whole history of the six years which are dealt with by Vol. II. We must all admire the clear and epigrammatic manner in which Mr. Martin deals with the history of this very eventful and exciting period. It is sufficient to say that these six years saw the Continental Revolutions of 1848, the rise of the second Empire in France, the Austro Hungarian War, and the first International Exhibition. It was a time of ferment and political chaos on the Continent—and at home, when this country, believing itself menaced by the new Napoleon, set itself to reorganise its military forces. It was during this period, also, that the national jealousy of the influence which the Prince Consort was supposed to have in councils of the Queen made him for a short time the object of suspicion and unpopularity. This volume dealing, therefore, more with political matters than the first, has less domestic interest. It opens with a review of the state of Europe after the fall of Louis Philippe, and the events which led to the flight of the bourgeois king to England. The friendship between the Queen and the Orleans family has been impaired by the Guizot intrigues, which led to the Spanish marriages, but in their misfortune the duplicity which had undoubtedly characterised the conduct of Louis Philippe was forgotten, and they were received by the Royal Family of England as if no misfortune had occurred. The Queen at this time writes :—

"Little did I dream that this would be the way we should meet again and see *each other all in the most friendly* way.

That the Duchess of Montpensier, about whom we have been quarrelling for the last year and a half, should be here as a fugitive, and dressed in the clothes I sent her, and should come to thank me for my kindness, is a reverse of fortune which no novelist could devise, and upon which one could moralise for ever."

Passing over the Chartist fiasco, we come to this little and historical fact—that it was in 1848 that the Queen first visited that "Highland Home," which has always been so cherished by herself and the Royal Family. The following are the facts of the acquisition of Balmoral, as communicated to Mr. Martin by her Majesty, and are told in the following extracts :—

"The attention of the royal physician, Sir James Clark, had been called by his son, Mr. (now Sir) John Clark, to the fine air and other attractions of this part of Deeside as a summer and autumn residence. Having satisfied himself on these points, he had urged the Queen and Prince to acquire the lease of the Balmoral estate from the Earl of Aberdeen, into whose hands it had come upon the death of Sir Robert Gordon in 1847. The lease was only 38 years from the year 1836, but the property was found to possess so completely the good qualities which had led to its being selected that the Prince purchased the fee simple of it in 1852 from the trustees of the Earl of Fife. Apart from the beauty of the surrounding scenery, the dry, bracing character of the air was precisely what, in Sir James Clark's opinion, was most essential for the peculiar constitutions of the Queen and Prince. The whole of Deeside, from Charleston to Aboyne to Castleton of Braemar, he held to be one of the driest districts of Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, and no spot along the valley to be more favoured in this respect than Balmoral. The causes of this were two-fold—first, the sandy, gravelly nature both of the lowlands and of the greater part of the surrounding hills; and, next, the fact that the rain-clouds from the sea break and discharge themselves upon the range of mountains which lies between Braemar and the Atlantic before they reach Deeside."

On the 16th of September, Sir James Clark writes :—

"We have been here a week. The weather is beautiful, and the place, as regards healthiness of site and beauty of scenery, exceeding my expectations, great as they were."

The first impressions made by the place upon the Queen and Prince have been graphically described in the "Leaves from Her Majesty's Journal." Writing on the 11th September to the Dowager-Duchess of Cobourg, the Prince says :—

"We have withdrawn for a short time into a complete mountain solitude, where one rarely sees a human face, where the snow already covers the mountain tops,

and the wild deer come creeping stealthily round the house. I, naughty man, have also been creeping stealthily after the harmless stags, and to-day I shot two red deer—at least, I hope so, for they are not yet found, but I have brought home a fine roebuck with me. This place belonged to poor Sir Robert Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's brother, and the little castle was built by him. It is of granite, with numerous small turrets, and whitewashed (*Scottice*, harled), and is situated upon a rising ground, surrounded by birchwood, and close to the river Dee. The air is glorious and clear, but very cold."

The Prince's needful attention to cosmopolitan and English political life did not divert his attention from home matters. On the contrary, it was in this spring of 1848 that he may be said to have first put himself forward in a public capacity. He had become President of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes, and he was persuaded by Lord Shaftesbury and other leading philanthropists to take the chair at a great meeting. In matter, as well as manner of delivery, his speech was a great success. Mr. Martin remarks very justly that we are inclined to forget that what reads now as commonplaces, after nearly thirty years' *ventilation in Social Science Congresses* and elsewhere, might be at that time the original germ of the ideas that able minds have been since developing. Such passages as the following came home to many with the force of novelty, and they produced a striking effect on the hearers :—

"Depend upon it, the interests of classes too often contrasted are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting for each other's advantage. To dispel that ignorance, to show how man can help man, nowithstanding the complicated state of civilised society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person : but it is more particularly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education. Let them be careful, however, to avoid any dictatorial interference with labour and employment, which frightens away capital, destroys that freedom of thought and independence of action which must remain to every one if he is to work out his own happiness, and impairs that confidence under which alone engagements for mutual benefit are possible."

We pass over the incidents connected with changes at Cambridge University and even with all his many cares alike in respect to domestic matters and public affairs.

With regard to the Princess Royal we find the Queen touchingly saying, in 1849 : "It is already a hard case for me that my occupations prevent my being with her when she says her prayers." And a little later we have another example of the Prince's feelings in the letter addressed to his stepmother, which prompted him to invoke God's blessing on the important step of placing the Prince of Wales in the hands of one (Mr. Birch) on whose instruction and influence much might depend. And all this time mid multifarious details of public and private business, this most remarkable man had gained, by unceasing application to work, a mastery of details for which he had gained extraordinary credit from the chiefs of the various departments, and which mastery of detail "could only be gained by great and systematic labour, in itself quite sufficient to absorb the energies of a busy man."

Accordingly, by the Easter of 1850, the strain arising out of the interest of England in the Continental disturbances had told severely on the Prince. The Queen writes from Windsor to Baron Stockmar :—

"My dearest Prince has, thank God ! been giving himself a rest, and was himself astonished at his disinclination to work, which Sir James Clark was delighted at. It is absolutely necessary to give the brain rest to enable it to work again with advantage, and I am always uneasy lest he should overstrain his powers."

We have now the episode of the offer of *the command of the Army*, made to the Prince by the Duke of Wellington, in succession to himself, which the Prince as we know refused with the most exalted greatness. When the great Duke's death did come, as we know, Lord Hardinge succeeded to his high command, and though it is never well we know to be wise "après coup," yet it might be a fair matter

for speculation whether, if Lord Raglan had been in command of the army at home, and Lord Hardinge in command of the army abroad, things might not have turned out somewhat better than they did.

In the great war between Prussia and Austria in 1866, if Field-Marshal von Benedek had been in Italy and the Archduke Albert and Field-Marshal Johns in Bohemia, the struggle would have been more equal, though we do not think that anything could have compensated for the overpowering superiority of the needle guns.

The great secret of public life, and we may say private, is to get "the right man into the right place," and none can doubt who read these lifelike pages how gracefully Prince Albert always sought to make public appointments on public grounds alone.

We well remember Sir Robert Peel's death, and we find this tribute to him in a letter to the Duchess-Dowager of Saxe Cobourg from Prince Albert:—

"Sir Robert Peel is to be buried to-day. The feeling in the country is absolutely not to be described. We have lost our truest friend and trustiest counsellor, the Throne its most valiant defender, the country its most open-minded and greatest statesman."

It is well known that the Queen had to complain of Lord Palmerston's way of doing business, and the following note of Prince Albert relates to one of those incidents which, to say the least, did not display Lord Palmerston's character in the most favourable light, as his conduct is alike petty and unworthy of a great statesman, and unwarrantable towards a lady and a Queen:—

"My dear Lord John,—Both the Queen and myself are *exceedingly sorry* at the news your letter contained. We are not surprised, however, that Lord Palmerston's mode of doing business should not be borne by the susceptible French Government with the same good humour and forbearance as by his colleagues.—Ever yours truly, ALBERT."

We are happy, however, to state that in the latter years of his great political career, Lord Palmerston changed materially his estimate of the Prince Consort, as the following narrative attests. Mr. Martin quotes from a letter addressed to him by Colonel Kemeys Tynte, an intimate personal friend of Lord Palmerston:—

"Shortly after the return of Her Majesty and his Royal Highness from their visit to the Emperor and Empress of the French, I called one morning upon Lord Palmerston at Cambridge House. I congratulated him upon the, in every respect, very successful visit of Her Majesty and the Prince to France, remarking, 'What an extraordinary man the Emperor was.' 'Yes,' replied Lord Palmerston, 'he is; but we have a far greater and more extraordinary man nearer home.' Lord Palmerston paused; and I said, 'the Prince Consort?' 'Certainly,' he replied; 'the Prince would not have considered it right to have obtained a throne as the Emperor has done; but, in regard to the possession of the soundest judgment, the highest intellect, and the most exalted qualities of mind, he is far superior to the Emperor. Till my present position"—he was then Premier—"gave me so many opportunities of seeing his Royal Highness, I had no idea of his possessing such eminent qualities as he has; and how fortunate it has been for the country that the Queen married such a Prince."

The latter part of the volume deals with the period just preceding the Crimean War, and gives a glimpse of the course of diplomacy prior to the actual declaration of war. A comparison of the position of affairs then and now is full of suggestion. Writing in September, 1853, the Prince says:—

"The Divan has become fanatically warlike and headstrong. The worst symptom of all is the danger to which Turkish fanaticism has already given rise in Constantinople. Our fleet is under orders to run in there should the lives of the Christian population or of the Sultan himself be in danger. The greater the tumult the better are the Russians pleased."

It was at this period, while war with Russia was pending, that the Prince became the object of persistent attack through the columns of certain journals that accused him of unconstitutional intermeddling in foreign affairs. It was said that "our foreign policy was mainly directed by the Prince Consort," and that

the resignation of Lord Palmerston, which had just occurred, was due to an influence behind the throne." How the Queen and the Prince felt under these attacks is indicated in a letter which the Prince wrote to Baron Stockmar, in which he says:—

"Victoria has taken the whole affair greatly to heart, and was excessively indignant at the attacks. Finally, if our courage and cheerfulness have not suffered our stomachs and digestions have, as they commonly do where the feelings are kept long upon the stretch. Since yesterday I have been quite miserable. To-day I have had to keep to the house, and this is why you get this long letter."

When Parliament met the Prince was vindicated by the benches both of Minister and Opposition, and the Queen, writing to Baron Stockmar subsequently, says:—

"I write to you in the fulness of joy at the triumphant refutation of all the calumnies in the two Houses of Parliament last night. The position of my beloved lord and master had been defined for once and all, and his merits have been acknowledged on all sides most duly. There was an immense concourse of people assembled when we went to the House of Lords, and the people were very friendly."

The Prince wrote a memorandum to Lord Aberdeen in October, 1843, when the Eastern Question was engaging the attention of England and all Europe, and which contained truths which statesmen and others may well ponder over to-day.

"The question is involved in the Oriental dispute and the motives which have guided and ought to guide the conduct of the European Powers, and of England in particular, are so complicated and interwoven that it is very desirable to separate and define them before we can judge of what will be the future line of action on our part. When Prince Menschakoff had obtained the concessions which, in our opinion, Russia was entitled to demand, and made new demands not borne out by any treaty, we declared these demands unjust and untenable, and Turkey in the right in refusing compliance with them. When Russia invaded the Principalities, for the avowed purpose of holding a pledge in hand by which to coerce Turkey into compliance, we declared this an infraction of international law and an act of unjustifiable aggression upon Turkey, and justifying the latter in going to war. We advised her, however, at the same time, to remain at peace. We took upon ourselves the task of obtaining from Russia by our negotiations a diplomatic settlement of the dispute, not involving the concessions which we had said Turkey ought not to make, and securing the evacuation of the Principalities. These negotiations have hitherto been unattended with success. We have in the meantime sent orders to our fleet to protect and defend the Turkish territory from any Russian attack. Throughout the transaction there we have taken distinctly the part of Turkey as against Russia. The motives which have guided us have been mainly three:—

1. We considered Turkey in the right and Russia in the wrong, and could not see without indignation that unprovoked attempt of a strong Power to oppress a weak one.

2. We felt the paramount importance of not allowing Russia to obtain in an underhand way or by a legal form, a hold over Turkey which she would not have ventured to seek by open conquest.

3. We were most anxious for the preservation of the peace of Europe, which could not fail to be endangered by open hostilities between Turkey and Russia.

These motives must be pronounced just and laudable, and ought still to guide our conduct. By the order to our fleet, however, to protect the Turkish territory, and by the declaration of war now issued by the Turks, the third, and perhaps most important object of our policy has been decidedly placed in jeopardy. In acting as auxiliaries to the Turks we ought to be quite sure that they have no object in view foreign to our duty and interests, that they do not drive at war whilst we aim at peace, that they do not, instead of merely resisting the attempt of Russia to obtain a protectorate over the Greek population incompatible with their own independence, seek to obtain themselves the power of imposing a more oppressive rule of two millions of fanatic Mussulmans over twelve millions of Christians, that they do

not try to turn the tables upon the weaker Power now that, backed by England and France, they have themselves become the stronger. There can be little doubt, and it is very natural, that the fanatical party at Constantinople should have such views, but to engage our fleet as an auxiliary force for such purposes would be fighting against our own interests, policy, and feelings. From this it would result that if our forces are to be employed for any purpose, however defensive, as an auxiliary to Turkey, we *must insist* upon keeping not only the conduct of the negotiation, but also the power of peace and war in our own hands, and that Turkey refusing this we can no longer take part *for her*. It will be said that England and Europe have a strong interest, setting all Turkish considerations aside, that Constantinople and the Turkish territory should not fall into the hands of Russia, and that they should in the last extremity even go to war to prevent such an overthrow of the balance of power. This must be admitted, and such a war may be right and wise. But this would be a war not for the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, but merely for the interests of the European Powers and of civilisation. It ought to be carried on unshackled by obligations to the Porte, and will probably lead, in the peace which must be the object of that war, to the obtaining of arrangements more consonant with the well-understood interests of Europe, of Christianity, liberty, and civilisation, than the reimposition of the ignorant, barbarian, and despotic yoke of the Mussulman over the most fertile and favoured portion of Europe.

And here we stop to-day, feeling deeply how well the writer has fulfilled his task, and how admirably the volume put forth represents to us the lamented Prince Consort as he was and what he was to his Queen and adopted country!

We owe to him, in fact, a debt of gratitude for all he planned and did, even when misunderstood and calumniated, which can never be blotted out from the tenacious memories of the English people.

We have never read a work which more interested us in every line.

FREEMASONRY!

THE "Masonic Journal" says that the following effusion is from the pen of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, an earnest Mason, and the classical author of Pompeii and Zanoni:—

The world may rail at Masonry,
And scoff the square and line;
We'll follow with complacency
The Master's great design.
And though our sisters frown, and though
We're by our mothers chided,
Could they our works and hearts but know,
We would not be derided?

And though the kings of earth unite,
Our temple to assail—
While armed with truth and love and light,
O'er them we shall prevail.
A cloud may veil the face of day,
But nature smiles at one
That should adventure, bold essay!
To quench the glorious sun!

A King can make a gartered knight,
And breathe away another;
But he with all his skill and might,
Can never make a BROTHER!
This power alone, thou Mystic Art,
Freemasonry, is thine!
The power to tame the savage heart
With brother love divine.

POETS' CORNER.

Continued from Page 250.

ABOVE these, and against the wall, is the monument of *George Frederick Handel*, the celebrated composer. The book of his own great work, the "Messiah," lies open upon this monument at the place where that fine air "I know that my Redeemer liveth,' occurs. Music and poetry have been called sister arts; and it is quite fitting that he who carried the one to so great a height of excellence should have his memorial erected amongst the monuments of those who so successfully cultivated the other.

There is a monument here which we must notice because of its size and magnificence,

though we shall find that it does not interest us so much, nor awaken such strong emotions in our breasts, as the mere name upon some of the simple tablets around, Yet this is the memorial of a great man no less famous a personage than the great and good *John, Duke of Argyle.*

But let us pass on. Yet tread not heedlesly. Look upon the floor at that black marble slab. It looks new, and, indeed, it is only five years old. You read the name engraved upon it in letters of gold. Ah! this was the magician of our times to whom we before alluded. There rests the body of him who touched our hearts with a skill we could not understand nor resist. "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Chimes"—those charming prose idylls—were the work of his hand and brain. Such different and such vital characters as Sam Weller, Little Em'ly, and Rose Dartle were his creations. He was a great man, and well did he earn the honour which kings might envy, of a tomb in this glorious spot. And what noble company he keeps here! Near to him are the remains of *Handel*, of *Cumberland*, the dramatist, of *Macaulay*, of *Garrick*, of *Sheridan*, and *Johnson*. These are his companions in dust, until the last trump shall sound, and all these moulder-ing forms shall be raised again.

Some distance to the left of the Duke of Argyle's monument we see a small door in the wall which leads into the little chapel of St. Faith. We need not enter, for it is bare and plain. Over the door of this chapel there is a monument which will at once fix our attention. It is a marble slab fixed in the wall, ornamented with a curtain, olive branches, and books, and bearing in the centre a finely sculptured medallion, in which we recognize the well-known portrait of *Oliver Goldsmith*—the genial, generous, but thoughtless Goldsmith, whom his great associates made the butt of their jests, while they could not deny him their admiration and their love. We have all read some of Goldsmith's charming writings, and we have also read or heard of some of the amusing anecdotes related of him. Who has not heard the often-told story of his tour of Europe on foot, and without any means of subsistence? The story of his wanderings may be gathered from his beautiful poem, "The Traveller," and from several passages in the "Vicar of Wakefield." We are told how for this great undertaking he was furnished with "one guinea in his pocket, a shirt on his back, and a flute in his hand." He was not dismayed by his situation, however, but wandered on enjoying the present as much as he could, and quite unconcerned for the morrow. "Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall," he beautifully says, "I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day." The happiness which he produced and shared on such occasions is finely described in "The Traveller." Of course he did not make money in this way, and when he came to England he was really destitute. Then commenced his literary life, for many years a life of drudgery, poverty and privation, during which he worked industriously, and wrote the sweetest verse and prose in English literature. He was, perhaps, the hardest worked drudge that ever a printer or publisher employed, and we think we may also say that he was the most miserable—that is, as regards his want of the comforts, sometimes even the necessaries of life. He worked without ceasing, and he wrote upon nearly all subjects. He lived in Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, "in a wretchedly dirty room, in which there was but one chair," and here he compiled histories, biographies, his elaborate account of "Animated Nature;" composed inimitable essays, and scraps of poetry. It is believed that the popular nursery history of "Goody Two Shoes" was composed by him. In his thirty-sixth year he published "The Traveller," and this beautiful poem at once secured him the friendship of some of the most distinguished men of the day. In the next year appeared his delightful "Vicar of Wakefield," in which by the way, is inserted, like a diamond in gold, the most perfect ballad in the language, "The Hermit." When he was forty-two years of age he published "The Deserted Village," with the opening verses of which, at least, every school-boy and school-girl is familiar. He apostrophises his native village in Longford, Ireland, in the well-known lines:

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,

Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delayed."

Of course we could not expect that a person of Goldsmith's fine sensibility would forget the scenes of his youthful joys; and, accordingly, when he was in the height of his popularity and success we find him writing these pathetic lines:

"In all my wanderings through this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst those humble bow'rs to lay me down
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from which at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last."

This hope, however, was not to be fulfilled, for the gifted poet, philosopher, and historian died in London in his forty-sixth year, and his friend Dr. Johnson wrote the epitaph which is inscribed upon his monument.

Here is the monument of *John Gay*, known to old and young by his fables, and who was also the author of the celebrated "Beggars' Opera." A very pleasing character of him is given in the epitaph inscribed upon his monument, and which was written by Alexander Pope. It tells us that he was

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child."

Near this we find the monument of *Nicholas Rowe*, the dramatist. He was the Poet Laureate, and the author of several fine tragedies, and just before his death he completed a translation of Lucian's "Pharsalia."

But here we come to a memorial which will, perhaps, possess more interest for us. It is a fine piece of work, and worthy to perpetuate the memory of so sweet a poet as *James Thompson*, the author of "The Seasons." The figure of the poet leans its left arm upon a pedestal, holding a book in one hand and the Cap of Liberty in the other. Upon the pedestal are sculptured in bas-relief representations of the Seasons, and to these a boy is pointing, at the same time offering the poet a laurel crown as a reward for his genius in describing their beauties. He has received a praise which cannot be rated too highly when applied to one who wrote so much as he did, for Lord Lyttelton, an elegant scholar and critic, has said that his works contained

"No line which, dying, he would wish to blot."

Now we have come to the monument of a man whose name and fame is known all over the civilized world. It is that of the great *William Shakespeare*. So much has been written and spoken of this astonishing genius, that we do not think it necessary to dwell at any length on his works or his life in this place, nor, indeed, have we space to touch upon such a boundless theme.

Near this is a bust of *Robert Southey*, a very voluminous writer, whose life affords one of the most striking examples of unremitting industry—of positive labour—to be found in the whole range of biography. He composed many very long poems, but we daresay he will be better known to our young friends by his shorter pieces, such as "The Inchcape Rock"—a favourite piece for recitation—"The Battle of Blenheim," and "Eugene Aram." He was another eminently pure and harmless writer.

We have now reached the fine statue of *Thomas Campbell*, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," in which occurs that fine reading on the downfall of Poland, which, we are sure, you have often read with interest and delight. You know how it begins:

"When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered Pandours and her fierce hussars, &c."

"The Battle of the Baltic," that soul-stirring lyric, is also a familiar example of

his power. The fire and impetuosity of his patriotic songs are well contrasted with the tender pathos of that exquisite lyric "The Exile of Erin," which has been called the queen of songs, and the plaintive verses "Poor Dog Tray." But perhaps there is not one of his poems so well known to youthful readers as "The Battle of Hohenlinden." What a fine piece that is for recitation. The poet witnessed the sanguinary battle he describes :

"On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly."

But Linden showed another sight, which he goes on to describe in the succeeding verses.

Not far from the grave of Campbell we came to a bust of *Matthew Prior*, which was done by order of the King of France, who had a great respect for his talents. His poems are not much read in these days, but they are lively and elegant compositions.

A bust of *William Mason*, a poet who is now but little regarded, is the next object of interest; but our attention is at once diverted from it to a group of monuments which stand near. The most important of these is that of *John Milton*, the famous author of the greatest epic poem in existence. Of course you will know that we allude to the sublime work entitled "Paradise lost." Now, we do not suppose that many of our young friends have read this great poem, nor do we think that you could perceive or appreciate its beauties even if you had, so we must ask you to believe that it is the greatest of all epic poems upon the authority of others until you are old and learned enough to form an opinion of its merits for yourselves. But there is one circumstance in connection with John Milton's great poem, which we may particularly remark for the benefit of our young friends, and especially for those amongst them who are so apt to be disheartened at every little difficulty they encounter. The manner in which this astonishing work was produced presents a very remarkable illustration of the power of a determined will to overcome all difficulties. The poet had lost his sight, and was the object of some persecution on account of his political principles. But for many years he had determined to compose a great poem, and though blind, and compelled to hide himself from his enemies in Bartholomew Close, he never for a moment faltered in his determination. It was under these trying circumstances that his wonderful work was begun and completed. Some say that his daughters wrote for him; but Dr. Johnson says his daughters did not know how to write, and that the blind poet was obliged to request any friend who visited him to write down from his dictation such lines as he had composed and kept in his memory. In this manner the work was carried on for many years and finally completed, and surely there cannot be any more glorious example of the struggles and the triumph of genius and resolution. Milton wrote many other poems and many prose works. He was, indeed, one of the greatest scholars that England has ever produced, but the extent of his learning and the eloquence of his prose writings are apt to be overlooked in our admiration for the grandeur of his poetic genius.

Under Milton is an elegant monument to *Thomas Gray*. Our young friends will look with pleasure upon this pretty memorial of the author of a poem that is universally known and admired. He did not write much, but if he had not written anything beside the tender "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," his name would not pass away. You know the verses :

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

It is in this poem so full of beauties that the often-quoted lines occur :

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

(*To be continued.*)

PARIS RESTAURANTS.

We take the following interesting account from the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

For once or twice that one has spent at week or ten days in Paris, how often is one not assailed with the question, "Which do you consider to be the best restaurant ?" or, "Where do you advise us to breakfast ?" or dine, as the case may be. These are questions easier asked than answered ; and the larger is one's experience of Paris restaurants, the more diffidence one must feel in making reply. Not because there is any lack of places to which the average Englishman may be recommended in the full belief that his wants will be supplied, but because it is so difficult to decide between their conflicting claims. To a friend, whose idiosyncrasies are familiar to one and to whose tastes one has already ministered, it is easy to say, go to this restaurant or to that ; but when one does not know whether the questioners' special fancy lies in the direction of fish, made dishes, game or sweets, so far as solids are concerned, or in the direction of claret, burgundy, or champagne, in regard to wines, the responsibility becomes almost oppressive. But a few general rules may nevertheless be laid down, adherence to which will ensure any visitor to Paris a good dinner at a *minimum* of say 20f. Let him go to the Café Anglais, upon the Boulevard des Italiens ; to the Café Riche, almost opposite to it ; to the Café Foy, commonly called " Bignon's," also upon the Boulevard des Italiens, at the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin ; to Durand's, opposite the Madeleine ; to the Café Voisin, at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré and the Rue de Luxembourg ; or to Brébant's, otherwise known as Vachette's, on the Boulevard Montmarte. With the most elementary knowledge of the art of dining and with the merest smattering of French, it will go hard with him if he does not emerge from either of these restaurants with the firm determination to come there again. Each of them of course, has, its speciality, and those who are aware of the fact are not slow to avail themselves of their knowledge. The Café Anglais, for instance, justly prides itself upon its cellar ; and those who are fortunate enough to possess the friendship of "Ernest" have doubtless been conducted by that functionary into the spacious vaults where repose vintages which are not to be gotten for gold at the greatest of wine merchants. Another speciality of the Café Anglais is the " pomme de terre à l'ananas, " a dish which can only be appreciated to perfection when it succeeds or accompanies a " filet de bœuf Châteaubriand." A Russian salad is also one of the dishes to be eaten at the Café Anglais. At the Café Riche the wines are also very excellent, for the proprietor is himself a large grower of Burgundy, and he caters for the Société des Agriculteurs de France, whose monthly dinners are not by any means to be despised. Members of this society enjoy the privilege of breakfasting at the Café Riche for 3f., and of dining there for twice that sum, and they are not slow to avail themselves of it—for they would pay for the some meal elsewhere more than three times that price. It is said that the French do not know how to cook game; but assuredly the "perdrix aux choux" has a charm all its own, and nowhere is better cooked than at the Café Riche, which always has a reserved celebrity for its " spoume " a sort of ice pudding in layers, with a centre of apricot-kernels and pistachio nuts. At Voisin's, as at the Café Anglais, the wine is of peculiar excellence. This is one of the few places at which Château-Margaux of 1848 can be drank—one may order it almost anywhere—and the same restaurant also possesses the best growths of Pontet Canet, a wine which, though only ranked in the fifth class is one of the most improved of clarets since the vinyards where it is grown changed hands some 15 years ago. Those whose tastes lie in the direction of dry champagne can ask for the " Bellenger Sec " which is sold at this establishment ; and among the dishes in which Voisin's *chef* excels may be noted red mullet à la bordelaise and roast saddle of lamb or of mutton. In the opinion of many good judges, Bignon's and Durand's are better as breakfasting than as dinner places ; though for the matter of that, he would be a fortunate man who was condemned to dine at either of them for the term of his natural life. At the same time it must be said that their breakfasts are by mere force of fashion in most demand. Durand with his " œufs à la cocotte " and his Château d'Yquem, and Bignon with

his " cotelette double," his tomato omelette and his Léoville-Lascazes, enjoy a celebrity which has in both cases a very solid foundation ; and both restaurants are specially favoured by such English visitors to Paris as are not obliged to count the cost. Brébant's has the disadvantage or the advantage, whichever it may be, of receiving the patronage of the Paris Press, of the friends of the stage, and of actors and actresses. These " liberal " professions are apparently very remunerative in Paris, for Brébant's restaurant is not the place for persons with a light purse. But after a dinner there in which a vol-au-vent of carp's roe and a salmi of woodcock holds prominent places, there is something ungrateful in adding up the bill ; especially if the Pomard has circulated freely. It will, no doubt, have been noticed that the Maison d'Or has not been referred to ; but if its popularity as a dinner restaurant has declined, it is still an easy first for its suppers, especially as since the war, the Café Anglais does not keep its doors open all night. The Restaurant du Helder and " Peters " are open at all hours, but they are frequented by a different class of people, and the Maison d'Or has little to fear from their competition. Nor are the summer restaurants in the Champs Elysées, such, for instance as Ledoyen's or the Moulin Rouge, included in the above category ; for it is only during a short period that they receive any patronage, though while the fun does last it is fast and furious. Both of them are very good ; but it is not until the leaves again appear on the chestnut trees in which they are embowered that it will be of any use thinking of them. To the above list should be added a new, but very excellent establishment, the Café de l'Opera, close, as the name implies, to the home of national song. It must not be imagined, however, that because this restaurant is new that its proprietors are novices in the art of charging ; *au contraire*, as the wife of a medical man observed when somebody remarked that it was unreasonable to expect that her husband could cure all his patients. The tide of prosperity has ebbed away from the Palais-Royal, and the famous Frères Provençaux Restaurant has been converted into a ready made clothes shop. Vefour still has two establishments, and the Café Corrazza and the Café d'Orléans are frequented, the former almost altogether by English and Americans, the latter by French visitors from the provinces; but this is not enough to give thom the *éclat* which they had thirty years ago. The Restaurant Philippe, in the Rue Montorguiel, has also suffered from the same cause which has proved fatal to the Palais-Royal ; it is too far from the boulevards. Yet it is impossible to forget the excellence of the oysters and of " les œufs brouillés aux truffes," which formed the foundation of many a good breakfast in this favourite restaurant of the Orleans Princes. It would be hopeless to attempt giving a list of the many restaurants which, without aspiring to the renown possessed by Voisin's or the Café Anglais, enjoy a solid and deserved popularity among the Parisians, and which merit to be better known by foreigners who are, except in a few cases, led by the nose and given no chance of picking and choosing for themselves. The Restaurant Maire, at the corner of the Boulevard Sebastopol, and not far from the Eastern Railway Station, is one of these ; and though the original proprietor, whose pride it was to preserve the zinc counter at which wine and spirits were retailed, is dead, his successor has not allowed the kitchen or cellar to decline. The same may be said of several restaurants on the left bank of the Seine—of Maguy's, in the Rue Dauphine ; of Foyot's, close to the Odéon Theatre; and of the Café Caron, at the corner of the Rue des Saints-Pères and the Rue de l'Université. The last named restaurant has long been famous for its black puddings—a dish which may not be everybody's taste—and for its fruit. Visitors to the left bank may also be recommended in all confidence to a small dingy-looking restaurant upon the Quai des Grands Augustins, not far from the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It is true that they will not pay half the price at the Restaurant Perouse, as it is called, that they would be charged for the same dishes, no better cooked, upon the boulevard ; but that will not be considered a drawback by everybody, and the excellence of the cuisine is best proved by the fact that many members of the clergy give it their patronage. Coming back to the right bank, there is the Restaurant Champeaux, in the Place de la Bourse, with its spacious garden and pleasant fountains ; and for those whose an-

tipathy of Russia does not extend to hes cuisine, there is a very excellent establishment—hotel and restaurant combined—in the Rue de Marivaux, two doors from the Café Anglais. This is the hotel Richelieu, at which may be had "Borsch," "Stschy," and other soups which can only be pronounced by sneezing, together with "Bitoks," "Zrazy-Kascha," and various dishes imported from the banks of the Neva. But here, too, may be had French cooking of a very excellent but unpretending kind; and when one reflects upon the number of restaurants such as these to be found in Paris and the principal towns of France it is impossible to avoid the wish that some of them could be wafted to us from over the sea.

MASONIC CENTENNIAL SONG.

From the "HEBREW LEADER."

(*Dedicated to Golden Rule Lodge, No. 345, Free and Accepted Masons, Covington, Ky.*)

MRS. SARAH B. RANKIN.

AIR.—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

How sweet, when brothers' hearts are bound
By Friendship's silken chain,
Which lengthens, as the years roll round,
Weaving them up again;
Leaving no age however remote,
Out of the sacred coil,
Linked by the *Mystic Hand* that wrote,
The Earth in *corn* and *oil.*

Chorus—Hail, then, all hail the Master; who
Bears the *trowel* above,
His plastic Masonry to show,
Which binds all hearts in love.

Linked to us, by the *Eye* that saw
The old foundations laid,
The First *Apprentices*, and far,
Each *Grand Exalted Grade*;
Each guiding each by some small link,
Which binds the past and present,
Until we all begin to think
The dead are omnipresent

One reared a column toward the sky
And named it *Wisdom's* pillar;
Next *Strength*, was needed to supply
Some *Master Overseer*;
Another raised a graceful shaft,
And gazed on *Beauty*, ever,
And thus we found the Holy Craft
That binds all men together.

And by the *square*, too, we shall lay
The Lodge we build together;
And by the *plummet*, too shall stay
Up every Arch and Chapter;
Then when our *hour-glass* has run down,
And times swift *scythe* is flying,
We'll look for our Grand Master's crown,
His *charity*—when dying.

The first *rough Ashlars* of our land,
Set by the Mason's *level*,
Her brighest valour did command
To make use of the *gavel*;
And where the crude unchis'led edge
Of faction interferes,
His workmanship should be the pledge
For her Centennial Years.

PEORIA, ILL.

THE MASONIC PHILOSOPHY.

From the "MASONIC ADVOCATE."

BUT few men fully understand the moral system of Masonry. The masses think it only a secret order of brotherhood, a sort of fraternal association, gotten up and perpetuated for the purposes of social life and of fraternal guardianship.

They do not recognize the fact that it is a broad system of liberal and philosophic principles, comprehending in its moral outlines all that is just and true, fraternal or charitable, in any of the religions of the world. This it is, in its spirit, obligations and moral purposes.

True, it has no creed of religious faith no standard of theological doctrines, but it teaches the being of God, it believes in the

doctrine that man is immortal. Aside from these two principles it makes no demands upon the credulity of its membership of faith in anything belonging to speculative philosophy. Its aims are practical and conservative, having more particular reference to personal duties and relative obligations than to any of the theological theories of ancient or modern times. It knows no church and ignores none. Its members are gathered from all communions, from all religious faiths, and from all grades of men of good report. It constitutionally declares in favour of the most liberal forms of moral government, as well as for the most liberal recognition of man's universal brotherhood.

What it is in faith it aims to be in practice, a society of human reliance, of brotherly love, relief and truth. It knows no nationality, claims no sectionality, and never for a moment disdains any man on account of his religious or theological notions.

And yet it always looks at the *man*, and if he is honourable in life, guarding his integrity, walking in the line of his obligations, and useful among his fellow-men, he is set down as being worthy of the brotherhood and counted a true Mason.

The fact that he is a Hebrew does not unchristianize him, and the fact that he is a Christian does not in any sense militate against his character. Once made a Mason by the mystic rites of his obligations, he is ever afterwards the vice-regent of his own life, and the obligated brother of every true Mason.

He then belongs to the family of man in a sense he never did before.

A believer in God, he is man's friend as well as the obligated guardian of himself. He knows no divisions in the human family and no good reasons why he should proscribe any man for his faith, his religion, his politics, or his nationality.

He worships God by serving his fellowmen, and glorifies his Maker by being true to his creatures. Honest in life, gentle in spirit, faithful in his relationships, and full of the spirit of toleration and charity; he is the peer of the best, the full equal of all brothers, and the true representative of the ancient and honourable body.

This, and all this, we say of him, not because he has been initiated into the rites of the fraternity in some lodge room, but because he is made acquainted with the true theory of personal and moral government.

That which is his duty he performs, and that which the sectarian too often condemns he tolerates, for he asks no man his faith, or his religion, or his politics.

Trained in this school, man becomes conservative, liberal and humane. They fear God as the son fears his father, and they know that they cannot do otherwise and be true to themselves or their fellowmen.

Devotion to to the Great Father of l is manifested by them not in creeds or in ceremonies or relationships, but in the exercise of true charity to their fellow-men. They are too well educated to believe that mere songs, or prayers, or lodge ceremonies can answer the place of liberality or charity, and they know from the teachings of the simplest Masonic lessons that God only is worshipped in grace and truth, where man is served in sympathy and love. This, indeed, is the order of the divine government, as it is plainly made known in the Holy Writings, and it is this that gives to the craft the divine authority to act as the conservators of suffering humanity in every country and clime under the whole heavens.

On this basis its philosophy is built, and on it rests its prestige, with all that it proposes for the benefit and blessing of men. It pretends to no moral monopoly and lays no claims to any superiority over any other institution.

What it has done belongs to the history of our race, and what it is, in its genius, its labours and humane influences, it leaves without fear or favour to the ultimate judgment of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

The divine government is the only rule of its principles, as it is also of its appeals for the right.

With these broad and liberal views it has erected its lodges among the nations of the earth, and silently worked its way alongside of all other organisms, without jealousy or the spirit of competitiveness or a single instance of persecution of any contemporary power. Thus founded and thus governed, it has kept its march amid the melancholy ruins of ages — the grandest mystic body the world has ever known.

X

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

BY BRO. J. H. CABALL.

Continued from page 249.

PART II.—PERIOD OF ACTIVITY.

Section I.—Of the Right of the Grand Orient of France to govern all the Rites, and especially the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

THE union having been accomplished, the Grand Orient could legitimately claim to be the sole administrator and legislator of the Masonic Order in France, but the Institution no sooner assumed the position to which it was entitled when new dissensions occurred to arrest its development.

Two years after the festival which celebrated the treaty of union between the two Masonic Powers which shared the reins of authority, in France, and as if to destroy its effect, the Lodge "Saint Alexandre d'Ecosse," of the Philosophic Scottish Rite, assumed on its own account the pretensions of the Old Lodge known by the name of the "Contrat social." On the 24th June, 1801, says Thory, the Lodge of "Saint Alexandre," under the title of the Mother Lodge of the Philosophical Scottish Rite in France, resumed its work, which had been in abeyance during the dispersion of the old members of the Lodge "Contrat social," and according to the rights granted to it by the general regulations of the Rite as the most ancient lodge of the capital.*

It is beyond our present purpose to investigate the claims of the Mother Lodge "St. Alexandre," which seem more than doubtful; we shall be content to say that in taking up in continuity the position of the Lodge "Contrat social," the Lodge "Saint Alexandre" should have respected the treaty which the latter had entered into with the Grand Orient.

There were still in Paris at this period some discontented brethren who had witnessed with little pleasure the fusion effected in 1799. These for the most part were members of the ancient Scottish body, who renounced with regret their titles and their decorations. Soon the secret insinuations of these brethren and some imprudent steps forced the Grand Orient to declare by a decree of the 12th November, 1802, that it should exclude from correspondence every Lodge, every Chapter and all Masons who those foreign Rites not acknowledged by the legal power of the Masonic order in France.*

On this account the Lodge "La Réunion des Etrangers" was excluded from the Grand Orient of France for having added to its title that of the "Loge de Saint Jean d'Ecosse," which it is said it took from the "Loge écossaise de Zorobabel," Orient of Denmark, and for having demanded new constitutions from the Mother Scottish Lodge of Marseilles, which the Grand Orient had never recognised.

Repulsed by all the lodges, the brethren of the Scottish Rite occupied a subterranean apartment attached to a house formerly occupied by Mandit, a hotel-keeper on the Boulevard Poissonnière, where they held their meetings.

At this period, in the commencement of the year 1804, Bro. Haguet, as if to increase the dissensions, arrived in Paris from America, and expounded the ancient Rite of Heredom, of twenty-five degrees, which was practised in New York. This brother established a Council of Scottish High Grades in the Lodge rooms of the "Triple Unité" and the "Phénix," and a Grand Consistory of Prince Masons for the whole of France.

Three months afterwards there arrived from Saint Domingo Bro. Grasse-Tilly, bearing a diploma of Grand Inspector-General, 33 degrees, which had been delivered to him by the Supreme Council held at Charlestown, who gave him power in the terms of the Constitution granted to Scottish Masonry in 1786, by King Frederick of Prussia, to establish Supreme Councils in all states and kingdoms where none already existed.

In support of his pretensions, Bro. De Grasse-Tilly produced a book, entitled "Livre d'or," which contained:—1st. The power and diploma delivered in 1761 to Bro. Stephen Morins; 2nd, His own

* "Acta Latomorum," Vol. I., p. 208.

* Thory.—"Acta Latomorum," Vol. I., p. 211.

diploma, emanating from the Supreme Council of Charlestown; 3rd. The Constitution of Bordeaux of 1762 and that of 1786.

Bros. Haguet and De Grasse-Tilly soon were in league, and the Lodge "Saint Alexandre" complaisantly granted them the use of its Lodge room; they thereupon decreed the establishment of—

(1) A General Grand Lodge for the United Rites.

(2) A Grand and Sovereign Consistory of Prime Masons for the Scottish Rite of Heredom.

(3) A Supreme Council 33 degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

Thus, within four years after the proclamation of the unity of French Freemasonry, the Grand Orient witnessed the reappearance of the Philosophic Scottish Rite and the Rite of Perfection, and it witnessed also the creation of a new Order called the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

Were we writing a critical history of French Freemasonry, we should have little trouble to prove that the Lodge "Contrat social," having entered into treaty with the Grand Orient, all the lodges which held from that lodge their constitutions, including the Lodge "Saint Alexandre," should have respected the treaty, we should be able to prove that Bro. Hacquet had no right to establish for his own ends the Rite of Heredom, of 25 degrees, which was merged into the Grand Orient of France in 1786, when the "Council of Emperors of the East and West," uniting with the "Grand Chapter General" effected the fusion which was noticed in the previous article.

It will be still more easy to demonstrate that the order calling itself the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite could never have been founded by Frederick King of Prussia, but that it was the work of some masons who had unskilfully resuscitated the Rite of Heredom and added to it eight new degrees, and in giving to the 33rd degree the title that the Sovereign Council had in 1761 attached to the functions conferred on Stephen Morin. But such is not our end; the aim of the present writing being only to prove that the Philosophic Rite had, in 1814, ceased its independent existence, and that it was accepted by the Grand College of Rites of the Grand Orient of France, no one has ever dared to contest; that the Rite of Heredom or Rite of Perfection of 25 degrees resumed its allegiance to the Grand Orient in 1804, remained faithfully attached to it as the Rite of Kilwinning and the Rite Rectifié," and that the Concordat of 1804 gave to the Grand College of Rites the right to assume the title of Supreme Council for France and the French possessions, a right of which no one had the legal power to deprive it.

Let us now examine the following Rites:—

I.—The Philosophic Scottish Rite.

Thory, who was one of the staunchest supporters of this Rite, gave great prominence in his "Acta Latomorum" to the "Mother Lodge," side by side with the Grand Orient and the Supreme Council, but from 1801 to 1814 we find but little notice of the creation of lodges in the various departments. The nomination, in 1807, of Bro. Cambacérès to the dignity of Grand Master, and the reception, in 1808, of Bro. Askeri Khan, Ambassador of the King of Persia at the Court of France.

This reception was made with great pomp by Bro. Thory himself, who records with pleasure that, in return for a copy of the Regulations, the new initiate made a present to the lodge of a sword which had been used by him in twenty-seven battles.

Let us add that, in 1805, Lodge "Saint Alexandre," having become the Mother Lodge, caused to be reprinted the "General Regulations," by a vote of the Assembly of the 5th day of the third month, A.L. 5776. These regulations were signed by Bro. Deleutre d'Avignon.

Accepted by the Grand College of Rites since the time when the Grand Lodge ceased its separate jurisdiction, the Philosophic Scottish Rite became an integral part of the Grand Orient of France.

2.—The Scottish Rite of Heredom or of Perfection.

We have already shown how the Rite of Heredom of 25 degrees, also called the Rite of Perfection or of the Princes of the Royal Secret, had from its origin submitted to the direction of the Grand Lodge of France, and ended by merging itself into the Grand Orient. The Sovereign Council which practised it had no

control over the symbolic lodges, but only over the "Lodges of Perfection." The meeting at Bordeaux of the commissioners, who made, it is said, the regulations and constitutions on which were based the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, undoubtedly took place, and these regulations appear equally apochryphal with the constitution of 1786. They bear date the 20th September, 1762, and do not bear any name, although the diploma delivered to Stephen Morin, in 1761, is signed by the names of all the official dignitaries of the Grand Lodge of France, which clearly proves that the Sovereign Council acted regularly, and did not require to reconstitute itself at Bordeaux.

We would add that in the proceedings of the Supreme Council it is stated that the ancient regulations are ratified for transmission to "our Illustrious Bro. De Grasse-Tilly, Grand Inspector of all the Lodges in the Two Hemispheres."

This ratification, signed by the Grand Chancellor Adington, bears date the 9th day of the 2nd month, 5801, and the diploma of Bro. De Grasse-Tilly is not dated till 1802, and did not constitute him Inspector of all the Lodges in the two hemispheres, but only "33rd degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, Grand Inspector General."

In 1804 the union of the Scottish Rite of Heredom with the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite gave some umbrage to the Grand Orient of France.

The indefatigable Roelliers de Montaleau, rather unwilling to enter into this new struggle, thought it better to try persuasion than force, and a Concordat was proposed between the Grand Orient and the New Scottish Masonic Power. This Concordat was signed the 8th December, 1804. We shall have occasion to recur to it, but for the present it will suffice to state that the Rite of Heredom was one of the contracting parties, and that Bro. Haquet was nominated as President of the Grand Chapter General of the Grand Orient of France.

When the compact was broken by the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, the Rite of Heredom remained faithful to the Grand Orient. We extract from a deliberation taken in 1818, by the Grand Consistory of Prince Masons, the following passage :—

"When the compact of union was broken all the seductive means were resorted to, in order to inveigle the Scottish Rite of Heredom into this defection. Firm in its principles as in its attachment to the Grand Orient of France, the Rite of Heredom continued to faithfully comply with all the terms of the social compact. If since the defection of the high grades of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite it resumed the exercise of its regime, it was done with a delicate deference, by addressing to the Grand Orient a declaration in which it protested its fidelity to the common centre, and since the Grand Orient had proclaimed the reprisal of its rights over High Grade Masonry, the Rite of Heredom reported to the central authority those portions of its administration which it had withdrawn, this withdrawal was accompanied with a renewed protestation of fidelity."

This deliberation was terminated with the following resolution :—

"The Grand Consistory, considering that the Grand Orient is the sole legislative and administrative authority in France, and also the sole protector of all Masonic regimes, that being itself subject to the empire of the law which governs the divers dogmas, it owes to its subordinates, etc., resolves that the Grand Orient be very humbly solicited—(1) to fix the jurisdiction of the Grand Consistory of Rites according to the laws of High Grade Masonry ; (2) to re-establish each body of High Grade Masonry in the exercise of their respective dogmas; (3) and, lastly, to regard the proceedings taken by the Grand Consistory of the Rite of He edom as a proof of its sincere attachment to its true principles."

It is necessary to note on the other hand, that the Supreme Council, who had, in 1804, entered into an alliance with the Heredom Masons some months before the concordat, emitted, in 1807, the singular pretension of claiming jurisdiction over all the Masonic bodies of the Scottish Rite of Perfection. The following is the reply :—

"Considering, etc., etc., that the pretensions of the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Rite can only be considered as an abuse of authority, the Grand Consistory resolves that it will acknowledge no other jurisdiction than that

of the Grand Orient of France; that, sincerely attached to it, it will as far as in it lies, punctually execute its part of the federal compact, and that the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Rite be informed that the Grand Consistory of the Rite of Heredom can have no correspondence with it; and that a copy of the resolution be forwarded to the Supreme Council and to the Grand Orient of France."

It is therefore very difficult for the Supreme Council to vindicate the exercise of the Rite of Heredom and the interdict of the Grand Orient of France.

It is right to acknowledge that in the preamble of the Grand Constitution, King Frederick of Prussia has declared to consolidate and re-unite in a single Masonic body all the titles of the Scottish Rite, of which the doctrines are generally acknowledged to be the more identified with those of the particular institutions of which the end is the same, being principal branches of the same tree, differing only in the secret forms which are already shared by several, and which differences can easily be reconciled. These Rites are those known as the "Ancien d'Heredom or Harodom," "De Kilwenning" (*sic*), "d'Orient," "de Saint André," "des Empereurs d'Orient et d'Occident," "Princes du Secret Royal ou de la Perfection," "Philosophique," and the very modern "Rite Primitif."

Now, to explain for what reason the Comte De Grasse-Tilly accomplished in 1804, in the Grand Lodge of the Scottish Rite, the union of these two Rites; why, in 1809, the Supreme Council wished to subject to its jurisdiction the Rite of Heredom instead of simply declaring it suppressed and abolished since 1786, as all other Scottish Rites, and why this Rite has always continued its separate existence since the time it was abolished as the Philosophic Rite in the Grand Orient of France.

Thory, in his "Acta Latomorum," gives year by year the proceedings of the Philosophic Scottish Rite of the Grand Lodge of Heredom, of the Supreme Council and of the Grand Orient. It is there proved that the Grand Orient alone practised the two Rites now vanished, also the "Rite de Kilwinning" and the "Rite Rectifie." We ask why, under these circumstances, the Congress of Lausanne, composed of able and learned Masons, has thought proper to deny to the Grand Orient of France (and that without a hearing) the practice of the Rites which it alone has exercised, and declared that in the future Masons received in any Rites which any of the Supreme Councils do not practise will be received only under tolerance.

Having historically established the title of the Grand Orient of France to the Scottish Rites, *anterior* to the Constitution of 1786, it remains to us to demonstrate that it has the *sole* right to practise in France the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite; and that it is the *true Supreme* Council in the terms of the Constitutions upon which the Council of Lausanne has based its pretensions.

(To be continued.)

LOST.

Once on a time she came to me,
As some small star in heaven might flee—
To be a mortal's soul delight,
A love by day a dream by night,
The sweetest thing on land or sea,
My little darling crept to me.

A trembling, tender, fairy thing,
Too grave to smile, too sad to sing,
Aware of earth with grieved surprise,
An alien from her native skies,
A baby angel strange to see,
My little darling came to me.

But love and loving taught her smiles,
And life and living baby wiles—
The way to cling, to coax, to kiss,
To fill my soul with deepest bliss;
My heart of hearts, my life, was she,
This little love who came to me.

I know not how to tell the grace
That dwelt upon her wistful face—
The tinted skin the lip's poor bloom,
The clearest eyes that knew not gloom,
The hair as soft as moth wings be,
My little darling showed to me.

Alas! I know that all is gone,
That here I sit and grieve alone,

That every fair and gracious thing
I loved and lost is but a sting;
Another thorn thy memory,
My little darling, bring to me.

But kindly night doth pity pain:
In all my dreams she comes again;
Her precious head is on my breast;
My happy arms caress her rest;
I hear her words of tender glee;
My little darling kisses me.

Ah! sweet is night—too sweet, too brief—
When day recalls our bitterest grief,
The hungry heart, the longing dire,
That burns the soul with vain desire,
The ancient cry of wild distress,
The Rachel-mourning, comfortless,
O God! once more that face to see!
My little darling, come to me!

Rose Terry Cooke in Harper's Magazine

AN ESSAY ON EPITAPHS.

We take this remarkably interesting paper from a collection of Dr. Johnson's works, as we feel certain that it will commend itself alike to the taste of the archaeologist and the feelings of the Freemason. It originally appeared in the "Gentlemen's Magazine," in 1740.

Though criticism has been cultivated in every age of learning, by men of great abilities and extensive knowledge, till the rules of writing are become rather burdensome than instructive to the mind! though almost every species of composition has been the subject of particular treatises, and given birth to definitions, distinctions, precepts, and illustrations; yet no critic of note that has fallen within my observation has hitherto thought sepulchral inscriptions worthy of a minute examination, or pointed out with proper accuracy their beauties and defects.

The reasons of this neglect it is useless to inquire, and perhaps impossible to discover; it might be justly expected that this kind of writing would have been the favourite topic of criticism, and that self-love might have produced some regard for it, in those authors that have crowded libraries with elaborate dissertations upon Homer. Since to afford a subject for heroic poems is the privilege of very few, but every man may expect to be recorded in an epitaph, and therefore finds some interest in providing that his memory may not suffer by an unskilful panegyric.

If our prejudices in favour of antiquity deserve to have any part in the regulation of our studies, Epitaphs seem entitled to more than common regard, as they are probably of the same age with the art of writing. The most ancient structures in the world, the Pyramids, are supposed to be sepulchral monuments, which either pride or gratitude erected, and the same passions which incited men to such laborious and expensive methods of preserving their own memory or that of their benefactors, would doubtless incline them not to neglect any easier means by which the same ends might be obtained. Nature and reason have directed to every nation that to preserve good actions from oblivion is both the interest and duty of mankind, and therefore we find no people acquainted with the use of letters that omitted to grace the tombs of their heroes and wise men with panegyrical inscriptions.

To examine, therefore, in what the perfection of Epitaphs consists, and what rules are to be observed in composing them, will be at least of as much use as other critical inquiries, and for assigning a few hours to such disquisitions great examples at least, if not strong reasons, may be pleaded.

An epitaph, as the word itself implies, is an inscription on a tomb, and in its most extensive import may admit indiscriminately satire or praise. But as malice has seldom produced monuments of defamation, and the tombs hitherto raised have been the work of friendship and benevolence, custom has contracted the original latitude of the word, so that it signifies in the general acceptation, an inscription engraven on a tomb in honour of the person deceased.

As honours are paid to the dead in order to incite others to the imitation of their excellencies, the principal intention of epitaphs is to perpetuate the examples of virtue, that the tomb of a good man may supply the want of his presence, and veneration for his memory produce the same

effect as the observation of his life. Those Epitaphs are therefore the most perfect which set virtue in the strongest light, and are best adapted to exalt the reader's ideas and rouse his emulation.

To this end it is not always necessary to recount the actions of a hero or enumerate the writings of a philosopher; to imagine such informations necessary is to detract from their characters, or to suppose their works mortal or their achievements in danger of being forgotten. The bare name of such men answers every purpose of a long inscription.

Had only the name of Sir Isaac Newton been subjoined to the design upon his monument, instead of a long detail of his discoveries, which no philosopher can want, and which none but a philosopher can understand, those by whose direction it was raised, had done more honour both to him and to themselves.

This indeed is a commendation which it requires no genius to bestow, but which can never become vulgar or contemptible, if bestowed with judgment, because no single age produces many men of merit superior to panegyric. None but the first names can stand unassisted against the attacks of time, and if men raised to reputation by accident or caprice have nothing but their names engraved on their tombs, there is danger lest in a few years the inscription require an interpreter.

Thus have their expectations been disappointed who honoured Picus of Mirandola with this pompous epitaph:

Hic situs est Picus Mirandola, cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.

His name, then celebrated in the remotest corners of the earth, is now almost forgotten, and his works, then studied, admired and applauded, are now mouldering in obscurity.

Next in dignity to the bare name is a short character, simple and unadorned, without exaggeration, superlatives, or rhetoric. Such were the inscriptions in use among the Romans, in which the victories gained by their emperors were commemorated by a single epithet, as Cæsar *Germanicus*, Cæsar *Dacicus*, *Germanicus*, *Illyricus*. Such would be this epitaph, Isaacus Newtonus, *naturæ legibus investigatis, hic quiescit.*

But to far the greatest part of mankind a longer encomium is necessary for the publication of their virtues and the preservation of their memories, and in the composition of these it is that art is principally required, and precepts therefore may be useful.

In writing Epitaphs one circumstance is to be considered, which affects no other composition; the place in which they are now commonly found restrains them to a particular air of solemnity, and debars them from the admission of all lighter or gayer ornaments. In this it is that the style of an Epitaph necessarily differs from that of an elegy. The custom of burying our dead either in or near churches perhaps originally founded on a rational design of fitting the mind for religious exercises, by laying before it the most affecting proofs of the uncertainty of life, makes it proper to exclude from our Epitaphs all such allusions as are contrary to the doctrines for the propagation of which the churches are erected, and to the end for which those who peruse the monuments must be supposed to come thither. Nothing is therefore more ridiculous than to copy the Roman inscriptions, which were engraven on stones by the highway and composed by those who generally reflected on mortality only to excite in themselves and others a quicker relish of pleasure and a more luxurious enjoyment of life, and whose regard for the dead extended no farther than a wish that the earth might be light upon them.

All allusions to the heathen mythology are therefore absurd, and all regard for the senseless remains of a dead man impertinent and superstitious. One of the first distinctions of the primitive Christians was their neglect of bestowing garlands on the dead, in which they are very rationally defended by their apologist in Minutius Felix. "We lavish no flowers nor odours on the dead," says he, "because they have no sense of fragrance or of beauty." We profess to reverence the dead, not for their sake, but for our own. It is therefore always with indignation or contempt that I read the epitaph on Cowley, a man

whose learning and poetry were his lowest merits:

Aurea dum late volitant tua scripta per orbem,
Et fama eternum vivis, divine Poëta,
Hic placida jaceas requie, custodiat urnam
Cana Fides, vigilentque perenni lampade Musæ!
Sit sacer ille locus, nec quis temerarius ausit
Sacrilega turbare manu venerabile bustum.
Intacti maneant, maneant per sæcula dulces
Cowleii cineres, serventque immobile saxum.

To pray that the ashes of a friend may lie undisturbed, and that the divinities that favoured him in his life, may watch for ever round him to preserve his tomb from violation and drive sacrilege away is only rational in him who believes the soul interested in the repose of the body, and the powers which he invokes for its protection able to preserve it. To censure such expressions as contrary to religion or as remains of heathen superstition would be too great a degree of severity. I condemn them only as uninstructive and unaffecting, as too ludicrous for reverence or grief, for Christianity and a temple.

That the designs and decorations of monuments ought likewise to be formed with the same regard to the solemnity of the place cannot be denied; it is an established principle that all ornaments owe their beauty to their propriety. The same glitter of dress that adds grace to gaiety and youth would make age and dignity contemptible. Charon, with his boat, is far from heightening the awful grandeur of the universal judgment, though drawn by Angelo himself, nor is it easy to imagine a greater absurdity than that of gracing the walls of a Christian temple with the figure of Mars leading a hero to battle or Cupids sporting round a virgin. The pope who defaced the statues of the deities at the tomb of Sannazarius is, in my opinion, more easily to be defended than he that erected them.

It is for the same reason improper to address the Epitaph to the passenger, a custom which an injudicious veneration for antiquity introduced again at the revival of letters, and which, among many others, Passeratius suffered to mislead him in his Epitaph upon the heart of Henry, king of France, who was stabbed by Clement, the monk, which yet deserves to be inserted, for the sake of showing how beautiful even improprieties may become in the hands of a good writer:

Adsta, viator, et dole regum vices.
Cor Regis isto conditur sub marmore,
Qui jura Gallis, jurr Sarmatis dedit.
Tectus cucullo hunc sustulit sicarius.
Abi, viator, et dole regum vices.

In the monkish ages, however ignorant and unpolished, the Epitaphs were drawn up with far greater propriety than can be shown in those which more enlightened times have produced.

Orate pro Anima—miserrimi Peccatoris was an address to the last degree striking and solemn, as it flowed naturally from the religion then believed, and awakened in the reader sentiments of benevolence for the deceased and of concern for his own happiness. There was nothing trifling or ludicrous, nothing that did not tend to the noblest end, the propagation of piety and the increase of devotion.

It may seem very superfluous to lay it down as the first rule for writing Epitaphs that the name of the deceased is not to be omitted, nor should I have thought such a precept necessary had not the practice of the greatest writers shown that it has not been sufficiently regarded. In most of the poetical Epitaphs, the names for whom they were composed may be sought to no purpose, being only prefixed on the monument. To expose the absurdity of this omission it is only necessary to ask how the Epitaphs, which have outlived the stones on which they were inscribed, would have contributed to the information of posterity had they wanted the names of those whom they celebrated.

In drawing the character of the deceased there are no rules to be observed which do not equally relate to other compositions. The praise ought not to be general, because the mind is lost in the extent of any indefinite idea, and cannot be affected with what it cannot comprehend. When we hear only of a good or great man, we know not in what class to place him, nor have any notion of his character, distinct from that of a thousand others, his example can have no effect upon our con-

duct, as we have nothing remarkable or eminent to propose to our imitation. The Epitaph composed by Ennius for his own tomb has both the faults last mentioned:

Nemo me decorit lacrumis, nec funera fletu
Faxit. Cur? volito vivu' per ora virum.

The reader of this Epitaph receives scarce any idea from it, he neither conceives any veneration for the man to whom it belongs, nor is instructed by what methods this boasted reputation is to be obtained.

Though a sepulchral inscription is professedly a panegyric, and, therefore, not confined to historical impartiality, yet it ought always to be written with regard to truth. No man ought to be commended for virtues which he never possessed, but whoever is curious to know his faults must inquire after them in other places; the monuments of the dead are not intended to perpetuate the memory of crimes, but to exhibit patterns of virtue. On the tomb of Mæcenas his luxury is not to be mentioned with his munificence, nor is the proscription to find a place on the monument of Augustus.

The best subject for Epitaphs is private virtue; virtue exerted in the same circumstances in which the bulk of mankind are placed, and which, therefore, may admit of many imitators. He that has delivered his country from oppression or freed the world from ignorance and error can excite the emulation of a very small number, but he that has repelled the temptations of poverty and disdained to free himself from distress at the expense of his virtue may animate multitudes by his example to the same firmness of heart and steadiness of resolution.

Of this kind I cannot forbear the mention of two Greek inscriptions, one upon a man whose writings are well known, the other upon a person whose memory is preserved only in her Epitaph, who both lived in slavery, the most calamitous estate in human life:

Ζωσιμη ἡ πζιν εουσα μονω τω σωματι δουλη,
Και τω σωματι νυν συρεν ελευθεριην.

Zosima, quæ solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

"Zosima, who in her life could only have her body enslaved, now finds her body likewise set at liberty."

It is impossible to read this Epitaph without being animated to bear the evils of life with constancy, and to support the dignity of human nature under the most pressing afflictions, both by the example of the heroine whose grave we behold, and the prospect of that state in which, to use the language of the inspired writers, "The poor cease from their labours and the weary be at rest."

The other is upon Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher:

Δουλος Επικτητος γενομην, και σωμ' αναπηρος,
Και πενιην Ιρος, και φιλος Αθανατοις.

Servus Epictetus, mutilatus corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque Irus, curaque prima Deum.

"Epictetus, who lies here, was a slave and a cripple, poor as the beggar in in the proverb, and the favourite of Heaven."

In this distich is comprised the noblest panegyric and the most important instruction. We may learn from it that virtue is impracticable in no condition, since Epictetus could recommend himself to the regard of Heaven amidst the temptations of poverty and slavery; slavery which has always been found so destructive to virtue that in many languages a slave and a thief are expressed by the same word. And we may be likewise admonished by it not to lay any stress on a man's outward circumstances in making an estimate of his real value, since Epictetus, the beggar, the cripple, and the slave, was the favourite of Heaven.

A PARABLE.

BY M. L. S.

A SOWER went forth to sow,
But instead of the golden grain
I saw that his measure was filled with salt,
And I turned to look again.

He passed by a fresh green field,
Where the heart of childhood played;
nd he sowed a little and went his way,
But the beautiful growth was stayed.

He sowed in the field of youth,
That was blossoming snowy white,
And the flowers drooped and hung their heads,
And shadow swept out the light.

In a field where the standing corn
Was tall as a bearded man
He sowed again, and the withered leaf
Hung a sorrowful sign of the ban.

The last of his bitter seed
He sowed in a ripened field,
And a blight crept over the golden ears,
And the promise was more than the yield.

Then this was plain, though I learned in pain,
That trouble to none was kind;
That the pleasant fields were the joys we seek,
But the salt the woes we find.

ADDRESS OF P.G.M. BRO. HON. RICHARD VAUX, AT CENTENNIAL OF AMERICAN UNION LODGE.

(*Continued from page* 256.)

It is not then difficult to understand how the atmosphere from which tradition takes its vitality was surrounding or common to the highest intelligence of these nations, and intercommunication made the possessors of these mysteries associates, for thus they were identical, or nearly so, in all nations which celebrated them.

To attempt to describe with any degree of accuracy the process, or method, by which the oral teachings of these mysteries or mythologies were conveyed from Persia to Egypt, or to Greece, or Rome is now impossible, but may it not have been by a symbolism which needed but little spoken language to do more than explain them. This acquisition was possible to the Celebants or Hierophants, or Kerux, or Basileus, who performed parts in the ceremonial at the altar. What has been transmitted to this day of these mysteries was doubtless the exoteric knowledge which was acquired by those heathen philosophers and sages, who communicated as a philosophy the wisdom of the mysteries, as enough was imparted in concurrent investigations of the "Divine essences" of the mythologies to justify their own conceptions of them.

Socrates was charged with atheism or disrespect of the gods for not having been initiated. Isocrates, Porphyry, Euripides, Plato, Herodotus, Plotinus, Pindar, Macrobius, Pythagoras and Sallust, not to mention many other of the philosophers, all have discoursed or written, on the mysteries of the mythologies and established that they were the concrete essence of the religions of the ancients. The singular conformity between what is known of these mytholigies and Freemasonry as we now celebrate it, is more than strange, unless the one has been derived from the other in its essential and marked characteristics. It surely will not be denied by the exact student that Freemasonry is a cult, a mystery, which teaches faith, courage, hope, secrecy, death, resurrection and immortality, and these by the symbolic method, that in a far greater measure it is true, was employed by the ancients.

The student will not assert that the history of King David and his son Solomon, who built the Temple, indicates they were either the authors, or originators, of Masonry.

The question "when was either initiated into a fraternity which they assembled for special labour, of which a knowledge was pre-acquired if it had no prior existence?" ends the theory of King Solomon having originated or instituted it at Jerusalem, in Judea. Long before King David there was "the fellowship of the mystery," "which from the beginning of the world had been hid with God," as St. Paul wrote to the Ephesians. Out of the confined and restricted circle of this "fellowship of the mystery," grew the larger circumference of a fraternity, which accepted Truth taught in secret by symbols, signs and allegory. These were languages all could understand. The exoteric teachings of Truth in secret association constituted and cemented a brotherhood, as stones set by skilled hands and cemented by unifying ties in temples

or pyramids, establish strength and beauty in the structures. So it was, and is to this day. It was some of these initiates in the fellowship of the mystery that from tribes and surrounding nations, who under the influences of motives and purposes by which civilization fostered intercommunication, came to King Solomon, as duty instigated, to aid in the erection of a House of the Lord of which they had knowledge by the teachings of the fraternity.

Then it was, and there, *that the first Grand Lodge of Freemasons was opened,* and then it was that the *fellowship of the mystery was formulated into the Fraternity of Freemasons.*

Those who there were then assembled of the tribes, nation, peoples, or from whencesoever they came, of whatever tongue, and were before, or at that time, initiated into the fraternity of Free Masons, constituted the exclusive and original constituents of the Craft.

To them and their descendants forever was given the possession and the privileges of Masonic Rites. It was to those peoples and nations only which developed civilization that were to be their custodians. The landmark was then set up by the hands of G M. Solomon and G. M. Hiram, King of Tyre, and G.M. Hiram, Abiff. In the presence, and by the Sovereign and Supreme authority of the Grand Lodge then established, this landmark was hallowed for all Time.

Those who were then absent, of whatever race, tongue or people, are absent now, and cannot be received into the fraternity, while the inviolability of landmarks is the foundation of the institution of Free masonry.

It must be remembered that "The Great Light" which is ever on our Altar declares: Curseth be he who removeth his neighbour's landmark." And our Grand Master Solomon hath said: "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set."

It may be that a law is violated, but violations of laws do not destroy them.

Therefore, from the teachings of Time, and the lessons of Truth, as they help, aid and assist each other during their progress to the fulfillment of their mission, it is made to appear to the investigator and the thinker, that Freemasonry may have thus been transmitted to us. Is it not the outcome of those cults and mythologies or mysteries which were hid from ages and from generations, and which have been revealed to those who are now initiates in the symbolic mysteries.

The present occasion, my brethren, was deemed appropriate, as its purpose involved not only the centennial celebration of the anniversary of the constitution of a lawfully warranted Lodge of Freemasons, but also a public attestation of the devotion of the Fraterntiy to the institution they claim to be the most ancient and honorable existing among mankind, to present some views that may justify this claim, and shield Freemasonry from those continued assaults upon it, that Truth aided by Time make alike ridiculous and impotent.

As St. John, to whose memory to day we hold forth our ceremonial, saw in a vision at Patmos the revelation of some of these mysteries, and then beheld that bow which was on the cloud for a sign to Noah, round about the Great White Throne as the further sign of the fulfillment of the covenant under which it was first spoken; and as St. Paul declared: "I knew a certain man, whether in the body or outside of the body I know not—God knoweth—who was rapt into Paradise and heard things ineffable which it is not lawful for a man to repeat;" so let us my brethren, in holy faith, hold fast to the landmarks of that "fellowship of the mystery" which have been taught us by Truth, and which Time has revealed to us as a Fraternity of Freemasons, until it come to, pass, that by our faith, obedience and hope we shall be prepared for those holier mysteries which hid with God before the world was are celebrated before His Throne from Everlasting to Everlasting.

SHORT IS THE WAY.

SHORT is the way, yet rough and dreary;
E'er half is past our feet are weary,
Ay, weary with the way;
The flowers at first that bloomed so bright
Have faded in the morning light—
Their thorns still stay.

Short is the way. Ah! weary one,
Who fainteth e'er 'tis well begun,
List to the glorious song!
From age to age that song has rung,
By rested ones above 'tis sung;
Their rest is long.

Short is the way, yet all across,
The shadow falls of Calvary's cross
But through the long, long rest,
Brightening that shade, came gleaming down
Rays from that glorious, golden crown,
Set for the blest.

The rest is long. Lift up thine eyes
To where the Heavenly City lies,
And see that quiet land.
Oh! sweet the rest, thy journey o'er
For ever and for evermore,
Kept by God's hand.

Short is the way. Then murmur not
Though rough and dreary be thy lot,
The after-rest is long.
Life brings but toil and grief,
Death gives us sweet relief—
That rest is long.

ADDRESS OF THE GRAND MASTER, J. H. GRAHAM, L.L.D., &c.

OFFICERS AND BRETHREN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ANCIENT FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC:

It is with devout thankfulness to the Great Architect of the Universe that, as your chief executive officer, I am again privileged to meet you in this our annual assembly, to render an account of my stewardship; to preside over your important deliberations, and to aid you in drafting your designs on the trestle-board for the guidance of the craftsmen during the coming year. May our labours thus begun in order, be conducted in peace and closed in harmony.

The year just closed has, in general, been one of peace, harmony and prosperity within our borders and throughout the Masonic world. The workmen in our temples have with commendable zeal and fidelity, devoted themselves to their allotted tasks, so that their overseers have had but little of which to complain and much to praise; and thus we trust it may always be, so that peace may ever be within our walls and prosperity in our palaces, and that at last each one, having finished his labors may receive the welcome plaudit from the Great Master Workman, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

You are already aware of the death of M. W. Brother Aldis Bernard and his burial with due respect under the auspices of Grand Lodge, of the death of R. W. Bro. George Thompson, of Quebec, one of the best of men and most zealous masons within our jurisdiction. I have now to communicate to you the sad intelligence of the death of our illustrious and R. W. Bro. A. T. de Oliveira, 33°, of the City of Rio Janeiro, Grand Representative of this Grand *near* the Grand Lodge of Brazil; and also the death of our zealous and talented R.W. Brother James B. Scott, of New Orleans, the Grand Representative of this Grand Lodge at the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, than whom the Grand Lodge of Quebec had no better friend or more faithful Representative abroad. These illustrious Brethren will be sadly missed and long lamented in their respective jurisdictions.

I have also to report the early death of our able and promising W. Bro. J. B. Colston, LL.D., of the city of Quebec. As token of our sorrow on account of decease of these and other Brethren, I propose that this Lodge Room be draped in mourning during the present communication.

I have appointed R. W. Bro. Joseph P. Hornor, of New Orlaans, as Grand Representative at the Grand Lodge of Louisiana in the place of our late R. W. Bro. J. B. Scott, and R. W. Bro. McKelvie, near the Grand Lodge of Prince Edward's Island, and V. W. Bro. David A. Manson, of Mansonville, has been duly commissioned as Representative of that Grand Lodge, near the Grand Lodge of Quebec, which appointments will doubtless be acceptable to this Grand Body.

I have also to report that I have granted Dispensations for the establishment for the four following new Lodges, viz.: Bedford Lodge, at Bedford; Hochelaga Lodge, at Hochelaga; Montarville Lodge, at Longueil; and Richelieu Lodge, at Sorel, and I trust their affairs will be found in

such a satisfactory condition that Grand Lodge will be pleased to grant them Warrants of Constitution.

I beg to submit also for the consideration and action of Grand Lodge the important subject of making a beginning of a Grand Lodge Library. Doubtless the B. O. G. P. will submit a report to Grand Lodge on the matter, as also anent recompensing Bro. Smithers for his arduous labors in preparing the Report on Foreign Correspondence, which I trust will be found eminently satisfactory to Grand Lodge, and I would also request the board to consider and report on the recommendation of the Grand Master submitted last year anent the subdivision of the large District of Montreal, I trust also that the Committee on re-numbering the Lodges will be prepared with their report during the present session.

In view of the cases which not infrequently occur, of candidates otherwise well qualified, but having some physical defect, and as to whose acceptance doubts arise, it seems necessary to remind the brethren that no person should be initiated into Freemasonry who has any maim or defect of body, which would render him incapable of learning the art, of serving his master's lord, and of being made a brother, and in due time a fellow craft and a Master Mason.

All doubtful cases of applicants should be referred by the Master to the District Deputy, who should carefully inquire into, and if practicable personally, make examination of the case, and fully report the same to the Grand Master, who will then render a decision thereon.

The recent publication of the History of Masonry in the Maritime provinces of the Dominion should remind us of the duty to which I have heretofore called the attention of the Grand Lodge, namely, the preparation for the publication of the interesting history of the craft in the Province of Quebec. I beg to advise the Grand Lodge to appoint a permanent committee for the collection and preparation of materials for such a history, and I would request that each private Lodge will forthwith do the same thing, and that reports from each be submitted at the next annual communication of Grand Lodge. Let not this important matter be longer delayed.

It seems particularly necessary that I should call the especial attention of the representatives of lodges, in Grand Lodge assembled, to the very important subjects of lodge incomes and expenditures.

All funds of the lodge should safely and profitably be invested or deposited in savings or other banks by the proper officers as frequently as even a small amount is on hand; and a semi-annual or annual official report of the same be made to the Lodge; and monies should be drawn from its funds only as needed for the relief of urgent distress, except after due consideration by the lodge, or by its officers, as prescribed by the bye-laws.

I fear that some Lodges are too remiss in regard to this important matter. It appears to me also that some lodges need admonition in regard to their various expenditures. Over-frequent, after-labour refreshment ought not to be indulged in a the expense of the lodge, perhaps not oftener than quarterly, and should then be governed by a rigid, but generous economy and the strictest regard for the best possible promotion of social intercourse.

I fear also that some lodges are too fond of mere display in fitting up their lodge-rooms, and are sometimes actuated by a desire to emulate or outdo their older and perhaps wealthier neighbours, while something less expensive would be amply sufficient, and would leave more funds for the great purpose of true benevolence, and the more abundant relief of our brethren or their widows or orphans in distress. My brethren, think of these things.

It is deeply to be regretted that the excellent Masonic magazine, the *News*, started and ably conducted by our Rev. Bro. Myers, should have died but one year old, of that fell destroyer of Masonic journals, want of adequate support; and our good Brother could hardly be expected to continue it at a loss, or distribute it gratuitously for the benefit of the Craft.

It appears very desirable that there should be some Masonic paper published within our own jurisdiction. We could not as yet expect to maintain a magazine equal to the *Craftsman* in Ontario, but could not a small "Quarterly" be published at a very reasonable price and wholly devoted to information of what is transpiring at home and abroad in the

FREEMASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY

Masonic world, and the brief presentation and discussion of matters of special importance to the Craft? Perhaps some satisfactory arrangement may be made with the Grand Secretary, aided by the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, to issue such as the recognized organ of the Grand Lodge? I would suggest the advisibility of appointing a Committee to consider the matter.

It is exceedingly important that officers of Lodges should bear in mind the inadvisibility of asking for Dispensations to Pass and Raise Masons in less time than that prescribed by the Constitution, except in most urgent cases. Every Apprentice should faithfully serve his allotted time, in order that he may be fully instructed, and no Worshipful Master should on any account omit the lectures and charges in the several degrees; and I have reason to fear that the spirit of "office seeking" is unfortunately manifesting itself on the part of some who have not the requisite qualifications for the high and responsible duties of Masters of Lodges and rulers in the Craft. It is generally better by far for lodges to elect old and efficient officers than to elect those not well qualified, as it will too often happen that over ambitious and ill-qualified candidates for office will, after election, fail to prepare themselves to perform their important duties as they ought, and most of the labors of the lodge will have to be performed by past officers.

This should not be; and I must admonish you effectually to suppress the reprehensible and unmasonic practice sometimes occuring of "canvassing" for office.

Nothing is farther from the spirit and principles of Freemasonry, or more subversive of the best interests of the Craft, than "canvassing" for office personally or through others either in private lodges or in Grand Lodge. It ought to be an impassable barrier to advancement in office among Freemasons. The great principles of our Order, and the laws laid down in our ancient constitutions in regard to these things are so well known and understood, especially by the older and more experienced brethren, that there is need only of calling your attention to them in order that they may be fully realized and faithfully practiced by the Craft.

The requirements of the Constitution and the interest of the Craft demand at least one annual official visit to each lodge from the District Deputy, for the purpose of counsel, instruction and inspection.

To perform these duties satisfactorily, requires, in most of the rural districts a very considerable amount of time and outlay of money, and therefore, in the absence of any constitutional regulation, it seems in most instances to be asking too much of these officers to necessitate their bearing the whole of the expense of these official visits, and I beg to advise each lodge to pay to the Deputy the actual expense of at least one official visit made per year.

In this way these worthy officers will be materially aided and encouraged in the discharge of their important duties.

The exclusive sovereignty of each Grand Lodge within its own territory must be maintained. It is the foundation and copestone of our Grand Lodge existence, and the primal source of our unity, harmony and prosperity. The irregular interference of certain European Grand Orients or assemblages, in certain jurisdictions on this continent, the establishment of a clandestine lodge by one of these in the city of London, England, and the intermeddling of officious innovators with the "body" and established "order" of Freemasonry, under the pretended guise of reform and progress, deserve and should receive the severest condemnation.

In accordance with a resolution passed at the last annual communication of Grand Lodge, I appointed a committee consisting of R. W. Brothers O'Halloran, Stearns, Copeland, Tait and Isaacson, to confer with delegates (if appointed) from the lodges, four in number, in the city of Montreal, still continuing in allegiance to the Grand Lodges of England and Scotland. I exceedingly regret to report that no conference has been held, chiefly on account of the non-co-operation of said private lodges. It did not appear to me that the Resolution referred to as passed at last session in restricting the action of the Grand Master in the matter to one particular course of action, was well calculated to facilitate the consummation so earnestly desired by many leading mem-

bers of the Craft in England, Scotland and Quebec.

I cannot, for many obvious and important reasons, recommend the acceptance by Grand Lodge of the conditional recognition proferred by the Grand Lodge of England.

The present however, seems to me to be an auspicious time for the final adjustment of our relations with these mother Grand Lodges and their excellent daughter Lodges here, and thus secure that perfect unity within our Grand Lodge jurisdiction without which complete harmony and the highest welfare of the Craft cannot be fully secured.

The happy condition of Masonic affairs in England under the benign rule of their Royal Grand Master, and a similarly fortunate state of things existing in Scotland under the wise control of talented and exalted brethren there; the prudence, ability and the present fraternal spirit of the officers and members of the several private lodges of these jurisdictions here, as also the well known and anxious desires of this Grand Lodge, all seem to indicate that another year ought not to be numbered with the past before all causes of separation shall, by mutual concession and cooperation, be happily removed, and a new era of more perfect and indissoluble union be established between these mother Grand Lodges, their daughter Lodges here, and this Grand Body, and that the whole Masonic world will with rejoicing have just cause to exclaim:—"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to to dwell together in unity."

I beg to inform Grand Lodge that there has been received by me a very kind, fraternal letter from R. W. Bro. George Frank Gouley, Gr. Sec. of the Grand Lodge of Missouri, enclosing a communication from the G. M. of that Grand Body to me, as the Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of Missouri near the Grand Lodge of Quebec, and also an admirably prepared copy of their proceedings for 1875, and a copy of their constitution, &c., for all which I desire to return especial thanks; and although I had declined while in the office of Grand Master to accept the Representativeship of many of the leading Grand Lodges of the world, which had been kindly tendered me by the Grand Masters of their respective Grand Bodies, preferring to honor others by recommending them for such appointments instead of retaining so many honors and privileges for myself, yet I confess that from past considerations, well understood by most of you, it would have pleased me to have made an exception in the case of Missouri, could I have consistently done so, yet under the circumstances I deemed it my duty to decline the professed honour, nor can I recommend this Grand Lodge to accept the recognition tendered her by the said Grand Lodge.

At the Annual communication in 1875 the Grand Lodge of Missouri passed the following preamble and resolutions, namely:—

Whereas, The Grand Lodge of Quebec has been recognized by the Grand Lodge of Canada; there are,

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Missouri hereby recognize the Grand Lodge of Quebec A. F. and A. M., having jurisdiction in the Province of Quebec as at present defined, said recognition not to interfere with the vested rights of the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland and Scotland over such of their daughter Lodges as may prefer to remain under their original charters.

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Missouri extends to the Grand Lodge of Quebec her best wishes for peace and prosperity.

And while grateful for and heartily reciprocating the good wishes expressed in the last resolution, I cannot recommend this Grand Lodge to accept recognition from the Grand Lodge of Missouri, or from any other Grand Lodge on any such conditions as are contained in the preamble and the first resolution.

The Grand Lodge of Quebec will cheerfully accept fraternal recognition from the Grand Lodge of Missouri on the condition that this Grand Lodge has the same right of exclusive sovereign jurisdiction within this Province of our Dominion that the Grand Lodge of Missouri claims and exercises within that state of the American Union.

It is my painful duty to report for your consideration and action the existence of a much to be lamented schism amongst our brethren in the sister province of Ontario.

It has always appeared to me to have been most unfortunate that "The Grand Lodge of Canada," when all her relations to this Grand Lodge had been adjusted and recognition accorded, that she did not then at least constitute and declare herself to be the Grand Lodge of the Province of Ontario. Her *name* "The Grand, Lodge of Canada," has, since confederation become synonymous with "The Grand Lodge of the Dominion of Canada," and seems to involve what some may consider a *menace* to, or a claim to superiority over, the other Grand Lodges of the Dominion, any one of which is as much a "Grand Lodge of Canada" as she is. Had she thus constituted and renamed herself "The Grand Lodge of Ontario," it would have wholly prevented any claim being put forward that there existed no such Grand Body. From an examination of the papers forwarded to me from London, it does not clearly appear to me what were the real causes of the existing schism—or that the proceedings established and for long time generally acknowledged, had in the formation and incorporation of what is called "The Grand Lodge of Ontario," were in accordance with the well accepted principles governing the formation of Grand Lodges of Freemasons such as those on which this, and other regularly constituted Grand Lodges have been duly founded and recognized.

I cannot therefore recommend grand Lodge to extend fraternal recognition to the body now claiming to be the Grand Lodge of the Province of Ontario, notwithstanding she may bring to the support of her claim, some exceptional circumstances as precedents; or the non-performance of an evident duty on the part of the Grand Lodge of Canada, which should have followed as a sequent to the disseverment of the old Province of Canada into Ontario and Quebec.

Having received no official communications from the "Grand Lodge of Canada," anent this schism or her action regarding the same, I am therefore not in a position to advise Grand Lodge with certainty as to what ought to be done under the circumstances, and hence it seems to me better to defer action upon the matter, hoping, as I think we justly may, that a peaceful and fraternal solution of existing difficulties may yet be had.

It appears to me from the information I have of the many excellent brethren who are involved in this unfortunate affair, that a proper spirit of conciliation and a prudent exercise of authority might have prevented the difficulty from assuming such proportions; but, if not, I cannot commend for your approval the reported numerous "suspensions by edict," nor any action of "expulsion" of more than doubtful legality, and hence it appears to me that there are good reasons to hope that if there is further opportunity given the second, sober thought of so many good brethren on either side will lead ere long to a happy solution of existing difficulties, and so avoid what otherwise may be a permanent alienation of those who ought to be one in spirit and action.

Brethren from without the jurisdiction of Ontario may also be able to counsel and co-operate with our good brethren there in healing existing troubles. In olden time under somewhat like circumstances, the good example of "Old London" and "Old York," in the motherland, may not be wholly lost among their loyal children in this land of the setting sun.

(*To be continued.*)

A PAGE FROM LIFE'S BOOK.

I SAW two children intertwine
Their arms about each other,
Like the young tendrils of a vine
About its nearest brother:
And ever and anon,
As gayly they ran on,
They looked into each other's face
Anticipating an embrace.

I saw these two when they were men.
I watched them meet one day.
They touched each others hand—and then
Each went on his own way
There did not seem a tie
Of love—a bond or chain—
To make them turn the hungering eye,
Or grasp the hand again.

This is a page in our life's book
We all of us turn over.
The web is rent,
The hour glass spent,
And, oh! the paths we once forsook
How seldom we recover.

Correspondence.

THE MASONIC PRESS.

To the Editor of the "MASONIC MAGAZINE."

A letter by "A Veteran" appeared in the "Freemason," September 9th inst, under the above heading, in which the writer gave his reasons why the Masonic press is not sufficiently encouraged by the Craft. He attributed the apathy to Masonic literature first, to personalities indulged in by contributors, shooting "barbed arrows" at others for little or no fault, and, second, to the incompetency of editors of Masonic magazines. Whether these were the reasons why English and Scotch Masonic magazines gave up their ghosts I must leave others to judge. All I have to say is that these cannot be the reasons why some American magazines have become defunct, for I know of magazines whose editors and contributors were *par excellence*, each sporting a long string of high titles, and all had reputations of being great scholars. Yet their publications were short-lived. For instance, here is the "American Quarterly Review," edited by A. G. Mackey, M.D., assisted by twenty-two contributors, viz., Dr. Oliver, Albert Pike, and other very high dignitaries. It began in 1857, and it died in 1859. Dr. Mackey's second effort lived three years. The subscribers to the late C. W. Moore's magazine, during his last years, dwindled down to about five hundred. His successor, Grand Master Nickerson's magazine died at the end of two years. I might name others, but these will suffice. The above-named editors enjoyed reputations for great ability, their contributors invariably conformed to the highest standard of literary gentility and Masonic orthodoxy, but nevertheless their magazines died less regretted than others that were conducted by less pretentious editors and assisted by less polished contributors. I mean contributors who did not adhere to the Masonic literary fashion of "you tickle me, and I tickle you."

That incapacity of editors and vulgarity of contributors could not be the cause of the apathy of the Craft to Masonic literature may be further proved by the lack of interest manifested towards the works of our modern historians. Bro. Findel's history undoubtedly overtops, as it were, all previous Masonic histories; and, strange to say, that while the proportion of German to English speaking Masons is probably not more than one to forty, or maybe fifty, yet three German editions of that work are already sold and the author is almost ready with a fourth, while half of the second English edition may yet be seen on the shelves of Bro. Kenning, in Little Britain. Some, however, will say that English and American Masons are prejudiced against German radicalism and what not, and therefore they keep shy of Findel's work. This excuse cannot be made on the part of Bro. Lyon's "History of Freemasonry in Scotland." Every one who had read it pronounced it a noble production; and yet, out of twelve hundred copies printed in 1873, seven hundred are yet on the author's hands. It is evident, therefore, that "A Veteran" did not give the right reasons for this apathy to Masonic literature.

The truth is, the masses of English and American people care very little for historic reading, or reading of any kind that requires mental application. And this apathy to Masonic information or research prevails even among the dignitaries of your Grand Lodge. For instance, a party of Churchmen had the courage to move for an appropriation by the Grand Lodge of two thousand pounds for repairing churches, under the plea that the architects of the said churches were Grand Masters. Now, in the first place, the said architects were not Grand Masters, thus proving that the distinguished advocate of that measure had never read Findel, and does not trouble your "Freemason," or "Masonic Magazine." And, second, while the said Churchmen manifested courage and zeal in behalf of the Church, our literary brethren in the Grand Lodge manifested neither zeal nor courage to move for an appropriation for the purpose of purchasing any of the rare books that were sold two years ago by Bro. Spencer.

Again, her Majesty now and then pensions needy scholars from her own private purse, with from one to three hundred pounds per annum, and confers the honour of knighthood on others, showing that Her Majesty appreciates literary labourers.

Now, Bro. Hughan devoted gratuitously for many years a great deal of time in diffusing Masonic information, and was invariably money out of pocket by all his publications. Had your dignitaries appreciated the merits of his important services Bro. Hughan would have been rewarded with the position of P.D.G.M. instead of P.G.D. But the fact is no encouragement is given to literary pursuits by the Grand Lodge, because those whom the Grand Lodge represents have no taste for such pursuits. In short, represented and representatives are a true reflex of each other, and hence literary Masonic students are very little appreciated either in Lodges or in the G.L.

In America the same distaste for historic reading prevails largely among the people. We have free schools and a free library in Boston. About twenty per cent. of our population patronize the library. A very large number of these are school children, and I venture to state that to every historic borrower there are a hundred who borrow novels, stories, adventures, etc. Among the hundreds of mechanics and tradespeople that I have come in contact with during my residence here, I met but two who cultivated a taste for the higher kind of reading, and one of these had attended the university as a law student. But not many weeks ago even a very prominent lawyer confessed to me that he did not care for history. Americans are great news readers, and except among professionals, such as doctors, clergymen, lawyers, etc., their reading consists of newspapers and fiction. Weekly newspapers filled with sensational stories generally meet with greater success than purely literary weeklys, and hence even religious weeklys have stories in them. It must not be inferred from this that Americans are an ignorant people. On the contrary, they are very clever and shrewd, and speak better English than in the mother country. But yet, except the history they learn in school, they trouble themselves no further with it. The Masonic fraternity are composed of the average class of citizens. Great credit is due to the Grand Lodge for collecting a Masonic library. In that respect Americans are more generous than the English. But yet, I guess, that of 22,000 Masons in the state, not more than one hundred habitually trouble Bro. Nickerson, its truly efficient librarian; and even this feeble mental activity would not have existed if it had not been for the class of writers whom "A Veteran" is so bitter against. But with all the stirring up the institution received and the spread of libraries which every one can consult, out of the 22,000 Massachusetts Masons probably not more than 400 would voluntarily tax themselves three dollars a year for a Masonic magazine. By dint of puffing and bluffing of friends and drummers the number may be increased to 1,200, and many of these would seldom see more of the pamphlet than its covers. This estimate I believe is very near correct. I think that if the fact could be ascertained it would be found that out of 500,000 American Masons, not more than 25,000 had ever subscribed in any single year three or two dollars each for a purely Masonic publication.

A question might now be asked, how it is that with such stirring up on one side and with the facility afforded by Grand Lodges on the other, that so few were stirred up to seek for further light? To this I answer, because *stirrers* are as yet too few when compared with the stand-still advocates; and, second, to the advantage which our system of Lodge instruction affords to the latter. Eminence in Lodges is acquired wholly by committing the ritual to memory. A very large majority of those who acquire the ritual are mere newspaper readers. They consequently take for granted that all the legends in the ritual are sacred facts, and they are very jealous of having their faith disturbed. They think they know all that ought to be known, and they don't want to know more. These, as a class, are generally identified in America with Templarism, Scotch witticism, etc., and are very vain of their supposed superior knowledge, so much so that to their contributions to the press they generally prefix K.T. or 33, *with a small circle*, etc., as if these distinctions necessarily enhance the value of their ideas. Hence vanity and ignorance combined induces their leaders to silence those who endeavour to enlighten the brethren. For instance, in 1869, Bro. Gardner, then G.M. of Massachusetts, in a lecture before an R.A. Chapter, gave a

history of the origin of all the degrees. This, of course, disturbed the equanimity of some, and as soon as the lecturer descended from the platform he was assailed by one of the ritualistic luminaries with, "What is the use of telling all that! What good will it do?" etc. Bro. G., be it known, had taken all the high degrees, but he is one of the exceptions to that class. He was neither ashamed not afraid to tell the truth. But most of the high degreers, when called upon to address a public body, will not only repeat complacently the old nonsense, but will even now add something new of their own invention. Thus, a P.G.M. recently asserted before a public meeting that the first Masonic Lodge was held in King Solomon's Temple, and that St. Paul was a Freemason. These men will of course spurn any Masonic literature which conflicts with their notions. Bro. D. M. Lyon truly stated in one of his letters to me, that if his book had been filled with humbug instead of facts, it would have met with more success among certain classes.

The case then stands thus: ninety-five per cent of our American brethren cannot be induced, even with aid of puffing and bluffing, to pay eight shillings a year for a Masonic magazine, and the five per cent., who by hook or crook can be made to subscribe are divided into two bands. On one side we have the K.Ts., or the 33 with the little circle, who put implicit faith in the legends of the Chapters, Commanderies, Consistories, etc., and would not take a magazine that did not advocate the antiquity of Masonry and its connection with Templarism, Mysticism, Rosicrucianism, etc. And on the other side stands the rationalist, who regards all these legends as fables, and when he finds that his opponents are impervious to reason or logic, he resorts to sarcasm, and makes Sir K.Ts., &c., appear ridiculous. The only options left to a Masonic editor under these circumstances, is either to side exclusively with one of these parties or to allow both parties equal freedom to fight it out. There is no objection even for the editor to enter the arena, but if he takes part in the discussion he must not assume dictatorship, but must submit to the same rules of criticism which he accords to himself against his opponents. Now the editors of the American short-lived magazines above referred to, would not adopt either of the above methods; they tried to perform a miracle. Each attempted to ride two horses in opposite directions. They thought that they could satisfy both parties by giving a little common sense here, and a great portion of the old nonsense there. They persisted in defending sectarianism in the ritual, opposed the rights of the coloured Masons with quibbles, and would allow no discussion upon their dictums, hence both parties were disgusted, and their magazines died very little regretted. The following will illustrate the fact:

A highly-esteemed P.G.M. attempted to induce the brethren in his lodge to sustain the Boston publication. He eloquently dilated on the ability and disinterestedness of the editor. "We have now a live magazine," said he, etc. As soon as the speaker finished his remarks another brother rose, and, after admitting that the magazine was an improvement on its predecessor, bluntly added, "but there is too much humbug in it for the 19th century." The result was no subscription was tendered.

Another incident bearing upon the subject under discussion will reveal another cause of this complained of apathy to Masonic literature. During one of my trips across the Atlantic I made the acquaintance of a brother Mason, whom I found exceedingly well informed upon a great variety of subjects and conversed very pleasantly about different countries he visited, authors, books, etc. He also told me that he owned a very valuable library. On asking what he thought of Findel's and Lyon's histories of Freemasonry, to my great surprise, he answered that he had never heard of them. Upon further questioning him as to whether he ever reads any Masonic magazine he answered in the negative. And he then went on to tell his Masonic experience. He was initiated in America about twenty years ago, he said. During the early heat of his Masonic zeal he was recommended to read "Oliver's Antiquities," and he also subscribed to a Masonic magazine. But these gave him such a sickening to so-called Masonic literature, that he could never again be prevailed upon to invest a cent in that kind of rubbish, and then added with

a strong emphasis, "I love Masonry, but I hate to be humbugged."

We all admit that "war is an evil," but as long as we have either fools or knaves in the world, sensible and honest men will be compelled to fight them. For instance, we will imagine that a certain churchman attacked a Freemason for his adherence to the Craft, when the following dialogue took place:

Freemason: "Mr. Churchman, what harm has Masonry done to you?"

Churchman: "Harm! harm enough! You keep your secrets from me."

Freemason: "And what right have you to pry into my secrets!"

Churchman: "Right, you say! You must know that my order always had the right to pry into everybody's secrets since the days of St. Peter and St. Paul. Why, it is a very ancient landmark."

Such foolish reasons might merely excite my laughter. If the fellow, however, persisted in molesting me too often with his conceit I might be provoked to call him a fool, with, perhaps, a strong adjective prefix. But if the said party undertook to attack Freemasonry with lies, either of his own invention, or lies, which he knew to be to be such, of others' invention, then I would be justified in peppering him with "barbed arrows" until he looked like a nondescript porcupine; or, in other words, I might do my best to bring him into contempt. The same rules may with equal justice be applied to the dreamers and charlatans who have imposed themselves on our fraternity as great authorities, and I am persuaded that if my fellow passenger above referred to, had had the moral courage twenty years ago, to shoot "barbed arrows" at those who humbugged him, Bros. Findel's and Lyon's histories would have met with better success. And I further believe that, should a Masonic work of equal merit to the above-named meet with a favourable reception ten years hence, it will be mainly due to the freedom accorded by the "Freemason" and other liberal papers to "barbed arrow" shooters to bring false Masonic teachings into disrepute. And this freedom, I hope and trust, will never be abridged by the "Freemason." Should unprincipled writers attack honest and well-meaning brethren for little or no fault, as "A Veteran" says they did, the arrows will most assuredly recoil on the unprincipled assailants, while the parties aimed at will come out of the fight scathless. But if, on the other hand, quibblers and falsifiers of history should be driven away from the Masonic press, then not only Masonry will be a gainer thereby, but the press will also ultimately reap great benefit therefrom.

Respectfully and Fraternally Yours,

JACOB NORTON.

Boston, U.S.,
Sept. 29th, 1876.

REUNION.

From "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," *September* 30, 1876.

WHERE shall we meet who parted long ago?
The frosty stars were twinkling in the sky,
The moorland lay before us white with snow,
The north wind smote our faces rushing by.
Where shall we meet? On such a moorland lone?
In crowded city street, or country lane?
On sandy beach-walk, while the sea makes moan?
In quiet chamber? Shall we meet again
On any spot of old familiar ground,
Our childish haunts? or in a far-off land?
Ah me! what if on earth no spot be found
For longing eyes to meet, and clasping hand?
What then?—If angry fate re-union bars,
A better meeting waits beyond the stars.

When shall we meet who parted in the night?
At some calm dawning, or in noontide heat?
To-day? to-morrow? or will years take flight
Before our yearning hearts find welcome sweet?
When shall we meet? While summer roses lie
Beside our path, and rustle overhead?

Or later, when a leaden winter sky
Looks coldly on the empty garden-bed?
While youthful faith and hopefulness are ours?
Or only when our hair is growing gray?
Ah me! we may have done with earthly hours
Before it comes to us, that happy day!
What then?—Let life's lone path be humbly trod,
And where or when we meet, we leave to God.

ADDRESS OF THE V. H. AND E. SIR KT. COL. W. J. B. MACLEOD MOORE, OF THE 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, MONTREAL, ON THE 10TH AUGUST, A.D. 1876.

Fratres of the Canadian Branch of the United Orders of the Temple and St. John of Jerusalem—Greeting:

V. D.+S. A.

It is with more pleasure than I can well express that I now meet you and have the privilege assigned to me of congratulating you on the attainment of our wishes, in the establishment of a National and Independent Great Priory of Knights Templar for the Dominion of Canada. Circumstances which were quite unforseen, and which it is not now necessary to refer to, prevented our memorial being fully brought to the notice of H. R. Highness the Grand Master until last year, when I received a communication from the Arch-Chancellor, the Hon. Judge J. F. Townshend, LL.D., of Dublin, saying that he had received the commands of the Prince of Wales, addressed to him as his Arch-Chancellor, to inform the Canadian memorialists that H.R.H. had directed their petition to be dealt with at the next Convent General according to the statutes, under his advice as the Arch-Chancellor of the order. The Convent General did not meet until the 29th of last October, when, in the absence of H. R. Highness in India, the Earl of Limerick, Great Prior of England, presided, who, with his wonted feelings of good will and interest towards the Canadian branch of the order, not only brought forward the memorial but moved and warmly supported the motion of a resolution, seconded by the Sub-Prior, Major Shadwell H. Clerke, that the prayer of the petition be adopted, by admitting Canada into the union of the Templar Body of England and Ireland as the National Great Priory of the Dominion of Canada. To this the Convent General acceded in the most cordial manner, as intimated to me a few days after the meeting, by the courtesy of the Great Prior, Lord Limerick. A certified copy of this resolution, signed by the Arch-Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, has also been lately forwarded to me, which together with the patents under the sign manuel of H. R. H. the Grand Master authorizing the formation of this Great Priory and naming me as the first Great Prior, will now be preserved in the archives of the Canadian order as a lasting memento of our complete independence as a sovereign body, sprung from the good old English stock.

Sir Knights! much as I prize the high honour that has fallen to my lot—and be assured I do feel it as such—of becoming the supreme head, under royal authority, of this National Grand Body, I feel prouder and more gratified, after having introduced and for so many years conducted the affairs of the order in Canada, in maintaining your good opinion, and the more than cordial manner with which you have always been pleased to receive me, and the steady support and co-operation you have so long afforded me, has now been in the most gratifying and constitutional manner more than crowned by success in the establishment of our independent National Great Priory without severing our connection with the parent body. I trust you will give me credit for the sincerity of my motives when I say it was not in the least degree the love of authority or a desire to enforce "the one man power," that induced me so persistently to maintain my own opinion as to the advisability of continuing a dependency of the Great Priory of England until the time arrived when we could separate with honour and dignity to ourselves. Looking to the future of the order, when I shall no longer be at the head of

affairs, I never allowed expediency to stand in the way, being determined, if possible, to ensure the order being placed upon a firm basis and its future status permanently secured.

It may not be quite clear to some of our fratres why we should still wish to continue under the "Convent General," but I need scarcely point out to you that, as a National British Society, no more honourable position could be held than that of being united with the other national branches of the order over whom H. R. H., the heir-apparent to the throne, is governing power, and which Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen has been pleased especially to patronize. This I look upon alone as a great distinction and privilege, the countenance of Her Majesty being a guarantee of the purity, thorough conservative doctrines, the Christian principles of our order.

The avowed object of this Templar Union was to incorporate the branches of England, Ireland, and Scotland under one Royal head, by the reciprocation of rites, privileges, and disabilities, as, correctly speaking, there should not be any separate bodies in the society, which is or should be one and indissoluble, although want of knowledge of the correct principles of the order in some cases, and political exigencies in others, have divided it into several branches, holding themselves entirely independent of each other. The desire is now to unite the scattered elements of this ancient chivalry into one harmonious whole, as was originally the rule of the order.

The formation of a "Convent General" and "Great Priories" is nearly analogous to the system pursued in the United States, their State Commanderies being similar to the National Great Priories of the British Empire. These Commanderies yield submission to the triennial parliament of the order, the Grand Encampment of the United States, which is very similar in constitution and authority to our "Convent General."

Our joining this Templar Union does not at all interfere with our independence as a Canadian body or our privilege to regulate our own affairs, and at the same time carries out the principle, so necessary to inculcate, of unity in the order.

It is to be regretted that the Scottish branch of the order did not join the Union, and much to be deplored that this was mainly caused by a misconception of their commissioner appointed to effect the same, who, little understanding the subject upon which he was appointed to legislate, allowed his prejudices to ignore from the very commencement of the negotiation the benefits to be derived from the proposed union, and by a disregard for existing treaties of alliance with the English branch, appear even disrespectful to H. R. H. the Grand Master, thus debarring the very few encampments or Priories existing under Scottish jurisdiction from participating in a union so much in their favour and to their advantage.

With respect to the United States branch of the order, the advances made by England towards an alliance have been so far unsatisfactory, inasmuch as the peculiar Templar system adopted by them does not assimilate with ours. The originators of that system chose to found it altogether upon Craft Masonry, and the two are so connected in the United States that it would appear that they cannot be separated by any one who has received these orders there; and, being thus incorporated with Freemasonry, they can hardly amalgamate with a Templar system that is not equally so. They have made the Order of the Temple emphatically a degree of Masonic knighthood by adopting the obsolete and, in our opinion, mistaken theory that the Chivalric Order of the Temple was based on the Craft degrees as now practised, there being in fact nothing whatever in the history of the early order to warrant us in believing that up to the time of its outward suppression there was any particular alliance between it and Freemasonry. Of course individual Knights may have been, and probably were, Freemasons, and naturally, when assailed and opposed by their implacable enemies, took refuge within the pale of the Craft, but previous to this time the Order of the Temple as an order, was not allied to Freemasonry at all. But the principal stumbling-block was their insisting that their degree of "Knights of the Red Cross (derived from the 16° of the A. and A. S. Rite, and generally known in Great Britain and Ireland as the Red Cross of

Babylon, or Babylonish Pass), should be adopted as a pre-requisite to entering the Order of the Temple. This degree is quite out of place, as having any reference to the Templars, being of Jewish and Persian origin, founded on a legend of the apocryphal Book of Esdras, its history being also given in the antiquities of Josephus, but the authenticity of which is denied by modern ecclesiastical writers. In its dramatic form it is made very attractive, and inculcates principles of the highest moral tendency, and therefore much importance is attached to it in the American Templar system, but its proper historical place precedes the Royal Arch, to which it is properly a prelude, the legend describing the steps taken to obtain permission for rebuilding the temple. Besides, it is quite impossible to expect that the English branch of the order should so completely change their system in connection with Freemasonry as to adopt degrees discarded at the Union of the Grand Lodges of England in 1813. The Craft degrees, including the Royal Arch, were then alone recognized as pure and ancient Freemasonry. The possession of the Royal Arch degree in modern times has been, and is now considered quite sufficient to preserve the link between the Templar Order and Freemasonry, but it is a very great mistake to suppose that having the Royal Arch degree entitles the possessor to be admitted into the Templar ranks, or that the Order of the Temple is a continuation or climax of the degrees of Craft and Royal Arch Masonry.

Exception was also taken to the Order of Malta as being opposod to the true Order of the Temple, but in this they seem to have lost sight of the fact that when the Order of the Temple was first introduced into the United States from Great Britain and Ireland, it was as the combined Orders of Knights of the Temple and Malta. Now we are to consider that it is our traditional belief that our present Order of the Temple was partially in England and Ireland and completely in Scotland, merged into that of the Hospitallers of St. John (afterwards known as Knights of Malta) on the suppression of the Templars. That such was the case in Scotland cannot be disputed, and this amalgamation of the two bodies continued until the time of the Reformation, and it is affirmed by the Scottish Templar Order to a much later period. The use of the knightly title and the question of the legitimacy of the combined orders were fully believed in by the Stuart party as late as 1745, when, its principal members being in the service of Prince Charles Edward (commonly called the Young Chevalier), the order was proscribed, and we only hear of this branch afterwards in connection with Freemasonry, with which it still continues, its ritual assimulating with that in use by the Templar body, the two naturally and harmoniously blending together, although the one now adopted is considerably more elaborate than the simple ceremony used in former years. In Canada there is no difficulty in continuing the same cordial and friendly relations that have always existed between us and our fratres of the United States, our Masonic system admitting the recognition of the degrees required by the United States Templars, although the pre-requisite for our Templar candidate is the same as that observed in England. Neither can I see any difficulty in members of a Knights Templar foreign jurisdiction visiting the United States Commanderies by merely requiring of them a profession of secrecy as to the degrees they are unacquainted with, but required by the United States Templars in their ceremonies.

It was suggested to me now that we have taken a new departure as a National supreme body, that a resumé of the different phases the Temple Order has undergone in England would not be uninteresting, as giving a short and concise sketch of the English Langue from its first appearance publicly as attached to the Masonic Society to the present time, as also the alleged claim the order has to be considered the legitimate successor of the Red Cross Warriors of Palestine. Dr. Albert Mackay, in his admirable Encyclopædia of Masonry, to which I must refer you, arranges the pedigree of the modern Templars under six different heads, but the legends adduced are, I think, for the most part unreliable, and the legality of each branch far from satisfactory, unless we except the existing State order of "Christ in Portugal,"

which is no doubt the genuine Order of the Temple. This order is under Papal surveillance (as is also that of Malta in Italy), confined to Roman Catholics of noble birth, the king being Grand Master, and not acknowledging fraternity with any other branch. The "Ordre du Temple" of France, now obsolete, also asserted claims in favour of its legality, which, however, were not unimpeachable. The branch derived from Scotland has stronger historical claims to go upon, which, however, "Murray Lyons," in his very exhaustive work on Scottish Masonry, denies, and the validity of the tradition that the present Templars are descended from the old Order of the Crusades. At the same time it is an admitted fact that in Scotland the Templars were never suppressed; they were associated with the Hospitallers, and it is natural to suppose that they preserved their distinctive rites and ceremonies intact by regular descent from one to another. When the Hospitallers were secularized at the time of the Reformation, then, of course, those of both the orders that preferred the reformed faith left their religious houses and were merged into the general population. It is also perfectly natural to suppose that these secularized soldier monks being or becoming Freemasons may have, with the view of preserving their ancient orders, incorporated their peculiar rites into their Masonic lodges, and there is nothing at all illogical in supposing and asserting that true branches of both the Temple and the Hospital may still be in existence, and that isolated lodges may have received their Templar and Hospitaller rites directly from the secularized or protestant knights of the combined orders, which, so far as they were religious institutions, were abolished at the reformation.

Prior to the revival in 1717, and the reconstruction of Masonry in its present symbolic form, very little is known of the proceedings of Masonic bodies, from the fact that very few written documents were permitted to be recorded, and of these few, owing to the jealousy or over caution of their rulers, many were burnt in London in 1721; but there is no doubt that a system of speculative Masonry, distinct from that of the craft operative or building societies, existed, derived from the secrets of occult philosophy, or the Rosicrucian Order of the middle ages, from which some of the high grades had their origin, and in which the rites and dogmas of the Templars were preserved. It is recorded that the speculative and operative bodies met together in the general assemblies of Masons in York and London, and that in the seventeenth century members of the Rosy Cross, Protestant Knights Templar, and Knights of St. John, joined in these assemblies, but it was not until about 1750 that we first hear of the Templar degrees in the south of England being publicly attached to craft lodges of the "York Rite" of Freemasonry, from whence they spread to other parts of the kingdom. Why so little is known of the personation of the Templars by the Freemasons, after its suppression as a chivalric body, may have been from the fact that as the knowledge of their existence was of necessity restricted to the secret societies, so it was impossible that any but Masons could join it, and they preserving the strictest secresy and mystery respecting everything connected with the fraternity, quietly and secretly perpetuated the Templar doctrines amongst themselves, probably keeping the knowledge of its existence secret even from Masons, except such as were admitted to the "inner veil" and selected to join it. This may account for the order as we have it, being preserved by the fraternity, without any documentary proofs of its history being left behind. It was only when Freemasonry took a high and strong position in England that the fact of the continued existence of the Templars became generally known.

In 1791 we find the Templar Rite styled "Grand Elect Knights Templar Kadosh, of St. John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta," thus combining the modern and more ancient titles. This confusion of names is a curious anomaly. We know the Templars derived their name from a residence on the site of the Temple; they never were Knights of St. John. In 1848, after the A. and A. S. rite of 33° had been established in England, the Templar body resigned control over the "Rose Croix" and "Kadosh," which had been incorporated into the A. & A. Rite as the 18th and 30th degrees.

It was therefore necessary to suppress the old ceremonies and confine themselves to the Templar alone, and to change the name into the degree of "Masonic Knights Templar." This title was not used in England before 1851, although the term Masonic appears in the warrants of Admiral Dunkerly between 1791 and 1796, but was never adopted, being in fact an absurd prefix. These changes, which, it is said, were made to please the chiefs of the newly imported Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of 33°, gave great dissatisfaction to the Templar Order. Until 1853 the Order of the Temple and Malta remained combined in the encampments of the old system, but a revision of the statutes of the then Grand Conclave was made, and the Order of Malta excluded altogether. Several encampments, however, continued to perpetuate the degree, though not in the same form, as this would have been a defiance of the Grand Conclave.

In 1863 the Grand Conclave again formally revived the Maltese Order, with a considerable ritual, but as a separate degree instead of combined with the Templars, as it had been before 1853; and in 1873 another revision took place, when new statutes, carefully drawn up, were adopted, consolidating the two bodies under the name of the "United Religious and Military Order of the Temple, and of St. John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta." This union cannot but prove beneficial in the end, its tendency and object being to raise the order in social status and to approximate it to that of the ancient knights, discarding all modern innovations that lead to errors known to be historically untrue.

But I consider it a great mistake to have separated the "Rose Croix" from the Templar, looking upon it as I do, as purely a Templar degree, entirely out of place elsewhere. My own opinion has always been that the Rose Croix was anciently an integral part of the Templar initiation, perhaps the part most openly practised, as not containing anything offensive to the Papal doctrines, and that part of their teaching that repudiated the Papal usurpation of power may have been kept for the "inner circle" in the secret conclave of the leaders of the Order.

It appears to me that the origin and progress of Templary in Ireland has never been fully looked into. If Ireland gave the Templar Order to America, as the similarity of their rituals would have us to suppose, it would be worth while making a strict investigation as to when and where Ireland obtained it. Valuable information might be procured in the old country lodges which had Chapters and Encampments attached to them. I learn that the earliest records of Templary in the United States is in Pennsylvania, where its degrees were conferred under Blue Lodge warrants about 1790 to 1795. These degrees were conferred in two lodges, one at Harrisburg and one at Carlisle. In 1797 they joined the first Grand Encampment in the United States; almost all of the members, it is said, were from Ireland, those especially of the Carlisle lodge. What is wanted is a reliable statement of the earliest date at which the Templar Order was first practised in the various countries in which it now exists. Tradition is what we have principally to rely upon as to our identity with the early order, and it is not impossible but that tradition is right, for it is unreasonable to suppose, looking to the men who in modern times have been associated with the Order, that they wilfully countenanced an imposition. Nor can it be credited that the plain, honest, upright, but in many cases, illiterate men, who handed down Craft Masonry, committed the folly, and worse than folly, of inventing certain rites and ceremonies which, though beautiful in themselves, are entirely unmasonic in their tendencies, and then with an audacity that could have no parallel, call themselves Knights of the Temple. The idea is altogether beyond belief. Neither can I understand how Freemasonry and the Order of the Temple could ever become amalgamated. The former is of its very essence cosmopolitan; the latter sprung from an origin which was of its essence chivalric and knightly. The trowel of the one levelled distinctions and spread the cement of a universal fraternity. The sword and spurs of the other could only be won by noble birth and heroic deeds in defence of the Christian faith. Alas, that I should say it! What do half the men who are Templars know or care for the early history of the

Order; they merely regard it as a Masonic degree they can be advanced to, which will enable them to wear another Star or Cross, but the true meaning of which they are satisfied should be as unintelligible to them as Hebrew.

The question naturally arises "What is the modern Order of the Temple, and the object of the institution?" In general terms we can confidently state that it is exclusively devoted to the Christian religion, based upon the birth, life, death, and resurrection of Christ, without sectarianism, and designed to elevate man to that position morally and socially, which God intends man should aspire to and reach. It is actuated by the purest principles of Christian philanthropy, perfectly unconnected with politics, and although forming no part of mere symbolic Masonry, is an adaptation of all the tolerant principles of craft Masonry to a system of Christian application, taking for its model the moral attributes of the illustrious, religious, and military Order of the middle ages, and although laying claim to a Knightly succession, yet without a vestige remaining of its original mighty power and influence, now represented by our peaceful and powerful Christian Society, which teaches and exercises the fullest and most tolerant charity towards all men, and, from the principles of the religion in whose interest it has been perpetuated, it requires us to set our faces against vice and intemperance, to uphold the right, defend the weak and oppressed, and succour the destitute. Let it then be no idle boast to say, we belong to an order, the members of which in the olden time, the great, the good, the noble and the brave of Christendom, were only too proud to call themselves "Poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ," and to the extent of our ability and the opportunities afforded us, delight to pay homage and follow the precepts of the Great Captain, whose sworn soldiers we are, and that too by our own voluntary act. Of this there is no doubt, the vows are upon us, and whether we try to act in accordance with those vows or not, we can in no wise alter our position to that Great Captain unto whom sooner or later, as it pleaseth Him, we shall have to render an account. To you then, preceptors of the order, teachers and rulers, I most emphatically say it becomes your bounden duty to observe the strictest caution as to whom you admit into your Preceptories. When men are banded together for any purpose, noble or otherwise, there will be those who will seek admission for purely selfish purposes. Do not allow the expediency of increasing your funds or of swelling the ranks of your Preceptories to actuate your motives in admitting those who from mere curiosity or good fellowship seek to join us, and, as is too often the case, by their conduct give cause to our enemies to revile and repudiate our illustrious order—an order which has ever raised the jealousy and hatred of that intolerant Church which does not admit the exercise of private judgment or the right of free thought, and would still keep the human mind in the darkness of error and superstition. The Romish Church has been ever jealous of the Masonic Society and all others connected with it, dreading the dangerous opposition to her unlawful assumption of authority which the great secret organization condemns and bans.

The animosity that suddenly sprung up in the early part of the last century on the part of the Papal authorities towards Freemasonry may have been occasioned by their having only then discovered that their old antagonist, the Templar Order, was perpetuated within the secret recesses of the Masonic Order, and that then for the first time the thunders of the Romish Church were directed at the peaceable and inoffensive craft. This would give good reasons for believing that the Papal power had at least become satisfied that the Templar Order preserved among the Freemasons was a legitimate continuation of the old anti-Papal order that had been supposed to have been thoroughly crushed out centuries before. There is nothing in the teaching of Masonry pure and simple to warrant the intense hatred towards it that has for the last hundred years been displayed by the Holy See. We must therefore look for some occult reason for this hatred, and what better reason could be found than that the Masonic Order had shielded and preserved the Order of the Temple. In 1776, the Jesuits, having discovered that the Templar Order was continuing its operations under the designation of the Kadosh, warned the Govern-

ments of Roman Catholic countries against the latter order, and caused it to be proscribed as dangerous and antagonistic to the doctrines of the Church of Rome.

The Committee appointed to draft a code of statutes for the future government of this Grand Body have ably performed their duty. Copies have already been issued to each Preceptory, thus placing before the whole of the members the result of their labours, and giving them an opportunity to prepare such amendments and additions as might be considered advisable. To the committee and to our indefatigable Sub-Prior as chairman, who, in this and all other matters connected with the order which he takes in hand, spares neither time or trouble, our warmest thanks are due. The statutes seem to me to have provided for every possible contingency, and are replete as to diction and usefulness, embodying all the requirements necessary for our Canadian legislation. They will now be submitted for your approval and adoption. I may here remark that I look upon the annual meeting of the "Convent General," as a mistake, and that they might well follow the example of the triennial meetings of the Grand Encampment of the United States, and avoid by too frequent meetings the possibility of complications arising out of legislation in which the different Great Priories may have no voice, and which can only be met by some agenda of what is proposed to be taken up, being sent round beforehand and in ample time for its mature consideration.

On the subject of costume the committee did not consider it necessary to report or to submit any changes in the beautiful, unimpaired symbolical integrity of that already established, but which is not intended to be worn in public as an out-door costume. The white mantle is emblematic of the purity thereby intended to be denoted, as the wearing the sword is but symbolic "of the sword of the spirit which is the word of God," and the cross of the faith and hope to which we cling. I believe it is for the best interests of the order to avoid all public displays as much as possible, and undue publication of proceedings, such practices being at variance with the true meaning and principal of the order. I have always objected to its being made or considered a quasi military body, which has of late appeared to command so much attention, as gratifying a newly acquired taste for military display and show, and the curiosity of the outside world. I must not be here for a moment misunderstood as in the remotest degree attempting to cast reflections on the admirable system of organization followed by our enthusiastic and zealous fratres of the United States, or on their becoming and tasteful uniform, so appropriate to our day and generation, but that simply I consider it would be out of character for us to adopt it, endeavouring as we are to approximate to the old order which we represent. Has it never occurred to our fratres who are so anxious to assume a new and dramatic appearance what an extraordinary phase the order has assumed by the introduction of a system of drill, in imitation of a military body? Have they forgotten that the ancient Templars themselves were all men of rank and position, and not the equivalent of a volunteer militia battalion. No doubt in the early days of the order they fought in a body as fighting knights, without regard to details of military organization; but when the order became numerous and powerful, and when military formations, tactics and drill prevailed there can be no doubt that the Templars retained a powerful body of men-at-arms, themselves occupied all superior positions. We have an actual evidence of this in the contemporary order of Malta, wherein in the modern period the knights not only maintained paid land forces, but a navy also. The sight of an army in which all the privates are knights is indeed something to be looked upon with curiosity.

And now, fratres of the Great Priory of Canada, allow me again to congratulate you on the declaration of your independence and the position you hold as a sovereign body. The order is in your own hands to make it worthy of the high position it undoubtedly holds, and by a strict adherence to its precepts, you cannot fail to place it amongst the most valued institutions in connection with the time-honoured Masonic fraternity. Let it not be said there is any doubt as to what useful pur-

pose the Temple Order has in view, or what it is incumbent, in conformity with our professions, that we should do. We, who call ourselves "Soldiers of the Cross," surely have a higher aim and far different mission than that of vain shows and public display. Our professions call upon us unmistakeably to do something that will redound to the glory of God and to the assistance and happiness of our fellow men. In short, every Preceptory should be a place where the poor, the needy, the sick and the oppressed can look for relief, sympathy and assistance. Let our Preceptories spend but little in decorations and entertainments, in order that there may be funds to spare for those purposes, then the object of the founders of these great Christian orders will be accomplished, and our order be doing something worthy of remembrance. Without such aims we are nothing, our Christianity is but dust and ashes, our boasted chivalry as rust.

Fratres! Knights of the Temple! with all loyalty to our gracious Queen and Grand Master, whom God preserve, I am ever, in the bonds of the order,

Faithfully yours,
W. J. B. MacLeod Moore, G. C. T.,
Great Prior of Canada.

MASONRY EVERYWHERE.

On the broad arch'd sky, when the Queen of Night
Goes forth in robes of peerless white;
Or the sun breaks out from his golden shroud,
When the storm has passed on the thunder cloud;
Mid the starry host, when they wander forth
As sentinels bright o'er the sleeping earth;
Where the comets wander through fields of air,
On their lonely rounds, *there is Masonry there.*

Abroad on the waves of the deep blue sea,
Where the tempests sport in their wildest glee;
And the wild albatross in its far-off home,
Like a storm-king sits on the wild sea foam:
Or the placid waves of the rolling deep
Have quieted down in their Summer's sleep,
And these aman, calm'd, 'neath the tropic's glare,
Woos the cooling breeze—*there is Masonry there.*

In the curtained halls of the lofty lord,
Where the jewels and wealth of the world are stored;
In the poor man's cot by some silent stream,
Where the wild wood stands in its spreading green;
On the mountain's brow, in the balmy deep,
In the throbbing pulse, or on beauty's cheek,
In the insect's home, in the lion's lair,
On earth, sea, or sky—*there is Masonry there.*

—*Masonic Record.*

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.

Professor Brown, of the Ontario Government Model Farm at Guelph, (a similar institution to the one at Cirencester,) has forwarded to Canada a choice selection of bulls, cows, sheep, and swine, of the best breeds, from England and Scotland.

The "Times" informs us that "the South African International and Intercolonial Exhibition will be opened at Cape Town on February 15, 1877. The building will be in the gardens of the Masonic Lodge of the Goede Hoop, adjoining the House of Assembly. The land has been freely placed at the disposal of the committee by the ancient and wealthy Lodge of Freemasons to whom it belongs. Like everything which tends to draw closer the bonds of union between the several Governments

of South Africa, this project has the support of Lord Carnavon, who has written that he feels much interest in it. The promoters of the Exhibition, merchants and members of the Legislative Assemblies, do not sin on the side of ambition in the programme they have put forth. No attempt is made to cause the Exhibition to be an art gathering. Utilitarian objects, and such as are usually sought in the infancy of a vigorous colonial community, are pursued." The building, now in course of erection, is of iron and glass, copied from that of Bro. Sir Joseph Paxton, well known as the "Crystal Palace," of 1851.

The "Athenæum" says:—"There is no greater error than to stigmatise the Spanish as a lazy nation. Spain has her idlers and her loafers, but not in a larger proportion than other civilized nations, while much of the daily labour in August is finished before the travelling Briton is awake;" and adds:—"The resources of the country are considerable, and the people naturally frugal and industrious."

A small volume has just been published, entitled "'Friendly' Sketches: Essays Illustrative of Quakerism," by John W. Steel, in which those readers who have paid little or no attention to the literature of the Society of Friends, will find much to instruct as well as to interest them. For no religious community, considering the smallness of its numbers, has exercised so much influence during the last two centuries. In two important points the Quakers must be admitted to have kept their fingers cleaner than any other religious body of modern times. I allude to war—the worst of all methods of settling national disputes—and to negro slavery, which John Wesley very properly described as "the sum of all villanies." When the drunken tragedian told the inhabitants of Liverpool that "the very bricks of their houses were cemented with the blood of the slave," the truth of the denunciation was as patent as its boldness. Like Charles Lamb, I must confess to a strange liking for the Quakers, considering that I never did, and never can, unless a great change takes place in me, belong to their fraternity; for a fraternity it undoubtedly is, in which I believe the true bond of Friendship to be much better carried out even than in our dear old Craft. With the truth or untruth of peculiar tenets of the Society of Friends, a Masonic Magazine is not the place to enter into any discussion; but to glance at the Society and its most important members in an historical or a philosophic manner is not to infringe that glorious neutrality which enables the Mason to meet as a brother the good man of a widely-different religious sect or political party, and thus renders each lodge a refreshing oasis in the wilderness of party strife and sectarian jealousy. Indeed the true Freemason, more than any other man, (whilst never forfeiting his fealty to his own religious and political convictions,) can elevate his mental vision above the boundary lines of sects and parties, and not imagine for a moment that he or his possess a monopolyof wisdom. Thus, I too have my admiration of that leather-suited Leicester cobbler, the son of a poor weaver, whose courage and disinterestedness make him shine more conspicuously than all the great men who have borne the name of Fox,—the Martyrologist and the Statesman, clever men though they were, dwarfing much beside honest George, the "great central figure in a glorious company," as Mr Steele expresses it, "who poured forth their blood as water, and counted their lives as dust, if they could but serve the interests of Truth. In troublous times moved he; in days when crowns were shaken from the heads of those who had worn them; when a nation revolted, and churches were changed; when a 'brewer' became head of England, and swayed a rod of iron; when a king 'came to his own again,' and his people went delirious with joy; in years when, alternately, court, camp, and courtezan ruled. Through all theseyears, George Fox lived unmoved by the political passions of the day—swerving not from his work, turning neither to the right nor left. From that period when he felt there was One 'that can speak to thy condition,' and his heart did leap for joy, down to his latest days, when, after he 'appeared in testimony before God,' at White Hart Court, and could say, 'I am clear, I am fully clear;' no human life could be more fully devoted to one eternal object than his was. In all his years and yearnings; in palaces and prisons; in populous cities and on barren hill-sides; on land and sea, in Europe and America, for many a year, this 'man in leather breeches,' this 'inspired cobbler,' forsaking home joys and earthly happiness,

went about on his mission—that mission, the turning men from darkness to light." Save that I don't like the phrase of "the *cajolery* of Cromwell"—for whatever faults the Lord Protector might have, most assuredly flattery or "soft-sawdering," was not one of them—I can endorse all that Mr. Steele says of honest George, and much more than he says of his wife. Indeed I regard Margaret Askew—first the wife of Judge Fell, and afterwards of George Fox—as the most remarkable woman the world has yet produced. And yet H. G. Adams, in all the 788 pages of his "Cyclopædia of Female Biography, consisting of Sketches of all Women who have been distinguished by great talents, strength of character, piety, benevolence, or moral virtue of any kind, forming a complete record of womanly excellence or ability," has no notice of her who, I venture to say, influenced the world for good more than any ten of those deemed worthy of a place.

The statistics of Quakerism, from a reliable source, cannot but be interesting. "Within the limits of London yearly meeting," says Mr. Steele,—"that is in Great Britain—there are about 326 meetings for worship held regularly, with a few held occasionally at bathing-places, &c. The number of members varies in each meeting from 'less than five' to 'more than 300,' there being, however, only seven with more than 300 members. The number of members is 14,200. Contrary to the prevalent opinion, there is a gradual increase in the body, and that from without. The increase by birth is rarely more than the loss by death, because, as a general rule, only the children who are born to parents who are both members become such. The number transferred into Britain is less than that transferred to other lands; and thus the increase is from 'convincement.' There are about 73 monthly meetings, and 19 quarterly meetings—that for Yorkshire being the largest, while Kent is the smallest, the latter having eight meetings within its bounds, the former inclosing 41." Of Sunday schools—"First-day Schools," as Friends prefer to call them—there are about 66, with nearly 1,200 teachers and 16,000 scholars, "nearly all of the latter unconnected with the Society." Birmingham and Bristol are the principal places for these. "Renowned since the days of Fox for its care over the education of its members," says Mr. Steele, "the Society still deserves that renown. In England alone it sustains eight large public schools, besides others where a higher education is attainable. In the eight schools alluded to there is accommodation for 865 children, and above 830 scholars enjoyed their advantages at the date of the last return. The worth of the whole schools may be estimated at £140,000; the income may be stated at £30,000; the average charge for children is about £19, and the average cost per child is £30, the balance being derived from legacies, endowments, subscriptions, &c. The largest and the oldest school is that at Ackworth, near Pontefract, which, established in 1779, educates 290 children, and has, since its commencement, given a sound English education to 9038 children. The whole of the schools have had about 17,000 children under tuition since their establishment; and, though they have not succeded in carrying out George Fox's wish to give instruction in 'all things decent and civil in creation,' the scholars they have turned out have been abiding memorials of their usefulness."

I had marked many more passages for quotation than I have room for at present; for I too have paid my pilgrimage "round about Swarthmore," and looked out "from the door-like window" from which "George Fox is stated to have preached." But I must not now digress on my visits to Furness. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Steele has made a very readable little volume, full of information; and that I hope he will one day favour us, in a collected form, with the entertainining papers which he furnished to a local journal, a few years ago, on the great industries of Cleveland and South Durham.

A new society is in course of formation, under the title of the "United Amateur Authors' Association." The subscription, in Great Britain, is to be 4s. half-yearly, or 7s. 6d. yearly, with an entrance fee of 3s. 6d.; and in Canada and the United States, two dollars and twelve cents yearly subscription, and 84 cents entrance; for which each member is to receive free by post a monthly sixpenny magazine, which is to be written, printed, and illustrated entirely by members of the Association. The title of this organ is to be the "Imperial

Magazine," and it is to be under the joint editorship of Mr. Leopold Wagner (whose "Wedding Waltz" has recently been so popular in Hull) and of Mr. Edmund Wrigglesworth, the latter of whom contributes a very readable paper to the specimen number, "Silver Tokens," on Cromwell and the Commonwealth. Why they should have taken the title of a defunct magazine, instead of an entirely new one, such as the "United Amateur Authors' Magazine," I cannot see. Anyhow, I will watch with interest the progress of this novel, and (as I think) commendable society.

I am delighted to learn from the newspapers, that the members of the archæological section of the Falcon Lodge of Freemasons, recently established at Thirsk, have been paying a visit to the interesting old church at Leake, and the old Hall close by. I hope at some time to supply to the "Masonic Magazine" an account of my own visit to his church a year ago, when visiting my dear old friend, the rector of Cowesby, who was kind enough to accompany me during a pelting rain. The church at Thirsk also is worthy of a notice. Though no longer an operative body, but rather applying the tools of our ancient brethren to our morals, by that inimitable symbolic teaching which ist he distinguishing characteristic of Freemasonry, at least since "the Revival," yet every Masonic Lodge should have its archæological section like that at Thirsk, and also sections for carrying their researches into all the hidden mysteries of nature and science. Though residing only at a distance of some twenty miles from Thirsk, I know nothing of the Falcon Lodge save what I read in the papers; but were it situated in the most distant regions of the earth, instead of in Yorkshire, I would equally wish it success; for the true Freemason knows full well that there is nothing local or sectarian in the grand principles of the Craft, which next to the moral and social virtues numbers all the liberal arts and sciences, and every genuine brother will do his best to make them flourish around the globe.

The following excellent Inaugural Address, spoken by Miss Leighton, in the character of *Clio, the Muse of History*, at Mr. John Coleman's brilliant revival of portions of Shakspere's historical plays of King Henry the Fourth and Fifth in one drama, at the London Queen's Theatre, though the able author's name is not given, is worthy of a more permanent place than the columns of a newspaper:—

"To-night, ye come to see strange pageants pass
Obscurely in a great Magician's glass.
Banners shall wave, sharp spears shall gleam i' the air,
And in their midst one Shape supremely fair—
Harry the Fifth, his helm with laurel bound,
Shall hover, to the silvern trumpet's sound.
Before your sight, upon the mimic scene,
I summon up the Forms that once have been;
But I, who bid these shining Shapes appear,
Am but the great Magician's handmaid here:
'Tis SHAKSPERE's self who, singing from his tomb,
Makes dead Kings waken, and a dead world bloom!

They come! They gather! By his strain set free,
They move to music of his fantasy.
King of immortal Song, he singeth clear,
And once again these lesser Kings appear!
Honour to *him*, and not to *them*, we pay.
They ruled your England for a little day.
He rules our realm for ever! One by one,
They gladden'd, or they sadden'd, in the sun;
Then in their season perish'd with their pride;
But till the end our Poet shall abide,
Flowers in his hands, a crown upon his head,
The kingliest *King* that ever England bred!

And if we humbly seek to blend in one
Two pictures of dead kings whose race is run,
So that, upon the mimic scene, this night,
Both the proud Harries flash before your sight,
Forgive a deed which is in reverence wrought,
Better to shadow forth our Master's thought.

His slaves are those who act; they work
his will,
And gladden in the glory they fulfil;
And so this night may SHAKSPERE make
them strong,
To keep the heights of his immortal Song!

Part now, ye clouds, and to our gaze un-
fold
Sword-bearing Albion in the days of old!
Fair Kings and Queens, 'mid pageants
bright as flame,
Rise, I conjure you, in my Master's
name!"

The beautiful passage beginning (line 15) with "King of immortal Song," and ending (line 24) "The kingliest King that ever England bred," are worth whole volumes of the rubbish mis-called poetry which too often disgraces the columns of our fashionable magazines. Into the liberty taken in altering Shakspere for the stage, I do not wish here to enter. It is a subject requiring much space, much careful thought, and much thorough disinterestedness. My own hopes are that the drama will in time come to be regarded as a great educational auxiliary, and not be in the hands of mere speculators, who of necessity seek principally to make their fortunes.

Mr. Joseph Gould—an experienced working printer, who practised his art for the British army during the Crimean war at head-quarters before Sebastopol, and who has now been for several years a successful master-printer at Middlesbrough, working hard with hands and brain—has just compiled, printed, and published, complete for half-a-crown, far-away the best manual for the typographer that has hitherto appeared. It is entitled "The Letter-Press Printer," and is really a complete guide to this important art, giving useful instructions for working at case, press, and machine, how to impose pages of every size, to manage book-work or jobbing, to make and work in coloured inks, to make rollers, &c., the quantities of paper to be given out for various jobs, journeyman's wages both by piecework and by time in various parts of the country, general prices charged for all sorts of work, and everything almost that master, overseer, journeyman, or apprentice is likely to need to become thoroughly master of his trade. It ought to be in the possession of every printer, young or old, being certainly the cheapest and most complete practical work on the important art of printing ever offered to the public.

Rose Cottage, Stokeley.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME.

EACH day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago;"
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till he drops to dreamy slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the better land.

Home where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
And alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

See the "Birth of the Rose," page 367.



THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

We greet our readers, one and all, most kindly, with this new number of a New Year. It is impossible to let such an event, commonplace though it be, pass without some notice, and therefore we feel bound to advert to the subject in this our January number for 1877.

A.D. 1876 which has passed away, and young 1877 which is knocking at the door, make up for us little circles of time, closely bound up with our nearest and dearest earthly interests, our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows, our aspirations and recollections.

The close of an old and the beginning of a new year always suggest to us some sobering, some saddening thoughts. Time was, and is and is not, and is yet to be, and who can number up the changes which Time, untiring, witnesses year by year amongst us? We cannot put pen to paper to-day without feeling how uncertain ever are the issues of life, the results of Time. The opening young year reminds us of departed friends, and though new friends and fresh friends are with us, we cannot but look back with wistful eyes through the hazy shadows of the past, for friends and faces very dear to us once, but now no more with us, to soothe our sorrows or animate our joys. We who write and you who read, may all well feel the truth of what has been so feebly said, as we are reminded to-day, that with a new natural year we begin, so to say, fresh labours, and appeal to unchanged friends. Yet who of us may see the close of 1877? The weary pen may be still, the "tired heart may cease to palpitate," kind readers may have passed away, and new writers may conduct, and new subscribers may welcome our "Masonic Magazine."

Good is it that the future is unknown to us all. Life would be unendurable if it were not so; it is hard enough and trying enough as it is, without the certainty of future events, substituting despair for hope, and desolation for anticipation.

But still, as Freemasons, trusting in the good providence of T.G.A.O.T.U., we leave the things of the future to His supreme wisdom and goodness and mercy and justice, doing what our "hand findeth to do with all our might," and never forgetting that as faithful craftsmen we have all alike a work to do for the Master of us all, a work not to be done perfunctorily or carelessly, or half-heartedly, but, as we Freemasons say, "with freedom, fervency, and zeal."

We wish a Happy New Year to all our many kind friends, courteous correspondents, and steady readers, at home and abroad.

We do not affect to say that we have much to report in this our Monthly Summary.

Freemasonry is flourishing in Great Britain, the United States, the Canadas, India, and all our colonial dependencies, in marvellous measures.

May its onward progress not be marred

by forgetfulness, of wise cautions, and by a want of careful selection of members. It is one thing to admit a large number of members to swell our balance sheets and increase the funds of the Lodge; but quality, not quantity, is what we should seek for, and numerical increase and material prosperity may after all be too dearly purchased.

We wish we could say that we thought the state of Freemasonry in France and Belgium satisfactory. We do not; and can only regard with the deepest anxiety recent proceedings in both Orders, which, if not arrested in time, and if not eventually over-ruled by the good sense of both Grand Orients, must lead inevitably, as far as we can see now, to a severance, as between Anglo-Saxon and French and Belgium Freemasonry. But we still hope for the best.

FREEMASONRY IN ROME.

BY BRO. J. C. PARKINSON, P.G.D.

As my recent visit to Rome, and my reception by our Masonic brethren there have given rise to some misconception and controversy, it may be well to place the facts upon record. Signor Tamajo, the member for Messina, in the Italian Parliament, and Deputy Grand Master of Italy was good enough to call upon me at my hotel in Rome, and to invite me to visit the Lodge. I replied that I should not merely have pleasure in doing so, but that I would, if he pleased, accompany him to the Masonic Hall in the day time, and examine the furniture, appointments, and symbols of the Lodge with greater minuteness and care than are practicable when business is in full swing, and the brethren are assembled for work. This was arranged, and I made a careful inspection of the books and certificates of the Grand Orient of Italy; of its correspondence with the other grand bodies of the world, and of its furniture and symbols. Not content with this, I cross-examined the Deputy Grand Master as closely and keenly as I could, directing my questions chiefly to two broad points — Is Italian Freemasonry identical with Freemasonry as it is practised in England in the essential of excluding the discussion of politics from the lodges? and, is belief in the immortality of the soul and faith in the great Architect of the Universe inculcated in the ceremonies? The assurances I received were ample and complete, and after a morning visit of considerable duration, and at which the worshipful Masters of the four lodges now meeting in Rome, the Grand Orator, the Grand Secretary, and other dignitaries, about a dozen in all, were present, Signor Tamajo invited me to put any additional question which occurred to me. But I really had nothing more to ask. I had seen the volume of the sacred law (a bible in Latin and Hebrew) which is used in the lodge precisely as it is with us, and lies open on a pedestal in front of the Worshipful Master's chair.

On the following evening, accompanied by three English friends, I visited the special Lodge summoned by Signor Tamajo, and there found about one hundred brethren assembled. The lodge was opened in due form, and with the usual invocations, and, after some preliminaries, cordial speeches of welcome were delivered by the Worshipful Grand Master, and by several brethren in and out of office. Signor Tamajo, in an eloquent address, in which he named, in the most flattering way, certain public utterances of mine in favour of liberty of conscience and freedom of thought in Italy, presented me with a very beautiful symbolical picture, designed and executed specially for the occasion. I shall never forget the hearty demonstrations of cordial greeting with which the brethren present accompanied this gift. I spoke in acknowledgment as follows:—

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER OF ITALY AND BRETHREN OF ROME.

I thank you from my heart for this soul-stirring and affecting welcome, and I exchange with you the fraternal greetings which belong exclusively to those linked together by our mystic

tie. The beautiful work of art, which you have designed for me, I shall treasure to my latest day. I shall exhibit it with pride to my brethren in England. It shall have an honoured place in my home. It will rank always amongst my most deeply valued treasures, and my children shall be taught to regard, with pride, this evidence of the warm fraternal feeling displayed to me by Freemasons in a distant land. Never shall I refer to this meeting without emotion, and when I have passed away, may those of my name preserve this memorial with reverent care. For your great goodness to me, in the words of Shakespeare, what other answer can I make than

"Thanks, and thanks, and ever thanks."

Freemasonry, as is beautifully depicted in this cherished picture, binds together in a deep and solemn union men of different race. Its pure light rises superior to sects and creeds, and nationalities. Its universal language reaching the soul, proclaims the true religion, embracing what is good and true in all religions, and elevates to one serene platform, with common rights and hopes, brethren of every faith, who practice the sacred duties of morality, and believe in the glorious Architect of heaven and of earth. The volume of the sacred law now open before us, crowned by the square and compasses, are together symbols of our profession as Freemasons, and speak to the thoughtful mind with even more than ordinary force when they lend their sanctity to our mysteries in this ancient capital, where the very stones we crumble under foot, and the dust which the wind raises around us, speak of the agonies inflicted in religion's name, of the martyrs' cruel sufferings, and of unutterable anguish undergone for the sake of truth. The great solid facts of the dim past, the cunningly wrought pillars, and the remains of temples, such as are depicted here, which have triumphed over Time itself, speaking of religions which are forgotten, and civilizations which are dead, make human opposition seem but a momentary annoyance for they whisper solemnly through the dim centuries "this, too, will pass away." They brace the mind for that fight with moral evil, and those calm, sweet lessons of eternal truth, which are in this picture depicted as lifting the spirit of Truth far into the empyrean, even to the throne of God Himself. The earthly shells of Church and Temple are left below, but all that is good and pure in their teachings endures and ascends, for Freemasonry embraces all men who prove themselves worthy, and who take her vows. Once admitted into her ranks, once brought to a knowledge of the sacred light enshrined from vulgar eye in her ceremonies, and the neophyte is taught, step by step, and by means of diligent and patient labour to earn her rewards—a knowledge of the true light, the practice of true charity, and the worship of the true and living God Most High. As the veil is gradually lifted, the Freemason sees superstition, priestcraft, dogma, spiritual tyranny, cruelty and oppression fade away before the divine light as fogs and mists are dispersed by the morning sun; and with the broad charity which knoweth no evil, he clasps to his heart the sacred truths vouchsafed to us by heaven, while, rejecting without harshness, but with profound pity, the fables with which they have been invested by the selfishness, ignorance, and credulity of man. It is a profound happiness to me to find my Italian brethren practising our masonic rites in Rome without fear or favour, and I exult in their spiritual and mental freedom. It is a still greater happiness to find the pure light of Freemasonry to be undimmed by the long years of oppression she has endured in Italy, and that her ceremonies and ritual as practised this evening, are those I recognise as of the craft universal. The enemies of Freemasonry in this country have not scrupled to spread stories to her disparagement. It has been my care, during my stay in Rome, to investigate, critically and closely, the condition of Freemasonry here, and to draw a strict comparison this evening between what has taken place before my eyes, and what would have occurred in an English Lodge under similar conditions. I shall always have pleasure in testifying that the aspersions sought to be cast upon the working of Freemasonry in Rome are, so far as I have been able to see, baseless fables, and that the brotherhood here appears to thrive and flourish on the very principles which give it nourishment and enduring strength throughout the world. I re-

joice, therefore, to learn of the consolidation and spread of the craft in Italy. Let those who dread light, and who believe that ignorance is the mother of devotion, protest against Freemasonry. For my part, this evening, within the walls of ancient Rome, where the eternal principles of our Order are now proclaimed and enforced in the centre of the most solemn relics in the world, will ever live in my memory as one of the most interesting I have known. Proceed, most worshipful Grand Master and brethren, in your chosen path. Your open Bible and your masonic light will guide you to all truth, direct your steps in the paths of happiness, and point out to you the whole duty of man. Be neither discomforted by opposition, nor irritated by hostility. Love the brotherhood, and live in charity with all men. Do good to those that despitefully use you, fear God, uphold the law, respect and conform to the constitution of your country, and ever remember that while man is a fleeting shadow, who cannot remain long in one stay, principles are eternal, and that when our place knoweth us no more, and our very names are as if writ in water, even then

The actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Signor Bacci, the Grand Orator, translated my remarks literally, and with wonderful elocution and eloquent expression. Several brethren present understood English perfectly, and followed my remarks with ease as they were delivered, but Signor Bacci's translation brought them home to every man present. It is a significant answer to allegations as to the revolutionary and atheistic professions of Masons in Rome, to say that my address was cordially approved, and its sentiments endorsed. When the lodge was closed, I was told, again and again, that I had defined very faithfully the spirit of Freemasonry as it is understood and practised by those present. To English readers there is nothing new in anything I said. Some portions of my address will be recognised as being in the very words of our charge; but, in the teeth of recent comments, it may be useful to point out that it was purposely made to include an humble acknowledgment of, and profound reverence for, the Supreme Rules of the universe. But what has appeared to excite the wrath, and rouse the fears of the Ultramontanes was the publicity given to this festival, and to my reception and remarks by nearly the whole of the Italian Press. The "Opinione," which is sometimes called the "Times" of Italy, and the chief organ of the Government; the "Libertà," an influential journal which is widely quoted on the continent; the "Diritto," the leading organ of the Left, the party now in power; and the "Poppolo di Roma," all gave prominent notice of the affair, accompanied by favourable, and in some cases, exulting comments. The press, throughout the length and breadth of Italy, did, as I am informed, follow suit, and it was but natural that a groan of wrath and pain from the extreme Catholic party should follow. There is nothing to be surprised or annoyed at in the statements of the "Unità Cattolicà." Such phrases as "blasphemy," "atheism," "revolution," "protestant," are merely synonyms for dislike and fear. The reverential attitude of the brethren I saw, the orthodox conservativism of their ceremonies, their honest confession of their difficulties and shortcomings occasioned by long years of suppression and persecution, and their anxiety to conform minutely with English working, formed, to my mind, a sufficient answer to the aspersions sought to be cast upon Italian Masonry. How far the control of the Grand Orient of Rome extends over her subordinate lodges, and whether Freemasonry, as sanctioned and practised there, is followed out throughout her jurisdiction, I had no opportunity of personally verifying. But I accept the assurance I received from the highest authorities with implicit good faith, and hold it to be the duty of an English Freemason, who saw and heard what I did, to do all in his power to strengthen and encourage the craft in Italy, and I hold this to be even more than usually incumbent upon one in times like these, when some other Grand Lodges on the Continent are betraying an utter disregard of what Englishmen hold to be Masonic obligations. It is because I believe the Grand Orient of Rome to be as incapable as our own Grand Lodge of the acts attributed to the Grand Orients of France and Belgium, that I rejoice at hav-



FIG. 1.





FIG. 2.





FIG. 3.



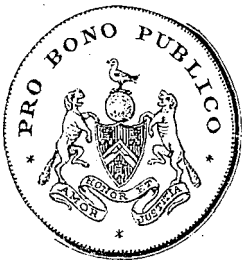


FIG. 4.



ing held out the right hand of fellowship to it, and take pride in acknowledging the fraternal kindnesses showered upon me by its leaders.

THE UNOPENED LETTER.

From "Scribner's Monthly Magazine."

BENEATH the arches, high and wide
Of an unspringing forest dome
Walks Rosalind, the village pride,
With tardy footsteps, home.

A letter in her slender hand
She turns and views; but still remains
The seal unbroken, still unscanned,
The message it contains.

It is her own; upon its face
Her name is writ in tracings fair.
Then wherefore that uncertain grace,
That hesitating air?

Mayhap, sweet maid, some aged friend
His store of wisdom strives to bring,
To guide you to your journey's end
By his sage counselling.

Perchance a blithe associate,
Full wise in girlish mysteries,
Has sent you news of love or hate,
Of faith or feud that is.

Or, rather,—is it not?—the wight
Whom, secretly, you scarce despise,
Has gathered courage from the light
Of your own starry eyes.

And now his pen seeks to express
The words his lips denied to call—
But hold—no further need I guess!
Your blush betrays it all.

But, still uncertain, on she strode,
Her letter turning left and right,
Till, by the curving of the road,
Her form was hid from sight.

Ah, well! for all of us there are
Some fleeting moments here below,
When what we long for, near or far,
We haste and halt to know!

And though our after years seem bright,
Full oft we live that sweet time o'er,
Nor find fruition such delight
As longing was before?

ANDREW B. SAXTON.

MASONIC NUMISMATICS.

No. 1.—MASONIC TOKENS, 1794-5.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

ON the 24th November, 1790, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was elected M.W. G.M., of the Grand Lodge of England ("*Moderns*"), and on the second of May, 1792, His Royal Highness was installed, "to the inexpressible joy of the fraternity, in the presence of his Royal brother, the Duke of York, the Right Hon. Lord Rawdon, Marquis of Hastings, and above 500 other respectable brethren. The repeated applauses bestowed by the company upon the Royal Brothers were highly grateful to their feelings, while the affability and heartfelt satisfaction of the Grand Master at the head of his brethren were particularly noticed. . . . In short, during the whole ceremony his demeanour was courteous, pleasing and dignified."* The event was unparalleled in the annals of Freemasonry, H.R.H. being the first Prince of Wales who had thus accepted the highest honours the Craft could bestow, though we must not forget that his was not the first instance of a member of the Royal Family being elected to preside over the Free and Accepted Masons of England, as the Grand Master immediately preceding was H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland. The *first* Prince of Wales initiated was during the Grand Mastership of the Right Hon. the Earl of Darnley (installed 28th April, 1737) at an occasional Lodge convened for the purpose at the Palace of Kew, over which the distinguished Past Grand Master, Dr. Desaguliers, F.R.S., presided as Master. The *second* Prince of Wales initiated was under still more auspicious circumstances, the Grand Master, H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland presiding over the occasional Lodge convened for the purpose on the 6th February, 1787, and doubtless all was done that could be to render the circumstance more than ordinarily impressive. To commemorate such an important event as the Prince of Wales being installed Grand

* *Preston's* "Illustrations of Masonry," 17th edit. p. 241. (*Spencer and Co., London.*)

Master a copper coin was struck and circulated, which was the first of its kind ever issued in this country. They were thus alluded to at the time, according to a correspondent in the "*Freemason*" (Nov. 27th, 1875):

> "In the course of the past month some copper pieces, newly struck from a die which appears to be executed in a style superior to any of the provincial coins at present in circulation came to the hands of the proprietor of this magazine. On inspection they appear to be be called Masonic Tokens, and to have been invented by a brother, who intended them to serve as pocket pieces; but, either from the novelty of the idea or the excellence of the workmanship, it would appear that many persons have been content to receive them in change as halfpence, in the same manner as the Liverpool, Norwich, Lancaster, Anglesey, Bungay, Macclesfield, Leek, Manchester, Coventry, etc., coins have acquired credit and currency" (1794).

We gave a sketch of this token in the "*Freemasons' Magazine*" for 25th July, 1868 (with an engraving), and again returned to the subject in the "*Freemason*" for June 12th, 1875. Since then many communications have been sent to the latter magazine respecting the matter, and mainly illustrative of the different words engraved on the rim.

1. The first struck we take to be the accompanying Illustrations (Fig. 1), on the rim of which is "*Masonic Token,* J. Schichley, Fecit 1794," so that the token was manufactured by Schichley in the year 1794, being two years after the installation of the M.W.G.M. The arms are those of the Grand Lodge of England ("*Moderns*") prior to the Union of 1813, and are thus described (when in colours): Quarterly per squares, countercharged *vert*: In the first quarter *Azure* a Lion Rampant *Or*: In the second quarter, *Or*, an Ox *passant*, Sable: In the third quarter *Or*, a man with hands erect, *proper*, robed crimson and ermine: In the 4th quarter Azure, an eagle displayed, *Or*. The Supporters are Beavers (*as operative builders*), and the Crest we presume is the Dove above a Globe. The motto is *Amor Honor et Justitia*. Around the Arms are the words "*Prince of Wales, elected G.M. 24th Nov.*, 1790."

On the *reverse* is a cupid with left hand supporting a plumb rule, the mallet and trowel are at the feet, and the right hand is pointing to the letter G, which is immediately below the "all-seeing eye" (*eradiated*), the whole being enclosed within a triangle, having at the two lower angles the Square and Compasses and the Volume of the Sacred Law (or Hour Glass). In the background is a representation of Clouds, which is generally most indistinct in the Tokens we have seen. On the sides of the Triangle are the words "*Wisdom, Strength and Beauty,*" and the border contains the motto *Sit Lux Et Lux Fuit*. The most perfect of the kind we have seen weighs a trifle over quarter of an ounce, the diameter being fully one inch and an eighth, and the thickness about a sixteenth of an inch. The coin is really a very handsome specimen for the period, and a capital suitable and popular souvenir of the auspicious event it was intended to commemorate. The arms of the Grand Lodge of England already referred to were not quite the same as those on the Token. The "*office seal*" has only the *Dove* above the shield, but on the "*Charter Seal*" a *helmet* occurs in the place of the *Globe*, which will be observed in the engraving of the Token is immediately under the Crest. The motto also differs, that of the Grand Lodge being "*Relief and Truth.*"

2. We have met with quite a number of these tokens, all agreeing with the No. 1, excepting that the words on the *rims* vary considerably. Of this class, not including the first, the most numerous is No. 2, which has the following:—"*Masonic Halfpenny Token MDCCXCIV. X.X.X.*" The R. W. Bro. William Kelly (*P.Prov. G.M. Leicester*) has given an excellent account of this issue in the "*Freemason*" of the 11th Sep., 1875.

3. The *third* in our series states, "*Halfpenny, payable at the Black Horse, Tower Hill,*" and was first noted by a correspondent (E. S.) in the "*Freemason,*" July 31st, 1875.

4. The *fourth* has engraved thereon, "*Payable in Lancaster, London or Bristol.*"

5. The *fifth* "*Payable at London*" only, and is very scarce.

6. "*Masonic Token, Brother Sketchley, Birmingham*" forms the *sixth.*

7. The *seventh* is one mentioned by Lieut. Col. Francis Burdett (Pro. G.M., Middlesex), and was used by him at the Royal Installation of 1875, the words on the rim being the same as No. 1, only that the qualification Halfpenny is added, and reads, *Masonic Halfpenny Token, J. Schichley, Fecit* 1794."* We incline, however, to the belief that this is actually the same as No. 2.

8. The last of this kind (the *eighth* in number) gives a few particulars of the maker, and is as follows, "*Masonic Token, J. Sketchley, R.A., F.G.S., Birmingham, Fecit*" (1794), of which we have only seen the one impression, and which is preserved in the Masonic Collection of the Hon. Robert Farmer Bower, of *Keokuk*, P.G.H.P. of Iowa. It is singular that the name is spelt *Schichley* and *Sketchley* in different coins.†

9. Another kind is still to be met with occasionally, the obverse of which agrees with all the foregoing, but the *reverse* bears the bust of H.R.H. *Frederick, Duke of York*, the title being engraved around, and under are the words "*Halfpenny*, 1795." A coin of this character is technically termed a "*mule*," being made up of an *old* and of a *new* die. On the rim is "*Payable in Dublin or London.*" His Royal Highness the Duke of York was initiated on the 21st November, 1787, by H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, the Grand Master, the acting Deacon being H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, of whose admission into our ancient and honourable society early in the same year we have already made note.

10. We have also obtained another impression of a similar kind, having the ordinary *obverse*, and the *reverse* containing a bust of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The inscription engraved thereon is "*Geo. Prince of Wales, Halfpenny.*" Three varieties in the rims have been so far traced by us, viz.: (10) "*Payable in Lancaster, London or Bristol;*" (11) "*Payable at London or Dublin;*" and (12) "*Payable at London or Bristol.*." The accompanying Illustrations (Fig. 2) will serve to give an accurate representation of these two Masonic rarities.

13. Still another of the "*Mule*" variety is that circulated by the Boormans in A.D. 1795. The rim informs us that it was "*Payable at J. and H. Boorman.*" In this case the *obverse* has an additional "*square and compasses*," which is exhibited in the accompanying Illustrations (Fig. 3), as well as the inscription on the *reverse.* We cannot now determine which was first in origin, No. 13 or No. 14. The former has evidently reproduced the "Arms" of the Schichley Token of 1794, though the motto is the same as the large and scarce coin hereafter referred to.

We have had the pleasure of personally examining all the impressions named excepting that of Bro. Colonel Burdett's, and so the descriptions are derived from actual observation. We have been told that some of these Tokens were struck in gold, but we have not succeeded in discovering any confirmation of this, and one correspondent in the "*Freemason*" for June 19th, 1795, distinctly states that the one he (Brother James A. Hayes) met with was simply "*copper gilt.*"

14. Of those already noted several have never been described in any way previously and are likely enough little known to Masonic collectors. We have still another impression to chronicle, and this time one of the rarest and most valuable of all the series. We know only of two impressions of the Token, one being in the possession of our learned Brother, the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A. (*from whose collection of Masonic Coins the Illustrations for this article have all been copied*), and the other is owned by that zealous Masonic bibliographer, the Hon. R. F. Bower, of Keokuk, both coins being only recently obtained. For the information of the curious we may state that the diameter is one inch and a quarter, the thickness the twelfth of an inch (circa), and the weight over half an ounce. From the rim we gather that it was "*Manufactured by W. Lutwyche, Birmingham,*" and from the engraving it will be seen that it is quite a different Token

* Presumed to be these words, some being most indistinct.

† The "Freemasons' Repository" published at Birmingham, the latter part of the last century, by J. Sketchley, was probably the brother alluded to in our sketch.

in every respect from any of those previously recorded, and is, in fact, quite a new and independent impression, though decidedly inferior to those of 1794-5, and but a poor copy of Brother Sketchley's, of Birmingham. It appears to have entirely escaped the observations of any Masonic student who has been in the habit of making known his discoveries in our Masonic magazines (either at home or abroad), and its value as a curiosity is therefore far more than that of the ordinary Tokens. How far this country was the richer for its issue it is now difficult to say, though the inscription around the *arms* on the *obverse*, "*Pro Bono Publico*," might lead us to suppose they were manufactured solely for benevolent purposes! On turning to the *reverse*, however, that notion is dispelled, as the coin evidently did duty for a "*Masonic Penny*, 1795." So, in the absence of other evidence, we must assume that W. Lutwyche means us to understand that Freemasonry, represented by its "*Coat of Arms*," is in any country a society which promotes the weal of the nation. The Illustration (Fig. 4) of this Token completes our Masonic Numismatics, No. 1.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE OF THE SEA.

A Fairy Tale.

BY SAVARICUS.

PART II.

HERE pyramids and obelisks
Were wreathed by climbing flowers,
Whose opening petals were arranged
To mark the passing hours.
It was high noon on the plateau
When child and guide arrived;
The journey to this resting-place
Had nicely been contrived.

Two guards, with monster head and hands,
Stood by a massive gate,
Niche-like let in the rock's steep side,
A boulder smooth and great.

The guards a low obeisance made,
The boulder rolled aside,
And through the portal passed the car,
To court-yard walled and wide.

Salute of gongs and music's strains
Made all the place resound;
The car brought up before a door
Of silver jewelled round.
The door evanished from the sight,
The light of love shone forth;
With quick'ning power it touched the heart
Of her of modest worth.

The fascinated visitor,
O'erwhelmed with strange delight,
Was led by the Ambassadress
To scenes of beauty bright.
The Enchanted Hall of *Amphitrite*,
The maiden now received,
And music sweetly ravishing
The eye (by ear) relieved.

The hall so dazzling white appeared
Of Alabaster made,
In shape rotund, whilst arch on arch
Were endlessly arrayed.
And in the centre, gushingly,
A fount of perfume played,
Whose crystal drops, like lustres bright
The rainbow rays pourtrayed.

The cupola—magnificent,
Artisticly enchased—
With sapphires and large emeralds
Was exquisitely graced.
And from the centre, pendantly,
A ruby, like Ceylon's,
Flashed ruddish rays so firefully—
More brilliant than the suns.

Around the Hall the maid was led,
Then came a rushing sound,
The fairy place appeared to be
Fast sinking in the ground.
The Enchanted Island of the Sea
Itself was going down,
And where it just so lately stood
The waves but foam and frown.

The rushing of the waters ceased,
Then ev'rything was stilled,
And soon were heard melodious sounds
That through her bosom thrilled.
The fairy guide now softly said,
"My mission's nearly o'er,"
And led the willing maid across
The archetypal floor.

"Advance!" ten thousand voices cried,
"The Sea-Queen's Court behold!"
And loud and long, vibratingly,
The sounding echoes rolled.

The maid, entranced, all wond'ring stood,
For ne'er had mortal yet
Beheld such glories as she saw
Since Eden's Star had set.
'Twas like *Aurora's* ruddy light
At rosy-fingered dawn,
And glory of meridian sun,
Voluptuously warm;

An atmosphere of joy and love;
On earth unfelt, unknown,
Within this palace of delight
Surrounded every one.
One Star with twinkling glitter shone
Its meteoric glow,
And shimmering light empyreal
Made thoughts fantastic flow.

The earthly paradise of old,
Where birds and fairest flowers
Delighted our first parents then
In nature's sunny bowers,
Was not more beautiful and bright
Than what the maiden saw
In the Enchanted Hall of Light,
Stamped by perfection's law.

From right to left the much astonished child
Beheld unnumbered nymphs of ev'ry guild
Approach, in gauze of gayest green attired,
With roses wreathed and decked, to be admired.

"Hail, chosen mortal!" they in chorus sung,
And through the sea the words and echoes rung.

The voices, gifted with ethereal notes,
Gave forth the sounds from many fairy throats.
To welcome thus the stranger of the day,
Announced, received in this auspicious way.
The chanting nymphs the child now crowded round,
'Twas their Queen's wish she should be fairy crowned.
Across the Hall the spell-bounnd child was led
And *Thetis* there adorned the darling's head.
Then songs of joy the *Oceanides* sung,
Accompanied by Æolian harps just hung,
And *Nereides* whirled about to show
The gay delight now felt by them below.

he Sea-Queen rose, and silence, quick as thought,
At once supremely reigned throughout the Court,
Then she, in accents mild that softly broke
The stillness of the air, thus sweetly spoke:

"Ambassadress, dear sylphs, and every naiad,
We have success to-day, and this dear maid
From Mother Earth was captivated by
Our Adeona's luring minstrelsy.

Our King, old Neptune, always brave and true,
This day's expected here, whate'er ye do,
Deal gently with his Sons; they too will bring
Their yearly gift and princely offering.

See that the regal train are entertained,
Call up my sprites and let them be arraigned,
The Banquet Hall adorn with flowers of light,
And make our largest gems perplex the sight.
Let cheer and kindness to our guest be shown,
And, dearest fays, pray leave her not alone.

Fair nymphs attend; music's soft strains I hear.
The Sea-God comes—his cortège must be near!
Go, welcome him and all his retinue,
With dignity your loyal homage shew."

The happy *Naiads*, with tripping feet ran on,
And filled the Hall of Amphitrite anon.
The heralds marched before the King in state,
The trailing train then came with hearts elate.

A *fanfare* on the brazen trumpets played,
Bespoke attention, which was duly paid.
The nymphs a graceful guard of honour formed,
Their loyal hearts towards their monarch warmed.

The King, majestic, in such form received,
Smiled graciously, with love his bosom heaved,
And to the throne with cheerful steps he went,
Whilst pœans of joy rung through the firmament.
The Queen enthroned received her Royal Guest,
Entreated him to share her seat and rest;
With grace the King approached and kissed her hand.
To the unknown and blushing child from land

He bowed, and fondly would have her embraced,
But she upon the Queen's left hand was placed.
Now side by side the Sea-God's progeny
Of the male line, in twos the Queen filed by.
Preceding all was *Triton* with his shell,
A wreathed horn he blew and sounded well.

Then from the Throne, with accents soft and round,
The King thus spoke with reverence profound:—

"Illustrious Queen, Fairies, and mortal child,
I greet ye with great joy;
'Tis twelve full months since we were here,
Our tributes to deploy.
My Sons and I our offerings bring
To lay them at your feet;
The Ocean's depths have ransacked been
For gifts we've thought most meet.

My Sons and Sprites at sundry times
Have made rude winds to blow,
The sea to run as mountains high,
Though felt not here below.

When these prevailed the ships at sea,
Gem-laden, were o'er rolled;
And thus they foundered in the gale,
To scatter from the hold
The freight, and many costly gems
Brought far from bright Brazil,
Whilst India's wealth and handiwork
Were garnered with goodwill.

The goodly spoil to this fair Court
My votaries onward bear
As yearly presents, and, dear Queen,
They hither now repair.

The smiling Queen, with ready words,
Then thanked her Royal Guest,
And bade that happiness and love
Pervade each beating breast.

To sound of drums and thunder's wakening noise
The cortége comes, brought up by beamish boys,
Whose brawny build gave them the *Nerian* stamp,
And agile step bespoke the deep sea ramp.

These *Ægian* youths, well modelled in each limb,
Apollo-like, were clothed unique and trim,
The King's fair favours to the throne were borne,
Aloft, around, to sound of *Triton's* horn;

The train approached, stood still, and then wheeled round.
And with their burdens made a royal rout.
The guard, a Prince, saluted King and Queen,
The *tout ensemble* was a lovely scene.

Then *Amphitrite* the noble gifts surveyed,
And to the Court with thrilling accents said:—

"On this auspicious day all joy!
Let Love by Mirth be led;
We'll hasten to the Ballet Hall,
Our fancy must be fed.
Our present acquisitions are
Great and exceeding fair,
The wealth of nations now we have
In gems most choice and rare.

The priceless ingots with the rest
Would make a Crœsus crave
And wish that he might share with us
Our life beneath the wave.
Like happy fairies, as we are,
We'll to the Hall repair,
Each other's company enjoy
And love's delight to share.

Sprites attend, and promptly now
Your willing duty show;
It is my wish that all of ye
With fun and mirth o'erflow.
Now fairies, guests, I lead the way,
And Neptune you'll attend;
The silent maiden bring with us,
Your hand to her now lend."

LISTS OF OLD LODGES, No. 3.

WILLLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

OUR next reprint selected is the List appended to "A Pocket Companion for Freemasons, containing: 1. The History of Masonry. 2. The Charges of a Freemason, &c. 3. General Regulations for the use of the Lodges in and about the city of Dublin. 4. The manner of Constituting a *New Lodge*, according to the Antient usage of Masons. 5. A Short Charge to be given a new admitted Brother. 6. A collection of the Songs of Masons, both old and new. 7. Prologues and Epilogues spoken at the Theatres in Dublin and London for the entertainment of Freemasons. 8. A List of the Warranted Lodges in Ireland, Great Britain, France, Spain, Germany, East and West Indies, &c, *approved of, and recommended by the Grand Lodge.* Deus nobis sol & scutum. Dublin: Printed by E. Rider, and sold at the Printing Office, in George's Lane; T. Jones, in Clarendon Street, and J. Pennel, at the Hercules, in St. Patrick Street. MDCCXXXV. (Price Eightpence.)" Thus ends the long Title page. The book is an octavo, pp. vi. and 79 with an excellent Masonic Frontispiece.

I saw the valuable little "Companion" first in the Library of my friend, Bro. Walter Spencer, and, after a perusal, discovered its importance, especially to our American Brethren, as the Lodge numbered 116, and held at "The Hoop in Water Street, in Philadelphia, 1st Monday," is not to to be traced so far in any other List.

In many respects the List is a copy of a Roll of Lodges we have already given in the Masonic Magazine for November, which was issued in 1734, but not quite the same, as numbers 126 and 127 in Pine's List, are omitted in the Dublin edition, and there are other differences, which prove that the original of the 1735 Companion was in all probability a Pine's List of 1732 or 1733, with some new Lodges added by the compiler. As the numeration in the following list groups the Irish and English Lodges together as one,—and there are 37 of the former — to know the correct English number it is needful to deduct 37 from the ordinary numbers. 116, Philadelphia, would accordingly be 79, which number *is vacant* in the Pine's List of 1734.

What we especially want now is a Pine's List of 1731-2 or 3, and we hope one or all of them will yet be found to enable us to elucidate the questions involved, which affect the history of the craft in America, and, indirectly, also in this country. We, as Masons, "*live for one another the good that we can do,*" and the subject is more likely to be decided on this side of the Atlantic, because of our greater facilities for such studies.

A LIST OF THE WARRANTED LODGES

IN THE KINGDOMS OF

IRELAND, GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, SPAIN, GERMANY, THE EAST AND WEST INDIES, &c.

A list of the warranted Lodges in the Kingdom of Ireland, as they are Register'd in the Grand Lodge Book.

1 Black Lion, in Winetavern Street, every other Wednesday.
2 Hercules, in St. Patrick Street, every other Monday.
3 Bull's Head, in Ormond Market, every other Wednesday.
4 Two Blue Posts, in Pembroke Court, every other Wednesday.
5 Hercules, in St. Patrick Street, every other Monday.
6 Recorder's Head, in Meath Street, every other Monday.
7 Cock and Punch Bowl, Cork Hill, every other Thursday.

8 Eagle Tavern, on Cork Hill, every other Wednesday.
9 Swan, in Palmer's Town, every other Saturday.
10 Next door to the Golden Bottle, in Meath Street, every other Wednesday.
11 Bray, County of Dublin.
12 In the first Battalion Royal.
13 In Major General Dalzeel's Regiment of Foot, overy 3rd Friday.
14 Mr. Samuel Barrington's, in Limerick, 1st Monday in every month.
15 Pattin, in Meath Street.
16 St. Andrew's Cross, Lombard Street, in Galway, 1st Thursday in every month.
17 Mr. Richard Whiteacres, in Gorey, 27th of every month.
18 Spread Eagle, in Arklow, 1st Saturday in every month.
19 White Hart, in Enniskilling, 1st Friday in every month.
20 Black Lyon, on the Merchant's Quay, every other Wednesday.
21 Royal Billiard Table, in Youghall, 1st Saturday of every month.
22 Bull's Head, Pill Lane, every other Monday.
23 Newport, County of Mayo.
24 Plow and Harrow, in Wilbrook, near Athlone, 1st Monday in every month.
25 In Colonel Hamilton's Regiment.
26 Eagle Tavern, on Cork Hill, every other Wednesday.
27 In Youghall, 1st Tuesday in every month.
28 Lestrand, County of Sligo.
29 Golden Fleece, in Blarney Lane, in Cork, every other Monday.
30 Tuam, County of Galway.
31 Two Friends, in Chequer Lane, every other Thursday.
32 Tallow, County of Cork.
33 New-Castle, County of Limerick, 1st Monday of every month.
34 In the Royal Regiment of North British Fuzileers, 1st Monday in every month.
35 Mr. Nicholas Vicars, Coot Hill, County of Cavan, 1st Tuesday in every month.
36 In Major General Price's Regiment of Foot, 1st Monday in every month.
37 At Bacchus, on the Quay, in Limerick, the 24th day in every month.

A LIST OF THE WARRANTED LODGES IN GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, &c.

38 King's Arm's, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1st Tuesday in every month.
39 Bull and Gate, in Holborn, 1st Wednesday.
40 The Horn, Westminster, 2nd Thursday.
41 The Swan, Hampstead, 1st and 3rd Saturday.
42 The Ship, behind the Royal Exchange, 2nd Wednesday.
43 Mr. Brand, New Bond Street, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
44 Rummer, in Queen Street, Cheapside, 2nd and 4th Thursday.
45 Union Lodge, Devil, Temple Bar, 1st and 3rd Monday.
46 The One Tun, in Noble Street, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
47 King's Arms, New Bond Street, last Thursday.
48 Queen's Head, Knaves-Acre, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
49 The Castle, Drury Lane, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
50 Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, second and last Monday.
51 Queen's Head, Great Queen Street, 1st and 3rd Monday.
52 Bull's Head, Southwark, 2nd Monday.
53 Goat, the foot of the Haymarket, 1st and 3rd Monday.
54 Crown, in St. Giles's, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
55 Crown, Ludgate Hill, 1st Wednesday.
56 Queen's Arms, Newgate Street, 2nd and 4th Friday.
57 French Lodge, Swan, Long-Acre, 1st and 3rd Monday.

58 Anchor and Baptist Head, Chancery Lane, second and last Thursday.
59 Swan, Fish Street Hill, 1st Friday.
60 Half Moon, Cheapside, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
61 Swan and Royal Oak, in Whitecross Street, first Friday.
62 Punch Bowl and Ladle, London Street, Greenwich, last Saturday.
63 Brett's Coffee House, Charles Street, St. James's Square, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
64 Crown and Septer, in St. Martin's Lane, 2nd and last Monday.
65 Queen's Head, in the City of Bath, last Thursday.
66 Nagg's Head, Bristol.
67 Queen's Head, in Norwich.
68 Dolphin, in the City of Chichester, 3rd Friday.
69 White Bull, in Northgate Street, in Chester.
70 Castle, in Watergate Street, in Chester, 1st Tuesday.
71 Bunch of Grapes, in Carmarthen, South Wales.
72 East India Arms, in Gosport, Hampshire, 2nd Thursday, at 3 o'clock.
73 Red Lion, Congleton, Cheshire.
74 Sash, in Moor-Fields, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
75 Three Tuns and Bull's Head, in Cheapside, 1st Thursday.
76 Swan and Rummer, Finch Lane, second and fourth Wednesday.
77 St. Paul's Head, Ludgate Street, fourth Monday.
78 Vine, in Holborn, 1st Monday.
79 Salutation, Billingsgate, third Wednesday,
80 King's Arms, in the Strand, 1st Monday.
81 The Swan, in Long Acre, 2nd and last Wednesday.
82 White Hart, without Bishopsgate, 1st Tuesday.
83 Mount Coffee House, Grosvenor Street, near Hanover Square, first Wednesday.
84 Three Crowns, Stoke Newington, 1st Saturday.
85 King's Head, in Salford, near Manchester, 1st Monday.
86 Castle and Leg Tavern, Holborn, second and last Wednesday.
87 Three Flower de Luces, St. Bernard Street, in Madrid, 1st Sunday.
88 Gibralter, 1st. Tuesday.
89 Woolpack, in Warwick, 1st and 2nd Friday.
90 Hoop and Griffin, in Leadenhall Street, 3rd Wednesday.
91 Rose and Crown, in Greek Street, Soho, 1st and 3rd Friday.
92 Richmond Lodge, Duke of Lorrain, Suffolk Street, 1st and 3rd Friday.
93 Crown and Anchor, in Short's Gardens, first and third Thursday.
94 Red Lion and Ball, in Red Lion Street, Holborn, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
95 Crown, in the Corn Market, Oxford, every Thursday.
96 Three Tons, in Scarborough, 1st Wednesday.
97 Three Tons, Billingsgate, 2nd and 4th Thursday.
98 King's Arms, Cateton Street, 1st and 3rd Friday.
99 The George, Northampton, 1st Saturday,
100 Bear and Harrow, in Butcher Row, 1st Thursday.
101 Rose, without Temple Bar, 3rd Wednesday.
102 St. Rook's Hill, near Chichester, in Sussex, once a year, viz., Tuesday in Easter week, constituted in the reign of Julius Cæsar.
103 Red Lion in the City of Canterbury, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
104 Castle, St. Giles's, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
105 Vine, Long Acre, 2nd and 4th Wednesday,
106 Boy and Grapes, Bloomsbury Market, 2nd and 4th Monday.
107 Duke's Head, Lynn Regis in Norfolk, 1st Friday.
108 Rose, in Cheapside, 1st and 3rd Monday.
109 East India Arms, in Bengall, in the East Indies.
110 Saracen's Head, in Lincoln, 1st Tuesday.
111 University Lodge, at the Bear and Harrow, in the Butcher Row, 1st Tuesday.
112 Rainbow Coffee House, York Buildings, 2nd and 4th Thursday.
113 Queen's Head, in the Old Baily, 1st and 3rd Thursday.

114 Black Lion, Jockey Fields, 1st and 3rd Monday.
115 Fountain, in Bury St. Edmund's 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
116 The Hoop, in Water Street, in Philadelphia, 1st Monday.
117 Angel, in Macclesfield, Cheshire.
118 Fleece, in Bury St. Edmund's, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
119 Three Tons, in Newgate Street, second and last Monday.
120 Three Tons, in Smithfield, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
121 Freeman's Coffee House, Cheapside, second Thursday.
122 King's Arms, in Russel Street, Covent Garden, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
123 King's Arms, St. Margret's Hill, Southwark, 3rd Monday.
124 New King's Arms, in Leigh, in Lancashire.
125 Bell and Bird, in Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, 1st Monday.
126 Rummer and Horse shoe, Drury Lane, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
127 Au Louis D'Argent 'Dans la Rue de Boucherie a Paris, every Wednesday.
128 Sun in Fleet Street, second and last Tuesday.
129 Antwerp, City, in Threadneedle Street, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
130 Goose and Gridiron-Iron, in St. Paul's Church Yard, 2nd and 4th Monday.
131 Oxford Arms, Ludgate Street, 2nd and 4th Thursday.
132 Horn and Feathers, Wood Street, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
133 White Horse, in Ipswich, 2nd and 4th Thursday.
134 New Inn, Exeter.
135 Duke of Lorrain, Suffolk Street, first and third Tuesday.
136 Leg, Fleet Street, first and Third Friday.
137 George, in Butcher Row, first and third Friday.
138 Crown, in Upper-Moor-Fields, 2nd Tuesday.
139 Royal Vineyard, St. James's Park, every Saturday at 2 o'clock.
140 Ship, without Temple Bar, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
141 V rgin's Inn, in Derby.
142 A Private Room, Bolton Lee Moors, in Lancaster, next Wednesday to every Full Moon.
143 Nagg's Head, in Audley Street, first and third Wednesday.
144 Dale's Coffee House, Warwick Street, second and fourth Wednesday.
145 Seven Stars, Bury St. Edmund's, 2nd and 4th Thursday.
146 Three Lions, Salisbury, 1st and 2nd Wednesday.
147 Ship Coffee House, near the Hermitage Bridge, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
148 Theatre Tavarn, Goodman's Fields, 2nd and 4th Monday.
149 King's Arms, Tower Street, near the Seven Dials, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
150 Bear, in the City of Bath, first and third Friday.
151 Ship, St. Mary Axe, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
152 Scots Mason's Lodge, Devil, Temple Bar, 2nd and 4th Monday.
153 Bear and Harrow, Master Mason's Lodge, Butcher Row, 2nd and 4th Friday.
154 King's Arms, Master Mason's Lodge, in the Strand, 3rd Monday and 5th Sunday.
155 Red Lion, Bury in Lancashire, next Thursday to every Full Moon.
156 Talbot, Stourbridge in Worcestershire, every Wednesday.
157 Oat's Coffee House, Master Mason's Lodge, in Great Wild Street, 1st and 3rd Sunday.
158 Solomon's Coffee House, Pimlico, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
159 Forrest's Coffee House, Charing Cross, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
160 Prince of Orange, St. Saviour's Dock, Southwark, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
161 Hamburgh, in Low Saxony.
162 Swan, in Birmingham, last Monday.
163 Duke of Marlborough's Head, in Petticoat Lane, Whitechappel, third Friday.

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

An Idyll of Epiphany.

BY BRO. REV. WILLIAM TEBBS.

The seventh eve draws on apace in Eden, for the Almighty's work is done. The rays of the setting sun are changing fast from gold to ruby red, when a beauteous Rosebud unfolds its petals as it overhangs a lovely Lily blooming in purest white. As the rays of the departing sun just kiss the virgin blossom of the Lily, a crimson flush, reflected from the Rose, steals over it and rests for a moment's space in its snowy bosom. Just at this moment Adam's awakening gaze rests on it and he starts, for at the self-same instant of departing day, beneath the Lily and the Rose, he espies a form beauteous beyond all he ever saw or pictured to himself. It is the Almighty's latest work of all, man's help-meet, Mother Eve. Whilst Adam enraptured at the sight bends over her, and her opening eyes behold her future Lord, as o'er the Lily reflected from the Rose mantles the blush of crimson, so in the heart of Eve springs up for Adam the newly-awakened passion, heaven-born, heaven-sent, Love.

Ere many days have passed the scene has changed, no longer all is bright in Eden, for sin has entered there, and entering in expels the former happy pair from Paradise. One moment's glance before the gate is closed for ever by the guardian Cherubs, one pause of silent sorrow, and they see the happy spot where lately blossomed both the Lily and the Rose. Droops the Lily now, but the Rose, waxing in growth as the Lily fades, bends over her, and our first parents gather anew heart-strength, for by this sign they know that as man's frailty makes him droop and fail, so over him bends the Almighty One, and in his hour of sorest need does man find grown to greatest power The Universal Father's Love.

Adown the stream of Time slowly the years roll on, and sadly too, for the whole world is heartsick, as all love, human and divine, seems well-nigh lost and dead. Brightly shine the stars watching o'er the lone shepherds who tend their flocks amid the wolf-scour'd plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly in the distant East there springs a light which, as it grows, glows with ever-increasing brilliancy, until surpassing in its splendour the glare of mid-day sun, to the shepherds' astonished gaze reveal themselves the Heavenly Host, who in Seraphic choir, show forth the opening of Eden's portals which long years ago Cherubic hands had barred, and in proclamation sweet tell forth the tale of human harmony and Heavenly Love.

Angel-sent the shepherds go to the holy place, whilst star-led, too, the Wisdom of the East proceeds to find its Light of Life; and there, within a stable, lowly kneel both seer and simple, rich and poor, before their Lord, who is the Maker of them all. There throned in lowly state blooms the virgin Lily and on her breast reclines the promised Rose.

A few more years roll by, and now it is the Rose must die. Uplifted high on the Cross of Shame He hangs, whilst on the pale and drooping Lily lowly bowed in sorrow at his feet, pours down the mingled stream of Water Baptismal and Eucharistic Blood, meet channels twain of Purity and Love.

But three days' space, and changed is that cross—of deepest sorrow then—of richest glory now; changed, too, man's heritage from sordid dross of earth to richest wealth of heaven.

Years still roll on, and man still lives and dies, but dying lives again, and lives for evermore. And ever and anon amidst this wild world's weary sojourning its pilgrims find a rest; for with their brows imprinted with the mark of sorrow, and their breasts adorned with the guerdon of sympathy fraternal, they gaze upon the Rosy-Cross, and know that this world's wilderness of hate once passed, they enter Paradise, their Rose's everlasting home of rest and Heavenly Love.

BY THE "SAD SEA WAVES."

BY E. F. C.

O, leave the heedless, laughing throng,
And spend one little hour with me
Beneath the moon's sad tender light—
The last that I shall pass with thee.

Within my heart there is a sigh
  Which answers back the sea's low moan
For, O my love, we are to part—
  To morrow I shall be alone!

O sweet have been the Summer days
  While we have wandered side by side;
But darkness now overwhelms my soul,
  Wrecked in the whirl of passion's tide.

I did not dream when first we met,
  That I could ever love thee so.
But thou hast whiled my heart away,
  And cans't now calmly bid me "Go."

And tell me when 'tis all too late,
  Another waits to call thee "wife;"
While I—O, what is left for me?
  A lonely, aimless, ruined life!

Nay, girl, I would not blame thee, yet
  'Tis hard to say that word "farewell!"
For in its utterance is breathed,
  O'er all fond hopes a funeral knell,

Years will roll on, and Summers fade
  Into the dun-gray Autumn's chill,
And our two paths lie wide apart
  Until my heart grows cold and still!

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

Chapter VI.

'Tis rapture to lounge in such exquisite clover,
  To bask in the sunshine of Gwendolen's eyes;
With light-hearted Millie to be a gay rover,
  Or "spoon" to the music of Rosalie's sighs."

J. A. Sterry,
Boudoir Ballads.

When Miss Margerison returned to the room, she saw at once that Lucy was very much bored, and Mr. Williams very much flustered. He looked red and perspiring, and had become nervous in manner, and rapid in ejaculation.

And so that good woman set to work to remove the boredom of the one, and the excitement of the other, by civil words and friendly looks. Very soon after this Colonel Mackintosh and Mr. Mainwaring were announced, with ill-suppressed satisfaction by Mr. Walters, and I think it more than probable, by the manner of the two "entrants," that that worthy individual had already expressed his opinion on matters in general, and Mr. Williams in particular, in words which greatly amused those two excellent individuals.

Lucy was radiant in the extreme at this appearance of some allies on the field of battle, and even Miss Margerison, though greatly solicitous for "poor Mr. Williams," did not at all refuse her habitual pleasant greeting to her ancient and her youthful friend.

Soon after luncheon was announced, and ere long the little party was fully doing justice to the well-spread table and the liberal bill of fare which ever prevailed at "The Cedars."

But shortly after luncheon had disappeared, and the "quintette" had adjourned to the terrace for the fresh air, and two of the gentlemen for the "fragrant weed," an unexpected little difficulty arose.

It soon became clear that by some talismanic intuition, or some amatory Freemasonry, the two last comers had realized Lucy Longhurst's objection to the Curate's intrusion into their little domestic circle, and they equally resented Miss Margerison's invitation of him to their contemplated party at Richmond, for it had been an excursion proposed and planned by the two gentlemen, much to Lucy's satisfaction, and they had intended it to be a strict "partie carrée."

But five is an unequal and inconvenient number, and though, as Rory O'More sang, "There's luck in odd numbers," yet it is extremely difficult to seat five comfortably at any table I have ever seen or can possibly conceive.

The fifth person, as Colonel Mackintosh was fond of saying, "creates a vacuum and produces a solecism."

Some of us may recall to-day, how many an innocent little scheme of ours has been frustrated by the inconvenient intrusion of No. 5.

When her sister Annie had so considerately arranged that Henry Mortimer (a parti,) should sit vis-a-vis the pretty Edith Maxwell, in a quiet little party of four, what a bore it was at the eleventh hour, to have that tiresome man, Mr. Doubleday, walk in, who would not take a hint, would not go away and would stay for

luncheon. When at that famous ball at Sir Henry Middleton's, it had all been cleverly settled by the fathers and mothers that the four should all go together in the omnibus to the dance, and the result would seem, humanly speaking, to be necessary and obvious, what a nuisance it was to have that briefless barrister, Mr. Pickersgill, breaking up the "little pie," by asking for a lift, to save himself, as some one said, the expense of the village fly.

How many well-laid schemes and kindly conspiracies has No. 5 destroyed in the past, and disarranges every day.

No sooner than by the electric wire of sympathy was Lucy Longhurst's discontent conveyed to the facile dial plate of Colonel Mackintosh, and Mr. Mainwaring's answering intelligence, than they set themselves to work to put an end to such an unendurable infliction.

"What a beautiful day," said Colonel Mackintosh reflectively, as the wreath of smoke hovered around his cigarette. "How enjoyable it is to sit and luxuriously realize one's "dolce far niente" under these shady trees. Well, it puts me in mind of a halt we once made when we were going up against those Caffres in 1852, and when our patrol rested for their dinner under some shady trees. But," added the old Colonel sorrowfully, "of all that merry band how few remain; some are lying as they fell before those accursed 'Assegais;' some are sleeping in the 'Vale of Gloom;' some are resting on the 'Indian plain;' some have long since found their "last billet," and I alone survive."

"Ah," said Lucy, cheerfully and soothingly to the old man, for she was very fond of the "vieux militaire;" "If you gentlemen don't care for your party to Richmond, let us stay at home and enjoy the fine afternoon. I will send round and ask the three Miss Moncktons and their brother, and Mr. Mainwaring would perhaps not object to send for his friend Mr. Carruthers, who I think likes Miss Monckton No. 2 very much, and with Mr. Williams we shall be four gentlemen and four ladies, and can have a quiet game at croquet.

"You, aunt," she said, turning to Miss Margerison, "can look on with Colonel Mackintosh, and talk over mutual friends and "Auld lang syne," and we can have our game and some tea at five."

And here the young lady stopped, as she did not want to say anything about dinner before Mr. Williams. Was not Lucy a clever little manageress?

You see by her skilful flank movement she had completely broken up Mr. Williams's footing in the family gathering, and had reduced his presence amongst them to that of a general acquaintance, a friendly neighbour. Commend me to a clever woman for a "tour de force," or a "coup d'état domestique."

And as Mr. Mainwaring undertook to send his groom and trap with the message to the Miss Moncktons and Mr. Carruthers, the intended excursion to Richmond was at once given up, and poor Mr. Williams saw by the movement, for he was not destitute of discernment, that Lucy had given him the "cold shoulder," and that Mr. Mainwaring had cut him out; for he felt at once that a young curate with three smart young laymen and four merry girls had but little chance, and was placed in a false position. Like the dancing parson, the croquet, hunting, archery-loving parson is after all, a subject of great pity to young ladies.

Some good-natured girls may encourage a foolish young clergyman by saying they like to see a parson dancing and going out to balls and the like; but they are not speaking truly—it is only a "façon de parler," and when amongst themselves their language of all such is mostly the severest of the severe.

Like the hunting parson in one of Leech's inimitable sketches, who is down in the ditch, one hunting man says to the other—"Who's that down, Jack?" "Oh, its only the parson, George!" "Let him lie there," says George; "we shan't want him till Sunday." What a depth of truthful sarcasm in a few passing words.

Young ladies who have always "au fond," a right view of things, wish the clergy to be always "spiritual," not "lay," and no greater mistake can be made by a "parson," under any circumstances, than to ape the habits of fast young men around him.

How forcible was old Johnson's reprobations of the unseemly banter of some "parsons" in his time, who wished to pass off before him as men of the world. "The merriment of these parsons," he said, stout

old gladiator as he was, "is mighty offensive."

Pardon the digression, but accept the truth. Well, the "maids of the mallet" and the "heroes of the lawn" soon gathered together and were hotly engaged in their mimic warfare.

Lucy, who arranged the sides, had put Mr. Mainwaring and Mr. Carruthers, with his friend, Miss Emily Monckton and herself on the one side, and had carefully placed Mr. Herbert Monckton and his good-looking sisters, Sophy and Ellina, together with Mr. Williams, to make up their combative four.

But somehow or other, neither Mr. Monckton nor the Misses Monckton cared very much for Mr. Williams, and the consequence was, they waged "the desperate strife" with little animation and no interest. The Curate's somewhat insipid conversation and equally unpolished jokes, innocent as they were, did not chime harmoniously somehow or other with the sentiment and sympathies of two highly-educated young ladies, and they thought, moreover, that they saw quite enough and heard quite enough of Mr. Williams in his proper sphere, while Mr. Herbert Monckton, who was a "swell" in the vicinity, had what young men commonly entertain sometimes, a supercilious opinion of the clergy generally, and curates in particular. I need hardly add that this is a grave mistake; but the lay mind is a little touchy on such matters.

And while on the one side all was laughter, and all was sympathy, the saying of pleasant little "nothings," which meant a great deal, the interchanging of kindly glances, and the glad offering and ready acceptance of numerous little attentions, on the other all was distance and distrust, the sense of "ennui" and the hope for "tea" to put an end, in their opinion, to a most uninteresting game. But how we do all deceive one another, and misunderstand and misconstrue each other's plans and proceedings in life.

It is amusing often to note that the old saying is not always true after all, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.' The things we dislike, others highly admire; this little matter which does not suit us at all, suits our fair neighbour very well.

As that summer afternoon went on under those shady trees, the old Thames meandering by, Lucy and Mr. Mainwaring, and I may add Mr. Carruthers and Miss Emily Monckton, had proceeded a considerable distance along that journey which is always pleasant in its progress, though not always uniform in it results.

If you might judge how Colonel Mackintosh felt, as he sat smoking his cigarette, (the old Colonel was very particular about his cigarettes,)—he was intensely pleased with all that was going on.

It carried the old boy far away to other scenes, and fairy forms, and laughing eyes, and gentle hopes; and in his geniality and unselfishness—though for him all these things were but of the past, never, never to return—he could and did warmly sympathise with the dawning of youthful anticipations, those bright dreams which lend such a grace to the experience, such a poetry to the prose of life, such an animating and ennobling sentiment to every human aspiration.

But all this time Miss Margerison did not seem quite at ease, and she appeared, for some reason or other, to watch that croquet party with anxious looks, and a certain expression of subdued dissatisfaction on her placid and kindly countenance. Whether Colonel Mackintosh observed his companion's "mood," is not "for the moment" needful to say; but if he did, he did not mind it, and that is what I advise my readers to do.

AN AMERICAN VINDICATION OF AMERICANS.

From the "NEW YORK HERALD."

THE interesting book of the Marquis de Talleyrand-Périgord, of which we gave some account a day or two since, challenges a kind of attention which is not often bestowed on a mere literary production. The marquis has had his work printed in America, not, we suppose, because he expects a work in the French language to find many readers in this country, but because

he wishes to submit it to the criticism of competent American judges before publishing it in France. He has been so short a time in the United States, and has been compelled to depend so much on conversation for his knowledge of the present state of the country, that it was prudent for him to submit his conclusions to the judgment of people who have had better opportunities with a view to revise what he has written if it should appear that he has been misled into errors. If, after sending copies to the American press, he should find no dissent from his conclusions, he would feel justified in publishing his book in France as an authentic exposition of American morals and culture in 1876. We think the marquis has been unfortunate in his sources of information, and it is due alike to him and the country that his implied request to have his mistakes rectified before reprinting his book in France should be candidly acceeded to.

He portrays the people of this country as in a state of revolting degeneracy, representing us as having lost the virtues of our ancestors and destitute of the intellectual and æsthetic culture which is the best fruit of civilization. "It is a people," he says, "whose morality is that of a people in decadence." "It is a people which produces things, but no longer produces men." We have "no men of letters, no orators, no statesmen, no works of art, or at least very few, to attest the existence of a civilized nation." This judgment would be too sweeping even if our culture were compared with that of contemporary Europe, but when the comparison is between America in 1876 and America in 1776 we are perhaps more competent to judge than the most intelligent foreigner can be after the hasty inquiries which are possible during a brief sojourn in the United States.

We are, too, painfully aware that it becomes us to be modest in comparing ourselves with Europe in the more refined branches of intellectual cultivation. But if the comparison were between the United States and Russia, Spain, Italy, or any of the Scandinavian nations there would perhaps be no presumption in maintaining that America has no reason to blush for her barbarism. England, France, and Germany are the only European countries with which a comparison would not be absurd, for we have outstripped every other nation in all the moral, social, intellectual, and æsthetic, as well as the material elements of civilization. Within the last half of the century which has elapsed since our independence American literature has had many names which command respect in the most enlightened countries of Europe. Our historians need not shrink from a comparison with those of other cultivated nations. Prescott and Motley have treated European subjects with a breadth of original research and a pictorial grace which have received admiring recognition from the most distinguished men of letters in Europe. The best history of the connexion of Spain with the New World is by an American, the best history of the reign of Philip II. is by an American, the best history of the Dutch Republic is by an American, the most learned and critical history of Spanish literature is by an American, the best life of Columbus is by an American, and the labours of Bancroft in American history have won for him the respect of Europe as well as of his own country. Our American historians are as remarkable for elegance of style as for research and erudition, and have been made honorary members of the most learned societies of Europe. Our poets may not be great, but Europe has produced no great poet within the last half-century. Our Longfellow is almost as popular and as widely read in England as in the United States, and Bryant, Whittier and Lowell deserve to rank as high as most of the contemporary poets of Europe. Within the last few years we have produced the best translation of Dante, the best translation of Homer, and the best translation of Goethe's "Faust" in the English language. Our Cooper has been translated into every European tongue, our Hawthorne is as warmly admired in England as he is at home, and the inimitable graces of our Irving, which suffer by translation, make him a favourite wherever the English language is read. American law books are quoted as authorities in all the higher Courts of England, and if they have not been translated it is because the jurisprudence of Continental Europe is so different from that of the United States and Great Britain. On that great branch of jurisprudence which is common to all

civilized countries—international law—our Wheaton holds the highest place among the standard authorities. In science also we have done our part. The American contributions to electricity, meteorology, geology, photography and philology have received recognition from the most eminent scientists of Europe. Our Signal Service Bureau attests what we have done in meteorology. The splendid work of our Coast Survey has never been excelled in that line. Our exploring expeditions to the Arctic and Antarctic regions, to Japan and the Eastern seas betoken a generous interest in the extension of geographical knowledge. We have sculptors of no mean fame, of whom Story may be taken as a representative. In landscape painting our artists are admitted to be the peers, if not the superiors, of those of any other nation. Without going further into details we protest that it is not fair to represent us as a people without literature, without arts, without science, without taste for liberal attainments.

We are told that the American people estimate a man only by the amount of his wealth. "You never hear it said" (we translate from the French marquis) "this man is remarkable for such or such a work— this is an artist, a philosopher, a distinguished writer, a *savant*." He goes on to say, "This thirst of lucre seems to devour all, to absorb all, to be the one only thought of these men." A more intimate acquaintance with American life would convince him that this is a total misconception of the American character. How would he explain the social attentions we lavish on men like Huxley and Tyndall when they happen to visit us? Why did we so run after and lionize Dickens and Thackeray? Agassiz was a poor man, Longfellow is not rich, Choate barely supported his family, but the wealthiest merchant of Boston never excited such respectful interest as these men of mere talent and culture. If Ralph Waldo Emerson and William B. Astor should happen to attend the opera in this city on the same evening a hundred persons would point out the *litterateur* for one who would direct attention to the millionaire. The Marquis de Talleyrand-Périgord has entirely mistaken our national character on this point. No people in the world hold intellectual accomplishments in higher respect than the Americans.

But when we come to compare ourselves with our ancestors of 1776 instead of with the European nations of our own time, the evidence that we have not shamefully degenerated seems decisive. That we have not fallen off in the great qualities of generous patriotism and manly courage is abundantly proved by our recent civil war. Our forefathers bravely asserted their own rights, we have made stupendous sacrifices to secure the rights of a despised race of slaves. As to our sordid worship of money, it is a partial answer to the charge to point to the pecuniary sacrifices which we so freely made in the war. This partial answer is strengthened by recalling the large voluntary contributions for the Sanitary Commission—a generous exhibition of humanity which has no parallel. If the American people pursue wealth with ardour they also spend it with ungrudging liberality. What other country has so many institutions of charity supported entirely by private contributions? Our institutions of learning are constantly multiplying, and the curriculum of studies in the smaller colleges is more extensive than it was in Harvard and Yale a hundred years ago, while these and kindred institutions have so elevated their standards that graduates of 1776 would find it difficult to pass an examination for the Sophomore year. Moreover, hundreds of American young men are annually sent to Europe to study in the most famous universities of the Continent. No man in this country is compelled by law to pay a church-rate, but our church architecture of the last 30 years is so expensive and sumptuous that our frugal forefathers would have thought it ostentatious and extravagant.

It is true that public morals are just now degraded, but it is the result of transient causes which will soon pass, and it is hardly fair to judge our people by this exceptional period. The inflated, fluctuating currency, which was one of the attendant evils of a great war, set the country into a fever of speculation and converted all business into a species of gambling, but this corrupting influence will pass away within a few years. The steady honesty with which we have met the obligations of a

colossal public debt attests a deep and abiding sense of justice and honour in the American people. We hope the Marquis de Talleyrand-Périgord will remain in the country until he understands us better, and that he will thoroughly revise the disparaging parts of his book before he publishes it in France.

No. 194, UNDER THE "*ANCIENTS*" AND ITS RECORDS.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE Editor of the "Masonic Magazine" has desired my assistance in unravelling some doubtful matters respecting No. 194. I with pleasure comply.

The history of the Lodge, explained in part by the Editor in the "Masonic Magazine," for November, cannot be completed without the missing links, and especially the minutes from its origin, the book of records described being but No. 3.

The Lodge was in all probability constituted as No. 194 of the "Ancients," about 1775, and was so numbered until the "*Union of A.D.* 1803," when it became No. 239. Another alteration occurred in 1832, which witnessed a movement upward to 167, and finally in 1863 it was raised to 143, at which it still remains. At the "Union of 1813," according to the "*Freemason's Calendar*" of 1815 (published in 1814), the Lodge was described as "*The George,* Brook Street, Holborn, London.*" Since then, however, the name of the Lodge has been given, which is, in fact, the "*Middlesex Lodge,*" No. 143, Aldersgate Street, London. The old minute book, therefore, was in all probability, once the property of the members, and the Lodge may still have the older volumes of records in their archives.

The Editor's discovery of the lost volume reminds me of a similar fortunate *find*, through the medium of my friend and brother Constable, viz: a volume of the Records of the *Enoch Lodge*, No. 11.

I find No. 194 in a list of "Ancient Lodges," *about* 1805, and also in the Roll of A.D. 1807, as held at "*Coopers' Arms*," West Smithfield; and in a List of 1813, it is described as "194, *Crown and Anchor Fleet Market.*"

Of course I cannot say without more evidence that the Middlesex Lodge has continued to meet regularly from say 1775, or that the members of the Lodge still meet by virtue of the original warrant, as *young* Lodges before the "Union" purchased old lapsed charters by permission.

The Minutes certainly are only evidence so far as they go, and no farther. Yet if there are no records that mention the *three* degrees, or *any degrees* as such prior, to last century, surely it is fair to state such as a fact? There *may have* been Masonic degrees prior to the Revival of 1717, and *there may not have been;* and there we leave the matter.

The "*Nine Worthies*" were appointed annually by the "Ancient" Grand Chapter, and approved by the "Ancient" Grand Lodge, as "*Nine skilful Royal Arch Masons,*" whose duty it was to secure "*a general uniformity of the practice* and ceremonies of Ancient Masonry." In other words they were virtually Grand Lecturers, officers we should like to see still retained in our regulations.

I hope the Editor has more old Records in store for his readers.

SONNET.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

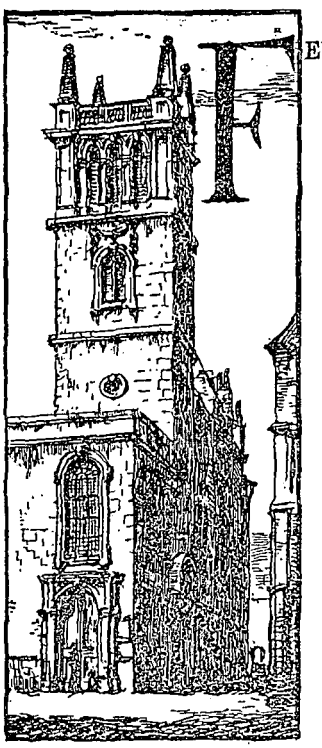
ON ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY, 1876.

By bleak December's skies are now besprent
Fields, woods, with snows, and drifts of wintry heav'n;
Yet blest this day—his day who wrote the seven
Epistles;—sharer, too, of Love's lament;
Who on Thy sacred bosom, erewhile, leant
O Love—O Love Divine, so darkly riv'n;
Ev'n as some barque, by force impetuous driv'n
Of storms, doth lean with buoyant hope unrent
Safe in th' embrace of ocean's boundless breast
And billows vast of the upheaving main;
Though like the waves, not all itself at rest,
Yet still upheld from sorrow's utmost strain
By each full perilous, yet exulting crest
Of ocean's troubled, tempest-harrow'd plain.

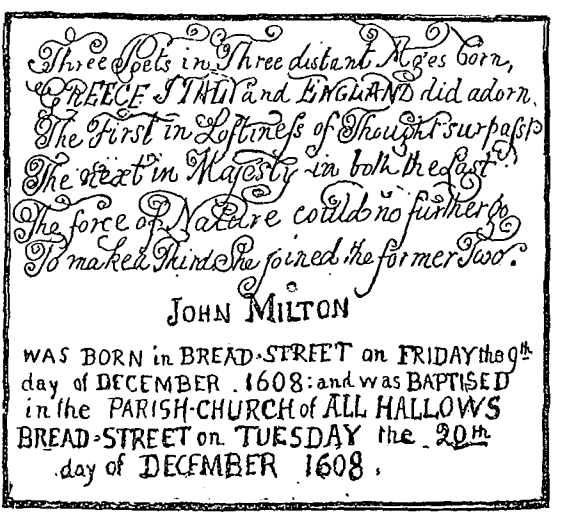
* *Place* of meeting, not the name of the Lodge.

ALLHALLOWS', BREAD STREET.

We take this interesting paper from our contemporary the "Graphic," and we have to thank the publisher for his most kind permission to use the plates, for which our readers and ourselves are equally grateful. We peruse weekly with great admiration that admirably edited and illustrated paper.



FEW other towns in Europe present such striking contrasts to the view as does London, especially that part of this huge metropolis called "the City." When one walks through its crowded streets and lanes, blocked up with wagons, horses plunging, men bawling, and boys whistling or howling the last popular melody execrably out of tune, one is apt to conclude that peace must for ever have fled this Babel. But presently our steps are arrested by the sight of a small plot of ground enclosed within rusty iron railings, and shaded by a tree or two. In the midst of this little space a few soot-begrimed stone monuments stand up like prophets, their grey heads sprinkled with ashes, and predict that all who are taking part in this hubbub will one day be laid to rest. Nor is it only in these quiet old City graveyards that peace seems to reign, for a little further on we come upon some old church looking calmly down upon the bustle around, —such a building, for instance, as Allhallows', Bread Street. Near the door of this church is a simple stone bearing an inscription. Let us read it—



It is certainly a little difficult to realise the fact that a poet —and he one of the sublimest thinkers of latter times — should have been born, lived, and died in the midst of this surging sea of noise and unrest. It must, however, be remembered that in Milton's time our merchants, ay, even our "merchant princes," thought it no disgrace to live over their counting houses, and the possession of a "commodious villa" at Barnes or a "desirable family mansion" at Bayswater was not considered an indispensable mark of solvency.

The church of Allhallows', as we see it at present, does not at all bear out Milton's idea of what a religious edifice should be like. We look in vain for

> the high embower'd roof,
> With antique pillars massy proof,
> And storied windows, richly dight,
> Casting a dim, religious light.

It is possible that these may have existed in the church of Milton's time, but that building was destroyed in the Great Fire in 1666, and the present one was erected a few years later from a design by Sir Christopher Wren.



Though not by any means one of that great architect's best works, it is well designed and splendidly constructed. The exterior is of Portland stone; the only portion of the building upon which the architect lavished any amount of ornament is the tower, and even here it is confined to the top story, which is a not altogether unsuccessful attempt to combine the features of a Gothic tower with that of the Italian campanile, although the rest of the church with the exception of the west doorway, is thoroughly plain. Yet it is solid, simple, and manly, without any of that pimping prettiness which disfigures some of our modern Gothic churches. There are no bits of coloured marble stuck about "without either rhyme or reason," no glass nobs or metal finials, but good common sense stone ashlar work. Unfortunately this church is doomed shortly to share the fate of so many of Wren's interesting churches, and we strongly recommend some of the younger members of the architectural profession to make plans and measured drawings of these structures before they are entirely swept away. For although we don't claim the gift of prophecy, even in matters of art, yet we can foretell the fact that the time will come when the destruction of these churches will be looked upon with great regret from an art point of view. Already the adaptation of the "free classic," or Queen Anne's style," for houses has proved that that style is far more suited to our domestic uses than Gothic, and it is far from impossible that we may many of us live to see the same movement extend itself to ecclesiastical works. We will just mention the fact that this church has undergone the usual religious farce of being *de*consecrated, whatever that may mean. Bishop Claughton, whom we suppose we may without disrespect call the "*De*consecrator in ordinary," recently held this peculiar service within its walls, when he held out a kind of promise that the church was to be removed, or rather replaced, by a new church in some other part of London; when this substitute church is opened we suppose the service will be described as a *con*-desecration. We are glad to see that this *de*consecration did not pass off without a protest, for merely it is, to speak in the mildest way, a rank absurdity to call God to bless the *destruction* of a temple once erected and consecrated to His honour. If *necessity compels* the destruction of a church destroy it, but to try and give a complexion of piety or religion to such an act is either pure hypocrisy or nonsensical twaddle, and it is quite time that this absurdity (if it is no worse) was given up.

H. W. B.

GERARD MONTAGU:

A Winter's Tale.

BY EMRA HOLMES.

Author of "The Lady Muriel," "Waiting for Her," etc.

(*Continued from page* 290.)

CHAPTER IV.

SIX months have passed away, and the early summer days have come again.

Gerard soon returned to the north after spending a very happy fortnight, so he said, at Weston-super-Mare, thanks to me, he observed, but my wife thought perhaps the thanks were rather due to Lady Muriel.

I heard from him twice or thrice since, and he never failed to inquire particularly after her. He was getting on very well, I understood, but I could not help fancying he was overtaxing his strength, and one day he would rue it. He used to start from Darlington (where he had gone to reside, as being more central for his business) early in the morning, in time for Leeds corn market and, after travelling almost all day and attending the sale, he would get home at six or seven o'clock, quite done up, having probably tasted nothing since he left home in the morning. Three or four days in the week he was travelling, attending even the London market at Mark Lane, and so, by his unremitting attention to business, was laying the seeds of disease in the race for wealth. He used to complain of his head a good deal, but he would say when urged to take more rest that a poor man must work, that bread was so hard to get now-a-days, and that he had an object in view, an ambition, which wealth alone would enable him to gratify.

Dr. Evans warned him that constant railway travelling had been proved to be most baneful, that it laid the train of brain diseases, besides affecting the health in other ways, and we would not answer for the results if Montagu persisted in sticking so close to business. Montagu only laughed at him, called him a jolly old humbug, and told him about Lady Muriel. He was his dear friend, and so he confided in him, though perhaps he would not have told his secret to any one e lse in the world.

And Dr. Evan's face, which usually looked so grave and sad, as if he had secret cause of sorrow which only his own heart could know, grew graver and sadder, and he went his way with a sigh on his lips and a pain at his heart. Yes, it must be owned that our hero had fallen in love with charming Muriel Mandeville, and absence only made his heart grow fonder, as Moore said.

Did Lady Muriel return his affection? Time alone will prove.

"Mother," Lord Chelmondiston said, strolling into her Ladyship's boudoir at Sneyd Park, Lord Kilpatrick's estate on the Orwell, "mother, I met Montagu in town this morning. He's looking shockingly knocked up. It's such an age since I had seen him that I was quite delighted. I met him in the Park, a most unlikely place to see him, he told me; but he was so fagged with business that he had come out for an airing. I took him into the Junior Carlton and gave him some lunch. He wouldn't come at first, but I may say I dragged him."

"My dear, I hope you did no such thing."

"Yes I did—figuratively, of course."

"Well, dear," Lady Kilpatrick said, looking quite relieved to find that his Lordship had not had recourse to physical force to induce his friend to accompany him to his club, "and what did Mr. Montagu say to you."

"Oh, lots, mother. I believe he's knocking himself up with business. By the way, he said he had met a relation of ours at Weston last autumn."

"Impossible, Arthur."

"Quite true, mother. My cousin, Muriel Mandeville."

"Oh, the late Countess's daughter. What sort of a girl is she? Her mother was pretty, but she was a *governess*, I believe, designing I daresay, and no doubt *managed* to make your father's cousin marry her."

"That's a very unjust speech of yours, mother, and not like you!" her son replied, *indignantly.*

"Well, dear," Lady Kilpatrick said pleasantly, "perhaps you are right, but you have not answered my question."

"Oh, Montagu says 'she's lovely, she's divine,' and all that sort of thing. Fact is, I believe he's in love with her."

"Nonsense, Arthur."

"Well, mother, and why shouldn't he be? If her own relations take no notice of her, I don't see why other people shouldn't. I declare," the young lord went on, "I was quite ashamed of myself when I thought I did now know ny own cousin, who was living amongst strangers because her own kith and kin forgot the ties of relationship. Besides, if it comes to that we ought to be very thankful to her for being a *girl*."

Her ladyship burst out laughing.

"Well, you may laugh, mother, but if Lady Kilpatrick had had a son instead of a daughter father would have been plain Mr. Mandeville, and you would *not* have been Countess of Kilpatrick."

Her Ladyship was silent—the shaft had gone home. Lord Chelmondiston saw his advantage and pressed it.

"Mother, don't you think it would be kind to ask Muriel to come and see us?"

"Well, Arthur, I really don't know. I will think about it. And now, dear boy, you must leave me, for it is half-past seven and I must dress for dinner."

"I say, mother, Montagu says Captain Falconbridge, with whom Muriel lives, is fifty if a day, and looks ever so much older," the young fellow returned to remark, and then he left his mother to her own reflections.

Her Ladyship did think about it, and the more she thought about it the more it seemed to her that they had acted unkindly to Lady Muriel.

It is true they had written once to her since her mother's death, but the letter, she admitted, was not calculated to make a very good impression. They had somehow looked down upon Muriel's mother because she was not born in the purple, but what did they know about her? Nothing! She was a perfect lady, every one said that, and her only crime was her poverty, which, coupled with the *fact* that she had won Lord Kilpatrick's heart (who every one knew was a scamp) was sufficient for what —to make the relations of her child neglect her as if she were basely born. Then, too, there was this attachment of Mr. Montagu's—there might be truth in it. But if there were, what then? Who was to blame? If Lady Muriel married out of her circle it would certainly be the fault of the family. Mr. Montagu was certainly a very worthy young man, very worthy indeed. They owed him a debt of gratitude for saving Arthur's life, but still Lady Muriel must not be suffered to marry a corn merchant. She would invite Lady Muriel to come and see them at Sneyd Park, and she should accompany them to their place in Ireland, Castle Court, where she was born; she should be introduced to people in her own sphere of life, and this dream (if there were any dreaming on her part) should pass away as all dreams do.

Having satisfied herself as to her goodness of heart in thinking of the poor orphan (she would have been the last to admit that family pride and *noblesse oblige* had anything to do with it), her Ladyship resolved to invite Lady Muriel to Sneyd Park, and Lord Kilpatrick offering no objection—he never *did*—a missive was sent to Weston-super-Mare accordingly.

It came a day or two after the conversation between mother and son related above, and it found John Falconbridge sitting on the sands, and Lady Muriel near him reading "Lothair."

"Uncle, are all the great people beautiful and talented as Disraeli describes them? I should like to know more about the people he describes, to judge for myself."

"Would you!" he said; and looked at her curiously.

"I've had a letter. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, dear, if you like."

"It's from Lady Kilpatrick!"

John Falconbridge started and turned pale, but, collecting himself, said sadly:

"I suppose to ask you to go there."

"Why, how did you guess that?"

"I've long had a presentiment that they would."

"They ask me to come and make a long visit. Isn't it kind of Lady Kilpatrick? I am so happy!"

Then suddenly she looked up and saw the big tears in his eyes, and she stole her pretty little hand into his big, broad palm and was silent.

"Well, dear, and you will go, of course?"

"No, not for worlds, uncle, if you don't wish me to. You have been a father to me. I owe everything to you, and no one shall take me from you."

"Ah, my dear, I am afraid they will, and if they should, I think it would break my heart to lose you!"

John Falconbridge was, however, too unselfish to stand in the way of Muriel's happiness, and it was only a week afterwards and Muriel was at Sneyd Park.

She had never been in this part of the country before, though when she returned from school in Germany it was intended she should come by one of the Great Eastern boats to Harwich, but her illness prevented, and she afterwards came the Calais and Dover route. Yet somehow the scene was strangely familiar. The beautiful river, the view of its great curves from the Hall, the distant town of Ipswich, all seemed like some picture she had seen, some vision of the place she had had long ago.

Lady Kilpatrick came out and greeted her warmly. Lord Chelmondiston, who had intended meeting her at the station, came in soon after, and she could not help remarking to Lady Kilpatrick when they were introduced:

"It all seems very odd, but if I did not know to the contrary I should be quite positive that I had seen Lord Chelmondiston before."

"Say Arthur, please," that young aristocrat put in with his most fascinating smile; "you know we are cousins. But it is strange, I seem to feel that I have seen *your face* before."

Muriel laughed a merry laugh and remarked that "her face was by no means an uncommon one."

Her dark, handsome cousin was about to make a very complimentary answer, for the lady was pretty, and he was an intense admirer of pretty women, but Lady Kilpatrick carried away her young relative to take off her things.

She enjoyed her visit very much. Lady Kilpatrick was not a bad sort of woman, and soon she got to be fond of the sweet, even-tempered, clever girl who had come amongst them. There were lots of people there, and Muriel saw plenty of company. After staying a month or two the Countess's quick eye discerned something which made her think that her son had certainly fallen in love with his pretty cousin, and she was by no means sure that the feeling was not reciprocal. She certainly had not bargained for this, but Lord Chelmondiston had been rather fast, and it would be as well now that he was twenty-four that he should think of settling down. Lady Muriel was only seventeen, and perhaps after all there might be nothing in it. Besides, how about Mr. Montagu? She never had been able to make anything out about that. Muriel had once or twice mentioned him, but it was in such a way that one would not have thought there was any feeling at all in that quarter. At any rate matters must take their course—it would be time enough to interfere when interference became necessary. Perhaps if she were to speak now she might only put ideas into their heads which were not there before. So her ladyship said nothing.

One day they took Lord Kilpatrick's yacht and sailed down the Orwell and up the Stour. There was a party of five or six, but somehow or other Lord Chelmondiston and Lady Muriel seemed to have so much to say to each other as to have little time to devote to their guests. Somebody said something about old customs, and Hallowe'en came up in the course of conversation, which reminded Muriel that her birthday was on that day.

Lord Chelmondiston bent over her and said:

"Muriel, shall I tell you a secret?"

"What is it?"

"Well, of course you won't believe it."

"How do you know?"

"Well, last October we had some Irish people, the Bourchiers, at the Hall, and they taught me a Hallowe'en spell. I declare to you most solemnly that you walked into the Hall, and I saw you the same as I saw you when first you came to us. You stayed a minute or two and then you vanished as you came. I was sorry I had attempted to tamper with the powers of the unseen world, but if I were on my oath before a court of justice I should swear it."

Muriel blushed, and then seemed a little frightened.

"Do you not believe me?"

"I don't know," she said.

"Do you not know what it means?"

"No."

"It meant you were to marry me."

"How silly you are, Arthur," Muriel said, and then she went to the other end of the yacht and joined the others.

FATHER FOY ON SECRET SOCIETIES.

"THEIR true origin and real secrets" was the subject of the Rev. Father Foy's second lecture on Secret Societies at the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, on Tuesday evening last. The church was again fairly well filled, although the audience was not quite so numerous as on the previous occasion.

The rev. gentleman, in opening, said he wished to begin with a caution that he made last time, which was, that he had not come to this place to speak on any subject of politics, or anything that any particular statesman had said, neither should he be influenced by any political question of the present time. Then, too, in whatever way he brought charges against secret societies, he wished it to be understood that he did not in that way necessarily include his countrymen in England; that was to say he made no charge against them, though if they belonged to secret societies they might be accused by some of being mixed up or associated with societies addicted to iniquities. No doubt there were a great number of Englishmen who would rather be cut to pieces than do anything unworthy or ignoble, but then all of them were not saints, and possibly there might be some who, from a depraved state of mind, or weakness or other causes, in an unhappy moment might be drawn into the society of those who would draw them away to such terrible excesses as he had before had occasion to refer to. He must also say that he had received a very kind anonymous letter in which certain questions were put to him, and the writer seemed to suppose that he had failed in showing how the secret societies of the last century, and particularly the French revolution, were the same as those at the present time, and that rites were practised by the latter similar to those productive of so much evil in former days. If, however, he read the report in the *Observer*, he would see that Monseigneur Dupanloup, whom he quoted at length in his previous lecture, had spoken of occurences in 1860 and 1870, thus bringing them to within a very recent date. There was one inaccuracy he fell into before, and that was respecting the date of Illuminism. He mentioned 1748 as the time whereas it actually was in 1778 although no doubt Weishaulpt (its founder) with his singularly sinister, evil mind, must have meditated on it from his childhood. In the next place, with reference to what the letter had reminded him of, he had to ask if secret societies in England were like those on the Continent? He made no charge against the former, but apparently they had some connection or other with the societies abroad, and one proof of this was that at the time the Prince of Wales was made Grand Master, two years ago, there was an address which came from the Grand Orient of Italy, in which they certainly claimed to have a special connection with English Freemasonry. That address commenced thus:—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" (the motto of the French Revolution and of the Commune). Now, he quoted to them last time some terrible things which had occured in Italy under the secret societies, and the charges which were made against them by such a distinguished writer as Bresciani, and he asked whether English Freemasons, in receiving these Italians, wished to be connected and identified with them, or to disavow them? Not long after this, at the installation of a new lodge in the Alexandra Palace, it was admitted that 10,000 lodges of the Grand Orient of Italy had been aggregated to the English Societies. Mazzini was formerly the head of those lodges, and he wished to ask if the English Freemasons disavowed such brethren? Further than that—and he was sorry to say it, though he cared not how far it went, as it was stated in the House of Commons by Mr. Maguire, the Member

for Cork—there was one person, a member of the London press, who received a dagger from Mazzini and a present of 1000 francs to induce him to kill the father of the present king of Italy. That person at present occupies a high position on one of the chief London journals. At the same time that all these events were happening, Bishop Dupanloup wrote his small treatise on the state of Freemasonry at the present time, and he brought these charges and many others that they had seen and heard, and which were stated at such length in the *Observer* newspaper of last week. And what had been the attitude of Freemasonry with regard to this *brochure* of Dupanloup? Had there been any contradiction? No. At the Alexandra Palace the president stated that they would go on as they were, notwithstanding Pope and Bishop and pamphleteer, &c. That had been the only notice taken of Dupanloup's pamphlet, notwithstanding that it had had a world-wide circulation, and that they could not go into Paris or Brussels, or any large town on the continent, without seeing it displayed in the booksellers' windows. Here was a work of world wide notoriety, written by one of the most distinguished men of the present day—a member of the Legislature of France, a great orator and writer, and a member of the French Academy—and how was it that his charges had not been met?

Dupanloup had charged secret societies with upholding infamous and horrible principles, and how was it that these had not been disavowed in England? They had men of great honour and great courage, and let them speak out and say, "With regard to Mazzini, and the Carbonari, and the secret societies of France and Italy, we have nothing in common," and the world at large would receive such an avowal from them with the greatest possible pleasure.

It might be said again that such charges might be very true in foreign states, but that such proceedings would hardly be practised by the Anglo Saxon race, and in England and America no such things as these were possible, viz., assassination and the appointment of tribunals for the purpose of taking away life. As regards America, he would quote from an authority considered impartial—the "Popular Encyclopœdia"—published by Mr. Blackie, of Edinburgh. The rev. gentleman then quoted at length the case of William Morgan, a native of Virginia, who, when it became known that he was engaged in preparing for the press a work by which the obligations and secret proceedings of freemasonry were to be divulged, was seized by some members of the fraternity in and about Batavia, where he then resided, and carried to Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara river. The disclosures which were at length made before grand juries, and on the various trials of those who were indicted for carrying him off, have in a great measure removed the veil which hid those events, and established in a satisfactory manner that his life was in a few days brought to a tragical end. Public indignation was aroused at this outrage, the excitement spread over a wide district, and an anti-masonic party, numerous, active, and well organised, was immediately formed. Here was a fact that was notorious throughout the United States of America, and that happened in 1826, showing what he pointed out last time—that, as in the case of Mazzini and the Italian secret societies, there was a power and practice claimed by them of sentencing, in a private tribunal, those individuals to death who had disobeyed their enactments, and sending emissaries to fulfil the sentence. That was what occured in the United States, and caused such an upstir of Public opinion. Why might not that, he asked, occur in England? Whilst they continued to respect and venerate the law in this country they need not fear such things; but in times of disorder there might not be such strength and vigour in the executive as the occasion might require, and then it was that secret societies would have good opportunity of carrying on their infamous deeds. Respecting these societies, there were two points for their special consideration, viz., their true origin, and their real secrets. These things, for the greater part were not secrets to those who read, who had libraries at their command, and who had an opportunity of knowing what was going on in the world. It was only to those who had no time and leisure to enter into such things that the secrets alleged on the part of the secret societies were unknown. Now, with regard to his first point, the true origin of secret societies, to some extent he had stated that last time in

the general account he had endeavoured to give about secret societies. He then divided them into three periods—the first up to the time of Weishaulpt; the second from 1776 till the French Revolution; and the third period was from the French Revolution down to the present time. These societies assert that they have come down fron the time of Solomon, when he was building his Temple. Hiram was sending wood there, and the father of Hiram was the one who was superintending the work of the Temple. It was because the latter would not reveal the secrets of the Mason's craft, that three miscreants put him to death, and it was contended by these societies that ever since that time these secrets had been kept up. Then there was a claim that secret societies might be traced down through Manichæism, and eventually through the Knights Templars, or that part of them that was condemned by the Pope and General Council, and which the Pope and the world at large put down as evil. These Knights Templars had hid themselves, it was contended, in a part of Scotland, and nurtured their doctrine until the time when the Stuarts left England.

They accompanied them to France, and in a short time scattered their system all over Europe. That account appertained to the first set of secret societies existing up to 1776. Now one of the greatest authors who had written about these secret societies, the Abbé Barruel, who had made such an extensive examination of these matters, told them that there was not the slightest foundation whatever for alleging that these secret societies had anything to do with the Temple of Solomon. The same writer also denied the pretence made by these societies of a certain craft of Masons having been kept up ever since that period, though he told them that in the middle ages there were persons who banded themselves into guilds to keep up their trades. So far however, from these persons performing the impious and horrible deeds attributed to secret societies, it was necessary for them to make a public profession of faith, and every month to approach the Sacraments of the Christian Church. Further than that, Barruel quoted the fact of there being at that time in France a well known craft, called the *Fendeurs*, or cutters of wood. This particular society was not a political or a religious one, and so it was with the other crafts who went about. They might have words that were known to themselves, but they were only meant when they were travelling that they might be recognized by their own actual craft, and have help and assistance whenever they needed it. As an illustration of this he (the lecturer) might mention that he once had a servant who had been in the navy, and when mendicants sometimes asserted that they had been in the same service, by the use of nautical terms he was very soon able to decide whether they had been or not. Barruel went on to tell them that if there was any descent from ancient times on the part of secret societies, the only body that they could claim to be discarded from was that of the Manichæans, and he showed the connection between the Manichæans and many of the modern secret societies. Having quoted at length from Barruel, the rev. gentleman went on to say that, as he pointed out before, the characteristic of the Manichæans was this, that they represented two gods, one evil and one good one, and he was not surprised to find that in the higher grades of the Scotch branches this was especially a point that was put before them. He must, however, proceed to speak of the second part of his lecture, the true secrets of Freemasonry. Now, as he had said before, this was a very important point, as there were those fearful oaths whereby the person was bound down to keep what was supposed to be placed in his confidence, and not only these oaths but also the accompanying ceremonies, which were simply terrific, which were performed in order to impress all those who became members with the fact of how terrible a thing it would be for them to reveal the principles of these societies under which they enrolled themselves. He would notice one or two things said to persons who took such oaths and who underwent such initiations. Before doing so, however, there was one matter to which he should like to allude. It was said that there was a great deal of benevolence about such societies, and a great deal of good was done for widows and orphans and those in misfortune. God forbid that he should say one word against those who did *one* good thing and any act of kindness and benevo-

lence, and much less so if there were many acts of kindness! But were not those acts of benevolence confined to those who were members of these societies or those who were related to them by the bonds and ties of relationship and friendship? He asked, as Pius IX. pointed out in a great allocution on the subject, if benevolence was the chief object of these societies, why the need of these terrific oaths, these terrible initiations? because charity and benevolence and kindness had been going on for 1900 years, since the reign of Christ and His Church on earth, and therefore there was no need for such initiations as these if charity was the only thing to be attended to. Consequently, they must not consider their charities so much as persons belonging to secret societies would have them do. The lecturer then read the following extract from Barruel's work on the subject, explanatory of the process of initiation into a secret society: "Every mason who wishes to be admitted into the Scotch degrees and even into all other degrees of masonry, is first taught that until that period he has lived in slavery, and it is on that account only that he is admitted into the presence of the other brethren with a rope about his neck, praying that he may be delivered from his bonds. But when he aspires to the third Scotch degree, he must appear in a far more humiliating costume. The candidate is shut up in a dark cell, a rope with four slip knots is twisted round his neck, he is stretched out upon the floor; there, by the dull light of a twinkling lamp, he is abandoned to himself to meditate on the wretched slavery in which he exists, and to learn properly to estimate the value of liberty. At length one of the brethren comes and introduces him to the lodge, leading him by the rope, holding a drawn sword in his right hand, as if he meant to run him through the heart in case he made any resistance. After having undergone a long examination, and particularly after having been sworn never to reveal the secrets with which he is entrusted, he is declared free. It would be useless to enumerate all the different oaths; it is sufficient to say that each degree and sub-division of a degree has its peculiar oath, and they are all frightful; all call on the vengeance of the brotherhood on the unhappy man who shall betray their secret." (Barruel, vol. 2, p. 305.) Now, as he wished to point out, and as all Catholic writers who treated of the subject told them, the great secrets were not in the lower grades. Persons belonging to the lower grades were used as dupes and instruments for carrying out their purposes, but to them these higher secrets were not revealed. Nor were the persons who were entrusted with these secrets kings and princes. They had also a witness to that, a French writer who could not be left aside —Louis Blanc, than whom, it would be admitted, no one could be more antagonistic to any religion whatever. He says: "As the three Masonic grades (Apprentice, Companion and Master) included a great number of men who were entirely opposed by their station and principles to all social subversion; the innovators multiplied the degrees of the mystic ladder which each had to climb; they created fresh lodges, reserved for ardent souls, they instituted the higher grades of 'Elect,' 'Knights of the Sun,' 'of Strict Observance,' and of 'Kadosch' (or regenerated man)—dark sanctuaries, the doors of which were never opened to the adept till after a long series of trials, calculated to prove his progress in revolutionary education, to try the constancy of his faith, and to test the strength and mettle of his character. There, in the midst of practices which are already puerile and sinister, it pleased certain sovereigns, the Great Frederick among the rest, to take the trowel and gird themselves with the apron. Why not? The existence of the higher grades being carefully concealed from them, they only knew about Freemasonry what could be revealed to them without danger. They had no need to trouble their heads about it, kept down as they were in the lowest grades, where they saw only an opportunity of amusements, joyous banquets, principles taken up and laid down at the threshold of lodges, formularies that had no reference to ordinary life—in a word, only a comedy of equality. But in these matters comedy borders closely on tragedy, and princes and nobles were brought to sanction with their names and blindly to serve with their influence to latent enterprises directed against themselves. Darkness, mystery, an awful oath to pronounce, a secret to learn for each trial courageously borne—a secret to keep

under execration and death—particular signs whereby the Brothers recognize one another at the uttermost ends of the earth, ceremonies referring to the history of a murder, and seeming to hatch and foster ideas of vengeance—what more fit to form conspirators?" He thought no one could treat lightly that important testimony, coming as it did from a writer who had figured so conspicuously in revolution as Louis Blanc had done. Thus so fearful were these initiations, and so dangerous and great these secrets that kings and princes could not be entrusted with them, for fear that they should turn at an inconvenient moment on those who were the depositories of these secrets. As persons advanced to higher degrees, then it was that they began to be informed of the real nature of the obligations they had taken on themselves, and he would quote from Barruel'e observations on the Rosicrucians, a society founded by a bad man in the 13th century. They existed in various places on the Continent now, and Monseigneur Dupanloup mentioned them in his account. He would sum up briefly this spread of wicked, he might say, dogma respecting Almighty God; that, as a matter of fact, in one set of societies there was a double God—a good one and an evil one; in another—the Hermetic—they had even practised a species of witchcraft and professed to transmute metals and so forth. He would sum up the charges against the early societies in the words of the Abbé Barruel. Having read a lengthy extract from this author, Father Foy went on to say that these were the secrets of those societies which existed before the time of Adam Weishaulpt. He adopted the whole of this wicked system and put his own infamous Illuminism on it. It was this monster who was the primary cause of the French Revolution, and through whom Europe was deluged in blood for twenty years after. His documents were afterwards seized by the Elector of Bavaria, and published by the order of the State. The whole system of Weishaulpt was to find out candidates, not persons applying to be admitted, but individuals who would be villainous enough to carry out his own villainous designs. They were to be watched and cajoled into the society of these men to carry out their base plots. That was the ultimate object Weishaulpt had in view. A number of questions were put to these young men, whether states were governed right, and if the right religion had been on the earth, and if they showed a disposition towards infidelity or revolution, books were placed in their hands to persuade them to go further. In this way Weishaulpt established a number of secret societies, and a list of them had been given by writers such as Robinson and Barruel. Weishaulpt, when doing this, wrote to one or two of his friends to say he had cajoled the whole of Germany, and that the people were delighted with the title of "Priest," that he had invented. Even Lutheran ministers were pleased with it. Contributions were made to these societies to enable them to keep up their local position; but Weishaulpt arranged for them to be purloined to a central society, for the purpose of working his evil objects on the face of the earth. He placed his agents and tools in every possible position, but more especially as librarians to kings and princes. Thus his followers were worked in, and as they let out their secrets they became in the power of this evil man. One particular feature in this evil doctrine was that the person preparing himself for a candidate had to make a species of confession. Upwards of 1500 questions were put to him about his life, his mother, and father, and acquaintances, etc., and, having filled up these questions, when he came to be recognized and received in the rank of priest, to his intense surprise he found another life of himself drawn up by those who had watched him, and thus from that day forth Weishaulpt had complete control over his dupes, and held their lives and their dark secrets in his hands, and could disclose and reveal them to the world at any moment. Thus, as they became qualified for villany they were made epopts or priests (not, of course, Christian priests). If persons did not show themselves equal to the impious and horrible resolutions and deeds expected of them they received a *sta bene* to signify that they were to remain where they were. Weishaulpt would not allow any prince or sovereign to go beyond a certain stage, so that the greater and darker secrets were never revealed to them. It was only after some years of espionage, and after they

had been mixed up with everything that was abominable, that persons were admitted to the degree of epopt or priest. Those fearful principles which were the cause of the French Revolution were revealed to him at his initiation, in all their gloomy darkness and horror, and he (the lecturer) would read an extract from an address which was presented to them : "The secret schools of philosophy have been in all ages the archives of nature and of the rights of man. These schools shall retrieve the fall of human nature, and princes shall disappear from the face of the earth. The day shall come when each father shall become the priest and absolute sovereign of his own family. Reason shall be the one book of laws, the sole code of man. This is one of our grand mysteries. Equality and liberty (that of the French Revolution afterwards) shall be sovereign principles of happiness in that state. Let your instructions and light be universally diffused, and instruction will enable us to live without prince or government. Nor is true morality any other than the art of teaching men to shake off their worship, and thus to need neither princes nor governments. May our principles become the foundation of all morals ! Let reason at length be the religion of men and the problem is solved. The morality which is to perform such wonders is not a morality of vain subtleties. Above all, it must not be that morality which, adding to the miseries of the miserable, throws them into a state of pusillanimity and despair by the threats of hell and the fear of devils. Our people, therefore, being convinced that we alone are possessed of the real secrets of Christianity, we have but to add a few words against the clergy and priests. In the last mysteries we have to unfold to our adepts this pious fraud, and then by writing demonstrate the origin of all religious impositions, and their mutual connection with each other." There were some thirty or forty pages of that address which he might read to them if time would permit. He need not say that when the rulers were alarmed at Weishaulpt, when the German Union was started and when the French Revolution broke out and was put down, there was scarcely so much need of secresy. As Monseigneur Dupanloup pointed out, these were admitted. One cried out, "War against God; we would tear down the heavens if we could !" and they claimed as their disciple Voltaire himself. The only thing he had still to mention with great force was that he knew of those who belonged to secret societies in England that had never disgraced themselves by such infamy as this, and would sooner leave such bodies at once than do so ; but, at the same time, they had still to ask themselves whether there was not a connection between these societies in England and those abroad, whose main object had avowedly been the causing of revolutions and to make war against all religion ? He would quote but one other fact of great importance. It had been suggested to him that he had not pointed out sufficiently strongly that secret societies of the present day were not carrying on the same horrors that they did sixty, seventy or a hundred years ago. To show, however, that they did, he would quote from *Figaro* of April 26th, 1871, respecting the black and miscreant deeds committed in Paris at the time of the Commune, when the most horrible crimes against God and man were committed by these wretches. Having quoted this extract, which in vivid and graphic language described the active part taken by the secret societies in the monstrosities of the Commune, which filled the world with horror, the rev. gentleman asked if the Freemasons of England approved of the action of the Freemasons of Paris when they held a great lodge to approve of the Commune and its doings and themselves mixed up in the impious murder of the hostages ? After having given information as to the books to be read by those who wished to make themselves further acquainted with this subject, and expressing his willingness to aid them in their studies, the rev. gentleman concluded an eloquent lecture with a vehement and sweeping denunciation of Secret Societies, which he said had been the cause and source of so much misery to mankind.

SLEEP ON MY HEART.

BY HELEN MESSENGER BIRD.

Sleep on, my heart serenely !
To the tired petals of the flowers
The night has brought a quiet rest
In the dews refreshing showers.

Sleep on, my heart serenely!
In peace the whole earth sleeps,
While like the watchful eye of God,
The moon its vigil keeps.

Sleep on, my heart, serenely!
Bid care and sorrow flee;
For He who watches o'er the world
Has constant thought for thee.

Sleep on my heart serenely!
Drive fearful dreams away,
And strengthened by the might of Faith
Welcome with hope the day.

Sleep on, my heart serenely!
And if to thee is given
Death's summons for thy soul to night,
So shall thou wake in heaven.

PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE.

From the "Masonic Jewel."

"I CANNOT wait any longer. I must have my money, and if you cannot pay it I must foreclose the mortgage and sell the place," said Mr. Merton.

"In that case," said Mr. Bishop, "it will, of course, be sold at a great sacrifice, and after all the struggles I have made, my family will again be homeless. It is very hard. I only wish you had to earn your money as I do mine; you might then know something of the hard life of a poor man. If you could only, in imagination, put yourself in my place, I think you would have a little mercy on me."

"It is useless talking; I extended this one year, and I can do so no longer," replied Merton, as he turned to his desk and continued writing.

The poor man then arose and walked sadly out of Mr. Merton's office. His last hope was gone. He had just recovered from a long illness which had swallowed up the means with which he had intended to make the last payment on his house. True, Mr. Merton had waited one year when he had failed to meet the demand, owing to illness in his family, and he had felt very much obliged to him for doing so. This year he had been laid up for seven months, during which time he could earn nothing, and all his savings were then needed for the support of his family. Again he failed, and now he would again be homeless, and have to begin the world anew. Had heaven forsaken him, and given him over to the tender mercies of the wicked?

After he had left the office, Mr. Merton could not drive away from his thoughts the remark to which the poor man in his grief gave utterance: "I wish you had to earn your money as I do mine."

In the midst of a row of figures, "Put yourself in my place" intruded.

Once after it had crossed his mind he laid down his pen saying, "Well I should find it rather hard. I have a mind to drop in there this afternoon, and see how it fares with his family; that man has roused my curiosity."

About five o'clock he put on a gray wig and some old cast-off clothes, walked to the residence of Mr. Bishop and knocked at the door. Mrs. Bishop, a pale, weary-looking woman, opened it. The poor old man requested permission to enter and rest awhile, saying he was very tired with his long journey, for he had walked many miles that day.

Mrs. Bishop cordially invited him in, and gave him the best seat the room afforded.

She then began to make preparations for tea.

The old gentleman watched her attentively. He saw there was no elasticity in her step, no hope in her movements, and pity for her began to steal into his heart. When her husband entered her features relaxed into a smile, and she forced a cheerfulness into her manner. The traveller noted it all, and he was forced to admire this woman who could assume a cheerfulness she did not feel for her husband's sake. After the table was prepared there was nothing on it but bread and butter and tea. They invited the stranger to eat with them, saying, "We have not much to offer you, but a cup of tea will refresh you after your long journey."

He accepted their hospitality, and as they discussed the frugal meal, led them without seeming to do so, to talk of their affairs.

"I bought this piece of land," said Mr. Bishop, "at a very low price, and, instead

of waiting as I ought to have done until I had saved the money to build, I thought I would borrow a few hundred dollars. The interest on the money would not be near as much as the rent I was paying, and I would be saving something by it. I did not think there would be any difficulty in paying back the money; but the first year my wife and one of my children were ill, and the expense left me without means to pay the debt. Mr. Merton agreed to wait another year if I would pay the interest, which I did. This year I was for seven months unable to work at my trade and earn anything, and of course when pay-day comes round—and that will be very soon—I shall be unable to meet the demand."

"But," said the stranger, "will not Mr. Merton wait another year if you make all the circumstances known to him?"

"No sir," replied Mr. Bishop, "I saw him this morning, and he said he must have the money, and should be obliged to foreclose."

"He must be very hard-hearted," remarked the traveller.

"Not necessarily so," replied Mr. Bishop. "The fact is, these rich men know nothing of the struggles of the poor. They are men just like the rest of mankind, and I am sure if they had but the faintest idea of what the poor have to pass through, their hearts and purses would open. You know it has passed into a proverb 'When a poor man needs assistance he should apply to the poor.' The reason is obvious. Only the poor know the curse of poverty. They know how heavily it falls, crushing the heart of man, and (to use my favourite expression) they can at once place themselves in the unfortunate one's place and appreciate difficulties, and are, therefore, always ready to render assistance as far as they are able. If Mr. Merton had the least idea of what I and my family had to pass through, I think he would be willing to wait several years for his money rather than distress us."

With what emotion the stranger listened may be imagined. A new world was being opened to him. He was passing through an experience that had never been his before. Shortly after the conclusion of the meal, he rose to take his leave, thanking Mr. and Mrs. Bishop for their kind hospitality. They invited him to stay all night, telling him he was welcome to what they had.

He thanked them and said, "I will trespass on your kindness no longer. I think I can reach the next village before dark, and be so much further on my journey."

Mr. Merton did not sleep much that night; he laid awake thinking. He had received a new revelation. The poor had always been associated in his mind with stupidity and ignorance, and the first poor family he had visited he had found far in advance in intelligent sympathy and real politeness, of the exquisites and fashionable butterflies of the day.

The next day a boy called at the cottage and left a package in a large blue envelope, addressed to Mr. Bishop.

Mrs. Bishop was very much alarmed when she took it, for large blue envelopes were associated in her mind with law and lawyers, and she thought that it boded no good. She put it away until her husband came home from his work, when she handed it to him.

He opened it in silence, read its contents, and exclaimed frequently, "Thank heaven!"

"What is it, John?" inquired his anxious wife.

"Good news, wife," replied John; "such news as I have never hoped for or even dreamed of."

"What is it—what is it? Tell me quick! I want to hear if it's anything good."

"Mr. Merton has cancelled the mortgage, released me from the debt, both interest and principal, and says any time I need further assisstance if I will let him know I shall have it."

"I am so glad! It puts new life into me," said the now happy wife. "But what can have come over Mr. Merton?"

"I do not know. It seems strange after the way he talked to me yesterday morning. I will go right over to Mr. Merton's and tell him how happy he has made us."

He found Mr. Merton in, and expressed his gratitude in glowing terms.

"What could have induced you," he asked, "to show me so much kindness?"

"I followed your suggestion," replied

Mr. Merton, 'and put myself in your place.' I expect that it would surprise you very much to learn that the strange traveller to whom you showed so much kindness yesterday was myself?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Bishop, "can that be true? How did you disguise yourself so well?"

"I was not so much disguised after all; but you could not very readily associate Mr. Merton, the lawyer, with a poor wayfaring man—ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Merton.

"Well it is a good joke," said Mr. Bishop; "good in more senses than one. It has terminated very pleasantly for me."

"I was surprised," said Mr. Merton, "at the broad and liberal views you expressed of men and their actions generally. I suppose I had greatly the advantage over you in means and education; yet how cramped and narrow-minded have been my views beside yours! That wife of yours is an estimable woman, and that boy of yours will be an honour to any man. I tell you, Bishop," said the lawyer becoming animated, "you are rich—rich beyond what money could make you; you have treasures that gold will not buy. I tell you, you owe me no thanks. Somehow I seemed to have lived years since yesterday morning. I have got into a new world. What I learned at your house is worth more than you owed me, and I am your debtor yet. Hereafter I shall take as my motto, 'Put yourself in his place,' and try to regulate my actions by it."

JOINING THE FREEMASONS.

From the "LIVERPOOL CRITIC."

April 1.—To day I resolved to become a Mason. Wagster, who is a Mason, thinks I ought to be one, and suggests I should find it very jolly, though the law forbids him to ask me to join. He also says he's expecting a large Australian order for tiles and chimney pots, which he would like to obtain from a Mason. *I'm* in the tile and chimney pot way. 'Tis clear I ought to be a Mason.

April 3.—Last night went to Wagster's to meet a few jolly fellows (all Masons). Among the distinguished members of W.'s Lodge was a Past Master, who was Past Master beyond a doubt, being a feeble old fogie; but the light of other days was upon his brow, and I venerated him.

April 5.—Have intimated my wish to join the Takemin Lodge. Also have commenced studying Masonic literature, as I shall go into the thing thoroughly, and become a dignitary of the Lodge. To-morrow, will drop in on the Church Street dealer who sells Masonic jewellery. Why don't Masons always wear their stars and order! Certainly I shall keep mine in my breast pocket, to be slipped on at the shortest notice. It will look stylish; and if I grow a moustache ever so many persons will think I have the Legion of Honor Cross.

April 6.—This Masonic business looks better and better the more I think of it. Wagster says a great many swells, even some of the royal blood are Masons. Sir Thomas Hesketh is one, for Wagster calls him Brother Hesketh. Soon I shall be able to call him Brother Hesketh. Every one has read in novels and heard in conversation how these brothers stick to each other, and how the glorious tie, more ancient than our contemptable modern class distinctions, sweeps over all absurd social prejudices. I shall run over now and then during the summer and see Hesketh. Rufford Hall will be pleasant on Sunday afternoons.

April 8.—In a friendly spirit I have written to Sir Thomas Hesketh telling him of my intention to become a Mason. Could'nt call him brother Hesketh yet, thought for a time of commencing with "Dear Brother in future," but discarded the idea, and began "Dear Hesketh." That was brief and not too familiar. Daresay I shall have a reply to-morrow, for I hear he's at home. How my wife will cherish the autograph. She was always absurdedly fond of the aristocracy.

April 10.—Haven't heard from Sir T. Hesketh, but it's sure to be right, for I'm to be "made" this day week.

April 12.—To-day I met my friend Marsh, who's a Mason. Told him I was

going to be "made." Grasping me warmly by the hand, he wished me success through "the trying ordeal." He spoke with emotion and his eyes dimmed as he referred to the T. O. What could it mean? Oh! my prophetic soul, the poker.

April 14.—Forewarned may be forearmed. So I have rehersed the poker business, and remembering that horses stand fire, and Red Indians stand torture when practice has inured them to it, tried how near to my nose I could stand the red hot thing, and found nothing but actually touching made me shrink. 'Tis a pity respectable Masons must be branded like convicts. Brandied and soda-watered may be endured, but branded simply is repulsive.

April 15.—After a wakeful night my nerves have settled, and I feel ready for "the trying ordeal." Have promised to tell my wife everything, so she is quite willing I shall be a Mason. How wives do like to know everything! O Eve!

April 18.—Was "made" all right and proper last night, and feel pretty well, thank you. When I went home after the ceremony, Maria Theresa let me in, took off my great coat, had (unusual favour) my slippers on the hearthrug, and (also unusual favour) a particularly nice supper ready. Before I could eat she sat down in front of me and said in a voice of anxious expectation, "Now, my dear" (she generally calls me "Mr. Battleaxe," or, if in good humour, "Ben"), "now, *my dear*, tell me all about it." It really was hard to disappoint her, for though we've been married twelve years, I love her still; but the vow, the vow's the thing! So I broke it as gently as possible, that by the solemnest of oaths, involving more than she could conceive, I was bound to remain silent concerning what had passed. I assure you I did not even smile, for Maria wheresa in her wrath is a fearful and wondrous spectacle. But Calcraft's whip would not have frightened her back just then. She persisted. Sadly, yet firmly, I remained mum. Then Maria Theresa was seized with tantrums. Ye gods and little pigs, such tantrums! The table shook and my eyes blinked as she emphasized her anger. Nevertheless, I was firm, whereupon she rushed off to bed, and I heard her draw the bolt when she had banged the door.

April 21.—Though two days have passed, Mrs. Battleaxe has't spoken yet. To-day I made a playful allusion to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, but she didn't take the joke. Shall write to Brother Hesketh and explain my domestic troubles; for he must have gone through it all, and can advise me.

April 24.—At last my wife has spoken. She says she's written to her mother to come and stay a month with her. "A month," she says. Hum! "It may be for years, and it may be for ever." Chorus, "It may be for ever."

April 27.—I haven't heard from Sir Thomas, but mother-in-law has come. This is shabby.

April 28.—No letter yet, and my wife remains as surly as Old Boots. The mother-in-law reinforcement has so set her up, that to-morrow I'll send a new bonnet as a flag of truce. There's a mysterious charm in bonnets new, in sealskin jackets and in petticoats blue.

May 1.—Wish I had registered my letter to Hesketh, for it must have gone astray somehow. I have received several letters of congratulation upon my becoming a Mason—one from Davies, the tailor; one from Hall, the shoemaker; one from Eaglesfauld, the hosier—all Masons, they say. Each encloses a trade card.

May 6.—Go to Lodge somewhere every night. Have jolly evenings, very. The foul fiend still haunts poor Tom (that's Maria Theresa), but I take no notice now—go to Lodge instead.

May 8.—Receive more letters from Masons, enclosing tickets for concerts, balls, dinners given by brethren, and asking me as a brother, to support this and that. It strikes me I've married into a big family. There are more people Masons than I suspected.

May 10.—Six Masons called on me this morning before I was up, and nine were waiting in the street, asking me to do something or other. Couldn't I pass off my head clerk as me, instructing him to do the civil cut? For really there are a great many Masons. It is possible that each of them has his own Maria Theresa at home, yet, is it not melancholy as he remembers her reproachful eyes? But I go to Lodge every night. The banquets are splendid. Yes, banquets. Eating

them. I don't grudge the subscription, for, having it, what's the use of a fat bank account if one can't enjoy one's self? Some of the brethren must find it hard work to put down the dibs, but that's their affair. So I enjoy feasts to which the trumpery spreads of Foresters and Odd Fellows are mere porridge and salt. I am slightly bilious. They tell me all Masons are slightly bilious at first.

May 15.—To-day, two poor women whose departed beloveds were Masons, called, asking me to assist in getting their two lads into the Mason's Orphanage. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Of course I promised, and they went off quite happy. *What* did they say their names were?

May 20.—Have been regularly to Lodge. Mrs. Battleaxe still practicing for Deaf and Dumb Asylum. How hard this Mason work makes some hearts! Mother-in-law is storing her furniture in our lumber rooms.

May 24.—During the last few days I have been very ill. I went to see my medical man, and he told me I had suppressed gout. Gout took my father to kingdom come. If this is "suppressed" gout I should like to have it out-and-out next time, for it would be pleasanter. In fact I am far from well, though doctor and chemist have had their will of me. Mother-in-law has settled down and the servants are respectful to her. Maria Theresa's frozen up like the tunes in Munchausen's horn; but she'll break loose before I become P. M. or W. M. For really everything looks blue. I have not ordered any Masonic jewellery from Church Street. And I have not heard from Brother Hesketh yet. And there are an astonishing number of Masons who appeal to me as a brother. What a change eight weeks have affected.

THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.

THIS successful enterprise was closed on Friday, November 10th, at Philadelphia, after a career of unprecedented success, taking all things into consideration, also as regards the magnitude and the difficulties of the undertaking. Without going into long arguments or longer statistics we are quite prepared to re-echo the worth of Mr. John Welsh, "to whom as much as to any one," says the Correspondent to the "Times," the success of the Exhibition is due.

"It has hallowed the Centennial year by an inspiration of the past. The circumstances attendant on the nation's birth have been recalled. The patriotic impulses of the people have been quickened. Their love for their country has been strengthened.

"The Exhibition has concentrated here specimens of the varied products of the United States and made better known to us our vast resources.

"It has brought to us the representatives of many nations, men skilled, accomplished and experienced, and they have brought with them stores of treasures in all forms given to them by long-practised industry and art. And others are here from new lands even younger than our own, giving full promise of a bright and glorious future.

"It has placed side by side for comparison, the industries of the world. In viewing them the utilitarian revels in the realization that man is striving earnestly to make all things contribute to his convenience and comfort. The philosopher stands in awe at their contemplation as he dwells upon the cherished thought of the possible unity of nations, and he who looks on the grandeur of the scene from a spiritual standpoint is filled with the hope that the day is near 'when the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.'

"It has taught us in what others excel, and excited our ambition to strive to equal them.

"It has taught others that our first century has not been passed in idleness, and that, at least in a few things, we are already in the advance.

"It has proved to them and to us that national prejudices are as unprofitable as they are unreasonable; that they are hindrances to progress and to welfare, and that the arts of peace are most favourable for advancing the condition, the power and the greatness of a true nation.

"It has been the occasion of a delightful union among the representatives of many, nations, marked by an intelligent appreci-

ation of each other, rich in instruction and fruitful in friendships.

"It has placed before our own people, as a school for their instruction, a display—vast and varied beyond precedent—comprising the industries of the world, including almost every product known to science and to art.

"It has made the country and its institutions known to intelligent representatives of all nations. They have had access to our homes, have become familiar with our habits, have studied our systems of education, observed the administration of our laws, and will hereafter understand why the United States of America exerts so large an influence on other nations, and, consequently, the great truth that in proportion to the intelligence and freedom of a people is their loyalty to their Government.

"It has concentrated on this spot, in the short term of six months, eight millions of visitors, who have enjoyed all its rare privileges, without a disturbance or any personal hindrance from violence, or even rudeness.

"It has exhibited the American people in their true character, respectful of each other's rights, considerate of each other's convenience, and desirous of allowing to others a full participation in their enjoyment.

"It has afforded an opportunity to show that the administration of an Exhibition on a grand scale may be liberal in its expenditure without useless extravagance: that its laws may be strictly enforced with impartiality and without harshness; that its regulations may secure the efficiency of its departments and uniformity in their action; that its whole course has been free from financial embarrassment or even a payment deferred, and that, notwithstanding every part of its machinery was in constant motion no one of the immense throng within the limits of the Exhibition was sensible of its restraint.

"It has shown that the authorities of the great city in which the Exhibition was held have been actuated by a single eye to the promotion of the public convenience. That, under their supervision, facilities of every kind have been provided, property has been protected, good order has been preserved, unusual health has prevailed, and extortion in its varied forms has been almost unknown; these, combined with the unlimited accommodations for visitors and the hospitality of its citizens, are in beautiful harmony with the purposes of the Exhibition. Nor has the State of Pennsylvania been less in sympathy. The traditions connected with its soil are its priceless heritage.

"The International Exhibition is to be regarded as a reverential tribute to the century which has just expired. That century has been recalled; its events have been renewed, its fruits are gathered, its memories are hallowed. Let us enter on the new century with a renewed devotion to our country, with the highest aims for its honour, and for the purity, integrity, and welfare of its people."

We quite agree also with the articles of the "Times Correspondent," writing from Philadelphia on the 14th:

"An Englishman, perhaps, may be pardoned for considering that not the least beneficial result of the Exhibition is the cordial feeling which it has largely helped to quicken and strengthen between two countries which ought never to be anything but fast allies and friends. This result has been mainly and directly brought about by the wise policy of the British Government, ably executed as it has been by the British Commission. It was at first feared by those Americans who knew England least—nor can the fear be considered altogether unreasonable—that she would be the last of the nations to join in what was virtually little less, however the awkward fact might be glazed over and sugared by other considerations, than a celebration of her own defeat; instead of this she was, as those who knew her best anticipated and prophesied, the first and heartiest in her offers of co-operation, and her example, as the leading commercial nation, had, of course, its effect upon the rest of Europe. The Americans know this, and have lost no opportunity of expressing their cordial and grateful recognition of it. Over and above this direct official influence the Exhibition has promoted friendly feeling between the great majority of genuine Americans and genuine Englishmen by the simple process of bringing them together. But this is a theme upon which I have so often and so recently expatiated that, though at this moment of farewell I cannot refrain from

touching upon it, I feel that it would be, to say the least, superfluous to do more. I cannot help, however, briefly bearing my testimony to the good effects produced by the gift to Philadelphia of the British building in the Centennial grounds, one of the happiest of the many happy thoughts emanating from our Commission, and of which the credit is, I believe, specially due to one of the new members, our Consul, Mr. Kortright. Here again, too, we have had the advantage of being the first to set an example to which other nations have felt bound to pay tribute—that of following it."

As Freemasons, we always rejoice in anything that tends to cement in bonds of loving amity and sympathy the United States of America and Great Britain.

LOVE'S UTTERANCE.

One day a lover sought to gain,
An answer to his love ;
The maid was coy and he in vain
To win her answer strove.
Heyday how sad ! the maid was shy
And blushed; but made him no reply.

'Tis true she also felt love's flame,
Yet could not tell him so ;
She dared not answer "Yes" for shame,
Nor dreamt of answering "No ;"
So, growing more and more confused
She sighed—her lips to speak refused.

Now Cupid saw the trembling maid
Beset hy bashful fear ;
So gently coming to her aid,
He whispered in her ear ;
When straightway beaming from her eye
She *looked* what she dared not reply.

POETS' CORNER.

Continued from page 317.

Here is a monument to *Samuel Butler*, the author of the celebrated "Hudibras," matchless in the wealth and freshness of its wit. The monument was erected by an admirer of the poet, in order, it is said, "that he who wanted all things when alive might not want a monument when dead."

Under the monument we have just noticed there is another, which, we think, you will consider still more worthy of attention. This is the monument of *Edmund Spenser*, the author of the much-talked-of but little read "Faerie Queene." This great man was styled the "prince of poets of his time," and certainly the abundant beauties of his great work go to prove that his claim to such an honourable title was founded upon real merit. The poet was on terms of friendship with many of the most notable characters of the brilliant times in which he lived, yet we find that his noble connections and his wonderful genius together were unable to secure him from some of the bitterest misfortunes a man can feel. The sweet singer, the ripe scholar, the Laureate of great Elizabeth, the friend of Leicester, of Sir Philip Sydney, and Sir Walter Raleigh, ended his days in poverty and broken-hearted. You may wonder how a person possessing such extraordinary talents should be allowed to live in obscurity, and to want the comforts that money can buy. In our days a person so capable of entertaining and delighting the people would be honoured and enriched, but in those days things were not as they are now. But few of the people knew how to read and but few, even of the wealthy and the noble, were sufficiently cultivated to appreciate the delicate beauties of such a masterpiece of poetical art. There was no great reading public counted by tens of millions, and so the poets had to depend for their reward upon the liberality of a few. In our more fortunate days the public at large is the patron of literature. Every man and woman, every boy and girl who reads, patronizes the poet, the novelist, or the historian, and the writer who has the talent to please and to command the attention of this great reading public is sure of his reward, both in fame and fortune. Such an author is independent of individual favour and individual bounty, for he appeals to all who speak and read the language in which he writes. The manner in which genius was rewarded in the days when its possessors were dependent upon the few who were learned enough to appreciate it, and

generous enough to give the proofs of their appreciation in substantial wealth, is forcibly shown by a little episode in the history of Spenser's great poem. Before any part of the "Faerie Queene" was published, the poet submitted a portion of it to the famous Sir Philip Sydney for his approval, and we are told that on reading the description of "Despair," he was so much struck by its excellence that he immediately ordered his steward to pay Spenser fifty pounds. He continued to read, and his delight and admiration increased so much that he ordered a second gift of fifty pounds. He read on, discovering new charms as he proceeded, until he ordered a third and a fourth donation, amounting in all to the then large sum of two hundred pounds, when he closed the book and directed his steward to pay the poet at once, lest he should bestow the whole of his property upon the writer of such exquisite verses. When the "Faerie Queene" was published, Queen Elizabeth appointed Spenser Poet-Laureate, with a pension of fifty pounds a year; but he did not receive his pension without much difficulty, for when the great Lord Burleigh, the Queen's Councellor, heard of it, he said it was far to much to be given to a mere *ballad-maker*. This does not say much for the Lord Burleigh's taste. On another occasion, when Spenser presented some poems to the Queen, she ordered him a gift of one hundred pounds, and here again Lord Burleigh interfered. "*What! all this for a song?*" he exclaimed. "Then give him what is reason," replied the Queen. We may easily imagine what the grim Lord Burleigh would think a reasonable reward for a poet. Spenser did not receive anything; and when he had waited long, and was suffering from the sickness of hope deferred, he wrote a memorial to the Queen in these words:

I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I have had nor rhyme nor reason.

This procured him immediate payment. He got a grant of some lands in the county of Cork, Ireland, which had been taken from the Earl of Desmond, who had taken up arms against the Government. Here he lived for many years, and descriptions of the beautiful scenery by which he was surrounded frequently occur in his poems. But rebellion broke out again, and Spenser was obliged to fly instantly for his life. The people set fire to his castle, and only too late it was discovered that he had left behind his infant child, who perished in the flames. Spenser made his way to England, where he arrived poor and broken in spirit, and soon after, on the 16th of January, 1598, he died in an obscure lodging in King Street, Westminster. Such a short account of the history of a genius.

The next monument which attracts our attention is that of *Ben Jonson*. He was a great dramatist, as every one must have heard, and was contemporary with Shakespeare. The inscription upon his monument is very remarkable for its pithiness, consisting of only the words, "*O rare Ben Jonson!*"

We must pass over a few names of inferior note in order to direct your notice to that old and mouldering monument, which you might otherwise pass by without heeding. It is battered, chipped, and defaced, yet it marks the last resting place of *Geoffery Chaucer*, who has been called the father of English poetry. Our young friends would, we fear, find it very difficult to read any of Chaucer's writings. The language that we use now differs very much from that which was in use when Chaucer lived and wrote. Then it was indeed, a strange medly of Saxon, Norman, Latin, and Celtic words, rude and irregular. To him we owe the first great improvement in it. He not only improved the language he found in use, but he enriched it by the great number of continental words which he introduced in his poetry, and by giving them a fixed ond definite meaning and use, made them part and parcel of the English we use to-day. He actually remodelled our language, and the great improvements he began were continued by others, until we find it in Shakespeare's time capable of giving worthy expression to the most sublime thoughts of the poet, the abstruse reasonings of the philosopher and the divine, and the broadest farce of the humourist. Chaucer was born in London in the year 1328, and at eighteen years of age he had composed his first poem. He was introduced

at the court of the warrior King Edward the Third, and had for his patron and friend no less a person than the great John o' Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. The King granted him a pension of twenty marks per year—that is, thirteen pounds six shillings and eightpence—and made him a page at Court. Chaucer contracted one very good habit, which we think very well *worthy of imitation in these days.* He used to go to rest with the sun, and rise with the lark, and there can be no doubt that it is to this excellent habit we are indebted for the many beautiful descriptions of evening and day-dawn which still charm us by their freshness and reality. He was sent to Italy, on some State business, and there he attended a marriage feast, at which he met the great poet Petrarch, and other eminent Italians. But his life was not all so calm and prosperous as its earlier years. His genius and his success made him the object of envy, and his enemies were powerful and malignant. He was forced to fly from his country. He endured much hardship when poor and among strangers, but again returned to England, and threw himself upon the protection of King Richard the Second. This monarch granted him protection and gave him an annuity, which helped to soften the evils of his later years, and he died on the 25th of October, 1400. He was buried in the spot where his ashes still remain. Just over his tomb a memorial window of stained glass has been erected, the pictures in which represent scenes from his great poem, "The Canterbury Tales." We cannot leave this tomb without referring to one other notable circumstance which it brings to mind. "The Canterbury Tales" which we have just mentioned were printed by *William Caxton*, the first English printer, and they were printed in this very Abbey. This is a fact which cannot fail to lend additional interest to this great building. The first printing press ever raised in this country was raised within these walls; the first printed book or page was here produced. This was the fountain, the spring of that mighty ocean of literature, which has since poured on in an ever-increasing tide, instructing, reforming, civilizing, and delighting the world. Just another monument demands a few moments' attention, and then we have done. This is the monument of *Abraham Cowley*. It is plain, but very expressive. That chaplet of laurel which is twined around the urn, and the fire which issues from the mouth of the urn, are proper emblems of the glory he attained by his works, and the fire and spirit they display. The inscription tells us that he was "the Pindar, *Horace, and Virgil of England;* and the delight, ornament, and admiration of his age."

A very interesting spot for Englishmen is Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

A PECULIAR CASE.

THE following amusing sketch, taken from *Scribner* for December of a new world "character" distinguished in every respect, has its interest for us all. We who live in the old world fancy, and who can say that we are wrong, that we have seen and know, yes, actually known, this very individual, if in another flesh and colour.

Cyrus came well recommended to us (by his own family), and, as the name he bore has still an interesting sound in Oriental history, we decided to employ him in our cool cottage "Down East." Our summer hut in those days overlooked the sea, and was one of the simplest resting-places outside that quiet haven which, for mortal reasons, we are all destined, sooner or later, to occupy. The grounds belonging to our rudimentary domicile required only the smallest amount of work to keep them in order, so we cast about for a young and inexpensive lad in the neighbourhood who would come every morning early and attend to whatever was necessary for our comfort and convenience on the premises. There was water to be pumped; there were shoes to be cleaned; the horse was to be brought up from the village stable when wanted for a drive; a few flowers were to be weeded and sprinkled; and various other small offices of a kindred nature required the daily ministration of some competent person who understood matters appertaining to a household epitome like ours. And so it came to pass

that Cyrus, accompanied by a weak-minded little dog, presented himself the next morning after our arrival, and, standing in the breezy entry, with a nondescript fur cap on, pulled tightly down over his eyes, demanded information as to what he should "ketch hold on fust." Had he ever brushed a pair of shoes? No; but if I would bring him a pair, he would try his hand at it. In about an hour he brought in the shoes, and dryly observed he had "spread the whole box over 'em." He had put the contents, not only on the outside of the shoes, but had pasted them thoroughly on the inside as well! This was the first exhibition of his skill, and amply illustrated the fact that he was no respecter of places, whatever he might be of persons.

Oh, but he was a conspicuous trial in our lot—a source of manifold woe to us all. His ability to do anything was an esoteric quality, and he held his few faculties in a kind of sacred privacy.

Before a week had elapsed, every soul in the family regretted that we had made the boy's intolerable acquaintance, for he baffled all our former experience.

"Cyrus is a peculiar case," said his father (a squab little man, devoid of hair); "but don't be hash with him, and he'll soon learn yer ways,"—which he never did.

His multifarious manœuverings to avoid learning our ways astounded the household. He was forever "jest-a-goin'" to do everything, but he accomplished nothing. Shirking was a fine art with the rogue; it was akin to meat and drink with him, a kind of constant nutriment conducive to special gratification. And so he always postponed employment to a more convenient season, which season he trusted might never come.

Honest W. C., discoursing of the Washington embezzlements, let fall this explanation of "irregularities" at the Capitol: "Work's an old-fashioned way of gittin' a livin'; it tires folks, and they don't like it!"

Cyrus exemplified the forcible truth of a statement like this. Punctuality to duty in any form met with his sternest exprobation. He was what is called in the country "a growin' boy," and he grew to be a thorn in our side, a pest in our path, a cloud in our landscape. In brief, he proved the only serious trial in our cottage life by the sea, our only real skeleton, indoors or out.

Words are colourless to depict the inadequacy of Cyrus to the situation we had called him to fill. A dark lantern with mittens on would have served us quite as well, for the boy shed no light anywhere, and handled nothing fitly. He was a creature of misinformation on every topic he ought to have been conversant with. He was constantly getting himself poisoned with ivy, the leaf of which he mistook for something else, and the consequent obfuscation of his countenance added nothing to his personal attractions. He had a natural aversion to self-agency, so far as he was concerned. He did not know things by halves, or quarters even. He had languid hands, and languider legs. His figure was long and fuzzy, and when he walked, swung itself to and fro like a broken bulrush. All the possibilities of sloth were apparent in his feet. He limped and crept rather than walked. His whole being seemed parboiled, and his joints unsettled. He was an emblem of incompleteness, a memento of hopeless dearth, both moral and physical; celerity was extinct in him. He had a gone-out appearance, as of one dug up from the ashes of some Yankee Herculaneum; and, as a family, we felt a kind of mortification at belonging to the same race with such a remnant, such a bundle of half intuitions. Coleridge describes him when he speaks of "a monument of imbecility and blank endeavour," for the boy heard nothing, and saw nothing, from sheer and stubborn unuse of his faculties. He was unobservant as a "blind alley," whatever that ophthalmic curiosity may be; and he never picked up anything, for he was not cognizant of matter like the majority of the human race.

Of positive truth, he was born insolvent. He was strong in partial falsehoods, and preferred the serpentine to a direct course on every occasion, but he had no falterings in deception. He preferred to sidle up to a lie rather than present it squarely; but there was no imperfection in the article itself when he had reached it. Sometimes, but not often, his fabrications were too crude to escape detection. Of this nature was his frequent apology for absences on account of the necessity of "attending his grandmother's funeral." At the end of the

season I made out from my records that Cyrus had been called to mourn the loss of nine extinct grandmothers in three months; but has his moral tegument was impervious to protestation, I never charged upon him, face to face, his pretended unnatural supply of female relations. (Ovid alludes to Bacchus as "twice born,"—*bis geniti* but all such natal exaggerations are abhorent to credulity.)

There are those whose minds are always on the wrong side of any subject presented to them. Of such was the boy Cyrus in an eminent degree, for his mind was ever in that wandering state which precludes the possibility of lodging an idea within an acre or two of its blundering precints. He dwelt in an atmosphere beclouded with carelessness, and so he comprehended everything in an opposite light from the true one. He paused when he should have gone on, and moved rapidly (for him) when he should have ceased motion.

His manners were preposterous in their illimitable absurdity. When I begged him one day to step forward quickly and hold a friend's horse that was restive at the door, he leisurely observed "he was not-agoin' to spring for anybody!" (Cyrus on a spring would have been a sight worth seeing.)

Being in the habit of bursting into my private room to ask irrelevant questions, at all hours, without the formality of knocking, I hinted mildly to him that it was the custom to knock before entering another's apartment. He stared at my suggested act of propriety for a momont, and then blurted out the remark that for his part he did'nt "see wot good that would do, but he would give a thump next time." Accordingly when he had occasion to come again to my door, he pounded vigorously on it with the heel of his heavy boot.

"Who's there?" I inquired.

"Cyrus J. Muchmore!" he shouted in a voice that set all the crockery dancing on the adjacent shelves, and "woke the neighbouring cliffs around."

Laziness was his foible. He had that unpleasant quality in its supreme condition. The throne of indolence was vacant on our coast until Cyrus lulled forward and fell into it.

He was own brother to the snail, and no relation whatever to the ant. Even his cautious father, discoursing of him one day, acknowledged that "the boy was rather chicken-hearted about work." Unaided locomotion was distasteful to him. If sent on an errand to the next cottage, he waited, patiently for an opportunity to transfer himself bodily into the tail-end of somebody's passing waggon, considering it better to be thus assisted along than to assume the responsibility of moving forward on his own legs. He spared himself all the fatigue possible to mortality, and overcame labour by constantly lying in wait for "a lift," as he called it. He was the only sea-side stripling I ever met who eschewed fishing. Most boys are devotees of the rod and line, but Cyrus was an exception. The necessary anterior search for bait was too much for his inertia. Clam and worm might lie for ever undisturbed, so far as he was concerned.

His dilatory habit rose sometimes to the audacity of genius. He could consume more hours in going a mile to the village post office and returning with the mail than one would credit, unless his gait came under personal observation. We took a kind of exasperated delight as we used to watch him trailing along the ground, and we felt a fresh wonder every day at his power of slow procedure. It seemed a gift, an endowment, now for the first time vouchsafed to mortal inertness. The caterpillar would have been too rapid for him, he would lose in a race with that dull groundling. He seemed to be counting myriads of something in the road. When he cautiously and laboriously lifted up one foot, it seemed an eternity before the other followed it. He would frequently drop asleep in getting over a stone wall, and his recumbent figure was imprinted under all the trees by the road-side. He hated action, except at meals. *There* he astonished the cook, who complained after his advent into our kitchen that "one pair of hands could'nt provide enough for such a commorunk," and advised us to have him "examined!" She accused him of "always a-georging of hisself." She averred that when he was helping her shell peas he ate up all but the pods during the operation; and she declared that if she took her eyes off him as he moved from the pantry, he devoured as he went, to use her own words, "like an army of locusses!"

He never knew what o'clock it was, but constantly asked everybody he met for "the time o' day." When informed, and the hour announced did not approximate dinner-time, he became discouraged and low-spirited, but revived at the sight of a chance apple or cucumber lying on the ground near by. I have seen him blossom into slow activity when unexpected food has been offered to him "between meals."

His stomach rose to any occasion, and coped with all emergencies. We used to try him with a heavy slice of beef and mustard at nine o'clock in the morning, and he settled upon it at once with stolid avidity, cobra-fashion. He yearned for family picnics where there was no walking to be done, where the viands were apple, and nobody had occasion to bear along the baskets. He was constitutionally susceptible of double-meals. His favourite localities could always be recognized by the débris of comestibles strewn around. Rinds of water-melon, egg-shells, and apple-cores, betrayed his whereabouts. When off duty at the kitchen table he was ever devouring something from out of a huge pocket which adorned his trousers on the right side, bulging it out like a wen. The protuberance became so enormous, that one day I felt constrained to ask him if he had a cannon ball in his thigh. No, it was only a couple of turnips he was "a-goin' to eat bum-by." Every edible thing that grew was tributary to him. His taste was catholic. He fed largely and promiscuously. He was matchless in his depredations on cooked or uncooked. He was, in short, the lineal descendant of Pliny's "Annihilator," the great food destroyer of antiquity!

Born in the country, he was ignorant as a sign-post of what came out of the soil. When set to work in the garden he pulled up everything but the weeds. He would mistake wormwood for parsley, and mustard for mint. Interrogatories disquieted him.

When asked a question about what should have concerned him most, his unblushing reply was "Don't know!"

He had adroitness in delegating jobs about the place to unsuspecting lads of his acquaintance that was both amusing and exasperating. He would saunter along to the cottage in the morning, bringing with him two or three shabby-looking varlets of his own age, or a little younger, perhaps, and hide them away behind the rocks until their services might be required. At the proper time he would carry out the new hoe, or the new fangled rake, to show them. Then he would gradually *toll* the boys up to some gap in the avenue that needed filling, or allure them to a lot of hay that must be gathered for the barn. He, meanwhile, would lie on the ground in a state of flat contentment, making the most of himself, and regarding the boys with supine satisfaction, as they accomplished the task he ought himself to be engaged in. Coming upon him unexpectedly once while thus disporting his lazy length, I asked for an explanation of his conduct. He replied that he "was obleeged to lay daown on accaount of a jumpin' tewth-ache that hed jess sot in." His subterfuges were endless and invincible.

They revolved about him in a perpetual cycle, ready for use at any moment, and so he was never caught disfurnished with an excuse. Evasion was his armature, quiddity his defence. To upbraid him was a loss of time and patience. It would be a shrewd master indeed who could circumvent him. Choate was not more wary, or Webster more profound, than Cyrus when he was brought to bay.

He was full of illogical intrepidities. He eluded reproof with a conversational dexterity beyond the ordinary bent and level of his brain. He changed the current of discourse at will. When remonstrating with him one day on his short comings and long goings, he interrupted the strain of remark by inquiring if I had "heerd that 'Siah Jones's hoss got cast t'other night, and took four men to drag him aout by the tail." On another occasion he cut short my admonition, just as the homily was culminating, by asking me if I "knowed that Abel Baker wore false teeth in his maouth, and sometimes put 'em in upside daown, cos he did'nt understand 'em."

In the middle of a colloquy with him one morning on his unpunctual appearance at the cottage, he threw me completely off the track by casually "wondering' if I had "ever run acrost the sea sarpunt

in my travels!" Haranguing him at the close of a day when he had neglected every duty, he broke the force of my censure by demanding if I was "for or agin capital punishment." He habitually glided away from a subject that happened to set against him, just as Tennyson's snake "slipt under a spray!"

Poor Cyrus! I have not even veiled his insignificant and unmusical name, for he is no longer extant in a world he did nothing to benefit or adorn. Oblivion called for him years ago. He was carried off in the season of green apples, being unable to restrain his reckless passion for unripe fruit. As I strew this handful of poppies over his unconscious eyelids, I remember with a smile of gratitude the daily fun his drowsy presence afforded to at least one member of that little household by the sea; and pondering how small an interest he ever took in the industries of life, I confidently apply to his "peculiar case" the well-known assertion in a celebrated monody—"Little *he'll* reck if they let him *sleep* on!" Vex not his ghost! Light lie the turf on his inactive elbows, for they would be troubled, even now, if under pressure of any kind. It cannot be seriously said of him that he "rests from his labours," poor lad, for his frequent slumber was always more natural than his infrequent toil, and he knew how to take much ease during his brief sojourn in this work-a-day world. No "hoary headed swain" Down East can ever make this passing observation touching the habits of our defunct acquaintance:

"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

But many of us still remember how often

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

Our Archæological Corner.

BROTHERS OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Bro. George Fort the able author of the "Early History and Antiquities of Freemasonry," has published in the "Philadelphia Keystone," so admirably conducted by our amiable confrère Bro. Clifford P. McCalla, an Ancient and Curious Document, which we give below.

It is well known, that in or about the year 1119 A.D., Geoffry St. Omer and Hugh de Paganis, with five others as some say, under the protection of Raymond Patriarch of Jerusalem and with the approbation of Baldwin II. King of Jerusalem formed themselves into a Knights Order to preserve the safety of the roads, to defend Christian Pilgrims, to observe the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, as well as hospitality to the poor, and above all to protect those who went to visit the Holy Sepulchre. In the first instance, they seem to have been under the rule of St. Basil. St. Baldwin built for them a hospital close to the Temple, from which they took the name of Knights of the Temple or Templars.

In 1128 Hugo de Paganis, with some others went to the Council of Troye, at which the great St. Bernard was present, and certain rules and regulations were then drawn up with the approbation of Pope Innocence II., by which they were incorporated to pray under the name of "Pauperes commilitones Templi in Sancta Civitate"—"Poor Fellow Soldiers (Knights) of the Temple in the Holy City."

Some writers call them Knights of the Temple of Solomon, "Templum Solomonis," but this does not appear in their own rules, and the Temple more correctly perhaps refers to the "Sanctum Sepulchrum," the Holy Sepulchre. At the Council of Troye they seem to have been placed under the rule of St. Augustin, not Benedict, as some writers assert. The words "frater," or "frére," or "brother," seems to be used indifferently in the "Statuta" or regulations for the "Pauper commilito Christi," the "Poor Fellow Soldier of Christ."

In the Latin the word "fratribus" is not added to the Latin "commilitonibus."

Hence nothing can be fairly inferred from the use of the word "fratribus," or brethren, especially in a Masonic sense. What the real relation of the Templars is to Freemasonry now is yet an unproven point.

In the year 1152, Matthew II., Count of Beaumont, then invested with the insignia of Lord Chamberlain to his majesty Louis VIIth of France, in order that a perpetual memorial might exist of his esteem for the military order of the Temple, caused the following document to be drawn up, which he signed and sealed with his official seal. This act or register of a donation made to the Templars within forty years from the period of their institution by Baldwin II. in Jerusalem, who assigned them quarters in the supposed Temple of Solomon — whence their name of Templars; this grant, we say, has a specific value, independent of its venerable age. It attests with unequivocal certainty the custom at that distant epoch of a regularly organized corporation calling themselves "Brothers of Solomon's Temple," and so recognized in an official document of the age, and is perhaps the most positive recognition extant of a *fraternity based upon Solomon's Temple.* It is unnecessary to pursue the outline, as the point of connection will certainly suggest itself to the mind Craftsman.

In nomine Sancte et individue Trinitatis. Notum sit omnibus Dei fidelibus, et insuper Sancte Matris ecclesie prelatis, tam presentibus quam futuris, quod Matheus, comes Bellimontis, dedit Deo et *fratribur templi Solomonis,* pro redemptione anime sue et patris, sui et matris sue et antecessorum suorum, furnum quem ante Portam-Parisius habebat, et omnia ad furnum pertinentia, in perpetuum, libere et quiete, possidendum; et preter hoc XL.I. den. minus quos en Terra de Ruili censuales habebat; et insuper XVII. sext. avene unam minam et galinas, que sibi, per singulos annos, ex eodem terra, reddebantur. Dedit quoque domum Frogerii Asinarii, ante Barras sitam, et omnem prefatae domus justiciam que sua libera erat, et portum eidem domni adjacentem. Ut hoc autem furnum et inviolabile in perpetuum maneat, huic donacioni testes affuerunt: clerici, Hubertus, dechanus, Reinaldus, precentor Compendii, et Nicholaus, comitis notarius; miletes: Petrus de Runcheroles, Willelmus de Mennilis, Petrus de Borrengo; famuli: Petrus, major Cambliaci, Odo de Guviz. Et de *fratribus Templi*: fr. G. de Drusencurt, fr. Walerannus.

Actum itaque hoc incarnati verbi M.C.L.II. anno annuente rege L., de cujus feudo erant, annuente quoque Mathildi comitessa, uxore Mathei comitis, cum liberis suis.

Which is translated as follows:

In the name of the Holy and indivisible Trinity. Be it known to all the faithful of God, and especially to the prelates of Saint Mary's Church, both now and hereafter, that Matthew, Count of Beaumont, has granted unto God and the *brethren of Solomon's Temple,* for the salvation of his own soul, and for his mother and father and their ancestors, an oven which he possessed in front of the entrance to Paris, and all the appurtenances of said oven, to have and possess the same freely and quietly for ever, and in addition to this XL.I. Solidi, etc., which as rents he possessed in the territory of Reuillys; and moreover XVII. measures, etc., of oats, with the pullets which each and every year were rendered unto him from the said ground. He has also granted the house of Geoffroy Lasnier, situate in front of *Barras,* and all and singular the right of justice unto said house appertaining, which he possessed, and also the gate adjacent to the aforesaid house. In order that this gift may remain firm and inviolable for ever, these witnesses have assisted at the donation:—Clerics: Hubert, deacon, Reynold, precentor of (the) Compendium, and Nicholas, the Count's notary; Knights: Peter de Ronquerolles, William de Mesnil, Peter de Boran; domestics: Peter, mayor of Chambli, and Odo de Gouvieux. And for the brethren of the Temple: Bro. G. de Drusencourt, Bro. Waleran.

Done in the year M. C. L. II. of the incarnation of the Word, by the permission of King Lewis, whose fief they were, and by the permission of Matilda, countess and wife of Count Matthew and their children.

The foregoing charter may be found, inedited, in "*Recherches Hist. et Critiq. sur les Anciens Comtes de Beaumont-Sur-Oise,*" published in the IVth vol. of the Society of Antiquaries of Picardie.

VULGARITY.

In a very well written article in the *Temple Bar*, for December, which we commend to the perusal of our readers, "Vulgarity" is divided into three categories, practically: "vulgaritas in se," "vulgaritas prohibita," and "vulgaritas permissa."

The ingenious writer defines "vulgaritas in se" to be "things in speech, manners, and personal surroundings, which the general code of good taste does not allow;" "vulgaritas prohibita," actually all that "the uncondemned by those laws are specially forbidden by what we call good form;" and vulgaritas permissa" to consist in other eccentric acts which a perverse taste would justify, or vitiated sympathies would condone. Very amusing and true are the following remarks on this fault:—

"No law can make stealing a virtue, or justify forgery, but what was considered at one time as 'vulgaritas in se' can be be stripped of its repulsive character and made 'quite the thing, my dear, by bills of indemnity which are passed from time to time in the Vehmgericht of Fashion. It is thus very difficult to tell what is the 'vulgaritas in se,' unless you are well posted up in the decrees of that mysterious tribunal. Thus, in the days of my youth, I was taught that it was vulgar to pick one's teeth in public. In the literature of that period, when it was desirable to impress upon the reader the vulgarity of a character, he was made to pick his teeth. And yet I can remember the time when a young gentleman's afternoon toilet was not considered complete unless he had a toothpick in his mouth. *Punch* took it up, and John Leech gave us three golden youths in Noah's Ark coats thus provided, with an explanation that they were not smoking nasty cigarettes, but engaged in the new and elegant pursuit of chewing toothpicks. But they did not mind. The habit was idle and nasty, but it had ceased to be vulgar. Again, it used to be considered that any arrangement or derangement of robes which would indicate the lower portion of the female form divine as bifurcate was a vulgarity. If the accidental position of a book or a parasol on a lady's lap tended to demonstrate this fact, the demonstrator was hastily removed, and draperies readjusted with a blush. The vulgarity of the immortal Mrs. Gamp beamed out of her knees, both on paper and on the stage. We have changed all that. Ladies deliberately adopt arrangements for relieving the imagination of trouble in conjecturing anatomical details. *Knees are worn*—and I should not wonder if eating peas with one's knife should some day come into fashion and be pronounced 'ever so nice!'"

We quite agree, also, with the subsequent able and happy delineation of things as they are:—

"It is curious to observe that good society admires in art (which is supposed to hold the mirror up to nature) what it will not tolerate, and declines to adopt, in every-day life. It applauds emotions of joy, mirth, or sorrow, properly rendered on the stage, or fixed on canvas or on marble by a master hand. If Mrs. Bancroft, playing the 'ingénue,' had to say such a phrase as, 'Oh! *wouldn't* it be nice!' and *did* say it in the old Marie Wilton form, with clasped hands and glittering eyes, and a smile of joy breaking like a sun-lit wave all over, and lifting her on tip-toe—then a flutter of approval would agitate even the demure domain of the stalls. But if Miss-in-her-Teens were guilty of a similar overt act of pleasure in a drawing-room, a tap on the shoulder with mamma's fan and a reproof would be the reward. Miss-in-her-Twenties would wink and yawn '*jolly—rather*,' and to *that* there could be no objection. To be natural is to 'gush,' and to 'gush' is vulgar—at present. As a test of my other proposition, let me ask how many persons, readers of fashion, male or female, could afford to have their portraits taken in the clothes they usually wear, and in the positions which they habitually assume? I shall be told that it won't do to paint a portrait in the height of any fashion, because in a few years it will look 'so odd,' and this I grant; but inelegance and—I must write it—indelicacy must always be something worse than 'odd,' and that which will not bear representation on canvas is surely to be condemned in 'the round.'

"A bygone generation considered it a vulgarity to be in good bodily health. It

was correct to be languid, weak, dyspeptic. Brummel thought he had once eaten a pea. Heroes of romance were pale, precocious youths, and the principal charm of their heroine was hereditary consumption or a spinal complaint. It was vulgar to wear thick shoes or warm raiment, *but you might laugh.* The fashionable defects were all physical. These were the days of the wits, the tellers of good stories, the sayers of good things; of the men and women whose sparkling tittle-tattle has become a lost art, and whose recollections form a literature of their own. It was not a better age than this. The veneering bore a high polish, but it was very thin. I am recalling it simply to show what it considered vulgar, and thus demonstrate the instability of vulgarity. *They* were allowed to be mentally natural—we to be so physically. We may have the muscles of a prize-fighter, the appetite of Cormoran, wear two-inch soles to our brogues, and ulsters under which our grandfathers would have fainted; *but we may not laugh.* If a new Sydney Smith were to come amongst us he would hold the position assigned to the jester of the Middle Ages. We sneer at the *raconteur* of a party now and call him its 'funny man.' 'Fellow stood on his head all dinner time, by Jove!' would probably be the criticism of a second Macaulay by our golden youth. It is vulgar to be amusing; 'bad form' to be amused. Physical force prevails. In poetry, fiction, and on the stage a gross sensualism reigns paramount' To be interesting, the heroine of the period must have a splendid physique soiled by physical love making, and her soul trembling on the 'ragged edge' of impurity. I suppose that spirits have 'rushed together at the touching of the lips' time out of mind; only it has not always been considered decent to put all the details into print. Kissing was all right, 'consule planco,' but talking about it was vulgar."

Now in all this we fully concur, but we somewhat doubt whether, after all, the writer has done more, so to say, than touch the outside circumference of the evil, whether he has not rather only just skimmed over the surface, not plunged certainly into the living depths below. For as we add, that as a general portion, all that he has advanced is quite true, yet he might have gone much further and said freely and rightly a great deal more 'ad rem,' than he has said. It may be that his modesty, or his ingenuousness, or any thing else you like, has spoiled a most admirable paper.

But as his fault is clearly one of defect, not of excess, we venture to seek to supplement what, for some reason or other, best known to himself, he has omitted to point out, and which we feel, at all events, that he will agree with us.

"Vulgarity" *per se* has been a fair theme for the satirist and the sarcastic. It has existed in all ages, under various forms, and the vulgarity of one age is not that of another, and, as the writer in "Temple Bar" fairly puts it, what our forefathers considered vulgarity we do not, and vice versâ. Still we think that even on this point the writer has not been so lucid in his details as he might have been.

Vulgarity may, we think, be more properly divided into what is essential and what is accidental.

Essential vulgarity is that which seems innate in some people, who never can rise above the level of grovelling ideas and low-lived tastes.

Many are vulgar in thought, in word, and in deed, in all their surroundings, and in all their habits.

We have also to deal hourly, and often offensively, with the vulgarity of wealth, of the "rotourier" of the "parvenu," of those who cannot ever lose sight of No. 1, and who are the most "exigeant," the most intractable, the most intolerant, and the most overbearing of human beings! To these society is nothing, life is nothing, their neighbours are nothing, their friends and relations are nothing, but as they minister to the whims and fancies of a "diseased imagination" or to that purse-proud vulgarity which is so odious and so antagonistic to the intellectual and the independent.

There are some people who seem to fancy that the world is composed of "men, women, and themselves," and their whole view of everything and everyone is bounded always by the narrow horizon of their own personal proclivities or individual opinions. Such persons remain vulgar, for the most part, to the end of the story—theirs is that "vulgaritas in se" which nothing can

efface, and, to say the truth, nothing can redeem.

And a very large class they are, and many allies they have in other mortals as vulgar as themselves. They commit every sort of offence against the laws of good taste and "bienséance"—they affect to think that there is something praiseworthy in being singular, and despising what they call the "world," and so the sins they knowingly commit against the laws which happily still govern society and us all, are as glaring as they are indefensible.

But peace to their "manes," they are hardly worth, after all, the notice of the critic, or the censure of the moralist. The man of genius ridicules them, the man of refinement pities them, and the cultivated, and the tolerant, and the truehearted look upon them with a sigh and with a smile.

Now vulgarity accidental is, in our opinion, much more defensible, and far more easily forgiven.

There is an ingenuousness in feeling and opinion in some which leads them into a little open warfare, as it were, ofttimes with those social laws of the Medes and Persians which sway family life, personal life, and national life in the world. They revolt against the dicta of "Mrs. Grundy" and the edicts of a fashionable "Vehmgericht," as the writer in "Temple Bar" well puts it.

Women specially are often a little open-mouthed and rash in denunciation of the cold and heartless etiquette of society, of customs which keep them in, of rules which bind them down, and they make little "faux pas" in this direction or in that, or commit "betises," or give way to indiscretions many and marked.

Well, the world, which is always very intolerant in the abstract, remember, considers such actions a proof of vulgarity, inasmuch as its theory of propriety is, strict conformity with the precepts and code of customary conduct which it has sanctioned and which it seeks to enforce.

It is here we differ from the world and the writer in "Temple Bar," chiefly as no one may deem is to be.

All such little deviations from the "ancien regime," "La Vieille Roche," are only accidental after all, and ought to be treated simply as such, and, above all, pardoned as such.

Many arise for the most part from avocation, education, a special state of life, family surroundings, impulse, and above all ardent aspirations and ill-regulated sympathies. For all such we have much pity, and easily forgive these little slips and mistakes, believing them to be "accidental," not "essential" vulgarity, and such as time, or example, or higher teaching may yet ameliorate and remove.

But we confess that for the essential vulgar we have but little concern; life is too short to waste any precious moments of condolence upon them, and they don't deserve it, and they don't want it. For such vulgarity almost always ends in perversity in mean and unworthy notions of others, inasmuch as it will not be kept down, and will have a vent.

To the intelligent and educated such spectacles are very sad, and such association is very depressing.

Those of us who love what is refining and elevating, all that is generous in sentiment, all that is ennobling in emotion, the high aims and the noble aspirations if you like, of virtue, and honour, and truth, and religion are always deeply pained when they behold that rampant vulgarity, which nothing can check, and nothing control, trampling down in overbearing violence all those affections, and heart impulses which God and nature have implanted in us all, for good and holy purposes, for affection and tender interest, and drawing out, in their most cruel phase and most pitiable guise, these malignant weaknesses of our fallen race, which set us at variance one with another here, and too often promote alike the temporal misery and the eternal wretchedness of man!

SONNET.

For the "Masonic Magazine."

ON THE NEW YEAR, JANUARY, 1877.

DEATH-LIKE, bestrewn upon its chilly bier,
Pall'd in its frozen, snowy-gleaming dress,
Lies the old year—bleak, bald—each leafy tress

Now shorn by cutting blasts of winter drear.
Meantime, all hail—all hail to thee, New Year:
I wish to thy young reign all happiness;
And to our ancient Craft the same no less—
May both to glory and to joyance steer;
As Noah safely steer'd his ark of yore,

When Nature rose transform'd — new heavens, new earth—
And no more floods of violence—no more sea
To overflow each desolated shore;
And when, as by a new and second birth,
The world, as 'twere, began again to be.

BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(*Continued from page* 309.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REFERENCE TO THE DELIVERANCE OF NOAH FROM THE ARK.

"Stately the Ark on watery billows rode,
Till Ararat became her fixed abode.
Benignant masonry did then unshroud
Her beaming visage. In a lambent cloud
Resplendent shone; the variegated Bow
Shed genial influence on the world below.
Now hovering round the globe with radiant wing,
The choir celestial joyful praises sing."

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED M.S. OF THE REV. S. OLIVER, RECTOR OF LAMBLEY.

THE revival and subsequent enlightenment of the candidate, or representative of the deity, symbolized by the Scarabæus, was however only a dramatic ceremony which embodied the deliverance of Noah from the Ark when the waters of the deluge had subsided; for in the Egyptian mysteries the supreme degree of initiation was represented by red and blue baptismal waters in reference to that awful event. "The aspirant was subjected to all the horrors of mind, and even pain of body, which an exposure to the elements could occasion, before he was admitted to initiation. He was then gradually instructed in the doctrines which they taught, of the creation of the world, and the nature of the soul; but he was not admitted to the highest degree of knowledge until he had figuratively suffered a temporary death, and been laid, as it were, in the chambers of the grave. This last remarkable circumstance was, in one form or another, a chief part of the mystical ceremonies in every system of the world; varying in degrees of horror and duration, according to the spirit of the nations to which each belonged, and represented as figurative of the loss of some eminent person in every case, but all really relating to the entombment of the Great Father of the post diluvian world in the Ark, and pointing out to the aspirant the certainty of a future life beyond the grave."*

We will therefore take a brief view of the deluge and its consequences, for the purpose of ascertaining how far the traditions of all nations have embodied it in their mysteries; which will constitute an undeniable proof of the accuracy of the Mosaic writings, of the tendency of the Hermesian mysteries, and of their correspondence with those of other ancient nations.

It is singular that although from the protracted continuance of life in these primitive times, there had been so few generations upon the earth, that Lamech, the father of Noah, lived 60 years with the first man, and died only 5 years before the flood, so that Noah, and all the people of that generation, received instruction, as it were, from Adam himself, all flesh could be so universally corrupt; as to induce God to repent that he had created man, and to make him resolve on regenerating the earth by a total destruction. The Banians had a tradition very much to the same effect—every day presenting new

* Archdeacon Mant. p.

aggravations of wickedness and sin, that they cried to heaven for mercy. At this the Deity grew angry, and the heavens were clothed with blackness and terror; the sea began to swell as if it meant to unite with the clouds for man's destruction; a great noise was heard aloft, such as useth to dismay mortal wretches; and thunder and lightning flashed from the poles, such as seemed to threaten a final wrack to the earth, but as if the world needed cleansing of its defilements, then came a flood that covered all nations in their depths.*

The Deity graciously exercised his forbearance during the period of 120 years, that his creatures might have an opportunity of averting the threatened punishment by repentance. The people did not repent, and his grace was exercised in vain. "Hesiod describes the Titans, previous to their destruction, as contending in battle with the giants. These, no less than the Titans, I take to be the Antediluvian Nephelim of the Jewish Legislator; and the war between them seems to relate to the dreadful state of rapine, anarchy, profligacy, and lawless violence, in which mankind were involved previous to the catastrophe of the deluge. Hence Lycophron here properly represents Jupiter as attacking at the same time both the giants and the Titans. If Saturn be Noah, of which there cannot be much doubt, the Titans must be the Antediluvians, and their overthrow the catastrophe of the deluge. It is worthy of observation, that one part of this tradition carries us back to a period anterior to the epoch of the flood, and represents the whole race of primitive Titans, as subject to the domination of the serpent, prince Ophion; and it is not improbable, that the universal subjugation of the Titans by Ophion may signify the universal corruption of the Antediluvians by the arts of the infernal serpent."†

The Koran says "they devised a dangerous plot against Noah; and the chief men said to the others: ye shall by no means leave your gods, neither shall ye forsake Wadd, nor Sowa, nor Yaghuth, and Yank, and Nese. And they seduced many, and because of their sins they were drowned and cast into the fire of hell, and they found none to protect them against God. And Noah said, Lord, leave not any families of the unbelievers on the earth, for if thou leave them, they will seduce thy servants, and there will be none left but the wicked and unbelieving." Cardinal Pole has compared the sins and enormities of the Antediluvians with those which exist amongst ourselves. "Rebellibus tempore Noe, ob spretaus predicationem Noe diluvio absorptis respondent rebellestoto hoc tempore quo prœdicatur evangelium, quos diluvium iræ divinæ obruit et perdit. Contra pancis illis in aqua servatis, respondent fideles, qui præ incredulis sunt panci, servandi per mortem et resurrectionem Christi. Ex hoc loco colligitur, christum fuisse tempore Noe, quiva tunc prœdicasse dicitur."*

To be Continued.

* Lord. Ban. Rel., p. 33.
† Fab. Cab., vol. ii., p. 254.

* Poole Synop 1 Pet. iii. 19.

ADDRESS OF THE GRAND MASTER, J. H. GRAHAM, L.L.D., &c.

(*Continued from page* 336.)

AMONG the many incidents peculiar to this "Centennial" year of our good brethren and neighbours of the great republic on our southern boundary, has been the thrusting into what I cannot otherwise than consider the undue and unwise prominence of the subject of the coloured private and Grand Lodges, so-called, reported to exist there, and likewise to call attention to those claiming existence in the province of Ontario, whose application for recognition has heretofore been laid before me.

It appears to me to be far better for the coloured people themselves for us patiently to await the more full development of their destiny on this continent. The gravest possible doubts exist in my mind as to the regularity of any of those so-called lodges of coloured Freemasons, either in the United States or Canada, and hence, if they are irregular as I believe, no proposals for their recognition can be entertained by this or any other

duly constituted Grand Lodge, the more especially as these so-called coloured Grand Lodges claim to exist where regular and duly constituted and recognised Grand Lodges of Freemasons exist already. "Freemasons are of all nations, tongues, kindreds and languages," but all regular private Lodges alone have the initial and final right to decide who shall or shall not become regular members of our fraternity, and no new regular formed lodges can be created except in the manner prescribed by the constitution, and no proposition for the recognition of any Grand Lodge should be entertained except on the basis of exclusive jurisdiction of each Grand Lodge within its prescribed and lawful territory.

Our constitutions do not require any "fiteenth" or other amendments to meet the wants of all peoples, or to conserve the ust rights of all regular lodges of Freemasons of every colour.

It has often appeared to me that the various lodges do not arrange so systematically as they might the matter of assessments and disbursements for the purposes of benevolence and depend too much on the ordinary disbursements from the funds of the lodge for the aid and needy brethren, or for widows and orphans in distress. I would not advise any decrease, but wherever practicable, rather an increase of the contributions or appropriations to the ordinary fund of benevolence, and would also recommend for the consideration of the Grand Lodge the advisability of allowing the members of the several odges either by themselves or conjointly with the members of other lodges in the several cities and districts to form themselves, under approved regulations, into some form of association, as an extension of, or as supplementary to, the ordinary existing methods of benevolence, and I further advise that the B. O. G. P. consider the matter and afford an opportunity for brethren to appear before them and express their views in relation thereto, and that the Board make report thereon at this session of Grand Lodge.

It is very generally acknowledged that Masonry is a "peculiar" fraternity. It is indeed unique in this our world. Its real origin is lost in the mists of time. It is a growth and development of the ages, and will remain permanent as human society. It exists as a necessity of human desires and human necessities. It has given much to like and more modern organizations, but needs and takes but little in return. It is not a system of religion, but the fundamental principles of true religion are its full embodiment. It is not a mere benefit society, yet among its prominent tenets are true and genuine benevolence and fraternal aid in distress. It is not a temperance organization, but one of its cardinal virtues is the due restraint of all our appetites and passions. Language would fail to give it definition. Offshoots from Masonry or other organizations somewhat modelled upon it, and wherever seeking to accomplish a good work we wish them God-speed, but let none be called by its name or taken under its wing. Let it ever exist, as it ever has existed, separate and independent, unique in its origin and being, and ever seeking to fulfil its sublime mission among the sons of men.

For various reasons, it now seems particularly fitting to re-annunciate to the world the great fact that Freemasonry is a non-political, non-sectarian and non-proselyting fraternity.

Let a man's religion or mode of worship be what it may, he is not excluded from the order, provided he believe in the glorious Architect of Heaven and earth, and practices the sacred duties of morality. Masonry is the centre of union between good men and true, and the happy means of conciliating friendship amongst those who must otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance.

A Mason is a peaceable subject to the civil powers wherever he resides or works, and is cheerfully to conform with every lawful authority, to uphold on every occasion the interests of the community, and always to promote the prosperity of his own country, and wise rulers in every age have been much disposed to encourage the craftsmen, on account of their peaceableness and loyalty. Differences of opinion and quarrels about religion, or nations, or state, or church policy, must never be brought within the Lodge. We are only as Masons of the universal religion above mentioned, and we are also of all nations, tongues, kindred, and languages, and are resolved against all politics and secta-

rianism as what never yet conduced to the welfare of the Lodge, nor ever will. All others practising other principles and claiming to be Freemasons, are "stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

It is with lively satisfaction that I am enabled to report to you at this annual communication that the craft is generally enjoying peace and healthy progress throughout the Dominion, and, from the reports constantly received, the same is true to a gratifying extent in the United States, South America, Great Britain, on the continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, and on the Isles of the Sea. There are trials which our brethren in a few portions of the world are still subjected, on account of the unwise interference of ecclesiasticism, from which we are now so happily free, and which happy state of affairs amongst us, it is to be hoped, may ever continue. Let our brethren, wherever situated, faithfully adhere to and carry out at all times and under all circumstances, the great and unchanging principles of our ancient constitutions, and it will soon appear that only temporary inconvenience and trouble will arise from the assaults of these enemies, and that permanent good to them and to the craft universal will be the glorious and final result.

Enlightened, civil, and ecclesiastical rulers are fast learning that our world-wide fraternity is the loyal friend of man, of religion, and of the commonwealth. It is a false policy which alienates the best of friends, and which makes an enemy of the best of neighbours. No wise, civil or ecclesiastical authority will long pursue it. The true light is shining and will yet fill the whole earth.

Brethren, never forget that ye are to be temple-builders in this wide world of ours, and I fervently beseech you to be more and more careful in the selection of material for your great work. Faulty stones deface and permanently injure a superstructure. In the very superabundance of offered material lies one of your chiefest dangers. Let the master builders and the chief rulers of the craftsmen be alone selected from among the best skilled, most prudent, and wisest of the brethren, else a year, or a day even, may undo what an age is needed to accomplish. Lay the foundations firmly upon the everlasting rock of truth, raise the superstructure on the level, and by the plumb and square; in wisdom, strength and beauty, and in faith, hope and charity carry on your good work as for all time and for the oeons beyond, and without fail, and as sure as His promise stands the blessings of the Great Architect of earth and heavens will for ever abide with you and yours.

In returning to you the supreme authority in the craft with which you have so long entrusted me, I beg most heartily to request your kindly acceptance of my sincere, fraternal thanks for the many honours and other substantial tokens of favour which I have so frequently and gratefully received from this Grand Lodge, and also from so many of the brethren in different parts of our jurisdiction, and at the same time I desire formally to communicate to you my desire and purpose to withdraw from active official duties in connection with the craft at the close of this session of Grand Lodge. Of the results of about fifteen years of Masonic official labour in the Grand Lodge of Canada, and in aiding to establish and upbuild this Grand Lodge, I must leave you and others to judge. About one-third of my life thus devoted to the craft will, I am sure, in your opinion entitle me to put off the harness and withdraw from active labour into that quiet retirement from official duty which in *otium cum dignitate*, one is wont to look forward to with sincere satisfaction.

And may the blessing of the Most High rest upon you and your labours, world without end. So mote it be.

J. H. GRAHAM,
Grand Master.

Richmond, P.Q.,
Canada.

Reviews.

Imagination, and other Poems. By the Rt. Hon. James Richmond Cotton, M.P., Lord Mayor. Chapman and Hall.

IT is not often that a Lord Mayor of London is a poet, and still less seldom does he publish his poems.

But here we have the late worthy Lord Mayor of London, distinguished by his genial qualities and kindly hospitality, putting forth for public approval and criticism, a volume of his poetic imaginings of some years.

Some of these poems date from a little time back, having been published with a dedication to Charles Dickens. The present collection, which is enlarged and revised, is dedicated to Thomas Carlyle.

The *Times* speaks in the following favourable tone of his principal poem, "Imagination":—

"Mr. Cotton opens his argument in due form, by adverting to the universal existence and influence of the imaginative power. Going back before the Creation to Chaos and Night, he proceeds to trace the wayward course of Fancy, from the time when he breathed into the ear of Eve with the first seductions of the serpent, through a succession of the most marked episodes in the Old Testament history. He travels with Fancy into the land of dreams; follows her promptings in letters and the arts, in science and philosophy, in the subtlest passions of the human mind, and in aspirations after a future that we fear is ideal. He dwells on her powers to soothe and to charm, to heighten the joys of life, to soften or aggravate its griefs; on the hateful results when she has been prostituted to the purposes of guilt and folly, as dooming man to moral decay, and seducing him over the verge of sanity; and he argues that as she existed before man was made in the image of his Creator, so she must survive to eternity with the blessed in Paradise. It will be seen that the scope of the poem is comprehensive enough, and many of the scenes that are conjured up before the eye are made very gracefully suggestive. The best are, perhaps, among the visions in Dreamland, with their swift transitions from the nightmares and tantalizing hallucinations of storm-troubled guilt and suffering to the peaceful dreams of slumbering innocence. Mr. Cotton is right in supposing that there is a kind of imagination which can be said to traverse space with astronomy, though, in its researches and results, that is one of the most exact and practical of sciences; but, to most of his readers, Mr. Cotton's description of the more obvious influence it exerts on such arts as Poetry and Painting, or such principles or passions as Liberty, will be more obvious."

The following little poem termed, "Sunshine," has much poetic merit andease:—

"The dewy mists are melting slow,
The East is bright with golden glow,
And clouds and fogs must fade;
Iris bends a varied bow,
The distant village smiles below,
In sunny light and shade.
* * *
Light shines upon the distant hill,
Swift runs the stream, slow turns the mill,
And happy hums the bee;
The landscape all around is still,
As silent as our God's great will
Of human destiny."

The lines on "Spring," are equally effective:—

"See hoary winter melting into tears,
As, zephyr-led, sweet spring comes robed in green;
Bright sunny smiles her maiden beauty wears,
And budding trees like budding hopes are seen.
All nature's praising God with varied throat,
To hail her first with many a thrilling note,
The mating birds their love notes sweetly sing,
And happy bleats o'er daisied meadow ring."

Summer also comes before us truly and gracefully:—

"As summer comes sweet spring soft glides away,
And smiling leaves the year to her warm heart,
Who willing plays to all a mother's part,
To all the infant buds and flowers of May.
Sometimes she weeps to see those flowers fade,
Now smiles to see her daily rip'ning grain,
To hear her song-birds sing their heaven-taught strain,
Now basks in sunshine or now rests in shade."

On some future occasion we may be tempted again to allude to this little work.

Boudoir Ballads. By J. Ashby-Sterry. Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly.

We have read this work with much pleasure.

It is, in fact, a modern representation of that inimitable flow of easy and harmonious versification, which W. M. Praed inaugurated, and in which, we see, after all, he has found none to excel him.

We do not profess to find in these facile and ornate poems the highest representation, perhaps, of the "ars Poetica," but yet they are very pleasant, and very enjoyable, and abounding in happy passages, kindly sympathies, and touching souvenirs.

They are alike gracious and improving, whether in the charm of their metre, the truth of their sarcasm, or the reality of their "morale," and deserve, we venture to think, the perusal of all who have yet a little "sentiment" left in their composition.

We think that perhaps Mr. Sterry will excuse us if we say, that he is a little too profuse in his mention of intimate acquaintance with the minutiæ and even hidden characteristics of ladies habiliments, of superabundant "trouserettes," and of indispensable under clothing. But such are slight blemishes after all, and, as a volume of pleasant verses, kindly humour, happy rythm, and genial sympathy, we have carefully conned it over with much gratification, and we doubt not that all who read its laughing stanzas will put it down with a smile on the face, and a softened memory in the mind! The harmony of the measure is often most striking, while the truth of the writer's "teaching" is very effective.

Like his great master, Mr. Sterry seems to have inherited alike a ready pencil, and glittering sentences, polished illustrations, and a marvellous antithesis, and above all that mixture of the ludicrous, and the touching, the grave and the gay, the sad and the hilarious, which marks in such wonderful measure, and with such startling contrast ever the inimitable poetry of Praed.

What pleasant and subduing meniones float around the following graceful stanzas:

"Regrets.

"O for the look of those pure grey eyes—
Seeming to plead and speak—
The parted lips and the deep-drawn sighs,
The blush on the kissen cheek!

"O for the tangle of soft brown hair,
Lazily blown by the breeze!
The fleeting hours unshadowed by care,
Shaded by tremulous trees!

"O for the dream of those sunny days,
With their bright unbroken spell,
And the thrilling sweet untutored praise—
From the lips once loved too well!

"O for the feeling of days agone,
The simple faith and the truth,
The spring of time and life's rosy dawn—
O for the love and the youth!"

Who has not often felt the reality so touchingly depicted in the lines which follow?

"Weary.

"I'm sick of the world and its trouble,
I'm weary of pleasures that cloy,
I see through the bright-coloured bubble,
And find no enjoyment in joy.

"Is all that we earn worth the earning?
Is all that we gain worth the prize?
Is all that we learn worth the learning?
Is pleasure but pain in disguise?

"Is sorrow e'er worth our dejection?
Is fame but a flatterer's spell?
Is love ever worth our affection?
Le jeu vaut-il, donc, la chandelle!

"O where are the eyes that enthralled us,
And where are the lips that we kissed?
Where the siren-like voices that called us,
And where all the chances we missed?

"We know not what mortals call pleasure—
For clouded are skies that were blue;
To dross now has melted our treasure,
And false are the hearts that were true.

"The flowers we gathered are faded,
The leaves of our laurels are shed;
Our spirit is broken and jaded,
The hopes of our youth are all dead.

"We feel life is hopeless and dreary,
Now night has o'ershadowed our day;
Bright fruits of this earth only weary,
They ripen—to fall and decay!

"I'm sick of the world and its trouble,
For rest and seclusion I thirst;
I'm tired of the gay tinted bubble,
That brighteneth only to burst!"

Some of us may have actually experienced, in propriâ personiâ, what the poet so truthfully describes.

"Too True.

"'Tis over! It is done at last!
The fetters Cupid forges
Were riveted quite hard and fast,
Last Monday, at St. George's.
A shoddycrat with ample means,
A priest intoning neatly,
A bishop and two rural deans,
Have tied the knot completely.

"And so you're on your honeymoon,
And wear a golden fetter;
You speculate—'tis rather soon—
"Is it for worse or better?"
You're thinking of a year ago—
'Twas just such sunny weather—
But somehow time went not so slow
When we two were together.

"A year ago, those pretty eyes
A world of truth reflected;
A year ago, your deepest sighs
I never half suspected:
A year ago, my tale I told,
And you were glad to listen;
You were as pure, as good as gold,
Or any maid fresh kissen.

"In life's brief play you chose your part,
Poor little foolish vendor!
You sold your trustful loving heart
For shoddy and for splendour.
The sky so blue, the sea so glad,
Brings joyous recollections;
And yet you seem a world too sad
For honeymoon reflections!"

We think that every one of our readers will delight, as we did, in the tender tone and solemn "refrain" of Blankton Weir.

"Blankton Weir:

"A Water-side Lyric.

"'Tis a queer old pile of timbers, all gnarled and rough and green,
Both moss-o'ergrown and weed-covered, and jaggêd too, I ween!
'Tis battered and 'tis spattered, all worn and knocked about,
Beclamped with rusty rivets, and bepatched with timbers stout;
A tottering, trembling structure, enshrining memories dear,
This weather-beaten barrier, this quaint old Blankton Weir.

"While leaning on those withered rails, what feelings oft come back,
As I watch the white foam sparkling and note the current's track;
What crowds of fleeting fancies come dancing through my brain!
And the good old days of Blankton, I live them o'er again;
What hopes and fears, gay smiles, sad tears, seemed mirrored in the mere,
While looking on its glassy face by tell-tale Blankton Weir!

"I've seen it basking 'neath the rays of summer's golden glow,
And when sweetly by the moonlight, silver ripples ebb and flow;
When Nature starts in spring-time, awakening into life;
When autumn leaves are falling, and the yellow corn is rife;
'Mid the rime and sleet of winter, all through the live-long year,
I've watched the water rushing through this tide-worn Blankton Weir.

"And I mind me of one even, so calm and clear and bright,
What songs we sang—whose voices rang—that lovely summer night.
Where are the hearty voices now who trolled those good old lays?
And where the silvery laughter that rang in byegone days?
Come back that night of long ago! Come back the moonlight clear!
When hearts beat light, and eyes were bright, about old Blankton Weir.

"Was ever indolence so sweet, were ever days so fine,
As when we lounged in that old punt and played with rod and line?
'Tis true few fish we caught there, but the good old ale we quaffed,
As we chatted, too, and smoked there, and idled, dreamed, and laughed:
Then thought we only of to-day, of morrow had no fear,
For sorrow scarce had tinged the stream that flowed through Blankton Weir.

"Those dreamy August afternoons, when in
our skiff we lay,
To hear the current murmuring as slow it
swirled away;
The plaintive hum of dragon-fly, the old
weir's plash and roar,
While *Some-one's* gentle voice, too, seems
whispering there once more;
Come back, those days of love and trust,
those times of hope and fear,
When girls were girls, and hearts were
hearts, about old Blankton Weir!

"Those brilliant sunny mornings when we
tumbled out of bed,
And hurried on a few rough clothes, and to
the river sped!
What laughing joyaunce hung about those
merry days agone,
We clove the rushing current at the early
flush of dawn!
'Tremendous headers' took we in the
waters bright and clear,
And splashed and dashed, and dived and
swam, just off old Blankton Weir.

"Then that pleasant pic-nic party, when all
the girls were there,
In pretty morning dresses and with
freshly-braided hair;
Fair Annie, with the deep blue eyes, and
rosy, laughing Nell,
Dark Helen, sunny Amy, and the Howard
girls as well;
Ah! Lizzie, 'twas but yesterday—at least
'twould so appear—
We plighted vows of constancy, not far
from Blankton Weir.

"Those flashing eyes, those brave true
hearts, are gone, and few remain
To mourn the loss of sunny hours that
ne'er come back again:
Some married are—ah! me, how changed
—for they will think no more
Of how they joined our chorus there, or
helped to pull the oar:
One gentle voice is hushed for aye—we
miss a voice so dear—
Who cheered along with evensong our path
by Blankton Weir.

"Amid the whirl of weary life, its worry
and its bore,
Comes back that well-loved lullaby—the
old weir's distant roar;
It gilds the clouds of daily toil with sun-
shine's fitful gleams,
It breaks upon my slumber, and I hear it
in my dreams;
Like music of the good old times, it strikes
upon mine ear—
If there's an air can banish care, 'tis that
of Blankton Weir!

"I know the river's rushing, but it rushes
not for me,
I feel the morning blushing, though I am
not there to see;
For younger hearts now live and love
where once we used to dwell,
And others laugh, and dream, and sing in
spots we loved so well;
Their motto '*Carpe diem*'—'twas ours for
many a year—
As show these rhymes of sunny times
about old Blankton Weir."

Alas, in the Vanity Fair of life, how often played out is the little comedy, or farce, or even tragedy—"whichever you please, my little dear"—which follows:—

"A Comedy.

"Prologue.

'Twas all over between us, you thought,
when we parted,
'Twas good-bye to me and to trouble or
care;
A sigh and a tear, a poor boy broken-
hearted,
Was naught, for what feelings had you
then to spare?
'Twas nothing to you that my best hopes
were shattered,
You knew all the time that you meant
we should part;
With fair words did *you* think I e'er could
feel flattered,
From lips feigning truth with such false-
ness at heart?

"Act I.

"Ah, lovely and lost one, I muse in the
gloaming,
And think of one midsummer twilight
last year,
But one little year past, when we two
were roaming
With hand locked in hand by the still
solemn mere.
Have *you*, love, forgotten that night and
those pledges,
Half-whispered, half-sobbed, 'neath that
calm summer sky?

In fancy I hear the faint shiver of sedges,
And still the low plash of the water seems nigh.

"Act II.

"You've made, what the world calls, a capital marriage,
Your dinners are perfect, your dances the rage;
They talk, at the clubs, of your new pony-carriage,
And sneer at your husband, who's double your age:
Ah! fairest of falseones, I'd have you remember,
Though blooming and bright be the freshness of May,
'Twill tremble before the cool breath of December,
'Twill silently droop and then wither away.

"Act III.

"They tell me you're happy; and yet, on reflection,
I find they talk more of your wealth than of you;
And if you have moments of thought and dejection,
It may be those moments are known to but few,
You've rubies and pearls and a brilliant tiara;
You breakfast off Sèvres of the real *bleu de Roi*.
'Tis better no doubt than a heart, *mia cara*,
And a poor posey ring, with its '*Pensez a moi*?'

"Act IV.

"Nay, blame not your husband, nor think you're used badly,
'Twas simply a matter of money and trade;
You named him your 'figure,' he paid it too gladly,
Your heart was no part of the bargain he made.
He purchased a wife to embellish his table,
To humour his whims and obey his behests,
One lovely and clever, one willing and able—
To prove his good taste and to talk to his guests.

"Act V.

"At times, when 'mid riches and splendour you languish,
To still your poor conscience you fruitlessly try;
As tears are fast falling in bitterest anguish,
You'll own there *is* something that money can't buy.
Yes, love, there are mem'ries e'en gold cannot stifle,
The ghost of a dead love that will not be laid;
And while in the bright world of pleasure you trifle.
Do you never meet the sad eyes of the shade?"

Some young friends of ours may echo somewhat sentimentally the pleasing words of "Off and Away":—

"Off and Away.

"An August Regret.

"So the gay London season is over!
I wished it would come o'er again,
When the night that you started for Dover,
I bade you good-bye at the train.
I am doomed by the lateness of session
In London all autumn to stay,
Through its heat, and ennui, and oppression,
Whilst you, Love, are off and away.

"How your pretty eyes drooped just at starting!
You promised to send me your *carte*,
And I gave you 'Two Kisses' at parting—
I mean the new novel by Smart.
Not a moment for quiet flirtation—
The guard his white ensign unfurled—
As the train was just leaving the station,
I gave you my heart and the 'World.'

"You are off amid vineyards and mountains,
Where myrtle is mingled with maize;
Where the olive o'ershadows bright fountains
You'll dream through the fine autumn days;
Where the roseate sunset is flushing
Its gleam o'er the amethyst lake,
Whilst the blue ripples seem to be hushing
To slumber the shore where they break.

"You remember the day at Chiavenna
We mounted the rugged inclines?
And the sail that we took to Varenna?
The luncheon we had 'neath the vines?

Vino d' Asti spumante, agoni—
With bright eyes to flash o'er the cheer.
At the inn of Signora Marcionni,
The sunniest day of last year.

"Then that night at Baveno, whilst smoking,
When *Some-one* lit my cigarette,
To be found by mama 'twas provoking—
Your eyes flashed a tearful regret:
How she bore you away in a hurry,
Despite all excuse I could make!
And said, quoting from odious *Murray*,
'Night air was so bad by the lake.'

"Will you dream 'neath a snowy umbrella,
With Tauchnitz each hot afternoon?
Will you go to the Isola Bella,
Or row by the light of the moon?
Will you lounge 'neath the pink oleander,
Comparing this year with the last?
Will e'er less in the garden meander,
And think with regret of the past?

"When the fragrance of flowers is lightly
Awaft on the soft evening breeze,
Whilst the pale moon is shining so brightly
And sweet is the music of trees?
Will you muse, in that clear autumn weather,
With feelings of pleasure and pain?
Will you stroll where we wandered together,
To wish but last year back again?

"Perhaps memory's clearest reflection
May mirror your future; but yet
You may dwell on with tender affection
That night I can never forget;
When I would have said something, but wavered—
How quickly such chances slip by!—
Ah! my darling, had I been so favoured,
Pray what would have been your reply?"

The lines which follow appeal to many sympathies, and fond recollections, as well as to much that softens and elevates this depressing world of ours:—

"The King of the Cradle:
"A Baby Idyll.

"Draw back the cradle-curtains, Kate,
While watch and ward you're keeping,
Let's see the monarch in his state,
And view him whilst he's sleeping.
He smiles and clasps his tiny hand
With sunbeams o'er him gleaming—
A world of baby fairyland
He visits while he's dreaming.

"Monarch of pearly powder puff
Asleep in nest so cosy,
Shielded from breath of breezes rough
By curtains warm and rosy;
He slumbers soundly in his cell,
As weak as one decrepid,
Though King of Coral, Lord of Bell,
And Knight of Bath that's tepid.

"Ah, lucky tyrant! Happy lot!
Fair watchers without number,
Who sweetly sing beside his cot,
And hush him off to slumber;
White hands in wait to smooth so neat
His pillow when it's rumpled—
A couch of rose leaves soft and sweet,
Not one of which is crumpled.

"Will yonder dainty, dimpled hand—
Size nothing and a quarter—
E'er grasp a sabre, lead a band,
To glory and to slaughter?
Or, may I ask, will those blue eyes—
In baby *patois*, 'peepers'—
E'er in the House of Commons rise,
And strive to catch the Speaker's?

"Will that smooth brow o'er Hansard frown
Confused by lore statistic?
Or will those lips e'er stir the town
From pulpit ritualistic?
Will e'er that tiny Sybarite
Become an author noted?
That little brain the world's delight,
Its work by all men quoted?

"Though rosy, dimpled, plump, and round,
Though fragile, soft, and tender,
Sometimes, alas! it may be found
The thread of life is slender!
A little shoe, a bitten glove—
Affection never waning—
The shattered idol of our love
Is all that is remaining!

"Then does one chance, in fancy, hear
Small feet in childish patter,
Tread soft as they a grave draw near,
And voices hush their chatter;
'Tis small and new; they pause in fear,
Beneath the grey church tower,
To consecrate it by a tear,
And deck it with a flower.

"Who can predict the future, Kate—
Your fondest aspiration!
Who knows the solemn laws of fate,
That govern our creation?

Who knows what lot awaits your boy—
Of happiness or sorrow?
Sufficient for to-day is joy,
Leave tears, sweet, for to morrow!"

We might say more, we might give other extracts from a very pleasant volume, but we think we have put forward enough to prove to our many courteous readers, that the criticism with which we commenced this article is true, and that the humble meed of praise we offered is fully justified.

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.

AFTER an existence of seventy-eight weeks, *The Dominie*, a journal of humour, satire, and literature, conducted by Mr. Tom H. North, of Middlesborough, ceased to exist on Saturday, the fourth of November, to the joy of some and the regret of others. As might be expected, where providing a mental feast once a week depended almost entirely on the editor, and him reporting regularly for a daily paper, the articles have varied very much in real value. But perhaps the *chaff* sold it more than the solid grain. From the very commencement of the facetious journal to its conclusion, I have never seen it without thinking of that beautiful and truthful passage in the twelfth chapter of the first volume of (shall I say Brother? for whether initiated or not into the Craft, it was the Freemasons who buried him) Laurence Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," where Eugenius is addressing the dying Yorick:—"Trust me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of. In these sallies, too oft, I see, it happens that a person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonist up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies,—and musterest up with them the many recruits that will list under him from a sense of common danger; —'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes,—thou hast got an hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so. I cannot suspect it, in the man I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen, or malevolence of intent, in these sallies. I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive. But consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this,—and that knaves will not:—and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other:—whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too. Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at thy infirmities and mistakes. The best of us, my dear lad, lie open there. And trust me,—trust me, Yorick, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with."

That Mr. North has shown considerable ability and no small degree of courage during his editorship of *The Dominie*, none but a prejudiced enemy can deny. "How many enemies we have made," he remarks in his farewell address, "we have no conception of, indeed it has never been part of our programme to care. Certain, however, we are, that they are all impersonations of some of the varieties of humbug, cant, snobbishness, roguery, and cad-

dishness, we have from time to time most vigourously assailed. We have heard of that 'odious paper *The Dominie*' —a stress of almost cannabalistic intensity being laid upon the descriptive adjective—and we have not been a bit offended, but have grinned with pure delight, knowing by this that the 'slings and arrows' of our armoury had done their work. Persistently and with an iteration almost tedious, but necessary, we have had our fling at those dishonest men who have bought without ever thinking of paying, who have lived in grand houses founded on fraud, or at best on unlawful speculation, and what do you think, dear readers, has been the consequence to us? Guess! No you can't, you give it up? Well you may do for only thinking of it is sufficiently incredible to make us strain our face into a preternatural length and breadth, before bursting out into a suffocating laugh at the impudence of those bankrupts. We have actually been cut by some of them!!!! Fact! Coldly and cruelly cut by debtors under the Bankruptcy Act. Ha! ha! The effect of this upon us has been to make us sadly and seriously contemplate a 'private arrangement' ourself. We have not been perfect, and claim no more than honesty of purpose. Sometimes our advocacy of men and measures has been faulty, but we have never advocated what we did not at the time honestly believe to be true and right. And we believe it will be granted, whatever else criticism may say of us, that we have always been fearless, and whether it has been Capital or Labour, Money-bags or Penury, that has done wrong, or that has been unjustly treated, we have spoken out a 'piece of our mind.' We need say no more in the way of re-capitulation of what we have done. It is sufficient for us that we have had throughout, the approbation of the public, and of broad-minded friends, who have been capable and willing to find and recognise good grain amongst the chaff, with which—in order to render it palatable to weak stomachs—it has been accompanied."

M. Melsons, of Paris, recommends small doses of Iodide of Potassium to be taken daily by all workmen whose calling requires them to handle lead or mercurial compounds, as this salt dessolves the mineral poison imbibed by the system, and effects its removal.

Ever since I knew anything whatever of the works of Shakspere, his delightful comedy of "As You Like It" has been an especial favourite of mine; the woodland scenes most of any; and not the least of the undying characters that, for the last forty years at least, have charmed me alike in prosperity and adversity, is the melancholy Jaques; for from every sentence that he utters I could preach a dozen lay sermons, or write a score of essays. Take for instance, the well-known passage he addresses to the banished Duke, in the seventh scene of the second act '—

"A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
'*Good-morrow, fool,*' quoth I. '*No, sir,*' quoth he,
'*Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune.*'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, '*It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we see,' quoth he, '*how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer.
That fools should be so deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool!—Motley's the only wear."

What a number of treatises might be written by way of gloss on this single speech of twenty-three lines. On fools alone one might fill folios. And how the repeated mention of "the dial" which Touchstone drew "from his poke," at once sets a contemplative mind a-thinking on the various modes of telling how time was passing both before and since, as well as in

the life-time, of the greatest of all dramatists. Beckmann and others have in part satisfied the curiosity of the general reader; and I cannot but commend a most interesting, instructive, and pleasantly written volume on the subject, from the pen of Mr. James W. Benson, the well known clock and watch manufacturer, of Ludgate Hill, entitled "Time and Time Tellers," in which, for half-a-crown, we have the whole history of every species of time-teller given, and their action described, with a freedom from anything at all approaching to trade-puffery, or "buy at my shop," altogether refreshing in these days of almost universal quackery. "Most of us," he says "soon make the discovery, that the world has much to teach, which there is little time to learn, and still less time to apply to good purpose." And he afterwards adds:—"The poets are our best interpreters of Time, and they seem never tired of referring to it, and symbolising it by every possible figure, emblem, and trope. Celerity of motion and brevity of duration are discovered to be its chief characteristics. Time is therefore depicted as flying, fast, noiselessly, and uninterruptedly. It is a river, speeding on with imperceptible, but resistless pace, to the ocean of eternity. It is a stern, vigorous, old man—Time is already old—rushing by us, with never-slackening strides, bearing blessings for each and all; but we must be on the alert to strive with him for his gifts—to 'seize Time by the forelock'—or he will soon forget to bestow them."

Perhaps nowhere is the imperative duty of using Time aright more forcibly inculcated than in our beautiful Craft ritual: for the youngest E.A. is taught it most impressively on his initiation, and the oldest M.M. cannot listen to the raising of a brother to the sublime degree without being emphatically reminded to be careful to perform his allotted task while it is yet day.

"Let it be remembered," says Mr. Benson, "that the beginning and ending of an ordinary English day differs in several respects from those of other nations. The Jews reckon their days, as do also the Greeks and Italians, from sunset to sunset; the Persians from sunrise to sunrise. The astronomical and nautical day is computed from noon to noon, and is reckoned by 24 hours, not by twice 12,—as, for instance, instead of writing half-past four in the morning of we will say Jan. 2, the astronomer would write Jan. 1, 16h. 30m. An ordinary English day is reckoned from 12 to 12 at midnight, after the fashion set by Ptolemy, which has this advantage over the method of reckoning from sunrise or sunset, that the latter periods are continually varying with the seasons of the year. The grouping of seven days into a week is shown in Genesis, but the seventh day is there alone especially named. The Sabbath is still kept by the Jews on the seventh day, but Christians keep the first day of the week in honour of Christ's resurrection, and call it the Lord's Day. After the older planetary method, Sunday was named in honour of the Sun, Monday of the Moon, Tuesday of Tuesco, or Mars, Wednesday of Woden or Mercury, Thursday of Thor, Friday of Friga, Venus, Saturday of Saturn. The Month named after the Moon, in consequence of a Month being nearly equal to the time occupied by the moon in going through all her changes, is again classed under the names lunar or calendar;" and so he goes on describing the difference between the two; the year before and after the time of Julius Cæsar; the Gregorian correction of the calendar, in 1582, which English bigotry could not adopt until 1752, and then an ignorant multitude clamoured to members of parliament, "Give us back our eleven days!" How "up to 1752 the legal year began in England on the 25th of March, and it was usual up to that day to employ two dates, as 1750-1; but since the change of style the year has commenced with the first of January,—nearly midwinter;" how "the only country in Europe which still retains the Old Style is Russia;" how "the earliest horologue or hour measurer of which history makes mention is that called the *Polos*, and the *Gnomon*;" how Herodotus ascribes their invention to the Babylonians, Phavorinus to Anaximander, and Pliny to Anaximenes; how mention is made by Isaiah of the Dial of Ahaz, a king who began to reign over the Jews 2617 years ago; with the history of every species of Time-tellers since then, are told in very agreeable reading, which will furnish us with material for another note.

Dr. Forbes Winslow states, that over ten thousand persons are now confined in the lunatic asylums of the United States, who have been driven mad by the strange delusion called Spiritualism.

A painting of the Last Supper, executed by Raphael shortly before his death, which occurred April 7th, 1520, is said to have been discovered at New Orleans. The picture has been roughly cut from its original frame, and put into a smaller one, Raphael's monogram being discovered under a fold of the canvass. Where it has been during the three hundred and fifty-six years that have elapsed since the hand that painted it lost its cunning through the bleeding of his "leech," would be a curious history, if it could be come at.

Referring to the recent Arctic Expedition, Sir Rutherford Alcock, President of the Royal Society, says:—"We know sufficient already, independent of the more scientific results, to feel assured it brings with its return a conviction that a further advance to the North Pole by Smith Sound is impracticable. Assuming this to be ascertained, I do not conceive, however, that it can with justice be considered a merely negative result. To me it seems a very positive and useful result to have achieved; for the next best thing to reaching the North Pole is to demonstrate the impractibility of such an achievement, and so close the chapter of failures, which have been attended with much loss of life and years of serious suspense and anxiety. The mystery of 'an open Polar Sea' has been dispelled, by what appears to be conclusive evidence that it has no existence. There has also been a gain to positive knowledge in demonstrating, for the first time, the true nature of the climate in the Polar area. We may rejoice that the British flag has been carried nearer the North Pole than any other, in the van of all, at 83 deg. 20 min. 26 sec., and has been planted in the most desolate region yet discovered on the globe—only 400 miles from the Pole Not, indeed, for the puerile vanity of being a few miles nearer the 'earth's summit,' but because to be the first in such a struggle proves the possession of some of the best and highest qualities of our race—dauntless courage, physical power of endurance of a rare order, sustained by unfailing energy and an unconquerable will. It is only men of such a type, the best and highest we know, who can win their laurels in endeavours to reach the Pole. It may be as suggested the other day, that the 'North Pole is no more interesting, *per se*, than any other part of the Arctic regions, and is merely that spot on the earth where the sun's altitude is equal to its declination'—but this, which may serve as a scientific formula, gives no hold nor place for the spirit of the discoverers in all ages to whom the unknown presents an irresistible attraction—nor the still larger classmen from which heroes spring, who need no other lure than the certainty of meeting danger and difficulty in their path, and the glory that attends success in triumphing over them. It is from the ranks of these chosen pioneers of our race in the regions of the unknown that Arctic Expeditions are recruited, and by them alone the noblest triumphs for science and civilisation are won in the fields of discovery. To them a waste of snow and a wilderness of rock, surrounded by ice barriers, have no terrors. The limits of all navigation beyond the furthest range of migration for birds or life for animals, where neither land nor water is, but only a frozen sea, with a night of five months, and a winter's cold ranging 60 deg. below freezing point, only served to beckon them on to see what yet may lay behind, in that great book of nature, icebound and 'sealed throughout the ages' to all the human race, with frozen bands which takes degrees of latitude in their span, and crush great ships between their folds, or fast lock them with a frozen grasp to the end of time."

Though anxious to see all men make the liberal arts and sciences their especial study, to see all strive hard to carry their researches into the hidden mysteries of nature and science, I cannot help expressing a hope that no more human lives will be risked over what is evidently an unattainable object. Honour to the brave fellows who have so nobly sustained the courage and intelligence of humanity in the intense cold and "darkness that may be felt" of the Arctic regions; but let their testimony, and that of the true heroes who have preceeded them, satisfy us now and for ever.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE OBJECT OF A LIFE.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

We published last month some admirable verses of this able writer in our widely-circulated contemporary, and we are anxious to call the attention of our readers to the following admirable lines, a sequel or appendix to the last, and especially deserving their attention and admiration.

To eat, drink, and be merry, because to-morrow we die;
The Master's talent to bury—a gift laid idly by;
To scrape with grim persistence the grains of a golden store;
To dig for a bare subsistence, that keeps the wolf from the door.
But whether in purple and riches, we feed on the fat of the land,
Or up to the middle in ditches, live hard by labour of hand,
To wrestle for ease and pelf, in a hunger of great and small,
Where it's "Every man for himself, and God, if He will, for us all,"
With greed that carries pollution of base and pitiful strife,
Can this be the true solution, the end and aim of a life?
No. Surely sparks celestial the seraphim share with us,
By instincts coarse and bestial can never be stifled thus!
And surely within the portals that bar their brighter sphere,
They yearn for fellow immortals, though grovelling worm-like here.
The helping hand to reach us, that guides with tender care,
The loving lesson to teach us, of a holier future there;
To whisper how fair and ample, the field we husband below,
To tell of the great example, the Man of compassion and woe;
Of footprints left behind Him, in the earthly path He trod,
And how the lowest may find Him, who straightly walk with God,
Who bend their backs to labour, and bend their knees to pray
In honest love for their neighbour, His one command obey;
Who freely bear for others, the burden sorrow hath laid,
Accepting all for brothers, that need a brothers' aid—
Rejoice in the gain resulting from every milestone passed,
And travel the road, exulting, that brings them home at last.

From "Temple Bar," for December.

All Freemasons will enter into the spirit of these wholesome lines.



THE Illustration is a *fac simile* of an old Jewel now in use in the well-known Humber Lodge, Hull, and presented to it, we believe, by Bro. Martin Kemp.

It is taken from a photograph by Bro. Joseph Walker, of Hull, lately S.W. of the Humber Lodge. We have to thank Bro. Martin Kemp for calling our attention to it, and for his fraternal permission to copy it in the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

We have not a great deal to report this month.

The Grand Lodge has accepted unanimously the Report of the Special Committee appointed to consider what form the grateful recognition of Grand Lodge for our Grand Master's return should take, and which recommends the endowment of two Life Boats with £4,000. The vote has to be confirmed at the next Quarterly Communication. Beyond this and the onward progress of the Craft in England, we have, as we said before, but little to note.

One fact is, however, very striking, namely, that during 1876 our English Fraternity sent up over £39,000 to the three great metropolitan charities, a fact which in itself speaks volumes for the reality of its professions, and the value of its humble work.

The new year brings us from the antipodes another senseless Ultramontane attack on Freemasonry, proceeding too, from a Roman Catholic Archbishop, who is old enough to know better, so that in Old World as in New, at Home and at the Antipodes, the Ultramontanes seem desirous to curse and to crush all who venture to differ from their own opinions, or to diverge from their so-called infallible faith. We shall recur to the subject in our next.

SONNET.

For the "Masonic Magazine."

By Bro. Rev. M. Gordon.

Their charms renew'd by each glad summer's sun,
Deck'd are the flow'rs in vesture radiant, as
No mortal artists skill can e'er surpass;
So deftly Phœbus' hands their robes have spun

In Nature's loom.—As not ev'n Solomon
Himself, array'd in all his glory, was
Apparell'd in such brightness as the grass
Can show in flow'rs—so ne'er so fair hath shone

His temple's stately structure, as doth shine
One lowly heart which shows, in works, its love.
By far a nobler—a more fragrant shrine
This temple; where, enkindled from above,
By thee, O Truth, and by thy mystic fires,
Love's incense, sweet as flow'rs, to heav'n aspires.

LETTER OF BRO. W. J. HUGHAN, OF ENGLAND, TO THE GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.

My Dear Brethren, — The zealous chairman of your "Foreign Communications Committee" has so frequently and kindly noticed my various contributions towards a universal Masonic history in his valuable and original reports, that I feel bound to fraternally respond to his *call*, and write a special Centennial letter to him and my warm friends in Ohio, and through them to the fifty Grand Lodges in the United States, whose prosperity is the delight of the Craft in Great Britain, and the joy in particular of the writer. The "*New* Day and the *New* Duty," alluded to by our esteemed Bro. Caldwell, has special reference to the United States, and so does not suit my pen. The longer I live the more am I convinced that the Grand Lodge jurisdiction theory, mainly propounded by my American friends, is the right one. *One* Grand Lodge only for each State, country, or dominion. I am also convinced that so long as a candidate *believes in God*, and is a *free* man, of *mature age, sound judgment*, and *strict morals*—these five conditions are the only desirable prerequisites for proposition in a Masonic lodge, all other questions with respect to *colour, physical qualifications*, and so on, being left to the secret ballot for *decision*. *Carry* this law in America, and the Eastern and Western Hemispheres will join "hand in hand" in Masonic legislation, and the *Centennial* year will be *the* Masonic year.

With respect "to *the relation Masonry bears to the early Guilds of London*," I have already, in connection with my brother, the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, traced the connection plainly, and so have several of your leading Masonic scholars—Dr. Albert G. Mackey, General Albert Pike, and more recently George F. Fort. I have, however, recently been favoured with transcripts by my friend Bro. William Clarke, of Shepton Mallet, England, of several early allusions to Freemasonry of an important character, and which have hitherto been unnoticed by the Craft. They are of interest to Masonic students, and I have, therefore, decided to copy them for reproduction through the medium of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, and I feel sure the time and trouble involved in tracing and authenticating such references by me will be well employed.

With respect to *early* Freemasonry, you will be aware of the contents of that truly magnificent work, the "History of the Lodge of Edinburgh," from 1599, by my dear friend David Murray Lyon.

It is quite clear that the evidence submitted by Bro. Lyon proves that *Modern* Freemasonry was introduced into Scotland by Dr. Desaguliers in 1721. Before, however, the Past Grand Master was permitted to visit the Ancient Lodge of Edinburgh, he was examined, and found to be "*duly qualified in all points of Masonry*," so that whatever differences (or additions) there might have been between *Modern* and *Ancient* Freemasonry, they were not sufficient to obliterate the original character of the society or prevent visitation. Many lodges continued working in Scotland and in England for years after the Grand Lodge of England was formed in 1717 (and the Grand Lodge of *all* England at York, A.D. 1725, and the Grand Lodge of Scotland, 1736), which had been in existence prior to the advent of the first Grand Lodge in the world, and visitations between the *old* and *new regime* were not uncommon. At times an old operative lodge accepted a warrant from a Grand Lodge; at other times some *old* lodges were allowed to retain their *Ancient* privileges to meet without warrants so long as they gave in their adhesion to the new system, and of this class many still exist in Scotland, notably the Lodge of Kilwinning, No. 0; the Lodge of Edinburgh, No. 1; the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, No. 2 (an offshoot of mother lodge Kilwinning, in 1677); the Sevon and Perth, No. 3; the Ancient Lodge at Aberdeen; St. John's Lodge, Glasgow, No. 3; Canongate and Leith, No. 5; and the Journeyman Lodge, No. 8 (an offshoot of the Lodge of Edinburgh in 1704), and others. Also in England, the Lodge of Antiquity, London, No. 2, and the Somerset House Lodge, No. 4. Others also in England have joined the Grand Lodge who date now from their warrants, but their real origin goes back long antecedent to that period. Some, like the old lodge at Alnwick (whose history I have written from A.D.

1701, and which is to be found in the *Voice of Masonry*, Chicago, and the *Freemason*, London), never joined the Grand Lodge, and finally collapsed, while others accepted warrants and still exist, of which some of the following extracts furnish examples.

Then again there is the history of the old lodge at York to be considered, with records or MS. constitutions from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and which constituted *itself* a Grand Lodge in 1725, but died out about 1790, not before, however, forming other lodges in England (*but nowhere else*), which children, however, also expired during the last century, no representative now being alive.

All these instances prove that Freemasonry was worked in lodges *before* the period of Grand Lodges; that they were mainly for operative purposes, though *not always*, for the Aberdeen Lodge in 1670 had more *speculative* or non-operative members *than operatives*, and an old lodge at Haughfoot, Scotland (extinct), was, so far as we know, not operative at all when there were no Grand Lodges, and also afterward.

The following extracts also serve to show the spread of Freemasonry through the medium of the Grand Lodge of England, which really gave the impetus to the progress of the Craft throughout the world, and the towns and cities mentioned generally saw the light of Modern Masonry for the first time as narrated:

St. James Evening Post, September 7, 1734.—"We hear from Paris that a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons was lately held there at Her Grace the Duchess of Portsmouth's house, where His Grace the Duke of Richmond, assisted by another English nobleman of distinction there, President Montesquieu, Brigadier Churchill, Ed. Yonge, Esq., Registrar of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, and Walter Strickland, Esq., admitted several persons of distinction into that most Ancient and Honourable Society."

September 20, 1735.—"They write from Paris that His Grace the Duke of Richmond and the Rev. Dr. Desaguliers, formerly Grand Master of the Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, and now authorized by the present Grand Master (under his hand and seal and the seal of the Order), having called a lodge at the Hotel Bussy, in the Rue Bussy, His Excellency the Earl of Waldegrave, His Majesty's ambassador to the French King, the Right Honourable the President Montesquieu, the Marquis de Lomurea, Lord Dursley, son to the Earl of Berkley, the Hon. Mr. Fitz-Williams, Messieurs Knight, father and son, Dr. Hickman, and several other persons, both French and English were present, and the following noblemen and gentlemen were admitted to the Order; namely, His Grace the Duke of Kingston, the Honourable the Count de St. Florentin, Secretary of State to his Most Christian Majesty, the Right Honourable the Lord Chewton, son to Earl Waldegrave, Mr. Pelham, Mr. Armiger, Mr. Colton, and Mr. Clement, after which the new brethren gave a handsome entertainment to all the company."

The origin of Freemasonry in France has yet to be written. The statements current for years that a lodge and Provincial Grand Lodge were started in Paris under authority of the Grand Lodge of England requires to be authenticated, and so far we have evidence only of the constitution of a lodge in that city, noted in the foregoing, which, according to the constitution of 1738, occurred under the Grand Mastership of Viscount Montagu. The list of lodges by Pine, published A.D. 1734, states that the lodge held at "au Louis d'Argent, dans la Rue de Boucherie à Paris," was warranted 3d April, 1732. This is the earliest lodge that is mentioned in any authorized publication of the Grand Lodge of England. In the list of "Deputations beyond the sea," inserted in the Constitutions, 1738, prior to the Parisian Lodge, we find the following: *Gibraltar*, 1726—7 *Madrid*, 1727—28; *East Indies*, 1728—9, Lower Saxony and New Jersey, America, 1729—30; The Hague and Russia, 1732. Doubtless, Freemasonry in France will yet receive the attention it deserves, and as a contribution toward the accumulation of historical facts we continue the extracts from old newspapers.

May 12, 1737.—"By a private letter from Paris we are assured that the Order of Freemasons, established long since in England, has become *lately* so much in vogue in Paris, there being great striving to be admitted even at the expense of ten

Louis d'ors. Eighteen or twenty persons of distinction have lately been created Masons, amongst whom was the Marshal D'Estrees, and five lodges are already established, which makes so great a noise and gives so much offence to people ignorant of their mysteries, that 'tis expected they will shortly be suppressed as they have been in Holland."

In the next issue of the *Post* the following brief announcement is made, "*The King forbids the lodges,*" and of date April 26, 1737, it is noted that "there are spread about at Paris copies of an apologizing letter wrote by a Freemason. He says amongst other particulars 'that the things imputed to the disadvantage of the Brotherhood obliges him publicly to undertake the defence. That the views the Freemasons propose to themselves are the most pure and inoffensive, and tend only to promote such qualities in them as may form good citizens and zealous subjects, faithful to their prince, to their country, and their friends..... That the name of Freemason is far from being an insignificant title; that the duty it prescribes to those who bear it is to endeavour to erect temples for virtue and dungeons for vice.' 'He adds that he is by no means afraid of violating the secret imposed on him in publishing that their principal design is to restore to the earth the reign of Astrea and to revive the time of Rhea.' He assures 'the *fair* that the whole Brotherhood is full of respect and veneration for them, but that these sentiments are not exempt from fear, and that even this same fear obliges the Freemasons to exclude their sex from their assemblies.' He concludes in this manner: 'This exclusion ought by no means to provoke the indignation of those who are the objects of it. To prevent such an effect, they need only recollect from whom Adam received the apple. Sad present! Since had it not been for that fatal apple, Adam would have remained the first Freemason.'"

A collection of the various attacks on Freemasonry at home and abroad, from 1720 to 1750, would prove especially interesting, but can not now be made excepting in parts, for many have doubtless long ceased to exist, pamphlet literature being generally of very short duration. Many of the early "*exposures*" and manuals published in France and Germany early last century, furnish information on many points of value, and especially as to the general work in the lodges, and the absence of all degrees but the *three first.* Then, as time rolls on, other degrees are gradually added, and the character of the *Third* is vastly altered. But, to continue the extracts, we furnish a few more foreign clippings.

September 13, 1737.—*Versailles.*—"The Lieutenant-General of the Police at Paris has published an order against the assembly of all unauthorised societies, and laid a fine upon the master of an ordinary for suffering a lodge of Freemasons to be held at his house."

In the so called "Secrets of Masonry, by S. P.," London 1737, is printed the "Paris letter of January 13, 1737," which purports to be "the secret of the Order of Freemasons and the ceremonies observed at the reception of members," and which is reprinted in the *St. James Evening Post,* with the date from Paris of January 2, 1738 O.S. Many of the particulars afforded are most ludicrous, and doubtless intended to amuse the brethren as well as the public. There is an evident intention on the part of the author to do justice to the Fraternity; for he makes the *orator* say to the candidates: "You are going to embrace a respectable Order, which is more *serious* than you imagine.* There is nothing in it against the law, against religion, against the State, against the king, nor against manners. The venerable Grand Master will let you know the rest." The editor states that the foregoing and other particulars are taken from the *Utrecht Gazette,* and if the *exposé* be continued his correspondent promises not to fail in communicating all to the public. It is substantially the same as the Paris letter, and reads like a copy, which it doubtless is.

There are other references to Continental Freemasonry in these "*Posts.*"

Holland, November 4, 1734. "Besides the lodge of English Freemasons at Rotterdam, another is erected at The Hague, depending on the Grand Lodge here (London)

* Quite a necessary explanation to a candidate, if all the preliminaries took place as narrated in the letter!

where six members were admitted on the 19th inst., N.S."

November 6, 1735.—*They write from The Hague* "That on Monday, 24th October, N. S., there was opened a Dutch Lodge, at the new Doole, of the Noble and Ancient Order of Freemasons, with all the order, regularity, and magnificence due to that Illustrious Society. The solemnity was honoured by the presence of their Grand Master, William Cornelius Rademaker, Treasurer to his Highness the Prince of Orange, etc."

Then again; *Lisbon*, of date June 3, 1736. *They write from Lisbon* "that by authority of the Right Honourable the Earl of Weymouth, the then Grand Master of all Mason's lodges, Mr. George Gordon, Mathematician, has constituted a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in that city; and that a great many merchants of the Factory and other people of distinction have been received and regularly made Freemasons. That Lord George Graham, Lord Forrester, and a great many gentlemen belonging to the English fleet, being brethren, were present at constituting the lodge, and it is expected that in a short time it will be one of the greatest abroad."

Florence, Leghorn, Smyrna, Aleppo. Letter from Florence, dated May 24, 1738. —The Freemasons' lodges, which had been interdicted here during the life of the Great Duke, are now held again with all the liberty and freedom imaginable, and without any dread of the Inquisition, which has no right to attack a society of which the new sovereign is a member. The Freemasons of Leghorn have also reopened their lodges, and we hear from Constantinople that the lodges of Smyrna and Aleppo are greatly increased, and that several Turks of distinction have been admitted into them."

The Constitutions of 1738 say but little of all these Masonic interdictions and deputations. It appears therefrom that Viscount Weymouth granted a deputation to "Bro. George Gordon for constituting a lodge at Lisbon, in Portugal," which was numbered 135 on the list of 1736, in which the lodge at Boston appears as 126. Under the Earl of Strathmore a deputation was granted "to eleven German gentlemen, good brothers, for constituting a lodge at Hamburg," numbered 124, another for "Valenciennes, in French Flanders," being No. 127, and for the Hague, No. 131; also one for the Duke of Richmond, at his Castle d'Aubigny, in France, was No. 133.

There must have been many more lodges constituted than appears on the regular list of lodges to account for the rapid increase of Freemasonry throughout the habitable globe, and we know that in several instances lodges were constituted whose names have not been found, on the roll of the Grand Lodge of England in early days. In many cases Provincial Grand Masters issued warrants without the signatures of any of the Grand Lodge officers, and were allowed to do so, not only in England, but also abroad. Apparently at times the Provincial Grand Masters neglected to report such constitutions, for which reason at the present time we are in ignorance as to what lodges (if any) were formed in New Jersey and New York by virtue of Coxe's Deputation, though we know one was instituted at Philadelphia (if not more) in 1730. We might multiply instances of this kind, but forbear; for year by year we are accumulating facts instead of theories, and ere long shall know more as to Freemasonry during the last century.

(To be Continued.)

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES AND MODERN FREEMASONRY; THEIR ANALOGIES CONSIDERED.

BY ALBERT G. MACKEY, M.D.

From the "Voice of Masonry," for November.

THE "Ancient Mysteries" have been a very fertile topic of misconception among those who have treated of them in connection with their influence on modern Freemasonry. The earliest school, instituted by Drs. Anderson and Desaguliers, followed to some extent by Hutchinson, and diligently and thoroughly cultivated by Dr. Oliver, taught that they were the legitimate predecessors of our present

Masonry, and that there was scarcely any appreciable difference between the rites and ceremonies practised in those mystical associations of paganism and those adopted by the Masonic lodges of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. These believers in the lineal and direct succession of Freemasonry from the ancient mysteries have, of course, discovered, or thought that they had discovered, the most striking and wonderful analogies between the internal organizations of the two institutions. Hence, they have not hesitated to call the "Hierophant," or the explainer of the Sacred Rites in the mysteries, a "Worshipful Master," nor to style the "Dadouchos," or torch-bearer, and the "Hieroceryx," or herald, "Wardens," nor to assign to the "Epibomus," or altar-server, the title of "Senior Deacon." All this is, of course, absurd. It is in violation of historical truth, and, in the mind of the real scholar, it produces the inevitable effect, that all pretentious statements must, of weakening the real and well-founded claims of Masonry to an early origin. Modern Masonic students have, therefore, with great unanimity, rejected this theory.

The theory of the Abbe Robin, although less preposterous than that of Anderson and Oliver, is yet untenable. He held that many of the Christian knights who went to Palestine in the time of the crusaders, underwent the ancient initiations, and, on their return, brought them with them to Europe and introduced them into the secret societies, which, in time, assumed the form and name of Freemasonry. This theory was adopted also by the chevalier Ramsey, who made it the basis of the Masonic Rite which he established, and who chose as the motto of his order the apothegm that "every Templar is a Freemason." This doctrine is still maintained in most of the "hauts grades," of the modern rites of Masonry, but it is so symbolically explained as to divest it of all historical value.

The Rev. Mr. King, the author of a very learned and interesting treatise on the Gnostics, has advanced a theory much more plausible than either of those to which I have adverted. He maintains that some of the pagan mysteries, especially those of Mithras, which had been instituted in Persia, extended beyond the period of the advent of Christianity, and that their doctrines and usages were adopted by the secret societies, which existed at an early period in Europe, and which finally assumed the form of Freemasonry. I have said that this theory is a plausible one. It is so, because its salient points are sustained by history. It is a fact that some of the mysteries of paganism were practised in Europe long after the commencement of the Christian era. They afforded a constant topic of denunciation to the fathers of the church, who feared and attacked what they supposed to be their idolatrous tendencies. It was not until the middle of the fifth century that they were proscribed by an edict of the emperor Theodosius. But an edict of proscription is not necessarily followed by an immediate abolition of the thing proscribed. The public celebration of the mysteries, of course, must have ceased at once when such celebration became unlawful. But a private and secret observance of them may have continued, and probably did continue, for an indefinite time—perhaps even to as late a period as the end of the fifth century or the beginning of the sixth. During all this time it is known that secret associations, such as the Roman Colleges of Artificers, existed in Europe, and that from them ultimately sprang up the organizations of Builders, which with Como, in Lombardy, as their centre, spread throughout Europe in the middle ages, and whose members, under the recognized name of "Travelling Freemasons," were the founders of Gothic Architecture. There is no forced nor unnatural succession from them to the guilds of Operative Masons, who undoubtedly gave rise, about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century, to the Speculative Order, or the Free and Accepted Masons, which is the organization that exists at the present day. There is therefore nothing untenable in the theory that the Mithraic mysteries which prevailed in Europe until the fifth, or perhaps the sixth, century may have impressed some influence on the ritual, form and character of the associations of early Builders, and that this influence may have extended to the Travelling Freemasons, the Operative, Masons, and, finally, to the Free and

Accepted Masons, since it cannot be denied that there was an uninterrupted chain of succession between these organizations. The theory of Mr. King cannot, therefore, be summarily rejected. It may not be altogether true, but it has so many of the elements of truth about it that it claims our serious consideration. But, after all, we may find a sufficient explanation of the analogy which undoubtedly exists between the rites of the ancient mysteries and those of the modern Freemasons in the natural tendency of the human mind to develop *its ideas in the same way, when* these ideas are suggested by the same circumstances. The fact that both institutions have taught the same lessons by the same method of instructions may have arisen, not from a succession of organizations, each one link of a long chain leading directly to another, but rather from a natural and usual coincidence of human thought.

Although in ancient times, and under the benighted rule of pagan idolatry, the doctrine of a future life was not the popular belief, and men were supposed to have been created "*veluti pecora,*" like the beasts of the field, to live, to grovel on the earth, to die and to rot beneath it; yet there were always some who aspired to a higher thought—philosophers and men of culture who, like Socrates, and Plato, and Pythagoras, nourished with earnest longing, the hope of immortality. Now, it was by such men that the mysteries were originally organized, and it was for instruction in such a doctrine that they were instituted. But, opposed as such instruction was to the general current of popular thought, it became necessarily and defensively of an esoteric character. Hence the secret character of the mysteries; hence, too, the symbolic form of the instruction. Symbolism is, in fact, a secret alphabet or cipher; every symbol is a letter, and the combination of many symbols constitutes words, the meaning of which is known only to the initiates.

Freemasonry also teaches the doctrine of a future life. There was no necessity, as in the case of the pagan mysteries, to conceal this doctrine from the populace, yet there is a proneness in the human mind, which has always existed, to clothe the most sacred subjects with the garb of mystery. It was in this spirit that Jesus spoke to the Jewish multitudes in parables which the disciples were to comprehend, but not the people; so "that seeing, they might not see, and hearing, they might not understand."

The Mysteries and Freemasonry were both secret societies—not necessarily, because the one was the successor of the other, but because both were human institutions and both partook of the same human tendency to conceal what was sacred from the unhallowed eyes and ears of the *profane.* This is the first analogy between the two institutions — their secret character, their esoteric form of instruction. But when once the esoteric character of the instruction was determined on, or involuntarily adopted by the force of those tendencies to which I have referred, it was but natural that the esoteric instruction should be communicated by symbolism, because in all ages symbols have been the cipher by which secret associations of every character have restricted the knowledge which they imparted to their initiates only. Here, then, we find another analogy—although, perhaps, an incidental one—between the Ancient Mysteries and Modern Freemasonry.

Again: in the Ancient Mysteries the essential doctrine of a resurrection from death to eternal life was always taught in a dramatic form. There was a drama in which the aspirant represented, or there was visibly pictured to him the death by violence, and then the apotheosis, or the resurrection to life and immortality of some hero in whose honour the peculiar Mystery was founded. Hence, in all the Mysteries there were the *thanatos*—death, or slaying of the hero; the *aphanism,* or the concealment of the body by the slayers, and the *euresis,* or the finding of the body by the initiates. This was represented in the form of a drama, which, from the character of the plot began with mourning and ended with joy. The traditional "*eureka,*" sometimes attributed to Pythagoras when he discovered the forty-seventh problem and sometimes to Archimedes when he accidentally learned the principle of specific gravity, was nightly repeated by the initiates, when, at the termination of the drama of the Mysteries, they found the hidden body of their Master.

Almost every country of pagan antiquity has its own mysteries peculiar to itself. Thus, in the island of Samothrace we find the Mysteries of the Cabiri; at Athens they celebrated the Elusinian Mysteries; in Egypt they had the Mysteries of Osiris; in Persia those of Mithras, which were the last to perish after the advent of Christianity. These Mysteries, differing as they do in name, were essentially the same in general form. They were all dramatic in their "getting up;" each one presented, in a series of theatrical scenes, the adventures of some god or hero, with his sufferings from the attacks of his enemies, his death at their hands, his descent into the grave, or into Hades, and his final rising again. The only essential difference between those various mysteries was that there was to each one a different and peculiar god or hero, whose life and adventures, whose death and resurrection, or apotheosis, constituted the subject of the drama. Thus, in Samothrace it was Atys who was slain and restored, in Egypt it was Osiris, at Athens it was Dionysus, and in Persia it was Mithras. But in all of them the essential ingredients of the plot were identical, and the dramatic form, the theatrical representation of the allegory, was everywhere preserved. This dramatic form of the rites in the Mysteries—this acted allegory in which the doctrine of the resurrection was inculcated by the visible representation of some fictitious history—was, as the learned Dr. Dollinger has justly observed, "eminently calculated to take a powerful hold on the imagination and the heart, and to excite in the spectators alternately conflicting sentiments of terror and calmness, sorrow and fear and hope."

Now, the recognized fact that this mode of inculcating a philosophical or religious idea by a dramatic representation would naturally lead to its adoption by all other associations where the same lesson was to be inculcated as that taught in the Ancient Mysteries. The tendency to dramatize an allegory is universal, because it is the most expedient, and has proved to be the most successful. The drama of the third, or Master's degree of Masonry is, as respects the subject and the development of the plot and the conduct of the scenes, the same as the drama of the Ancient Mysteries. There is the same *thanatos*, the same *aphanism*, or concealment of the body, and the same *euresis*, or discovery of it. The drama of the third degree, like the drama of the Mysteries, begins in sorrow and ends in joy. Everything is so similar that we at once recognize another analogy between the Ancient Mysteries and modern Freemasonry.

The facts that in both the Mysteries and Freemasonry there was a solemn obligation of secrecy, with penalties for its violation, and that the members of both were in possession of certain methods of recognition known only to themselves, constitute other analogies between these two systems, but which may be safely attributed to the fact that such peculiarities are and always will be the necessary adjuncts of any secret organization, whether religious, social, or political. In every secret society, isolated from the rest of mankind, we must find, as a natural outgrowth, and as a necessary means of defence and isolation, an obligation of secret and a method of recognition. On such analogies it is, therefore, scarcely worth while to dilate.

Finally, I have to speak of an analogy between the Ancient Mysteries and modern Freemasonry, which is not only important as showing an identity of design and method in the two systems, but is also peculiarly interesting. I allude to the division—call it what you may, either steps, classes, or degrees—to which both were subjected. In the progress from the lowest to the highest arcana, from the mere inception to the full accomplishment of the instruction, the aspirant in the Ancient Mystery, as in modern Freemasonry, passed through three gradations, and, as it were, ascended three steps of a mystical ladder, by which, beginning at the foundation, he finally reached the summit or full fruition of all knowledge. These three steps, grades, or divisions of the aspirant's progress were, in the mysteries of antiquity, as they still are in the Freemasonry of the present day, *Lustration*, *Initiation* and *Perfection*. Through these three steps of gradual progress in the course of instruction every aspirant in the Ancient Mysteries was compelled to pass, and similar steps of advancement, whatever may be the name by which they are designated, has the candidate in Freemasonry to ascend.

Lustration is the ceremony of purifica-

tion by water. In the Christian system, where the rite was borrowed directly from the Jewish religion, it is called "Baptism," and the same word has recently been appropriated by certain ritualists, to the ceremony of lustration in the higher degrees of Masonry. But such an application of the word is, I think, inexpedient and improper, because it may lead to a misconception, and needlessly give offence to some who think that the word "baptism" should be confined to a strictly religious use. I prefer, therefore, the term "lustration," which was always used in the Ancient Mysteries. It must, however, be admitted that the ceremony of baptism under the name of lustration is very much older than Christianity. It was practised, as everybody knows, by the Hebrews, who, by its use, introduced and consecrated their proselytes or new converts. It was in use as a ceremony of purification in all the Ancient Mysteries from India to Egypt and Greece, and even in Gaul, in Britain, and in Scandinavia very long before the solemn day when St. John consecrated Christ to His life-work by the same sacred sign. Lustration was, in the Ancient Mysteries, the symbol of purification, and hence it was the preparatory step previous to initiation. Water, from its natural cleansing quality, has, in all ages and in all countries, been deemed a symbol of purity. It was undoubtedly with respect to this quality that it was adopted by Christianity as a sign of entrance into the church. It is true that to this was also added, by the ceremony of total immersion, as practised in the primitive church, the symbolism of a burial and a resurrection in Christ. But the first idea was that of symbolic purification suggested by the purifying or cleansing virtue of the element used in the ceremony. This was surely the predominating thought in the mind of St. John the Baptist when he said on the banks of the Jordan, "I indeed baptize you with water, but He that comes after me is mightier than I, and he will baptize you with the Holy Spirit." I indeed give you the symbol of purification, I teach you by this washing of the body the necessity that the soul should be washed clean from all sin, but He who comes after me will, by his mightier power, go beyond the symbol, and will, not with water, but with the power of the Spirit of God, purify and cleanse your hearts. With the same original idea of purification, the ceremony of the bath was practised on the introduction of the Orders of Chivalry. The new knight was required to bathe, and special reference was made in its explanation to the Christian sacrament, for, as Sir Hugh of Tiberias says, in the mediæval poem which bears his name, that "as the infant comes out of the baptismal font pure from sin, so should the new knight come out of the bath without any villainy or impurity."

(*To be Continued.*)

LINES TO THE CRAFT.

BY BRO. FRANK B. COVELL.

From the "Keystone."

[A member of Vienna Lodge, N. 440, F. and A.M., Vienna, Oneida County, N.Y. Composed while in Camp, U.S. Army, at Standing Rock, Dakotah Territory, Sunday, Oct. 1st, A.D. 1876.]

Hail! members of the votive throng,
Linked to Truth by virtue's chain,
Now the welcome notes prolong—
Proudly sound the Craft's great name.

For each other's weal we seek—
To pure affection strive to rise;
To cheer the brave and help the weak,
We're bound by strong fraternal ties.

We here our Brethren all invest
With secret rites and mystic signs,
By which, when wronged, or sore distressed,
Each, one another's woe divines.

Within our Temple all agree—
Men of every creed and clime;
From selfishness and passion free,
All meet in harmony sublime.

Unmoved by time, our Order stands,
By wisdom, strength and beauty crown'd;
Our union, of both hearts and hands,
Extends to earth's remotest bound.

OLD LONDON.

On Monday evening, December 11th, Mr. G. H. Birch, A.R.I.B.A., read by request, before the Royal Institute of British Architects—Mr. Henry Currey, V.P., in the chair—a paper, profusely illustrated, on the Domestic Architecture of London in the Seventeenth Century. He took a retrospective glance at old London under two widely different aspects. On the one hand, we had the mediæval city, with the accumulated historic glories of several centuries crowded within its walls, the stupendous cathedral towering above the narrow and tortuous streets and gabled roofs of private houses. In the London of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, the long roofs of several of the monastic churches were still to be seen in spite of wanton spoilation and destruction. What things had that London seen "done at the Mermaid!" What words had it heard "so nimble and so full of subtle flame!" But its sun set for ever in the red glow of the Great Fire. Then the curtain rose on the London of the latter half of the 17th century. Amid the smoking embers Wren and Evelyn were elaborating, and the city was slowly rising again from its ruins. The building Act (19 Car. II.) ordered that symmetry should take the place of irregularity, and thus was ushered in the London of the last four Stuart Sovereigns, which is now so surely and swiftly being elbowed out. Attention was then called to the waifs and strays yet left us of the wreck. The districts of the City richest in relics of Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Caroline times are, of course, those wards which either wholly or in great part escaped the Great Fire of 1666—viz., Bishopsgate, Portsoken, Aldgate, Tower, Lime Street. and Broad Street. Before the Fire the London houses were half timbered and covered with rough cast and plaster. Brick did not become universal until the reign of James I. The ward of Bishopsgate was especially rich in such remains, which had been exhaustively described in the Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archæological Association by the Rev. Thomas Hugo. The best preserved and most characteristic example was the well-known house of Sir Paul Pinder (+ 1650) in Bishopsgate Street. It had been sadly mutilated, but enough was left to give us no bad idea of a wealthy citizen's house at this period, a man rich enough to give £10,000 towards the restoration of Old St. Paul's, and to leave, notwithstanding his vast sacrifices for the Royal cause, princely benefactions to Christ's Hospital and to those of St. Bartholomew, St. Thomas, Bridewell, and Bethlehem. On account of alterations, additions, and partial demolitions, it was impossible to give a plan of the house; but Mr. Birch had very little doubt that the houses in Half Moon Street were portions of the mansion. The ceilings are exceedingly rich, one representing in flat relief the Sacrifice of Isaac; others being divided into geometrical patterns by projecting ribs, with foliage and pendants. In Great St. Helen's, he said, immediately opposite the old priory, are some very beautiful mansions of cut red brickwork, with pilasters, cornices, and rustications, all in brick. A date, 1646, is on one of the pilasters. There is little doubt that it is from the hand of Inigo Jones. He is known to have been employed on the priory church, where some screenwork and doorways are still left, bearing witness to his exquisite taste in design and proportion; and on comparing this work with the woodwork and general design of the houses in Great St. Helen's, and again with those on the west side of Lincoln's-inn-fields, Mr. Birch thought there could be very little room for doubt. In No. 9 on the first floor is a good fireplace, which is reproduced by Mr. Hugo, and there is another in No. 12 of the same style. Here again, the house front is adorned with red brick pilasters, but of rather bolder proportions and closer together, and instead of supporting a cornice brick pins are carried up from the caps, and a plain wall masking the roof and dormers. This, however, is probably an alteration. Over one of the windows is a very graceful tablet with pediment and side scrolls in moulded brick. Crosby Square, built immediately after a fire which partially destroyed Crosby Hall in 1676, occupies the great quadrangle of that magnificent specimen of mediæval art. The square still retains its old houses, one of which has a very fine projecting canopy over the door, delicately

and beautifully carved, and many of the rooms are most handsomely panelled and have fine staircases. Hard by, at 25, Bishopsgate Street, Crosby Hall Chambers, is a very noble chimney-piece. Mr. Birch attributed this house again to Inigo Jones, owing to the peculiar rustication of the ground floor. Passing on to Lime Street, the author of the paper described *con amore* a house of which he took drawings in 1872, before it was unhappily destroyed, and on which he has published a monograph. The quarter was the Belgravia of Old London, when the Court was habitually kept at the Tower. The gate was inscribed with the year 1631, but successive modernizations had robbed the outside of all interest, save, perhaps, to the antiquary. It was impossible fully to trace the history of this relic of London before the Great Fire. But there were names stirring enough identified with it. Before the 15th century ended the site was occupied by the town house of the powerful Scropes of Bolton. For Lime Street was then inhabited wholly by the wealthiest and greatest nobles—the Nevilles, Bohuns, Fitzalans, Whittingtons, De Burleys, De Veres. The identification of the house in question with the Scropes was established by the will of one Richart Kuyht Hustings, dated in the 20th of Henry VII. (1505). The names of the next lessees were lost by the destruction of the archives of the Fishmongers' Company, to which it had been bequeathed, in the Great Fire. But eventually the house was leased to Sir Thomas Abney, Lord Mayor of London in 1701, and the patron of Dr. Isaac Watts. In his time it underwent changes, which Mr. Birch described in detail, and the owner kept his mayoralty there. The name and estates of the Abneys passed by marriage into the Hastings family, and became extinct in the direct male line on the death of the late Rawdon Plantagenet Abney Hastings, Marquis of Hastings. The Bordieus, very eminent merchants, were the next possessors, who lie buried in the neighbouring church of St. Mary Undershaft. Mr. Birch's drawings of this fine old mansion were shown, and the details fondly dwelt on. It was mentioned that the Fishmongers' Company generously presented some of the noble fireplaces to the South Kensington Museum, and one to the Guildhall. Some of the oldest London Inns were much passed in review, the Tabard, the Swan with Four Necks, or "Nicks" rather, as Mr. Birch said it would be, and the Oxford Arms, in Warwick Lane. The views of the last taken by the society for photographing Old London were exhibited, and their beauty of chiaroscuro was lovingly dwelt upon. The Oxford Arms was rebuilt immediately after the Great Fire, as a contemporary advertisement of Edward Bartlett, an Oxford carrier, whose head quarters the Inn was, demonstrably proved. These old Inns were built on a sort of traditional plan, so that the present Oxford Arms resembled the old model. Old river-side houses, ancient tenements in Hoxton High Street, Wapping, Blackwall, Aldgate, Mile End Road, and Gray's Inn-lane were next spoken of, and then followed more detailed accounts of Lambeth Palace, Middle Temple Hall, Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, with a slight mention of the minor Inns of Court. The history and architecture of the Charterhouse were sketched more fully. Before concluding the lecturer spoke of "one little gem of a room" in the Ward Schools of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, all panelled in oak, and in each of the panels an excellent painting in chiaroscuro in a very perfect state of preservation. Attention was also called to a house in Mark Lane—not the well-known old house on the right going from Fenchurch Street, but on the left, close to the Corn Exchange, in which there was a very perfect room, with a high chimney-piece, elaborate architrave and pediments to the door, with a very richly-decorated plaster ceiling. Unhappily, it was about to be pulled down. The paper was repeatedly cheered, and a discussion followed.

ON READING.

Some short time back the annual meeting of the City and Spitalfields School of Art—unique of its kind in the City of London, and well worthy of imitation in other parts of the metropolis and in large provincial towns, for the good it is doing

and the benefits it confers—was held at its head quarters, a large, lofty, and well-ventilated building, situate in the heart of Bishopsgate. The School, which has been popular and successful from the very first, was established in 1842, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Rev. William Rogers, M.A., Rector of Bishopsgate, aided by most of the principal citizens in the Ward, among whom he is exceedingly popular. The occasion of the meeting was the annual distribution of prizes, and the ceremony attracted a very large audience, including the representatives of the Ward in the Court of Common Council, and most of the principal inhabitants of the district; the members of the committee of management: Sir John Bennett, Mr. John L. Ogle, M.A., honorary secretary, and other gentlemen. Mr. Anthony Trollope on whom the duty of distributing the prizes devolved, was much cheered on rising to discharge it. He said there was nothing, he believed, in this world so variable as success, and he could conceive nothing more typical of success than the giving away of prizes. Therefore he had been asked to take part on that very interesting occasion. But he had not unnaturally asked himself the reason why. He was a man who had devoted his life, not to the instruction, but to the amusement of his fellow-creatures. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" and unless they could amuse themselves by means of recreation they could hardly be successful. He was going to recommend them to become readers; but he was not going especially to recommend them to read novels, though he was a writer of novels. From reading good novels they might derive good lessons; but if they would condescend to read bad novels they would certainly get very bad lessons. He hoped that every young boy that heard him would have to earn his bread. Ninety-nine out of a thousand who had to earn their bread were much more happy than the unfortunate person who got his livelihood without labour. Each one of those he was addressing had to ask himself what he meant to do with his life. Let their trials and struggles be what they might, there would be many hours to each of them in which their happiness would depend on the recreation which they might be able to obtain for themselves. He remembered when he came to London as a young lad, and when he went into a public office to earn his bread, that an old relative of his—a dear old lady—wrote him a letter recommending him when he left his office for the day to be sure to go home to tea and read a good book. That was all very well in its way, but it did not bring to him a sufficient idea of the life he was going to lead. There was no doubt that the reading of books, whether with tea or without, ought to be the recreation which they mainly proposed to themselves for their future life. With reference to the reading of books he would ask a question which would perhaps insult them all; but if they were indifferent, as some of them might be, he would ask them to stay their hands and not cut him at once. The question was, could they read? (A laugh.) He had no doubt that every young person present who heard him would answer, "Certainly I can; what business has he to come here and ask me such a question? Of course I can read." Let him (Mr. Trollope) tell them, however, that among his friends —among those who were dearest and nearest to him; among some who were among the wisest he had—he found men and women who could not read. They could take a book and open and read it as well as any whom he was then addressing; but they did not read. Macaulay once said a man who was a scholar was one who could sit with his feet on the fender at his ease and read Plato. Mr. Trollope was not going to recommend his audience to read Plato; but again he asked them could they read? There was, no doubt, many present who said to themselves that reading was rather dull work; but he had learnt to read, and could read, a book as fast as anybody. If those among the friends he was addressing never read books when they were young, they might be assured they would never read them when they were old. (Cheers.) He had written down a passage from a well known author in Latin, which he would read to them in English—namely, what Cicero had said of literature. He had been speaking of the pleasures of the world, and he said, in effect, speaking of literature, it nourished our youth and delighted our old age; it adorned our prosperity, and tended to rob

adversity of its sting. Now (continued Mr. Trollope), let those whom he addressed think what all that meant. There were many very praiseworthy delights. There were the theatres, where the people received additional amusement, and certainly a knowledge of the world and of nature; but a book people could take to bed with them if they pleased. And, again, how great was the pleasure of walking into our National Gallery and gazing at such masterpieces in art as his friend Mr. Frith, for example, had painted. There were noblemen who had very grand picture galleries, which they could not take to the seaside; they could not always play cricket; but a good book went with them everywhere. Some were fond of hunting, but there was a deal wanting before people could enjoy that recreation: whereas they had always got their fox if they knew how to read a good book. If, however, they did not read from 20 to 40 years of age, they would never read from 40 to 60. He advised them, therefore, to sit with their feet on the fender, as Macaulay had said, and thus enjoy the book they were reading. After this brief address, which at times was cheered, Mr. Trollope proceeded to deliver the prizes gained by the more successful of the students. Many hundreds of the best families in that part of the City were present on the occasion, including a large proportion of young ladies, who contributed some excellent glee singing in the course of the evening.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

CHAPTER VII.

Stay, let us keep the first rough copy, though
'Twill serve again. There's but the name to alter,
And love that needs must knock at every portal
In forma pauperis. We are but mortal!
AUSTIN DOBSON.

ALL earthly amusements must have an end, and well for us all it is, when the garish splendour of some "festive scene" has passed, well for us all, as we say, if there then survives for us with the faded flowers, and extinguished lights, and hushed strains, no sadder memories and no haunting shadows.

Too many of this world's idle shows are but the prelude to lasting sorrows, too many of its fantastic groupings but the commencement of unending remorse. But I must not become all at once too sentimental or too prosy, and will pick up once again the dropped skein of silk, and proceed with my "floss-work," duly and properly.

When the croquet was finished and the tea was over, on the last occasion to which your chronicler has referred, and when all the guests one by one had departed, some of them very loath to go, Miss Margerison and Lucy Longhurst had rather a dull dinner, and spent (the first in their lives), a duller evening.

It was quite clear that the good old lady had something on her mind—wished to say something to Lucy, (as people often do in family life), and yet could hardly muster up courage to do so, and as the young lady, who, as we have already seen, was not at all deficient in acumen, had a half suspicion what it all meant, she determined to give her aunt no opening, if she could help it.

And so when the lamp was lighted and the curtains were drawn, by the attentive Mr. Walters, both Lucy and her aunt relapsed into arm chairs and silence, the one being extremely interested in a piece of tapestry work, and the other hugely taken up with a new novel.

Mr. Walters on retiring to the housekeeper's room, had expressed his opinion that there was "something up," and then proceeded to convince his attentive hearers that he firmly believed his "old missis" was going to "bring Mr. Williams and Miss Longhurst together," a fact which his female auditory at once scouted, and which he himself denounced as a "base proceeding."

While the storm was raging below stairs, above all was placid quiescence, only broken by the advent of tea, only altered, by what Col. Mackintosh called "tattoo," the retreat for the night.

Lucy in her room heard a great deal from her faithful and confidential Mrs. Murray, who was loud in her encomiums of Mr. Mainwaring, and indignant in her denunciations of Mr. Williams, while, as

Miss Margerison's old friend, Madame Diarmid, as they called her, said the next morning, "my mistress never spoke one word, but was mighty silent and glum-like."

What could it all mean?

On what a little often hang the fate of an empire, the fortunes of a government, or the happiness of a family!

How strange it seems to the philosopher to-day to note the little springs of human action, and the petty differences which often result in great consequences.

If old Chancellor Oxenstern's adage is still true, "See with how little wisdom the world is governed," what shall we say of that unwisdom by which our individual and domestic life are often marked and marred?

It would be ludicrous, were it not so very serious, to remember on what insignificant trifles we make often, in our perversity to-day, to depend our family arrangements and our personal relationships, how caprice or ill-humour, how likes and dislikes, fancies and prejudices hem us in on every side, and leave their tokens alike on our private engagements and our life-long career.

As a curious illustration of what I am laying down, let us take the following episode, and which, look at it in whatever light you may, is alike "bad form" and worse policy.

Henry Maitland and Alice Vane are thrown, by some good fate, much together, and as a natural consequence, when a good-looking young man and a better looking young woman consort a great deal, with the full leave and license of all, they begin to get, (as his uncle in the navy observed, a gallant commander), "as good as spliced."

These two were always together, and always talking of each other, in fact, the world, (which meant their own little family circle,) gave out that they were positively engaged —that the day was fixed, the bridesmaids selected, and the dresses ordered. But old Mrs. Vane had a quarrel with old Mrs. Maitland, and in consequence peace-loving Mr. Maitland had to wage a deadly warfare with good-natured Mr. Vane.

The quarrel spread, the two families were brought into it, and at last it ended in Henry Maitland and Alice Vane "parting to meet no more."

They were for a time broken-hearted; but as all the world knows—she married that rich Mr. Spooner, and he picked up a pretty heiress with £40,000. Well, who can say that there is not compensation here? But who equally can lay down what may have been the altered consequences to them, or how afterwards, amid the prosperity of life, there may not have been for them many hours of secret sorrow, and all owing to the ill temper of two foolish old women, and the weakness of two weak, unwise old men? For let us bear in mind that we are all creatures of circumstance here. Like the beaver, we build our earthly habitations in which we have to live, with the greatest circumspection, and then others destroy them with equal skill and cleverness. We accommodate ourselves to many things which we do not like; adversity gives us strange mates and stranger "bed-fellows"(I use a Shakesperean figure of speech, which I trust does not shock any one), but nevertheless the wrong remains unaltered and unalterable.

Yes, it is a wrong where without any due cause, for insufficient motives, or on frivolous grounds—or mostly no grounds at all—the happiness of a life is wrecked, and we have, as it were, to rebuild that castle of cards, which, reared by us with great assiduity has tumbled down in a moment, or to re-colour the scene, so to say, with lights and shadows, which have faded out.

But what a digression I have made. I must "hark back."

The morning brought no change in the position of affairs.

Breakfast was eaten in comparative silence, and when, about 11 o'clock, Miss Margerison returned from her matutinal communings with her cook, Lucy said to herself, "now for it, its going to begin; and so I had better 'sit tight' and be ready to 'square up.'" I will not actually aver that she uttered this remark in very words—she was too well brought up to do so; but she thought it all, and perhaps a good deal more, and like a true and trusty chronicler, I feel bound not only to record her utterances, but to pourtray her thoughts. Great privilege of an author!

"Lucy," said Miss Margerison, after a short silence and a few "clicks" of her

crochet needles, "Lucy, what a very promising young man is Mr. Williams!"

"Ah!" replied Lucy, burying her face in her work basket.

"Yes, my dear," continued Miss Margerison, slowly and solemnly, "I think he is a very rising young clergyman, indeed; and, moreover, Lucy," she added, "I believe that he admires you."

Lucy looked up from her work but said nothing.

"You see, my dear Lucy," her aunt went on, not heeding her silence or her looks; "Mr. Williams will do very well. He has a little matter of his own—he has the promise of a family living, and if his wife brings in something, as the lawyers say, to 'hotch-pot,' he will have as much as it is good for a clergyman to have, and he and his wife will be most comfortable."

And here Miss Margerison paused, but still Lucy was silent.

"You know, my dear," she continued, "I always have liked the clergy, and if you and Mr. Williams can 'get together,' to use Col. Mackintosh's words, I shall be ready to do my part to make your money affairs quite easy. You have a little of your own, I will add to it, and, when I go, all that I have will be yours."

This unusually long speech for Miss Margerison had caused Lucy's eyes to open wider and wider, and when at last Miss Margerison's gentle voice stopped, they were very wide open indeed, far-seeing and much-knowing British maiden as she was. For a moment there was a pause, and then Lucy, bursting out into one of her silvery laughs, said, much to her good aunt's astonishment, "Well, my dear old woman, what have you been talking about? Who has put all this nonsense in your head? I marry Mr. Williams! why I had rather marry Mr. Walters, positively, for I do trust him. Mr. Williams!"—and here Lucy for once in her life got savage—"one of the most conceited, unintellectual donkeys I ever met."

"Oh, Lucy!" said, her aunt, as Lucy in her gathering indignation paused for breath.

"Really, aunt," added Lucy with great animation, "I'm going to speak to you about my own little affair this very morning. The truth is, that Mr. Mainwaring and I have agreed to 'set up shop together'" (these were the very words she used,) "and to have the 'same nest,' and 'all that sort of thing'" (whatever that sort of thing is),—"and, as Colonel Mackintosh quite approves, I want you to give your consent, and I shall be the happiest of young women. Mr. Mainwaring is so fond of you, and he is the very pleasantest person I know of, aunt, and, as Mr. Carruthers told me yesterday, 'is the best of mates and the king of good fellows.' So, aunt," said Lucy, running to her aunt's chair and kneeling by it, "say the word, and we will very soon settle everything quite comfortably."

Oh, ye gods and little fishes! here is a nice state of things. Young ladies arranging everything before hand, and settling everything afterwards, and "we, the old birds, actually ignored and not consulted at all!"

Dreadful dilemma! What is coming upon Society and the world? Awful impropriety!

The good old lady appeared thunderstruck at Lucy's tirade and Lucy's appeal, and was apparently on the point of "testifying" and opening out what was on her mind, when Lucy, who had heard a ring at the bell, jumped up as quickly as she had knelt down, and, almost immediately afterwards, Mr. Walters announced in sonorous tones, but with ill-concealed annoyance—"the Rev. Mr. Williams."

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

We take this interesting review from the *Times*:—

As a thin octavo volume of nearly 100 pages, entitled "Saint Peter's and Saint Paul's," Mr. Edmund Oldfield, F.S.A., Member of the Executive Committee for the completion of St. Paul's, has published a letter to the Dean, with suggestions for proceeding with the completion of Wren's great edifice. With above £40,000 in hand, which the Committee are bound to apply to the purposes for which that money was collected, it is impossible, says the writer, either for the public or for those responsible for the administration of

such a fund to acquiesce permanently in doing nothing. The letter is the result of a recent Italian tour to note any characteristics in the decoration of the churches most resembling St. Paul's in style, which might furnish instruction for any future plans as to the latter. The aim of Mr. Oldfield was to investigate the examples of ornamentation belonging, broadly speaking, to the 16th and first half of the 17th centuries, the former exhibiting the style which, by general agreement, has been selected as most suitable for the completion of St. Paul's, where Sir Christopher Wren's designs are wanting, though his intentions are known. The specimens of that class of work of sufficient merit to deserve detailed consideration will be found in the Capella dei Medici, at Florence, the churches of the Annunziata and the Gesu at Genoa, the church of San Vittore al Corpo at Milan, and the chief churches at Rome. As the practical conclusion of his researches Mr. Oldfield urges that the proper step now to be taken is to apply the £40,000 or £50,000 the Executive Committee already possesses in decorating the cupola of St. Paul's with mosaics similar in style to those in the cupola of St. Peter's. This proposal Mr. Oldfield bases on a passage in Wren's "Parentalia" which was composed mainly from Sir Christopher's papers, preserved and arranged by his son, and finally published by his grandson, and which may, therefore, be taken as the most authentic record of the great designer's view :—

"The judgment of the surveyor was originally, instead of painting in the manner it is now performed, to have beautified the inside of the cupola with the more durable ornament of mosaic work, as is nobly executed in the cupola of St. Peter's in Rome, which strikes the eye of the beholder with a most magnificent and splendid appearance; and which, without the least decay of colours, is as lasting as marble or the building itself. For this purpose he had projected to have procured from Italy four of the most eminent artists in that profession; but as this art was a great novelty in England, and not generally apprehended, it did not receive the encouragement it deserved; it was imagined also that the expense would prove too great, and the time very long in the execution, but though these and all objections were fully answered, yet this excellent design was no further pursued."

Mr. Oldfield exhibits a woodcut section of the central part of St. Peter's, looking towards the south transept, and gives a general description of the dome :—

"Sixteen ribs, radiating from the lantern as the centre of the cupola, run, like meridians of longitude from the poles of a globe, down towards each pair of pilasters in the drum. The sixteen spaces between the ribs descend in like manner over the windows between the pairs of pilasters. This arrangement at once establishes an architectural continuity between the cupola and the drum. At the same time, by distributing the cupola into mathematically exact and equal sections, it shows the primary motive of its ornamentation to be not pictorial, but architectural. The ribs are all coloured blue, with gilt stars. The intermediate spaces are each divided vertically into six compartments, narrowing as they rise from the drum to the lantern; not, indeed, separated by horizontal lines resembling parallels of latitude which would have been thought too formal, but resting one upon another in symmetrical curvilinear panels. The lowest compartment is each a lunette, and contains on a blue background a half-length figure of one of the Popes or Saints buried in the crypt of the church. The second, which is the largest and most important compartment, is of a nondescript quadrilateral form, arched above, and hollowed out below. It contains a full-length colossal figure, seated and seen in full face. The persons represented in the 16 compartments of this row are our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, St. John the Baptist, St. Paul and the twelve Apostles. The third compartment is a curvilinear quadrangle, hollowed out both above and below, and is occupied by an angel resting on clouds, and holding one of the instruments of the Passion. The fourth is a circular medallion, with the head of a cherub surrounded by wings. The fifth is another quadrilateral panel of nondescript form, its under side hollowed, its upper horizontal, and its vertical sides converging as they ascend. Within it is an angel standing. The sixth compartment is a small rectilinear quadrangle of tra-

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pezoidal form, containing the head of a cherub in gold, surrounded by white wings on a dark ground. All the five lower compartments have their figures in colours, and all but the highest and lowest have grounds of gold; the surrounding mouldings are white relieved with gilding. Above the highest compartments round the opening to the lantern runs a blue band enriched with large gold stars. Over this is another band, with an inscription in blue or black letters on a gold ground referring to the completion, not of the mosaic decorations, but of the construction of the cupola. Through the opening is seen the hemispherical ceiling of the lantern, on which is a mosaic by Provenzale, representing the Almighty, but, owing to its distance, barely distinguishable from below."

Mr. Oldfield then asks wherein lies the superiority of the Dome of St. Peter's over the many other cupolas adorned in various colours with figure-subjects of the highest religious interest, which since the days of Brunelleschi have sprung up throughout Italy; and he finds an answer in the fact that it conforms more nearly than any other he knows to the principles which ought to regulate the ornamentation of cupolas. The decorator, he says, has set off the size and form of the dome itself by appropriate treatment of its surface: second he has suggested by figure subjects such a tone of thought as accords with the purpose of the building; third, he has gratified the eye by combining richness and harmony of colour; the first an architectural, the second a religious, and the third a sensuous end. Such is the way in which he would have the dome of St. Paul's decorated, and there are special reasons, he thinks, for now selecting this part of the Cathedral as the field for beginning the work of completion, particularly as this is the part of the work which may be attempted with least risk of fanning anew the now smouldering embers of former controversy. If his views are approved in principle, Mr. Oldfield thinks the execution of them is a question of mere detail.

CHURCH GARDENS.

From the "Garden."

THERE is no place where our backwardness in all that is best and most essential in gardening is more apparent than in the churchyard. All the advantages that could be desired for a charming garden are sometimes combined in these places, yet the rule is to see them as bare as a housetop, and much less interesting as regards vegetation than the very ditches by which they are surrounded. This is true, not of churchyards in towns, but in the fairest parts of our fairest counties. Indeed, in cities and towns, trees and shrubs often embellish the space around the church, whereas in some beautiful parts of Kent, or Surrey, or Warwickshire, it is common to see a church without a particle of graceful vegetation on either the walls of the church, the ground, or the low walls that sometimes surround the whole, yet no spots are more easily converted into lovely gardens; and in these days of costly church decorations from Southampton Street one may surely not in vain, call attention to the wants of the church garden. Thousands spent on the most elaborate artistic decorations indoors will never produce such a beautiful and all-satisfying result as a few score pounds judiciously spent in converting the churchyard into a church garden. There are several reasons why churchyards are more than usually favourable spots for the formation of gardens of the best kind. The site and situation in the country at least are frequently favourable and picturesque, the soil is generally suitable, the tree planter has usually the assurance that what he does will remain for ages, the associations of the spot are such as to make the mind awake to the influences of great natural beauty, the walls of the church usually offer the finest opportunities for the display of the noblest hardy climbers, the walls of the churchyard advantages for the development of those of more humble growth, the ground is generally admirably adapted for noble trees, and the very turf may easily be converted into a garden of delight. These we should begin with trees. One, the yew, is even more endur-

ing than architecture itself; and it should never be forgotten that gardeners have observed and propagated varieties of this tree which differ greatly from the ordinary type, and are no less beautiful. The Irish yew for example, one of the most precious trees in existence, because it is as hardy as it is distinct from all other trees in beauty. It would be easy to adorn many a churchyard with varieties of the common yew alone, and of these we should certainly give preference to the green as against the variegated kinds; but though we shall never get any finer tree than our native yew and its varieties, it must be remembered that our gardens now contain many noble evergreen trees from various countries, and from which a selection may be made; but in that selection there should never be a tender tree. It has long been quite fashionable to plant quantities of evergreen trees not hardy enough for many districts of the country, and even where they seem so far to be hardy, anybody who knows anything of the quick growth of the trees in their own and in more favourable climes knows also that they will never attain their natural dignity or beauty in this country. There are, for example, many places where the Deodara, the Wellingtonia, or the Araucaria should not be planted, not to speak of others. The church garden being usually limited in space, for this reason alone, only trees certain to be long lived in the situation should be planted. Evergreens have been mentioned first. Summer leafing trees should, however, not be neglected, as among these are our most beautiful flowering trees, and many of them give also refreshing shade and pleasant foliage fresh and green long into the autumn, as, for instance, the locust tree. Where the space is limited and it is desirable, as it nearly always is, to leave some room between the trees for views, &c., the various pyramidal or tapering trees will be useful. In planting, it is essential not to hide the building itself from important points of view. To enhance and not to conceal beauty should be the planter's object, and he can scarcely pay too much attention to points of view both from and to his site. In all the results of planting there is nothing more lovely than the contrasts afforded by the leaf builders and the stone builders when their works are seen in association. All who know how readily and simply the walls of churches may be made into charming gardens of evergreen or flowering plants, must regret that so many of them are bare of even ivy or Virginian creeper. On Caunton Church there is a large and free blooming specimen of *gloire de Dijon* rose, and many of the finest flowering climbers could be grown in such positions. Fresh foliage or roseate blooms are never seen to greater advantage than against the worn gray or brown stones of our churches. The several sides of the church may each have its appropriate plants, choice roses and the least hardy subjects having the warmer and more sheltered walls. Where ivy is used it should not be allowed either completely to cover the walls, or to wholly exclude other and less common subjects. The low walls often placed round graveyards offer also a desirable position for wall plants, such as the various ivies, clematis, cotoneaster, &c. Sometimes tombs may offer opportunities here and there for the growth of a plant of similar character; and here we would say that we would countenance no disturbance of any monuments or graves for planting of any kind. Intelligence will be best employed in beautifying, not concealing or obliterating such objects. Flower beds of the common type are quite out of place in a churchyard. A group of yuccas or of lilies may be planted, but they do not need formal beds; but the tasteful gardener may make at least one beautiful large bed—the whole of the turf. In this one of the ideas of the "wild garden"—dotting bulbous flowers through the grass—may be most effectively carried out. It is scarcely necessary to state here that many of our brightest spring flowers are easily naturalized in grass. The surface of the churchyard is often suitable for this, because the grass in it is not mown so early or so primly as that in gardens. There are usually in churchyards little variations in surface or soil which favour the development of a variety of spring flower life, and the flowers are very welcome among the budding grass in spring. The scillas and snowdrops do exceedingly well in turf, and so does the Appennine-anemone. It may be urged that the occa-

sional needful disturbance of the ground would interfere with these plants, but once well established they would not mind this in the least. Groups of daffodils of various kinds would look exceedingly well in the turf; they perhaps would require watching, but they would repay it by their noble blossoms, which seem quite regardless of harsh weather in spring.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE OF THE SEA.

A Fairy Tale.

BY SAVARICUS.

PART III.

AND *Amphitrite* arose, with grace and mien,
In look, and form, and step, a very queen.
Fair sister to Victoria, Queen of Earth
And Empress of the Sea, above whose birth
Superior Planets most benignly shone,
And Her Ascendant Star ruled England's throne,
For many years Britannia's Flow'r and Pride,
And many more may the Blest Reign abide.
The gay Sea-Queen to smiling courtiers bowed,
'Midst joyful acclamations long and loud;
Across the dazzling *Hall of Stalactite*,
Far at the end, were arches red and white,
Of coral made, and of the gothic form,
By massive *Astreans* built secure from storm.
These zones of wondrous growth, for ages grown,
In rugged masses piled, and cone on cone,
The grandest columns made, and fair to view;
In serried length they formed an avenue,
That lab'rinthine led to the Ballet Hall,
Where Tragic scenes would oft the senses thrall.
The Queen and company soon enter'd here,
And fairy sport provided mental cheer.
The Throne on noble *dais* grandly stood,
A thing of beauty, costly, rare, and good;
The floor diaphanous appeared inlaid,
Mosaicly, with tints that never fade.
The steps were gems, enchantingly arranged,
Prismatic and camelion-like, that changed;
Above a silken canopy well gilt,
On cedar wood, and golden tridants built,
A charm, a grace, shed o'er the glowing scene,
Superlative, and yet 'twas sub-terrene:
And like the glory of a *Northern sky*,
Where brilliant tints in loveliness outvie
The rose's beauty, with its boreal light,
And all is perfect, vast, and infinite!
And now the music of that heavenly sphere—
The zone of melody—smote on the ear;
Sweet flowers exotic, balmy odours breathed,
Inspiring, as they fairy columns wreathed.
And Neptune led th' enchanted child along,
When nigh the throne they met a fairy throng:
The King was asked for grace, and to permit
The child to see his haunts so exquisite.
In regal form the King issued a decree,
To all the things and subjects in the sea;
He will'd that to the child they homage pay,
Whene'er they met, down here, or far away.

'Twas now the purport in the merry court,
To witness play, and revelry, and sport.

The nymphs and sprites, in character well dressed,
Around the throne and through the Hall now pressed;
With flowers link'd and loop'd the roof was hung,
Anemones tentacular all strung,
In living garlands of Actiniæ—
Self-wrought, and wreathed, and wonderful to see.
A lake within the centre of the place
Two whales contained, and these in turn apace,
Ejected jets beyond the dizzy height,
And trackless to the wandering sense and sight.
At the Hall's end where glittering caverns stood,
The sea appeared restrained by arts that could,

The water keep from any place, though seen,
And here it looked as clear as glass, and green;
And it was calm, and beautiful, and bright,
Affording views which were a novel sight,
Of rocks and hills, of dales, and grots, that lay
Desporting in the shade, far, far away,
Resplendent made by *Sol's* bright piercing rays,
Reflected through the sea's calcareous ways.
And here was light contending with the power
Of darkness, day by day, and hour by hour;
The same design down in the deep's domain,
Immutable, as on the earth, where reign
Creation's laws, and unity of spheres,
Complete for ages and enduring years.

Now, through the Hall bewitching music flowed,
And twirling nymphs and sprites fantastic toed,
In mazy dancing, troops fast crowding came;
To act, and play, and please the Court their aim.

Th' Electric'd Sea, with phosphorescent light,
Now glorious shone, *Dionè* — goddess, bright—
Emerged, and Beauty's roll was made complete;
The Queen arose, her latest guest to greet.
The goddess smiled, and said, "Dear Queen, once more,
We meet, this day I heard old *Triton's* roar,
And through the sea I came in haste to view
The festive sports, and pay my court to you.
Your guests I freely greet with joy and love;
The darling here, from the bright world above,
I long to kiss: her tender heart I find,
Is full of love, and all her ways are kind;
A gem from earth—a type of Royalty—
A Princess fair with English courtesy.
A fairy gift to her, anon, I'll give,
A charm to bless her long as she may live.
And Father Neptune, I of you entreat,
An earnest interest for the child most meet."

Fair *Amphitrite* replied.

The Sea-God King,
Assured *Dionè* "'Twas the very thing;
And from his heart her wishes he'd obey,
And show his favour in a royal way."

Then from each side three fairy cars approached;
The God of Love his friendly mission broached.
"Brave King, Fair Queen, sweet Goddess and dear child,
With fairy sports the court will be beguiled;
Tho' I am Love, I'm often called a boy,
'Tis wrong! I am a God! allied to joy.
I know I "rule the camp, the court, the grove,"
And all beneath the sea, where e'er I rove,
And men on earth, and angels blest above,
For 'love is heaven, and heaven is love.'
My darts have jealous points, that wound at times,
And these are keen, like Winter's with'ring rimes;
But mortals who in wisdom's ways e'er walk,
In me may find a friend, none true I balk,
My boon companions, Mirth and Joy, I send
To every heart that's faithful to the end,
And deep within the new made mother's breast
I dwell, 'till life is done, her soul's bequest.
When youths do fondly sigh and long for me,
I touch their gentle hearts, and laugh with glee,
To hear them vow with love's ensnaring art,
That nought but death their souls shall ever part.
Your wish, dear Queen, I'll hasten to *fulfill*,
And *Ballet* play where Love rules with goodwill."

And Love, and Mirth, and Joy, with lightning speed,
Sped through the Hall, each drawn by prancing steed.

The whales, that sported in the basin wide,
Now fairy boats brought to the lake's broad side,
And these, by beauteous beings, soon were fill'd,
To glide about and show their swan-like build;
Whilst streaming rays of particolour'd light,
Illum'd each nook, and cave, and grotto's site.
Each one their part, with pleasure, well performed,
And Love supreme, in fairy fun was stormed;
The boats then came unto the basin's brim,
And Love embark'd o'er beauty's lake to skim,
And Mirth and Joy soon followed in the wake,
To mimic war, well fought for honours sake,
The snorting whales impetuous dash'd about,
And rolling billows made with tail and snout;
Within the lake a boisterous sea arose
As rough and wild as when a cyclone blows.
The waves with fury raged, the fairy boats,
Rode over all, and buoyantly as floats
The noble life-boat o'er the surging sea,
To aid the ship distress'd—a service free,
By courage prompted, and by stout hearts given,
In danger's hour to those who tempest driven
In their life's struggle are so nearly done,
Until the rescue's made — the victory's won!

To trumpets sound the entertaining war
Soon ceased, the boats becalm'd lay par and par,
The monster mammals close to them drew nigh,
And swimming gently, passed them idly by.
By currents made the boats were borne along,
And to the brink, with shouts of joy and song;
The blithesome actors gleefully debarked,
And *Amphitrite* her sense of pleasure marked.
Then from the crowd *three nymphs* renowned advanced,
And beauty, by their presence, was enhanced.
They claimed the child for an especial care,
"To show her every cave and sea-beast lair,
And secret haunt in grove and deep sea dell;
Beneath the sway of her they lov'd so well.
Each one this wish'd, and Neptune will'd it too,
His Ocean home, and snug retreats to shew."
'Twas *Doris* foremost of the three that spoke,
Her words the silence of the court just broke;
The sister nymph, the sailor's friend, *Panope*,
In winning way endorsed her sister's hope,
And *Adcona*, with her accents mild,
A promise gave to guard the favour'd child.
The Queen consented, and the maiden bade,
Accompany the nymphs through copse and glade.
They went, and passed the coral arches through,
The sea's fair sylvan scenes, and springs to view.
Some lively sprites came tripping by that way,
To lead, to follow, and the nymphs obey.
Then through the caves, where sparkling jewels shone,
And gardens by sea-oaks, and moss o'er grown,
The child was led, and still her wonder grew,
At each fresh sight shown by the retinue.
Here grottos crowned with *Algæ* grandly stood,
With *Fuci* grown to be an ocean wood,
And fountains streaming close to rippling rills,
Enchantment gave to adamantine hills;
These miles away were most distinctly seen,
By jasper fringed, and beryl tipped made green.
Around, above, the sea, pellucid, made
A well, a dome, of crystal fixed and stay'd;
The Ocean's denizens went sporting by,
A sight sublime to the accustomed eye.
The nymphs the marvelling child escorted back
To brightest *Ballet Halls* symposiac.

The Queen addressed her courtiers and the Maid,
Her voice, a touch of sadness just betrayed.

The joyous day was drawing to a close,
And list'ning fairies twirled themselves in rows.

"This day of joy, dear friends, is nearly o'er,
Ere long we part, I hope, to meet once more,
And yon fair child the earth will soon receive,
Let her fear not, nor let her spirit grieve;
I shall protect her till I cease to reign,
And to this court, each year, she'll come again."

To Earth's kind Queen our greetings now we send,
And to the Princes, this Princess commend;
The English Court—Victoria's Family—
Above all else receive fidelity.
Her Sons are good, Her Daughters more than fair,
And all are bountiful beyond compare,
The happy unions with the Danish Rose
And Russia's Flower, sweet harmony disclose,
And every Prince and Princess in the Realm,
With loyal love the people overwhelm.
And this fair child our wishes will convey,
To England's Queen, and Empress, this I say:—

"The World is surely blest with thee and thine.
And may your Indian dynasty long shine."

But there are things connected with the sea,
That somehow happen terrible to me;
The ships now lost, the Ironclads gone down,
A blemish give to *Albion's* renown.
The sore distress made by the *Captain's* loss—
The human sacrifice—the ship was dross—
We sympathized with, and by command,
The ship and crew were buried in the sand,
And then again the *Vanguard's* recent fate,
Has not received a full and fair debate;
In time of "Men o' war," such things were rare,
And *Nelson* and *Napier* their honours wear,
Still first in seamanship, as in the fight,
Aye ready for their Country, King, and Right.

THE BYZANTINE AND TURKISH EMPIRES.

THE following extract, translated from a chapter of Professor Paparrigopulo's "History of the Hellenic Nation," pointing to the contrast between the depth of misery wrought by four centuries of misrule and the capacity of the Provinces forming the Turkish Empire to recover under a more humane administration, may interest some of our readers just now:—

"With regard to revenue, we may boldly say that the Byzantine Empire obtained results such as few countries in the world have been able to effect. When at the beginning of the 13th century, the Latins captured Constantinople, it was said by them that Baldwin, who was made Emperor of the East, had a daily income of 30,000 gulden. Hope, who takes this to be the allowance for the Palace, doubts the truth of it; but it is obvious that the question is not about Palace allowances, as 30,000 gulden daily are equal to about 6½ millions sterling per annum, and it is most probable that the question is about the annual income of the Emperor Baldwin; and, considering that Baldwin did not succeed but to one-fourth of the whole Empire, it follows that the revenue of this Empire must be put down, approximately, at about 26 millions sterling. This amount seems at first sight extraordinary, especially as the coin had greater value in those times, and those 26 millions would at the present day have the value of 130 millions. Neither England, nor France, nor North America, have such revenues even in our day, when the resources of the people have been multiplied, and when the economical administration has been perfected to such an extent. Moreover, the authority on which we based ourselves in fixing that amount belongs to the beginning of the 13th century; and at that period the Byzantine Empire had not the extent of territory which it possessed during the ninth and tenth centuries. The greatest part of Asia Minor had been occupied by the Mahomedans; Lower Italy had been seized by the Normans; the Crusades had brought about catastrophes which could not but tend to reduce

the public revenues, and the most important of all the colonies of the Venetians, of the Genoese, and of the Pisans which had been established in Constantinople and elsewhere, had received so many privileges and immunities from taxation that the public revenue, and especially that accruing from the Customs, had necessarily diminished. We come thus to the conclusion that the revenue was incomparably greater during the ninth and tenth centuries. And, however excessive the amount may seem, all the information that we have upon the subject permits us more or less to accept the highest figure as true. Benjamin Tudela, who visited the Eastern Empire during the reign of Manuel Comnenos, after expressing his admiration at the magnificence and the luxuriousness of the capital, avers that, according to information with which he was furnished, this city was paying daily to the Prince 20,000 gulden, which were collected from shops, taverns, markets, and the numerous merchants who resorted to the city from Bagdad, Mesopotamia, Media, Persia, Egypt, Palestine, Russia, Hungary, Italy, and Spain, 20,000 gulden daily being a year about $4\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling. So it is not impossible, considering that the capital alone was contributing the above amount, for the whole Empire to give $21\frac{1}{2}$ millions, more especially during the tenth century. Constantinople was, indeed, the richest and most commercial city of the Empire, but not the only rich and commercial city. From the official list of towns in which the Comnenoi permitted at a later period the establishment of commercial colonies, it becomes clear that, besides Constantinople, there were in the Empire at the time the following important towns:—In Asia—Laodicea, Antiocheia, Mœmistia, Adana, Tarsos, Attaleia, Strovilos, Chios, Theologus, Phocæa. In Europe—Dyrrachion, Avlona, Cereyra, Vonitza, Methone, Lerone, Nauplion, Corinthos, Thebæ, Athens, Eubœa, Demetrias, Lalonica, Chrysopolis, Peritheorien, Abydos, Rædestos, Adrinople, Apros, Heraleia, and Selgoria. And let it be remembered that this list only includes those commercial towns in which colonies had been established, and it is well-known that within the Empire there were many more important towns, especially on the east of the Euxine in Cyprus and in Crete. Of these towns and islands, Corcyra, in the 12th century, contributed annually about 1,840,000 francs, which is equal to about 10,000,000 francs—that more than double of what the kingdom of Greece at the present day collects from the whole of the Ionian Islands. Athens and Thebes were so rich that the Dukes of Athens, whose jurisdiction did not extend beyond Attica and Bœotia, were soon able to support one of the most luxurious and splendid Courts in Europe. Crete, Cyprus, Cos, Rhodes, Lesbos, Naxos, formed Frank Principalities more or less independent, and all of them were famous for their wealth and their power. From these and other testimonies it becomes evident that no surprise ought to be felt if all these countries united together under the sceptre of the Emperor of Byzantium were able to contribute the amount which is mentioned above. Else how could we account for the extraordinary amounts which some of the Emperors of the Eastern Empire were able to treasure up after all the expenses of the internal administration of foreign wars and the building of innumerable grand edifices? There is besides another reason which explains the above seemingly exaggerated amount. The Byzantine Empire, especially up to the 11th century, was in respect to manufacture and commerce in its dealings with the rest of Europe and with large portions of Asia and Africa, not what either England, or France, or Germany, and North America, taken individually, is at the present day; but its position must be compared to that which all of these most commercial and manufacturing modern States taken together occupy towards the rest of the world. Most of the objects of luxury or of comfort that people then required were made in the Byzantine Empire only, and many of the raw materials necessary for the production of those objects were there only cultivated or produced. Moreover, it was here that articles made of gold, or silver, or glass, or earthenware, or wood, or of precious stones, such as onyx, alabaster, crystal, and even of glass, and of every other material, were worked, and these were adorning the residences of the magnates and the churches, or were exported in all direc-

tions. Besides sending these objects of art to every known region of the world, there can be no doubt that incalculable sums of money were flowing into the Byzantine Empire. The consequence was that public and private incomes amounted to sums which may now be thought fabulous, but which are by no means incredible, when we bear in mind the exceptional position which this Empire was holding in the world. We must also confess that taxation, both direct and indirect, was far more oppressive then than it is now, and that the inhabitants of the Empire were taxed not like the inhabitants of the present civilized nations, with a lenient consideration for their income, but in a more rapacious fashion according to the absolute judgement of the Sovereign. But we must say that this oppressive taxation had its limits, and never reached such a point as to render agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, and, in fact, all life impracticable. If this had not been the case, it would have been impossible for the Empire to last for 700 years or more, and to continue during all this while to levy those enormous supplies."

GERARD MONTAGU:

A Winter's Tale.

BY EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "The Lady Muriel," "Waiting for Her," etc.

(*Continued from page* 379.)

CHAPTER V.

DE MORTUIS.

THE end of July, 1870, Gerard came in upon us at Weston quite unexpectedly. Mildred was shocked at his appearance, for he looked haggard to a degree, and almost wild at times.

He had lost a great deal of money lately through some unfortunate ventures, and he had been to his lawyer in London about the estates, and evidently had not received good news, though for some days he was taciturn, almost morose, when we approached the subject. He had heard that Lady Muriel was at Sneyd Park, but seemed to expect that she would have been home again ere this.

My wife was distressed about him. He didn't seem to know what to do with himself—he was always in and out, but he seemed restless and not himself at all.

He was very anxious to hear everything about Muriel, how her relatives treated her, how she liked her cousin, and above all, when she was coming back. My wife had her suspicions, from certain letters she had received from the little lady, that all was not as it should be, and Gerard's chance was small, but she did'nt seem to have an opportunity of saying anything, because he neither made her or me his *confidante in the matter.*

The last night he was with us (I had gone down to Falconbridge's for a quiet smoke, as he was rather lonely in Muriel's absence) he seemed more hopeful, Mildred thought, but he was bewailing his poverty, and wondering how it was poor men ever got married.

"Well," Mildred said, "I suppose it all depends upon whether people love each other very much; but if people marry when they are poor the love must not be all on one side."

"Well, I've nothing to marry on now, he said.

Then Mildred answered quietly, whilst she took little Ethel on her knee, and was apparently busying herself in fastening baby's shoe—

"It would not be honourable, would it, for any one to propose if there were not enough to live on?

"Now, baby dear, I will sing you one of your own little nursery rhymes, and Mr. Montagu shall listen to us, shan't he, dear?" and she warbled to baby, much to that little innocent's delight, who tried to join:

There was a little man, and he wooed a little maid,
And he said, "Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have a little more to say, then will you yea or nay?
For least said is soonest mended—ded, ded, ded."

The little maid replied, some say a little sighed,
"But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in, make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

When Montagu rose to go, he said—

"Good-bye, Mrs. Beverley. Baby has taught me a lesson to-night. I shall not forget it."

A month afterwards I received a letter from his great friend, Dr. Evans, which shocked us all very much.

It ran as follows:

Darlington.
31st Aug, 1870.

My dear Mr. Beverley,

I am sure you will be very grieved to hear that our mutual friend, Montagu, is no more.

He died on the 28th of this month, in the Lunatic Asylum at York. I had long feared that his brain was becoming affected, and warned him not to overtask his strength, but it was unavailing. Almost immediately after his return from the South, a marked change was observed in him. It began by his fancying that he was always followed about by a man whom he was instrumental in bringing to justice some years ago in a highway robbery case. Then he got a scheme into his head, and went about for signatures to get an act of Parliament passed about some estate near Ipswich, which he said was his.

The poor fellow had been prosecuting his claims for some time, and it was thought he was approaching a successful issue, when his lawyer discovered that although he was the undoubted heir, the last purchaser had about a hundred years ago, suspecting some flaw in the title, protected himself by a special Act of Parliament. Montagu had paid something like £1000 to this man, and all to no purpose. Then, poor fellow, it appears he had formed an attachment to a young lady in the South, living somewhere near you I understood, and from what transpired during his stay at Weston, he gathered that his hopes were at an end in that quarter.

This, together with the losses in business he had recently sustained, preyed upon his mind to that extent, that fearing he would do violence to himself, we took him to York. Strange to say, when we got to the Asylum he was to all appearances as sane as you or I; so much so indeed, that the doctor, turning to us said pleasantly, after a pause, "And which, gentlemen, is the patient?" Then he laughed in our faces, accused us of conspiring to shut him up; and we were obliged to take him home again. Soon, however, he had a recurrence of the attack, he was removed to the Asylum, grew rapidly worse, and succumbed at last. I have lost a good friend in poor Gerard Montagu, who was universally liked and respected here, and as you may suppose, his death has made a most painful impression in this neighbourhood. I should add that I found amongst his papers a little packet, which I enclose, addressed to Lady Muriel Mandeville. As I do not know her ladyship's address, may I beg you to give it to her.

Your's truly,
Geo. Lloyd Evans.

Mildred could not help crying when she heard the distressing news, and I was also very much cut up.

Ethel (who was her mother's almost constant companion) seeing the tears in her eyes cried too, out of sympathy, as children do; but poor little thing she cannot understand why her kind friend never comes now, and she often asks her mother when "good Midder Montadu," as she called him, is coming again. It is a trite saying but a true one, that misfortunes never come singly. My dear friend Falconbridge never seemed himself after Muriel left, and I was alarmed to find him in a fit one night, when I strolled in to have my accustomed cigar with him.

We telegraphed immediately for Lady Muriel, who came late the next evening, too late, however, to see him alive.

Poor little dear, she was dreadfully distressed when she found her dear guardian was no more.

My wife thought she would be really ill; it seemed to have such an effect upon her.

It was not for some days that we dared to break to her the news of Gerard's sad fate. She had a kind, warm heart, and

wept gentle tears of sympathy when Mildred read Dr. Evan's letter to her.

I don't think she had any idea of the depth of Gerard's affection for her. He had been too honourable to say one word, until he felt he should be in a position to offer her marriage. But she took the little packet, opened it, and found therein a beautiful emerald ring.

"Will you not wear it for his sake?" Mildred said, "it can do you no harm."

"Oh, yes, if I may; if he will let me."

Mildred looked up askance and saw pretty Muriel's face suffused with blushes.

Mildred went up to her and whispered something.

Muriel blushed and smiled.

"I am so glad, dear."

"What does it all mean?" I asked.

"Nothing dear."

I afterwards learnt that there was a sort of tacit understanding between Muriel and somebody else; and about a fortnight after the *Morning Post* announced:

"That an alliance was contemplated between Lord Chelmondiston, only son of the Earl and Countess of Kilpatrick, and his cousin, Lady Muriel Mandeville.

THE END.

BURMAH.*

From the "Times."

UNDER the title of "Our Trip to Burmah," Mr. Gordon has given to the public a lively narrative of some 250 pages, interspersed with numereus illustrations of various degrees of interest and merit. As our readers would find it exceedingly difficult, even with the aid of his journal and his maps, to track him from point to point, we do not propose to give any consecutive account of his travels. It is enough to say that he set out from Madras on December 23, in company with Sir Frederick Haines and some other English officers; that in due time he arrived at Rangoon; that from Rangoon he proceeded some distance up the Irrawaddy and back again; and that he finally returned to the place from which he had set out. But what he or his companions were about all this time his readers are left to conjecture; and, for aught that he tells us to the contrary, the whole party might just as well have been a body of Cook's excursionists. We shall pick out, therefore, from his desultory but animated and amusing narrative such sketches and observations as seem likely to be most generally interesting, without any regard to the chronological order of events.

The first thing which amused him was the behaviour of a "representative Hindoo" whom he met at dinner at Vizag. This gentleman sat at table, but refrained from touching any of the delicacies displayed on it till his resolution finally succumbed to a bottle of sparkling Moselle. He did not take any in presence of the company, but signalled to one of the servants to take some into an adjoining room, whither he immediately followed him, returning after a few minutes with a most benignant expression of countenance, stroking his long beard and smiling upon all the company. A few minutes later, and he began to talk very fast and to shake hands with everybody. Again a few minutes, and he was fast asleep in his chair. In Burmah there are nuns as well as priests and monks, but they are not locked up in convents. They are styled Virgins of the Temple, and are sometimes young and pretty. But Mr. Gordon does not hint at the existence of any scandals concerning them. Another feature of Buddhism which Mr. Gordon records with some unction is the purchase of steps towards "Nirban," or the final state of divine perfection, which is openly carried on in the neighbourhood of the principal temple. Birdcatchers are always to be found in these places at certain hours of the day, offering their wares for sale, and these are bought by pious Burmese in order that by setting them at liberty they may gain another step on the road to Nirban. As the birds are only caught to be sold for this purpose, there is a frankness and straightforwardness about the whole contrivance which deserves Mr. Gordon's admiration.

Passing on from religious to more mundane topics, we may notice the great

* "Our Trip to Burmah, with Notes on that Country," by Surgeon-General Charles Alexander Gordon. London, Bailliére, Tindall and Cox.

material prosperity and comfort which he observed in the people of British Burmah. There is an air of plenty wherever you go; and the poorest class are clean, well-dressed, and healthy looking. On the other hand, very rich men are rare, and if any individual does amass a fortune he spends all on a pagoda, so that his children are none the better for it. The Burmese seem to be great fowl fanciers, and Mr. Gordon gives us a picture of the poultry yard of his host at Rangoon, which reads like the well-known one of Martial. Pure Burmese game fowls, pure bred jungle fowl, bantams, and other valuable breeds are kept under baskets. Numerous varieties of pigeons are perched all round, or strut about among the children with perfect confidence. In one corner a cow is being milked for the benefit exclusively of the visitors, as the Burmese never touch milk; and in another are some lean sheep, these animals not thriving well in the country, though, on the other hand, the beef is excellent. Good beer, too, is to be had at Rangoon. It is made without malt, but with hops, sugar, yeast, and isinglass. There is sufficient sale for it to support a good brewery; but no Burmese man or woman is ever seen drunk in the streets—a fact which supplies Mr. Gordon with an opportunity for a little moralising, of which he is particularly fond, though, as it belongs to the trite order, we could very well dispense with some of it. Mr. Gordon tells us little of the *ferœ naturœ* of the country through which he passed. He has heard that in some of the paddy fields thirty couple of snipe may be killed in a day, but says generally that the shooting in Burmah is far inferior to what can be obtained in India.

Of the social peculiarities of the people Mr. Gordon has preserved several curious illustrations. In regard to money, they always prefer such coins as have a female head on them, being under the impression that male coins are unproductive and do not make money, though there is something so exquisitely absurd in this idea that one can hardly stifle a suspicion that Mr. Gordon is either hoaxing his readers or has himself been hoaxed by his informants. The marriage tie sits very loosely on the Burmese, and it is therefore not so much to their credit that other connections are condemned. When a husband and wife wish to separate, they light two candles, "with the understanding that he or she whose light goes out first has the privilege of quitting the house with whatever property originally belonged to him or her." Mr. Gordon has an interesting note on the medical profession in Burmah. Surgeons and surgical operations are unknown there; but physicians are divided into three orders—those who use mineral or vegetable medicines; those who attribute all disease to some derangement of the elements which constitute health, and trust chiefly to the effect of diet; and, thirdly, the "witch doctors," who proceed by spells and incantations. Fees range from eight annas to five rupees a visit, or sometimes the patient adopts the principle of payment for results, when a successful cure often brings a large reward. Whether the Burmese enjoy the blessings of a Bar or not we are not informed. But they live under laws which, it is said, they reverence very highly, though the procedure of their Courts is peculiar. Suitors are expected to acquiesce in the judgment given, and in token thereof to eat "pickled tea," which one would naturally suppose must be Burmese for humble pie, but Mr. Gordon seems to take it quite literally. If, however, the defeated litigant declines this edible and elects to take his case elsewhere, various alternatives are before him. He may proceed by ordeal, in which case he may either employ the candle test, as in divorce, although in this case the principle would seem to be reversed, he whose candle burns out first being adjudged the loser; or he may try the ordeal of immersion, when the suitor who remains longest under water is declared, as in the witch ordeal with us formerly, to have justice on his side. A third one, in which molten lead is the agent for the discovery of truth, is too complex to be described here. If ordeal is rejected, the parties may go at once before the King, in whose presence it is supposed that no man is able to say what is false. His Majesty accordingly, who is the first lawyer in his kingdom, extracts the truth by cross-examination, and his decision, we presume, is final.

Mr. Gordon writes, as we have said, with a good deal of spirit, and is not without some sense of humour. He is never tedious, and if we only take up his book in the right frame of mind, we may derive much amusement from it.

THE MASONIC ANGEL.

BY JEFFERSON.

We take this interesting story from the *Masonic Advocate.*

"When winter comes so dreary,
And our hearts are sad and weary
Of its wearily protracted, and forbidding chilly reign.
Like a gleam of light and gladness,
To dispel our heavy sadness,
Comes the promise that the cheerful spring will bloom for us again.

"The winds will loose their keenness,
And the trees will bend with greenness,
And the warbling birds, in shady groves, will sing their sweet songs o'er;
And by rill and lake and river,
As beautiful as ever,
Shall the wild rose and orchis bud and sweetly bloom for us once more."

We can never forget the angel face of little Stella Gregg, for in her infancy she was a bright child, for she was full of all those indescribable attractions which give to children their fascinating and all conquering divinity.

Stella's eyes were blue, her cheeks plump, and her little tongue was touched as with an angel's power. Her brains were full and broad, indicating fine perceptive faculties, as well as exalted sensibilities. We thought then as we think still, that the child is mother to the woman. Nature, indeed, always has its lines of development, and even in childhood the manifestations are evident of subsequent history.

The daughter of an eminent and liberal minded physician, and the offspring of a mother whose substantial, unpretending accomplishments made her a model, Stella's early advantages were of the best, and diligently and well did she use them. None excelled her in her honest efforts to learn, as but few surpassed her in the shrewdness of her observation. Thoughtful and sedate, respectful and benevolent, she grew up to her young girlhood years under the careful guidance of her parents, with all the promise about her of the most amiable and useful developments.

Her father's library was her favourite place of study. His books, medical, historical, literary and Masonic, entertained her and filled her mind with thoughts of scholary devotion, and impressed her nature with the convictions of relative responsibility and practical humanity. She has always been deeply interested in reading an old copy of "Webb's Monitor," a book which she knew was highly prized by her father, and which she early learned contained the philosophic outlines of the Masonic faith, and set forth the eminent virtues of what should be the practical lives of all the Fraternity. She often pointed to the four female figures illustrating the cardinal virtues of *temperance, prudence, fortitude* and *justice,* for she thought they were beautiful combinations of a high moral order of life, and well designed to build up an honourable manhood, where the brotherhood had the stamina and intelligence to measure up to them.

Though only in her teens this mystic book became her *vade mecum,* and she read it over with critical intelligence, without a thought of condemning it, because women could not be made Masons. She had faith in her father, and knew that Masonic integrity would not allow the tender sex to be wronged. Jealously of masculine rights had no place in her heart. She was contented and proud to know that her father was a Master Mason, and she read his Masonic books because she saw that they diligently taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. She also saw that there was no bigotry, no intolerance, no sectarianism, no jealous inclusiveness in the system, and she embraced its faith because of its intrinsic worth, and of its practical value.

"Pa," said she one day, with a smile which told of her simplicity, "I believe I'm a Mason myself."

I wouldn't wonder, daughter, responded the doctor, "for every good woman is a Mason."

"Without initiation, pa?" she asked.

"Why, yes," he answered."

"Well, then, I'm one, pa," said she, "I've read your books, and I know I like their teachings, and I am glad you've told me I'm a Mason, for I shall try and keep the faith, so as never to dishonour my profession."

"That is right, daughter," said the doctor with a smile, "let your light shine in rays of humanity, in sympathy for the unfortunate, and you'll never dishonour yourself or any one else."

Long after her father was gone Stella sat looking out of the window at the passing throng of humanity, still wondering in her mind how it was that so many suffer and die in want, and are so soon forgotten, while the whole land is so full of churches and societies and benevolent institutions. The thought was painful to her young heart, and deeply did she feel the necessity of a careful guardianship over the pride and selfishness of her own nature. Grey's lines came to her memory:

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Late in the evening, after the family had taken tea, Stella was leaning over the banisters of the front porch, gazing with devout abstraction upon the glittering of the stars. The night was beautiful, and the very heavens seemed to look down upon the world beneath with complacent sympathy. It was a night for the acknowledgement of the goodness of the Maker of All Things, as well as for the exercise of gentle pity for such as could not enjoy the splendour of the scene.

Just then the front gates opened, and a tall and spare woman leading a little girl, came up the walk and asked, "is Dr. Gregg at home."

"He is not; he is at the office, if he is not out visiting a patient," responded Stella.

"Do you wish to see him?" she enquired.

"Well, yes," answered the lady. "Yet I fear," she said, "it will all be in vain."

"O, my dear, I can scarcely tell you," the lady responded, "for fear I shall fail with the doctor, just as I have with several others."

"Why, if there is anything," said Stella, "that pa can ever do for you, it will be done cheerfully, I've no doubt."

"I hope so, I hope so," the woman repeated, "for I feel that death itself will be a relief to me if I cannot save my son."

"Why, where is he? What has he done?" asked Stella as she grew excited as well as interested in the case of the new patient of her father before her.

The woman seemed to hesitate in giving the story of her distress to the daughter which she intended for her father, and she was about to turn away to find the doctor's office.

"My dear son is in trouble," said she, "and I want to see the doctor, I think he will be willing to protect me in this persecution." The woman's voice trembled as she spoke, she was evidently in deep distress, and the tears coursed down her cheeks, as was visible even in the starlight. "I must see the doctor to night, for my son is in jail, and if it is possible I will have him out to-morrow. O, it is terrible, miss, for an innocent young man to be treated in this way."

"I know he is not guilty," she again defiantly affirmed.

"I will go with you to the office," said Stella, confidingly, for she saw before her one of the very cases which could but call out her spirit. A soul was in trouble, and her own heart was touched, and she could but feel that wrong should be righted, and she was ready to do what she could to accomplish the purpose.

"Who is he? What is he?
She stopt not to ask.
Lift him up, care for him,
This was her task."

In a few moments she had her mother's consent, and was on her way with the heart-stricken woman to the rescue of the son.

"Pa," said she, as they entered the office, "here is a good lady in trouble, will you hear her story?"

"Of course, daughter, I'll listen to any trouble she may have."

Mrs. Robinson looked at him through her tears as she said, "Doctor, I am perhaps a stranger to you, and yet I come to you with some assurances of your sympathy, in my present affliction. My son George has been book-keeper for the firm of Wood, Jones & Co., for a year and more, and to-day they had him arrested under the charge of embezzlement. There is a great wrong in the matter somewhere, Doctor," said she.

"What do you want done, madam?" asked the doctor.

"I want him out of jail, first," said the afflicted woman, "and then we'll meet them in the courts the best way we can."

"What's his bail bond?" the doctor asked.

"The sheriff told me it would be six hundred dollars."

"Can you meet me here in my office at nine o'clock to-morrow morning?" asked the doctor.

"I will," she answered.

Then thanking the doctor for his generous sympathy, and Stella for her kindness, Mrs. Robinson left the office, leading her little girl, who that night would be her only company in her sad and widowed home.

"Pa," said Stella, when they were left alone, "if that young man is innocent of the crime charged against him, as his mother says he is, it would be a burning shame to let him remain in prison."

"We'll see in the morning, daughter, what the case is," responded the doctor, "and if I am satisfied of his innocence, we'll see that he eats a free dinner to-morrow at his mother's."

The following day, prompt to the hour, Mrs. Robinson was at the Doctor's office, where, in a half-hour's talk she convinced him that her son was the victim of one of the partners of the house, who had purloined the funds for his own use, and defaced the books to hide his tracks, and then accused the young book-keeper of the theft.

The Doctor did not hesitate, but went at once on the young man's bond, and released him to the great joy of his mother. Public opinion, of course was suspended until the trial came off, which was not until two months, which time had been prudently economized by the wicked partner, for he had, under false pretence, closed up his interest in the house, and when the trial of young Robinson came on the ex-partner was *non est.*

Through Stella Gregg's influence and her father's generous management, the widow's son was fully vindicated on the trial, and the jury gave a unanimous verdict of *not guilty.*

Public indignation ran high against the absconding partner, and the fair fame of young George Robinson shone brighter than ever before. With choking emotions he thanked Dr. Gregg for his generous interference in his behalf, and assured him that until the day of his death he would ever remember him as one of the best friends of his life.

The house generously restored him to his desk again, with assurances of an interest in the house, which he has since obtained, where his integrity, probity and modest intelligence have given him a character even above suspicion. Miss Stella Gregg, has become one of his most intimate friends, a rumour has it that the Doctor himself may yet become his father-in-law.

"Thus fate builds hopes for honest men,
And gives them back their rights again."

A LEGEND.

From the "Noah's Sunday Times."

I HAVE heard of a mystic legend,
That comes from the days of yore,
Of Those, who in Salem's Temple
Square, Level and Plumb-line bore.

The fame of their Strength and Beauty
And Wisdom all hands had heard,
And they spake 'neath the echoing arches
The Grand Omnific Word.

But the column of one was broken
When he fell at the Temple gate,
Where his jubliant foes in ambush
For their noble victim wait.

There was sorrow in all the chambers,
For the trestle board gave no sign
Of the hand that had wrought its patterns
With a skill that had seemed divine.

They sought him o'er hill and valley,
From East to the distant West,
And they found him beneath the acacia,
Silently laid to rest.

Is there no help for the lost one?
His brethren in sorrow cry—
There is help in One that is Mighty
For those who in darkness lie.

And oft as the sprig of the acacia
Blooms green on our darksome way,
It tells us that *Faith* shall rise us
From night to the realms of day.

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

BY BRO. J. H. GABALL.

(*Continued from page* 325.)

THE ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED SCOTTISH RITE, OR RITE OF GRAND INSPECTORS-GENERAL OF THE 33°.

IN a pamphlet which the Supreme Council could not repudiate, Bro. Piron, who called himself Chancellor of the Holy Empire, has published the following remarks:—

"The Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite was, at the date of 1762, composed of only 25 degrees, of which the last was the Valiant and Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret. These 25 degrees were practised throughout France.

"In 1786, Frederick II., King of Prussia, Sovereign of Sovereigns of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, and Grand Master, Successor of the Kings of England and Scotland, foreseeing that his days would not be of much longer duration, wished to consolidate for ever the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, for which he had a particular regard. He desired to invest each state and empire in which it was practised the power necessary to liberate it from the trammels with which it was bound on the part of that brutal ignorance which attempted to change everything, or from the ambitious pretensions of some other systems, or, finally, from a destructive pre-eminence rejected on the principle of universal equality and reciprocal intolerance, which would have the effect of converting the different Masonic systems into a single branch emanating from the same tree.

"In consequence, Frederick II., personally presiding on the 1st May, 1786, over the Supreme Council, by the aid of which he ruled and governed the Order, raised to 33 degrees the hierarchy of 25 degrees consecrated by the Grand Constitutions of 1762.

"It is this Rite of 25 degrees also, perfected, amended, corrected, and augmented, which the Comte de Grasse-Tilley, calling himself Grand Inspector General, imported into France in 1804, and on behalf of which he made, with the veritable Rite of Heredom, the treaty previously mentioned. The Scottish Lodge of the Philosophic Rite obligingly lent him its lodge rooms until the time when the proceedings of Roettiers de Montaleau and of Bro. Piron produced the Concordat, which was signed on the 5th December, 1804.

"We have not here to enquire how the Scottish Rite of Perfection united itself with the Rite of Perfection established by Frederick; how the Comte de Grasse-Tilly procured the Constitutions signed by the King of Prussia, in 1876, and which no one in France or in Prussia had any knowledge of in 1804; it will suffice us to know that the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite exists, that it has accomplished in the world a development—owing to the principles of which it was the propagator—like all other masonic bodies. Whatever may have been its origin, we wish to establish but one thing, that is that the Council of the 33 degrees was annexed to the Grand Orient in 1804, and that this last is still, as it always has been, the sole Supreme Council regularly constituted in France.

"When the Concordat, which was signed on the 5th day of the 19th month of the year 5804, the duplicate minute remained (we know not why) in the care of Bro. Piron, Commissioner of the Supreme Council, and it was but the first day of the first month of the year 5805, summoned by the Lodge Saint Napoleon, of which he was the Orator, consented to read it, and to allow a copy to be taken.

"This act bears the following construction:—'The Grand Orient of France, regularly assembled under the Geometrical Point, known only to Freemasons, desiring them to participate, not only with those lodges composed in the circle, of which it is the centre, but still procuring a certain and distinguished acknowledgment in all the lodges on the surface of the earth.'

"'Thinking that it could include in one constellation all the masonic lights, and thus embrace the generality of the rite, it declared that it united itself to all the brethren of whatever rite they might belong to.'"

Here closes the version given by Bro. Piron in his pamphlet. He purposely suppresses the remainder;

"In order that in the future all Masons should instruct themselves without hind-

rance in the sublime knowledge, as they increase in age and capacity, they shall enjoy the advantages of a unity of self-government, to ensure uniformity of working in the Lodges and Chapters, to maintain harmony with foreign Grand Lodges, and to reflect its light in those places where no lodges have yet opened their treasures of wisdom."

The Grand Orators declare that the Constitutions of the Grand Orient of France are determined as follows . . . . . .

This is how the Grand Orient of France makes its Constitution !

Bro. Grasse-Tilley was named special Grand Representative of the Grand Master ; Bro. Hacquet, Vice-President of the General Grand Chapter ; Bro. Pyron, Orator ; Bro. Thory, Secretary.

These Constitutions are too long to be reproduced here, but we shall remark on the following articles :

"The Grand Orient of France claims the right to govern in the Grand Chapter General, the Grand Council of the 32nd degree, and the Sublime Council of the 33rd degree. The attributes of the 33rd degree, independently of those which belong to its functions, are to occupy itself in the attainment of the fullest mystic knowledge and in the regulation of the work. It pronounces upon everything that tends to maintain the point of honour. It can suspend an officer of the Grand Orient, after complaint and denunciation, which can be made only by brethren of the lodge to which the officer inculpated belongs, in Masonic form. The Sublime Council of the 33rd degree only can reconsider or revoke its decisions."

The Supreme Council of the 33rd degree had therefore disappeared altogether as a Masonic power, like the Grand Consistory of the Princes of the Royal Secret, Rite of Heredom or Perfection.

But this situation did not suit Bro. Pyron ; he had failed to carry into effect the objects of the Act of Union in the session of the Lodge Saint Napoleon, on the 1st March, 1805 ; and on the 13th of the same month a judgment of the Grand Chapter General declared that Bro. Pyron had brought against nine officers of the Grand Orient of France a calumnious denunciation and had placed them under accusation. The 5th April following, by a majority of 69 out of 71 votes, it declared this brother deprived of his dignity of Grand Orator, and erased his name from the list of officers of the Grand Orient of France.

A man with a spirit of such inquietude could not accept so just a condemnation ; he intrigued so successfully that, on the 6th September, 1805, an assembly of Scottish Rite Masons, to the number of 81, under the presidency of the Grand Administrator-General of the Grand Orient of France, declared that the Ancient Scottish Rite ceased to be united with the Grand Orient, and that the Concordat of the 3rd day of 10th month of the year 5804 would be regarded as non-existant. In general, in order to break a contract concluded between two bodies, it requires the mutual consent of both parties thereto, or a decision of a superior authority ; this declaration was therefore without any proper authority, the more so that since the Act of Union the Grand Orient of France having had to pay the debts of the Supreme Councils, so that it might well have been said, not that it had annexed the Ancient Rite, but that it had purchased it.

Bro. Pyron forgot to return the money, but, to complete his coup d'etat, he decided that Bro. de Grasse-Tilly, who was but a captain of cavalry, had ceded all his rights to the Illustrious Bro. Cambacérès, who was created 33°, and installed on the 13th August, 1805, as Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite.

What could be done by the Grand Orient, of which the Duc de Cambacérès was Grand Master *adjoint*, under the Grand Mastership of the king, Joseph Bonaparte.

However, a kind of compromise was effected in the course of the month of September, 1805. It was said that the Council of the 32nd and the 33rd would no longer possess any status in the Grand Chapter General, that all the Rites would be represented by commissioners in the directorate of the united Rites, that the Grand Orient should confer only the first 18 degrees, and that the Supreme Council of the 33rd degree should have the sole right to administer the degrees from the 19th to the 33rd, and deliver certificates therefrom.

(To be continued.)

"BLIND."

We take this from the Herald and Presbyter.

Only an old blind fiddler playing in a deserted street, before an empty house, on the walls of which is a placard reading: "Premises to be let."

Who cares for an old blind fiddler? Perhaps his dog does; the dog that is attached to him by a string. Who knows a dog's heart? There they stand before the vacant house in the deserted street, and no one sees them but the old gray cat prowling over the long black rafters. No one cares for this blind man in all London. The wind is blowing, and small flakes of snow are falling, ever and anon alighting on the withered cheek and hardly melting there, because his cheek is so cold, and he is shivering from head to foot.

When he feels the snow falling faster, he turns from the house where he has waited, hat in hand, for the chance penny, thinking: "Surely I have earned something." But he has found that people will listen to his music and never dream of paying, just as though they needed charity.

Aimlessly he turns down one street and up another, and the snow is falling faster. He must walk to keep warm, and has no place on which to "lay his head." So up and down the streets they go—the dog and he. He has grown bewildered in the turns of the streets, and so at last they are back before the empty house.

He is so weary now that he must rest. They find their way to the broad stone steps, now white, and he sits down thinking: "It's a quiet street; may be a policeman won't tell me to 'move on' for a while, and I must rest."

"Miriam," he says, talking to his dead wife, who he fancies can always see and hear him, "ask the angel to come for me soon. Ask God to let him come."

So whispering to his spirit-wife he begins to feel warmer, and falls asleep.

He dreams that the angel came and took him up through the snow-flakes.

Up! up! And at last they reached a golden gate which stood ajar. The angel touched it, and as it opened wide they entered in.

The Lamb was the light thereof.

The angel had changed his robe while coming through the snow-flakes, and it was white and glistening.

Then Miriam met him just within the gate. "Reuben" she said, "I'm glad you came. I asked the Lord, and he sent the angel. Reuben, my husband."

Just then came One of soft and beautiful presence, who took him in his open arms and kissed his forehead, and blessed him; and when he stood aside for the approach of the angels they saw where the kiss had left its impress, a new name, and the name was "Beloved." Then came the dear disciple, the Lord's beloved on earth, and took his hands, uttering the one word "Beloved!" and the sweetness of the tone echoed through the vaults of heaven, and the angels sang the chorus, "Beloved! beloved! beloved!" till the arches rang again.

* * * * *

Next morning the piteous moaning of a little dog drew the attention of the passer-by. They saw a peculiar looking heap on the door-steps, which was found to be the body of an old blind man, still clasping in his arms his bow and fiddle. On his face such a smile as made their hearts stand still, and the rough hands tremble, as they lifted him into the cart that was to bear him away, and one man whispered to another, "He looks as though he saw an angel."

THE BRAKEMAN'S STORY.

From the "Keystone."

"YES, sir," said the brakeman, as he stood by the stove warming his numbed hands, after coming in from braking. "People think, as they sit in their warm seats and only hear us call out the different stations, that we have a nice, soft, easy time. But we know better. Imagine yourself out on a flat car all night, with the snow dashing into your face, your hands on a cold iron brake, and think if that's easy; or up on top of a freight car, running along, the wind cutting like a

knife, dark as pitch, and watching for fear you may rush suddenly under a bridge and be swept off, and perhaps left to die in the snow. Is that easy? Does that look like a soft job? To be sure when we are transferred to passenger cars, the work is nice enough, but the dangers we have to go through (for we generally have to go on freight cars first), entitle us to something better on a passenger car, and we ain't sorry when we get orders to take the head end of such a regular train.

"There are very few brakemen who can't tell some never-to-be-forgotten incident connected with their life on the rail. To explain, let me tell you a story from my own experience. I remember one night, it was fearfully cold, right in the middle of winter, and snowing hard, I was braking in the middle of a freight train. It was running along on slow time that night, and we were about two or three miles from the station. I was standing by the brake of a flat car, trying to get warm by stamping, wishing we were at the depot, so that I could go back to the caboose out of the bitter cold, when suddenly I felt the train bumping and jumping like as if a wheel had broken, and I knew something was wrong. The whistle blew for brakes, and in a mighty short time we had the train stopped.

"With the rest of the men I went back to see what was the matter, thinking that I might get a chance at the stove, for I was nearly frozen. Going back about three hundred feet, we found that one of the rails had got loose and was out of place, but, as we had been going slow, we had run over the spot safely. Our conductor looked up and seeing me said:

"'Jim, get back and signal the pasenger train. She will be along in a short time now; and take this,' he said, handing me a red-light lantern; 'we'll go on. You can come along with the other train.'

"With that all hands got on board, and soon there was nothing but myself and the lantern left.

"A cold gust brought me to myself with a quick turn, and then I remembered what I had to do. Holding the lantern up, I saw that the light was flickering, and shaking it, found it almost empty. Then I began to feel the responsibility of my position; a lamp with no oil in it, and train due in ten minutes, with the chance of it being thrown off the track, and no telling how many poor people killed or wounded. In a case of this kind, sir, even a brakeman will do his best to save human life, although he sometimes loses his own in the attempt; and all he gets for it is having his name in the paper, and being called a brave fellow.

"Quicker than I tell it, I made up my mind that the train must be signalled, lamp or no lamp. But how to do it was the question? If I ran ahead, without a light, the engineer might think I wanted to stop the train for robbery, for such things have been done, you know, and would not only dash right on, faster than ever, but (may be) try to scald me as the locomotive rushed by. I tell you I felt like praying just then; but brakemen are not selected for their religious feelings, so I didn't pray much, but looked around and saw a light shining in a window some distance off. I laid down my lantern carefully on the track, made a bee line for the house, and soon brought a woman to the door, who looked more frightened than I was, at my excited appearance. It was useless to ask for sperm oil (the only sort we use), so I cried out:

"'For God's sake get me some straw.'

"She seemed to realize the position, and quickly brought a bundle. Feeling in my pocket, I found three matches, and grabbing the straw, I made my way back to the track.

"Laying the straw between the rails, I struck a match and shoved it into the bundle. It flashed an instant and then went out. I felt and found the straw damp.

"Just then a dull, faint rumbling sound come down on the wind, and I knew she was coming; the train would soon be there.

"I struck the second match and touched off the straw—a blaze, a little smoke, and it was dark again, and raising my eyes I saw the headlight away in the distance. But trains don't crawl, and the buzzing along the rail told me to be lively.

"The red light was burning but faintly; five minutes more and it would go out.

"For an instant I stood paralysed, when a shrill scream from the engine brought me

to my senses, and I saw that inside of two minutes she would be there.

"Seizing the lantern with one hand, I struck the last match, and bending down, laid it carefully inside the straw, and then dashed forward, waving the red light. The glare from the head light shone down the track, and the engineer saw me, but did not notice the red light—the sudden waving had put it out—only screeching he come straight on. When the train was almost on me I jumped one side, and slinging the lantern over my head, dashed it straight into the cab. The engineer saw the lamp as it broke on the floor, and seeing the red glass and the battered lantern, whistled the danger signal, and tried to check up.

"Looking down the track, I almost screamed from excitement, the last match had found a dry spot, and the straw was blazing up bright. The train came to a standstill. She was saved; that's all *I* remember.

"The next I knew I was in the baggage car. They said they had found me lying by the train, in a dead faint, and—excuse me, we are going to stop now.

"Stamford!" he sung out. The train stopped, and the writer went home, satisfied that a brakeman's life is an exciting one.

A LAY OF MODERN DURHAM.

From the "Durham University Journal."

The Warden of the Purple,
By Beda's bones he swore
That his degrees, though easy once,
Should easy be no more.
By Beda's bones he swore it,
And fixed the fatal day;
And sent his letters special forth,
To bring stern doctors to the north
From Oxford grim and grey.

From the thousand spires of Oxford
Come back the stern replies,
And swift through Hall and College
The deadly rumour flies.
Woe to the passman grinding
O'er Vergil's classic tome,
When Rawlinson and Creighton
Have said that they will come!

From ancient Canterbury,
Where towers the hoary pile,
Forth comes the bearded Canon,
With a most peculiar smile;
And Fathers grave, and Doctors
Come lumbering in his wake,
The scanty brains of passmen
To torture and to rake;

Milman in thirty volumes,
And Liddon in a score,
Lactantius and Origen,
And half a hundred more;
And doctrines, dates, and councils
Pile up the paper high,
While the Warden of the Purple
Regards complacently.

Creighton from cloistered Merton,
With true scholastic skill,
Rubs up his rusty logic
From Mansel and from Mill,
And o'er forgotten ethics
Runs his unwonted eye,
And thumbs the page of many an age
In ancient history.

In Hatfield by the river,
In the Castle's stately tower,
The studious oil is burning
Till wanes the midnight hour.
No more the nightly revel
Disturbs tutorial rest,
No more nocturnal ramblers fly
To nooks and alleys, when they spy
The Proctor's velvet crest.

And now the day is on us,
And now the schools are full;
And many a pallid artsman
His downy tuft doth pull;
And some are weak in grammar,
And others weak in facts;
And not a few of Trollope's crew
Make Shipwreck in the Acts.

Now dawns the day decisive,
The session of the three,
When *viva voce* turns the scale
Of dubious degree.
Then forth stood Cuthbert Cosins,
An apterous divine;
He trembled as he crossed the floor
To face the frowning trine.

They gave him *viva voce*
Full fifty minutes long,
And, though his papers had been weak,
Yet Cuthbert came out strong,

And, when upon the portal
The fatal list was seen,
And eager scores of gownsmen
Came thronging o'er the Green,
The name of Cuthbert Cosins
Emblazoned high appears,
Leading the class which got a pass;
While loud resound the cheers.

MEMBERSHIP OF LODGES IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

We think the following worthy of reproducing from the *Voice of Masonry* for September.

The interesting communication from Brother Gouley in the *Voice* for July on the "Status of English Masons Sojourning in the United States," has led me to write the following, respecting membership of lodges under the Grand Lodges of England and Ireland; and I have given the laws on the subject, so that it may be at once seen that the statements made are authoritative. I have considered the question under the eight divisions of Bro. Gouley's article, so that my addition may be the complement of his condensed facts, and be as his, for the information of all concerned. I have purposely left out the Grand Lodge of Scotland in the enquiry, as unfortunately membership in that body is on quite a different footing to the other two Grand Lodges, and indeed almost unique in the experience of Freemasonry, for many lodges require *no annual subscriptions* from members whatever; neither is there any annual fee payable for each member to the Grand Lodge, as there should be. It is to be hoped an improvement will ere long be inaugurated in this respect, for under present circumstances, the income of the Grand Lodge of Scotland is quite a paltry sum, and its present liabilities ought long ago to have been met, and would easily have been, under the system of management prevalent in England, Ireland, and elsewhere. Those who want the benefits and privileges of Freemasonry for *nothing*, should never be admitted into the Order, for whether they are unable to pay, or have not the inclination, their circumstances are clearly such as to constitute them unfit material for reception into our Masonic Lodges.

1st. The Grand Lodge Certificate has to be applied for on behalf of every new member, by the Lodge authorities, and the fees so payable are compulsory. No lodges under England or Ireland have the power to issue certificates, excepting of a purely formal character, such as a dimit, etc., and not in anywise of the nature of a certificate of the brother having legally taken certain degrees. The Grand Lodge certificate is simply an evidence of what is stated thereon, and *nothing more*. The holder thereof may subsequently be unfit to visit or join a lodge, and so, as Bro. Gouley states, "*such evidence must be obtained by subsequent enquiry*," and concluding with the *Tyler's O.B.*

2nd. Whenever a brother desires to join a lodge under the Grand Lodge of England, he cannot be accepted "without a regular proposition in open lodge, nor until his name, occupation, and place of abode, as well as the name and number of the lodge of which he is, or was last a member, or in which he was initiated, shall have been sent to all the members in the summons for the next regular lodge meeting, *at which meeting the Brother's Grand Lodge certificate, and also the certificate of his former lodge* are to be produced, and the decision of the brethren ascertained by ballot. When a lodge has ceased to meet, any former member thereof shall be eligible to be proposed and admitted a member of another lodge, on producing a certificate from the Grand Secretary, stating the fact, and specifying whether the brother has been registered, and his quarterage duly paid."

Under the Grand Lodge of Ireland the law is, "*nor shall a brother be affiliated until he has produced his Grand Lodge certificate, and also when possible, a clearance certificate from the lodge with which he had been last connected.*"

There is no limit as to the number of lodges a brother may be a member of, neither has there been for about a century and a half. The same regulations, however, have to be observed *each time* a brother seeks to join a lodge.

3rd. An *English* Mason does not become *ipso facto* a member on his initiation, unless he so expresses himself at the time, and from the night of initiation his membership and subscription to the funds commence, if he desires, accordingly.

"Every lodge must receive as a member without further proposition or ballot, any brother initiated therein, *provided such brother expresses his wish to that effect on the day of his initiation.*"—*Laws of Grand Lodge of England.*

It is evident from the foregoing that the membership on the night of initiation depends upon the wish of the "candidate," as he is *not ipso facto* a member, but only if he so desires.

Under the Grand Lodge of Ireland membership does not actually commence until the Third Degree is attained.

4th. All applicants for relief (if members under the Grand Lodge of England), have to conform to the following law *re Fund of Benevolence*:

"No Mason shall receive the benefit of this fund unless he have paid the full consideration fee, have been registered on the books of the Grand Lodge, have continued a subscribing member to a contributing lodge for at least two years, and during that period, paid his quarterly dues to the fund of benevolence. The limitation of two years, however, does not apply to the cases of shipwreck, capture at sea, loss by fire, or breaking or dislocating a limb, fully attested and proved."

The Grand Lodge of Benevolence also grants relief to indigent widows or children of Masons who would themselves have been qualified to receive assistance; or of brothers who shall have died within two years from their initiation, or of their having joined from foreign lodges, and who shall have continued subscribing members to their decease.

The laws also provide that "brethren under the constitution of the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland, as well as of foreign Grand Lodges, and members of colonial lodges, may be relieved on the production of certificates from their respective Grand Lodges, or other sufficient certificates and testimonials to the satisfaction of the Lodge of Benevolence, and proof of identity and distress, and of having paid at least two years' subscription to a regular lodge."

Not being a contributing member at the time of application, or indeed for many years being a non-affiliate, would be no barrier to relief, if the foregoing conditions are acceded to.

5th. The annual dues have to be paid for all contributing members whether at home or abroad, and membership lapses unless they are paid within due time. Many lodges charge less annually for members whilst abroad, and what is termed "*Dining Lodges*" would not expect the extra subscriptions for banquets if members cannot attend. This law and custom prevails under the Grand Lodges of England and Ireland.

6th. The law respecting visitors under the Grand Lodge of Ireland, is as follows, and that of England is an agreement therewith:

"No visiting brother shall be permitted to be present at the opening of any lodge unless properly vouched; nor shall he be entitled to admission thereto during the time of labour, unless properly vouched or duly qualified to the satisfaction of the Master, and has, if required, produced his Grand Lodge certificate."—*Laws of Grand Lodge of Ireland.*

"No visitor shall be admitted into a lodge unless he be personally known, recommended or well vouched for, after due examination by one of the present brethren; and during his continuance in the lodge he must be subject to the bye-laws of the lodge."—*Laws of Grand Lodge of England.*

If not a subscribing member, a brother can only visit a lodge in the town or place where he resides once during his secession from the Craft, and no visitor of any kind can be accepted without his certificate. That document, however, is but the necessary preliminary—with others—to the regular examination, and not in lieu of the matter.

7th. A brother wishing to leave the lodge, has simply to state so by letter or personally, and on discharging his dues, he ceases to be a member.

The law of the Grand Lodge of England provides that "whenever a member of any lodge resigns, or shall be excluded, or whenever at a future time, he may require it, he shall be furnished with a certificate

stating the circumstances under which he left the lodge; and such certificate is to be produced to any other lodge of which he is proposed to be admitted a member, previous to the ballot being taken."

8th. Brethren, by ceasing to subscribe, and after due notice, forfeit their membership, *ipso facto*, without any trial whatever, under the Grand Lodges of England and Ireland. Such arrears must be discharged before joining another lodge, and under England and Ireland, membership of the Grand Lodge is forfeited by all Past Masters who are not contributing members of lodges.

It simply amounts to this: Cease to subscribe to a lodge for twelve months, and there and then all privileges obtained by having served as Master of a lodge, are lost, and after due notice, and no payment made, the name is erased from the roll of members. The elaborate machinery of a trial is avoided, for if the brother has received notice, and still continues a defaulter, the *onus* rests on himself, and by his own tacit refusal, the membership lapses.

There must be an *annual* subscription paid to the funds of a lodge under the constitution of the Grand Lodges of England and Ireland, or membership ceases, and all privileges are forfeited in the lodge and Grand Lodge in question, save those before noted, and as respects relief in cases of distress.

I should not have thus alluded to the subject and at such length, after my esteemed Brother Hervey's letter to Brother Gouley (two model Grand Secretaries), but the importance of the questions considered appear to me to demand it.

A CIGAR SCIENTIFICALLY DISSECTED.

From the "Scientific American."

To the world in general a cigar is merely a lightly rolled packet, having brittle fragments of dry leaves within, and a smooth silky leaf for its outer wrapper. When it is burnt, and the plesantly-flavoured smoke inhaled, the habitual smoker claims for it a soothing luxury that quiets the irritable, nervous organism, relieves weariness, and entices repose. Science, scouting so superficial a description, examines first the smoke, second the leaf, third the ash. In the smoke is discovered water in vaporous state, soot (free carbon), carbonic acid and carbonic oxide, and a vaporous substance condensable into oily nicotine. These are the general divisions, which Vohl and Eulenberg have still further split up; and in so doing have found acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, and propionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, and carbolic acid ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, picoline, luditine, collodine, parvoline, coridine, and rubidene. These last are a series of oily gases belonging to the homologues aniline, first discovered in coal tar. Applying chemical tests to the leaves, other chemists have found nicotia, tobacco camphor or nicotianine (about which not much is known), a bitter, extractive matter, gum, chlorophyll, malate of lime, sundry albuminoids, malice acid, woody fibre, and various salts. The feathery white ash, which in its cohesion and whiteness is indicative of the good cigar, yields potash, soda, magnesia, lime, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid, silicia, and chlorine. Our friend has kindly left us a fine cigar; had it been a poor and cheap one, the ingredients we should extract would be fearful and wonderful to contemplate. Here is the list from an English parliamentary report on adulerations in tobacco. Sugar, alum, lime, flour or meal, rhubarb leaves, saltpetre, fuller's earth, starch, malt comings, chromate of lead, peat moss, molasses, burdock leaves, common salt, endive leaves, lampblack, gum, red dye, a black dye composed of vegetable red, iron, and liquorice, scraps of newspaper, cinnamon stick, cabbage leaves, and straw brown paper.

Returning now to the smoke, or rather its ingredients, Dr. B. W. Richardson, in his "Diseases of Modern Life," considers the effect of the same on the body at considerable length, basing his conclusions on actual investigation. He tells us that water, of course, is harmless; free carbon acts mechanically as an irritant, and tends to discolour the secretions and the teeth. Ammonia bites the tongue, exercises a solvent influence on the blood, excites the

salivary glands, and thus causes a desire to drink while smoking. The tendency of carbonic acid is to produce sleepiness, headache, and lassitude. When a cigar is smoked badly, that is, when combustion of the tobacco is slow and incomplete, carbonic oxide is produced in small quantities, and is an active poisoning agent, resulting in irregular motion of the heart, vomiting, convulsions of the muscles, and drowsiness. The nicotine tends to cause tremour, palpitation of the heart, and paralysis. The valatile empyreumatic substance produces a sense of oppression, and taints the breath and surroundings of the smoker with the well known "stale tobacco smoke" smell. The bitter extract causes that sharp nauseous taste peculiar to a relighted cigar or an old pipe.

By trying the effect of tobacco smoke on lower animals, we can obtain an idea of its influence on ourselves. Small insects are stupefied rapidly, but recover in fresh air. Cold-blooded animals succumb slowly to the smoke, birds rapidly. Some animals, such as the goat, can eat tobacco with impunity; but none escape the effects of the fumes. Persons suffer most from tobacco while learning to smoke. Dr. Richardson says that the spasmodic seizures are sometimes terrible, especially in boys. There is a sensation of imminent death, the heart nearly ceases to beat, and sharp pains shoot through the chest. Examination of inferior animals under such conditions show that "the brain is pale and empty of blood; the stomach reddened in round spots, so raised and pile-like that they resemble patches of Utrecht velvet." The blood is preternaturally fluid, the lungs are as pale as those of a dead calf, and the heart is feebly trembling; such is the primary action of one's first cigar.

After a time, however, the body becomes accustomed to the influence of the poison; and with the exception of constant functional disturbances (owing to the excretory organs, notably the kidneys, being compelled to do work not essential to their duties) no distressing results are felt. There are numerous instances where the evil effects are scarcely appreciable, the physical and nervous constitution of the smoker being capable of resisting the influence. In many cases copious salivation attends smoking, and in this circumstance the opponents of tobacco have found a strong argument. Still, either to expectorate or not to do so is a choice of two evils. In the latter case the result is to swallow the saliva charged with a poisonous matter; in the former, the saliva needed to prepare food for digestion is lost, and besides as it contains salts of lime in solution, the effect is to produce large formations of tartar on the teeth. "Smoker's sore throat" is a special irritable state of the mucous membrane induced by cigar smoking, which soon disappears when the habit is broken off. Tobacco smoke does not produce consumption or bronchitis, but it tends to aggravate both maladies. Its effect on the organs of sense is to cause, in the extreme degree, dilation of the pupils of the eye; confusion of vision, niesbright illminious, or cobweb specks, and long retention of images on the retina, with other and analogous symptoms affecting the ear, namely, inability to define sounds clearly, and the concurrence of a sharp ringing sound like that of a whistle or a bell. Its effect on the brain is to impair the activity of that organ, and to oppress it if it be duly nourished, but to sooth it if it be exhausted. It leads to paralysis in the volitional and in the sympathetic or organic nerves, and to oversecretion from the glandular structure.....

And yet, despite all that science can say, the habit is increasing. Two centuries ago the Turks regarded smoking as a religious offence, and paraded a smoker through the streets of Constantinople with a pipe stuck through his nose as a warning to others. Who can disconnect the Turk now from the idea of chibouque oraraugileh, or fragrant Latakia? Look at the best cigar wrappers the world can produce, raised on Tobacco fields in the heart of New England, where the Puritan fathers once visited the direst of blue law vengeance on the wretch who profaned his Maker's handiwork by "making a chimney of his nostrils." The value of tobacco crop last year reached nearly 30,000,000 dollars. We consume annually some 75,000 hogsheads of the leaf. We imported about 83,000 bales of cigars, etc., from Cuba in 1875.

What is the end of it all? Effects on individuals likewise affect the communities; these in turn influence the nation.

No person that smokes can be in perfect health, and an imperfect organism, cannot reproduce a perfect one. Therefore it is logical to conclude that, were smoking the practice of every individual of a nation, then that people would degenerate into a physically inferior race.

NOTES BY FATHER FOY ON HIS SECOND LECTURE.

Note by the Editor.

At Father Foy's request we have published the following notes of his, which he wished printed as the justification, apparently, of his sweeping statements. We do so, though we can ill afford the space, and though, above all, the notes are neither new in themselves nor important as contributions to the history of Freemasonry. They are all well known, accessible to all students, and, practically, "nihil ad rem." For the "Illuminatism" to which they mainly refer is "a thing of the past," lasting only from 1782 to 1786, in Germany, when it was suppressed; and though it may have flourished for a short time in France and Paris, and included men like Egalité Orleans in its ranks, it also soon disappeared there. It has never been known in Great Britain, Canada, or America, and, therefore, as all this proves nothing as regards Anglo-Saxon Freemasons, we may unanimously repudiate alike Illuminatism and Bahrdt's German Union, which quickly came to grief in Germany itself, and never had any real importance. In fact Freemasons know about as much of the "*Illuminati*" as of the "Man in the Moon."

But we should remember that Weishaupt was a Jesuit, a R.C. Professor of Canon Law at Ingoldstadt, and that other Jesuits and Roman Catholics had undoubtedly something to do with the earlier movements of the Illuminati. Von Knigge, who began as a Protestant in the Illuminati, died a Roman Catholic, and was buried before the high altar in a Roman Catholic church in the Wurzburg district. It is but fair to note that he quarrelled with Weishaupt. We have no evidence that Weishaupt ever left the Roman Catholic Church, though he died at Gotha, we believe, under the protection of the reigning Grand Duke.

If any one wishes to know what Jesuits will teach as regards government, and political and social law, and why it is that various States have successively declared them to be dangerous to order, peace, and liberty, let them read De la Chalotais' Report on the Constitution of the Jesuits, *delivered to the Parliament of Bologna* on the 1st, 3rd, 5th, and 6th December, 1761.

As Freemasons we smile at all this bugbear of revolutionary teaching, of which as a loyal, religious, peaceful, charitable, tolerant Order we know positively nothing about.

There is probably no more well-affected and patriotic body of men than the million of Freemasons who belong to our Anglo-Saxon Masonic Family. That in parts of the Continent some Freemasons may use very violent language and do very foolish acts we do not deny; but in Holland and in Germany, in Sweden and in Denmark, the Freemasons are most numerous, loyal, intelligent, and peaceable; while in Portugal and in the Grand Lodge of Rome, and in Spain, we do not believe that any such thing as Illuminatism exists.

Even in France, as far as we are aware, the Grand Orient has never yet countenanced irregular proceedings, and though French and Belgian Masonry are not in a satisfactory state, according to our views, and just now they are making a great mistake, we believe that they know nothing of the doctrine of the Illuminati.

William Morgan.

From Blackie's "Encyclopædia."

"William Morgan was a native of Virginia, but for some time previous to the autumn of 1826 had been an inhabitant of the western part of the State of New York. As early as the month of August of that year it became generally known that he was engaged in preparing for the press a work by which the obligations and secret proceedings of freemasonry were to be divulged. Some members of the fraternity in and about Batavia, where Morgan then resided, were alarmed, and eventually became much excited on account of the contemplated publication. Remonstrances and inducements to dissuade him

from such a course of conduct were resorted to by his brother masons, but in vain. At length a conspiracy was formed, including in its origin, or at its subsequent stages, no inconsiderable number of persons, for the purpose of separating Morgan from those who had engaged him to undertake, and were encouraging him to go on with the development of the secrets of the masonic order. Given up to an unaccountable infatuation, they commenced the execution of this ill-advised project, by taking him, on the 10th or 11th September, 1826, from Batavia under the pretence of a charge for petit larceny to Canandaigua. The criminal charge was abandoned and a civil suit instituted against him. A judgment for a small amount was recovered, and he was committed by virtue of an execution thereon to the jail of Ontario county. On the evening of the 12th September he was discharged by the interference of some of the conspirators, and as he passed out of the door of the jail was seized by them, taken a small distance, and then forcibly put into a carriage. He was carried in the course of that night on to the Ridge Road, about two miles beyond the village of Rochester. During the next day and night he was taken to Lewiston, a distance of seventy or eighty miles, and from thence to Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara river. Soon after his abduction, it was ascertained to a reasonable degree of certainty, that he had been taken to Fort Niagara, but for some time an almost impenetrable obscurity seemed to shroud the events subsequent to his arrival at that place. The disclosures which were at length made before grand juries, and on the various trials of those who were indicted for carrying him off, have, in a great measure, removed the veil which hid these events, and established in a satisfactory manner that his life was in a few days brought to a tragical end. He was secured in the magazine of the Fort, which was at that time unoccupied by any forces of the United States. Soon after he was brought to that place, those who had him in charge were much embarrassed to devise what to do with him. Consultations were held on the subject, and some of the party proposed to take his life, which they alleged he had forfeited by violating the obligations he had voluntarily taken on himself, when he became connected with masonic fraternity, or in the subsequent stages of his advancement to its higher distinctions; but others protested against such a violent and wicked course. When all the circumstances are considered, and the evidence given on this point is well weighed, they seem to be sufficient to bring any candid mind to the conclusion that this proposition was finally adopted and executed, but it is not fully known who adopted it, or by whose hands it was executed. The number of those directly concerned in the final catastrophe is believed to be small; it is also believed that those who first formed the conspiracy to carry him off and those who subsequently became connected with it by lending their aid in carrying him to Fort Niagara, did not intend or anticipate the termination to which this affair was brought. Indeed, it is reasonable to conclude that the design upon his life was suggested by the embarrassment which those felt who were called on to make a further disposition of him after his arrival at Fort Niagara. This outrage upon the liberty of a fellow-citizen, and contempt of the laws of the land, from the protection of which this citizen had been violently taken, roused the indignation of the community in the midst of which the offence was committed. They demanded their fellow-citizen—he was not produced nor could he be found. They anxiously sought to know his fate, but they long sought in vain. The public excitement increased in intenseness, and spread over a wide region of country. Those who partook of it largely did not stop to discriminate. The single circumstance that an individual had a high standing in the masonic order was sufficient evidence in their minds of his participation in the crime. Finally, the whole fraternity were regarded as in some manner implicated in the transaction. It is believed by some, and perhaps alleged by more, to have been the natural consequence of the discipline of the Masonic Institution. A current of feeling so strong and so deep was soon turned to political purposes. An anti-masonic party was immediately formed; it predominated in several of the counties in the western part of New York, and had

converts in every part of the Union. The party was numerous, active, well-organised, and everywhere sought political ascendancy, not only in the several States, but in the general government of the country."

Manichæism, and the Occult Mysteries of Secret Societies.

(*From "Barruel,"* Vol. II., p. 409.)

"If the mysteries of masonry really are to be traced back to *Manes*, if he be the true father, the founder of the lodges, we must first prove it by his tenets, and then by the similarity and conformity of their secrets and symbols.

"1. With respect to tenets—till the existence of eclectic masonry, that is to say, till the impious sophisters of the age introduced into their lodges their impious mysteries of Deism and Atheism, no other God, no other Jehovah is to be found in the masonic code, but that of Manes, or the Universal Being, subdivided into the God Good, and the God Evil. It is that of Cabalistic Masonry and of the ancient *Rosicrucians; it is that of the Martinists*, who seem to have copied the Albigeois adepts. A most extraordinary fact is, that in an age when the gods of superstition were to disappear before the gods of our modern sophisters, the God of Manes should have preserved his ascendancy in so many branches of masonry.

"2. Manes, in particular, is the founder of that religious fraternity which the occult masons interpret into a total indifference for all religions. Manes wished to gain over to his party men of every sect.

"3. But, above all, there is the similarity in the code of Manes and the occult lodges on the principles of disorganising Liberty and Equality. That neither princes nor kings, superiors nor inferiors, might exist, Manes taught his followers that all laws and all magistracy was the work of the evil principle.

"4. The same conformity is to be found in the degrees of the adepts before initiation in the profound secrets. Manes had his Believers, his Elect, and his Perfects. These three degrees correspond with those of Apprentice, Fellow-craft, and Perfect Master. The name of elect has been preserved in masonry, but it constitutes the fourth degree.

"5. The same terrible and inviolable oaths bound the disciples of Manes as bind the adepts of the occult lodges to keep the secrets of their degree. St. Austin, before he was a Christian, had been elected to the degree of believer nine years, without being initiated into that of elect: 'Swear or forswear yourself, but be true to your secret,' was their motto.

"5A. The same number and almost identity of signs. The masons have three which they call the sign, the grip, and the word. The Manichæans also had three—the word, the grip, and the breast.

"6. Every mason wishes to ask by offering his hand whether you have seen the light; it was precisely by the same method that the Manichæans recognised each other, and felicitated a brother on having seen the light.

"7. If we penetrate the interior of masonic lodges we shall find representations of the sun, of the moon, and of the stars. These are nothing more than Manes's symbols of his God Good, that he brings from the sun, and of the different genii which he distributed in the stars. If the candidate is only admitted into the lodge blindfold, it is because he is yet in the empire of darkness, whence Manes brings his God Evil.

"8. In the degree of master, everything denotes mourning and sorrow. The lodge is hung in black, in the middle is a sarcophagus, resting on five steps, covered with a pall. Around it, the adepts in profound silence mourn the death of a man whose ashes are supposed to lie in this tomb. This man is at first said to be Adoniram, then Molay, whose death is to be avenged by that of all *tyrants*. The allegory is rather inauspicious to kings, but it is of too old a date not to be anterior to the Grand Master of the Temple.

"The whole of this ceremony is to be found in the ancient mysteries of the discipline of Manes. This was the ceremony which they called *Bema*. They also assembled round a sarcophagus on five steps decorated in like manner, and rendered great honour to him whose ashes it was supposed to contain. But these honours were all addressed to Manes. It was his death that they celebrated, and

they kept his feast precisely at the time when the Christians celebrated the death and resurrection of Christ. The Christians frequently reproached them with this, and *in our days* the same reproach is made to the *Rosicrucians* of renewing their funeral ceremonies at the same time, that is, on the Thursday of Holy week.

"9. In the masonic games Mac Benac are the two words which comprehend the secret meaning of this mystery. The literal signification of these words, we are told by the masons, is, 'the flesh parts from the bone.' This very interpretation remains a mystery, which only disappears when we reflect on the execution of Manes. Manes had promised by his prayers to cure the King of Persia's child. The young prince died, and Manes fled, but *he was flayed alive with the points of reeds.* Such is the clear explanation of *Mac Benac*, the flesh leaves the bones—he was flayed alive.

"The very reeds bear testimony to the fact. People are surprised at seeing the Rosicrucians begin their ceremonies by seating themselves sorrowfully and in silence upon the ground, then raising themselves up, and walking each with a long reed in his hand. All this is easily explained when we reflect that it was precisely in this posture that the Manichæans were used to put themselves, affecting to sit or lay themselves down on *mats* made of *reeds*, to perpetuate the memory of the manner in which their Master was put to death. And it was for this reason that they were called *Matarii.*"

Real Secrets.

From "Barruel," Vol. III., p. 171.

"In the *first* degree of Scotch Knighthood, the adept is informed that he has been elevated to the dignity of *High Priest.* In this degree he receives the masonic science only as descending from Solomon and Hiram, and revived by the Knights Templars. But in the *second* degree he learns that it is to be traced to Adam himself, and that it has been handed down by Noah, Nimrod, Solomon, Hugh, the founder of the Templars, and James Molay their last Grand Master, who, each in their turns, are styled the masonic *Sages.* At length, in the *third* degree, it is revealed to him that the celebrated *word*, lost by the death of Hiram, was this name of Jehovah. It was found, he is told, by the Knight Templars, at the time when the Christians were building a Church at Jerusalem. This was the famous word lost by Adoniram. The Knights Templars of Scotland took that *word* there, and transformed themselves into Knights of St. Andrew. Their successors are entrusted with this secret, and are at this day, perfect masters of freemasonry, *high priests* of Jehovah.

"This *secret*, however, cannot be difficult to understand. It is only to view the Scotch Master in his new character of high priest of Jehovah, or of that worship —that pretended Deism—which we have been told was necessarily the religion of Adam, Noah, Nimrod, Solomon, Hugh, the Grand Master, Molay, of the Templars, and which to day is to *constitute* the religion of the complete mason.

"These mysteries ridded them of all the mysteries of the gospel and of all religion. But, who is the person who wrested the famous *word*, and who was the real assassin of Adoniram, against whom the hatred of and the vengeance of the sect was to be directed? To grasp this, we ascend to a new degree, called the Knights Rosæ Crucis, or the Rosicrucians. Christ, himself, in their eyes is the destroyer of the unity of God, he is the great enemy of Jehovah; and to infuse the hatred of the sect into the minds of the new adepts, constitutes the grand mystery of the new degree, which they have called Rosicrucian."

"Here, then, we shall see everything relates only to the author of Christianity. The ornaments of the *lodge* appear to be solely intended to recall to the candidate the solemn mystery of Mount Calvary. The whole is hung in black, an altar is to be seen at the bottom, and over the altar is a transparent representation of three crosses, the middle one bearing the *ordinary inscription.* The brethren in sacerdotal vestments are seated on the ground, in the most profound silence, sorrowful and afflicted, resting their heads on their arms to represent their grief. It is not, however, the death of the son of God, who died victim for our sins, that is

the cause of their affliction; but the grand object of it is evident by the first answers which is made to the question with which all lodges are generally opened.

"The master asks the senior warden 'what o'clock it is'? The answer varies according to the different degrees. In this it is as follows: 'It is the first hour of the day, the time when the veil of the temple was rent asunder; when darkness and consternation was spread over the earth; *when the implements of masonry were broken;* when the flaming star disappeared; when the cubic stone was broken; *when the word was lost.*'"

The adept requires no further lessons to understand the meaning of this lesson. He hereby learns that the day on which the word Jehovah, that is mere natural religion was destroyed, is precisely that on which the son of God—dying on the cross for the salvation of mankind—consumated the grand mystery of our redemption.

Neither is this word, which he has already found, any longer the object of his researches: his hatred has further views. He must seek for a new word which shall perpetuate in his own mind, and that of his brethren, their blasphemous hatred for the God of Christianity, and for this they adopt the *inscription of the cross.*

"Every Christian knows the signification of I.N.R.I: Jesus of Nazareth, King of Jews. The Rosicrucian is taught the following interpretation:—'*The Jew of Nazareth, led by Raphael into Judea*'—an interpretation which, divesting Christ of His divinity, assimilates Him to a common man, whom the Jew, Raphael, conducts to Jerusalem, there to suffer condign punishment for his crimes. As soon as the candidate has proved that he understands the masonic meaning of this inscription, I.N.R.I., the master exclaims: 'My dear brethren, the word is found again!' and all present applaud the luminous discovery. They repeat this word to each other, when they meet, and I.N.R.I is to perpetuate their spite against Him who loved them to the death of the cross."—Ibid. p. 311.

(*To be Continued.*)

LINDISFARNE ABBEY.

BY BRO. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From the "Keystone."

[Lindisfarne Abbey, England, is situated on the coast of Northumberlandshire, ten miles from Berwick-on-Tweed. It is an extensive and splendid ruin, of unknown antiquity. The venerable Bede calls it "a storied spot." It stands on the mainland opposite to Holy Island, so called from having been formerly inhabited by the monks of Lindisfarne. It was first built in Saxon times. St. Cuthbert was its Bishop in A.D. 685. Eadbert in A.D. 688 removed its thatch roof and covered both roof and walls with plates of lead. The famous Grace Darling often periled her life to save shipwrecked mariners in this vicinity, and there is a monument to her memory near by. She died of consumption at an early age.—EDITOR KEYSTONE.]

As to the Port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The castle with its battled walls,
The ancient Monastery's halls—
A solemn, huge and dark red pile.
Placed on the margin of the isle.
In Saxon strength that Abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and road
That rose alternate, row on row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone.
On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and Northern pirates' hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilded in a later style,
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consummate power,
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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THE origin of almost all important inventions are involved in impenetrable obscurity. Had any one been bold enough to assert, even as late as the days of the "Nuremberg living egg," that it would not only be possible, but would one day become common, to manufacture accurate time-tellers small enough for the most delicate young lady to hide in her mouth without difficulty, he would have been universally regarded as fit only for "a whip and a dark room,"—the then prevalent mode of treating poor lunatics. Yet in all ages men have done their best to ascertain how the time was passing, whether they might spend their lives wisely or no. "All the ancients who were reported as skilful in mechanics seem to have obtained a modicum of credit as clock inventors," says Mr. James W. Benson, in his neatly-illustrated book on "*Time and Time-tellers*," alluded to in the January "MASONIC MAGAZINE." "Archimedes and Posidonius before the Christian era, Boëthius in the fifth century, Pacificus about the middle of the ninth, Gerbert at the end of the tenth, Wallingford near the beginning of the fourteenth, and Dondi at the end of the fourteenth, have each in their turn been asserted to be the inventors of the clock. The sphere of Archimedes, made 200 B.C., as mentioned by Claudian, was evidently an instrument with a maintaining power, but without a regulator, and therefore could not measure time in any other manner than as a planetarium, turned by a handle, measures, or rather exhibits, the respective velocities of the heavenly bodies; and the same may be said of the sphere of Posidonius, as mentioned by Cicero ('De Natura Deorum'). The clock of Boethius was a clepsydra, as was also that of Pacificus, according to some, for Bailly, in his History of Modern Astronomy, asserts that Pacificus was the inventor of a clock going by means of a weight and a balance, and, if so, the invention must be ascribed to Pacificus; but Bailly gives no authority for his assertion. Gerbert's horologe is said to have been merely a sun-dial. Wallingford's horologe, called the Albion, must have as much resembled a planetarium as a clock, for the motions of all the heavenly bodies appear to have been conducted by the maintaining power, whatever that was, without controlling mechanism. This instrument, made in 1326, is also described as having shown the ebb and flow of the sea, the hours, and the minutes. There, are, however, still earlier data as to clocks in England than this of Wallingford's, for we find that, in 1288, a stone clock-tower was erected opposite Westminster Hall, with a clock which cost 800 marks, the proceeds of a fine imposed upon Ralph de Hengham, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. The tower mentioned was still standing in 1715, and in it was a clock which struck the great bell known as Tom of Westminster, so as to be heard by the people in all the law courts. In Queen Elizabeth's time, the clock was changed for a dial upon the clock tower, which, however, bore upon its face the same Virgilian motto, 'Discite justitiam monti' ['Being warned, learn justice'] referring to the fine inflicted upon the Chief Justice for making an alteration in a record by which a poor dependent was made to pay 13s. 4d. instead of 6s. 8d. A dial with this motto was still to be seen in Palace Yard, Westminster, within the last dozen years, but was removed with the houses which were then demolished, to make way for the gilded palings which have since been erected between Palace Yard and Bridge Street, Westminster." The *clepsydra*, or water-clock, alluded to in the foregoing extract, was used, no doubt with many variations and improvements, by the ancient Chaldeans, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and was in use in India as late as the twelfth century. The name of *Clock*, as Mr. Benson observes, "may be derived either from the French *la cloche*, a bell, or from the German *die gloke*, or *die kloke*. There is no doubt that the word *cloche* was meant to distinguish the instrument which marked the hours by sounding a bell, from the *montre*, or watch, which (derived from

the Latin *monstro*, to show) merely shows the time by its hands. In ancient books the word *cloche* simply stands for a bell—the monks being accustomed to ring a bell at certain periods marked for them by their sun-dials or hour-glasses, and 'What's o'clock?' in old writers is often merely equivalent to the inquiry, 'What hour was last struck by the bell?'" In the year 1292—when Edward the First was forcing John Baliol upon the Scots as a king, and Dante had only made his unhappy marriage the year before—a clock was procured for Canterbury Cathedral at a cost of £30; and the great Italian poet a few years afterwards alluded to a clock, or horologe which struck the hours, in the conclusion of the tenth canto of his *Paradise*, as thus Englished by Cary ("the spouse of God," of course, meaning the church):—

"As clock, that calleth up the spouse of God
To win her bridegroom's love at matin's hour,
Each part of other fitly drawn and urged,
Sends out a tinkling sound, of note so sweet,
Affection springs in well-disposed breast;
Thus saw I move the glorious wheel, thus heard
Voice answering, so musical and soft,
It can be known but where day endless shines."

I have quoted this passage in full because it is the earliest mention known in all literature of a clock striking the hours. Our own Chaucer distinguishes between "a clock or any abbey orloge." But, though I may glance from time to time at the amount of historical and scientific information which Mr. Benson has given us in his excellent volume, those whom I may succeed in interesting in the subject will do well to buy and study his interesting and instructive "*Time and Time-Tellers.*"

A new white violet, with double flowers, has been raised as a seedling by a gardener of Ghent, and sent out under the impracticable name of *Viola odorata alba fragrantissima plena*; in other words, "Violet, odoriferous, white, most fragrant, full." The Low Countries have been famous for centuries for the cultivation of flowers; and, though the old Dutch landscape gardening is far too formal for my taste, no doubt its introduction into England by the Prince of Orange did much for the civilization of "our tight little island." And if poor Oliver Goldsmith had never done a more foolish thing than to spend the last penny he had in the world when in Holland over buying a fine assortment of tulip bulbs for his good uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine (a man well worth spending one's last penny to please) there would not have been so much to shrug one's shoulders about after all. But surely the Ghent gardener cannot be so ignorant of the ways of the world as to imagine that people will not speedily abbreviate the long, stiff name he has given to his modest flower. The name of a cabriolet is little known, even in London, whilst every child knows a *cab*; omnibus is shortened into *bus*; leading members of a "literary and philosophical society" will constantly speak of it to one another as the "lit and phil"; even the long names of many of the earth's greatest men are cut very short; as, for instance, every well-read man is familiar with Horace, whilst only a few scholars know the name of Quintus Horatius Flaccus. I hope, too, that the day is not far distant when a radical reform will be made in our English spelling, so as to economise the time poor children have to spend in learning to read, much of our present orthography being really as cruel as it is ridiculous.

The "Yorkshire Post" says:—"In the district round Ripon, Boroughbridge, Knaresborough, Wetherby, Tadcaster, Aberford, Pontefract, Wakefield, and Doncaster, arable husbandry is in an advanced state. Beef and mutton are largely made from the seeds and turnips which are so thoroughly cultivated, and wool of the first quality is raised. In Airdale, Wharfedale, Nidderdale, and on the pastures by the banks of the Nidd, the Ure, and the Derwent, the grazing lands are full of the best beef." And yet we are forced to go to Australia and New Zealand for tinned cooked meats, and glad of carcasses from America, and withal cannot succeed in bringing the price of butcher's meat within the reach of all the people. The fact is, the land in England might easily be made to produce double the food

it does at present, either animal or vegetable, and our so-called "Agricultural Societies," which abound now in profusion all over the country, ought to become teachers of both the theory and practice of the important art of agriculture, instead of mere organizations for showing fat animals once a year.

The farce of creating a newly-appointed judge a serjeant-at-law, because none else could be legally made judges, being now played out, and the dignity of serjeant-at-law not only no longer required, but no more barristers to be so created, Serjeant's Inn, Chancery Lane, will soon also become a thing of the past, being about to be offered for public sale by auction.

The "Whitby Gazette" has just published thirty-four verses composed by the late Dr. George Young, the historian of Whitby, written when he was about arriving at manhood, but never before printed. Sternhold and Hopkins, with their coadjutor, Dean Whittingham, might have been the writer's model. The subject is the death of his eldest brother, John, who died Nov. 13th, 1797, at Charlestown, South Carolina.

"His mother's first-born, well-beloved,
His father's rising joy;
They hoped he would comfort old age;
Death did their hopes destroy."

Dr. Young, who had not a particle of poetry in his matter-of-fact and theological mind, did well to abandon verse-making for antiquities, where he was really at home. Mr. Horne has done well to preserve the verses as a fragment towards the learned antiquary's biography, but few judges of poetry will endorse his statement that they are "beautifully and pathetically" written.

A "soap mine" is said to have been discovered on the coast of California.

Some of the American and English papers are circulating a staggering statement on the dangerous properties of lamp black. According to them, a drop of water, a bit of grease, a sprinkle of oil, or the touch of a sweaty hand, will set lamp black into a sudden conflagration. The statement appeared to me so incredible, that I at once tried it; but added a drop of water to one portion of lamp black, and a drop of oil to another, without the least signs of either fire or smoke; so that I thought of the old English proverb:—"It will be a fire when it burns, as the fox said when it [did something] among the snow."

According to a paper read before the directors of the Highland Society, by Mr. William Gorrie, of Rait Lodge, Trinity, Edinburgh, we are likely to have a new plant brought into cultivation, for feeding cattle and making paper, two important objects in the present day. Mr. Gorrie says:—"A selected variety of the tree mallow, *Lavatera arborea*, the natural habitats for the normal form of which in Scotland are the Bass Rock, with other islets of the Firth of Forth, and Ailsa Craig, has an ordinary height varying from six to ten feet, but it can be grown to more than twelve feet. It is a biennial, but the first year it may be planted after the removal of any early crops, and matured in that following. From the limited experiments I have been enabled to make, its productions in seed, bark, and heart wood are estimated at about four tons of each per acre. Chemical analyses by Dr. Stevenson Macadam and by Mr. Falconer King of its seeds show these to be fully equal in feeding properties to oil-cake, the present value of which is about £10 per ton, and paper-makers offer the same price at least for the bark that they now pay for esparto grass, which is also about £10 per ton, thus showing a return of about £80 per acre for seed and bark. In various parts throughout the western coasts and Orkney Islands the mallow has invariably been found to thrive well: and I feel confident that it might there be made to yield higher pecuniary returns from hitherto comparatively worthless ground than ordinary agricultural crops do in the best cultivated districts of Britain."

The Cleveland Literary and Philosophical Society (the meeting for the formation of which, some years ago, I had the honour of being the second speaker at) have just opened their handsome new hall at Middlesborough with a really creditable Fine Art and Science Exhibition, which will be closed before this meets the eyes of my readers. Many articles of interest have been lent from the South Kensington

collection ; the porcelain and majolica ware, embossed shields, etc., are remarkably good ; whilst hundreds of fine oil paintings have been kindly lent from private collections. Amongst the painters, too numerous to particularize fully, are works by Maclise, Ansdell, Faed, Frith, Cooper, Verboeckhoven, Landseer, Turner, Cox, Collins, Creswick, John Martin, Marshall Claxton, J. Phillips, Romney, Wilkie, Rosa Bonheur, and a host of others. Whilst spending a day there, I could not help thinking how easily we might have similar exhibitions, from time to time, throughout the world, in connection with the Craft, the profits to be devoted to the Masonic charities. There would be no great difficulty in procuring loans of articles, both from Masons and others, for so good a cause; for we should be spreading abroad higher tastes among the people, at the same time that we were benefitting our noble charities. The Lodges in one province, if necessary, might unite in the work. Who will be the first to begin the movement?

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE WIDOWED SISTERS.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL.

Authoress of Rhymes and Sketches to illustrate the Cleveland Dialect," etc.

[Brothers Andrew Allison Boyle, surgeon and physician, Hutton Rudby, and John Hall, wine and spirit merchant, Stokesley, both first saw the light of Masonry in the Cleveland Lodge, No. 543, Stokesley, married two sisters, died May 23rd, 1876, and were buried May 26th, their deaths and funerals being within three hours of each other. The following verses were composed by Mrs. Tweddell whilst her husband, after accompanying to the grave the last mortal remains of Bro. Hall at Stokesley, was paying the same mark of respect to those of Bro. Boyle at Rudby.]

Both in one day were widowed,
Both shared the self-same fate ;
All feeling hearts must pity them
In their sad lonely state.

Each in her home is desolate,
Neither can give relief ;
Both sisters mourn their husbands dead,
Quite overcome with grief.

Their children, too, are sorrowing,
And their sad loss deplore ;
The fathers whom they dearly loved,
Have gone for evermore.

They came as strangers to our town,
And were respected then ;
But now they were endear'd to all,
For both were kindly men.

One was a noble, generous youth,
To know him was to love ;
Deal gently with his faults, for all
His kindness well can prove.

To rich and poor he was alike,
And heal'd or soothed their pain ;
But now, alas! we never more
Shall look on him again.

Sickness long had kept him down—
We knew his death was nigh ;
But, ah ! how little did we think
His brother first would die.

In two short days *his* die was cast—
Death summon'd him away ;
We know not in our health and strength
How long we here may stay.

And he, too, had a feeling heart,
His neighbours loved him well ;
And all were shock'd and sad to hear
For him the passing bell.

Within a few short hours they died—
Each met an early doom ;
On the same day they both were laid
Within the silent tomb.

May God protect these sisters twain,
We for them both should pray,
That He may strengthen them to bear
Their griefs as best they may.

May blessings on them both be shower'd,
And on their children dear?
This month of May has been to them
The saddest of the year.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 45.—Vol. IV. MARCH, 1877. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

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The first charitable festival of our Order for 1877 has passed off with great éclat.

H.R.H. Prince Leopold was to have presided, and a numerous gathering of the élite of the fraternity had assembled to do honour to him, and to advance the interests of an admirable institution. Owing to his lamented illness, His Royal Highness was unable to be present, and the duties of the chairman devolved on an efficient substitute, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.

The success of the anniversary exceeded all expectations, and is a lasting credit both to the Craft and to the authorities, the Stewards and Bro. Terry, the indefatigable Secretary.

The large amount of £12,660 is a good beginning for our charitable work which comes before the public, in this year of Light, 5077, and it will probably reach £13,000.

It seems that 1877 is going greatly to surpass 1876 in the amount received for our noble charities. So mote it be.

At home, we have nothing else to report, except progress and prosperity. The Aldersgate Lodge has recently been consecrated under most auspicious circumstances, and on every side of us we hear of new Lodges and Chapters.

Abroad—in France and Belgium—the insane movement continues relative to the omission of belief in God, etc.

This is the work of an extreme party, "libres penseurs," as they call them, and simply means—the isolation of French Masonry, if it is persevered in and if it is successful. The "Monde Maçonnique" is leading the revolutionary party, and has distinguished itself by most uncalled for and uncourteous remarks towards our respected G. Secretary, on account of his admirable remarks and timely warning at the consecration of the Crichton Lodge.

We trust, however, that the good sense of the French Freemasons—and the reaction which is beginning—will "stamp out" this last absurdity, which seems to be a sort of Masonic communistic teaching, or "morale independante," a legacy which "Frère Massol" left the Grande Orient of France.

It seems that the English G. Lodge is threatened with a rival G. Lodge, the "Grande Loge des Philadelphes." This is an obscure body of men, partly composed of French refugees and a few other foreigners. No Englishman knows anything of them.

The veteran Rob. Morris complains that we have quoted his poetry, ignorant that it was his. As the Spaniards say, "puede ser," but are obliged to the stout old Mason with all our heart, and wish him all health and happiness.

THE "ARMS" OF THE FREEMASONS IN ENGLAND.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE "Arms" of the English Freemasons have been subject to several additions and a few changes, the greatest change being that effected in consequence of the Union of the "*Moderns*" and "*Ancients*," in December, 1813. It appears from the most reliable authority that the "*Craft and Fellowship of Masons*" were distinguished with "*Arms*," in the reign of King Edward IV., by "*William Hawkeslow, Clarenseux King of Arms*," and the grant was confirmed by similar powers in the time of Henry VIII. An interesting account of these "Arms" will be found in the "Masonic Cyclopædia," now being edited by Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., also a facsimile of the original, now lodged in the British Museum, forms a most appropriate frontispiece to the *Masonic Magazine* of September, 1874, they were described in early days as "A field of sablys, a chevron silver grailed, three castellis of the same garnyshed with dores and wyndows of the feld, in the chevron a cumpas of blake." The Grand Lodge of England ("Moderns") undoubtedly adopted these Arms of the Operative Masons, and wisely so, because in harmony with its traditional and actual history. "Supporters" were added, but when and why we are not told, though the two animals selected for the purpose evidently also point to the operative origin of our Fraternity in early days, whatever may have been its mixed character in the century preceding the formation of the premier Grand Lodge. The "Arms" of the Grand Lodge of England (of A.D. 1717) may be described as follows: "*azure* on a chevron between three Castles *argent*, a pair of compasses somewhat extended of the first; *Supporters* Beavers, *Proper*; Crest, a *Dove*."* In the "*Office Seal*" there was simply the Crest, and below the Arms a portion of a Pedestal, with a ribbon across bearing the words "Grand Lodge of England." The "Charter Seal," however, had a helmet below the Crest, and under the "Arms" were some tools scattered, and the motto "*Relief and Truth.*" Around the whole in a garter were the words, "Seal of the Grand Lodge of Masons, London." At least these are the characteristics of the old Seals preserved in the Grand Secretary's office.

The "Grand Lodge of *all* England," formed at York A.D. 1725, from the ancient Lodge which had met for many years before that period in the famous City, were "*Three Crowns*," both on *obverse* and *reverse* of Seal, and the words on the one side being "Sigil: Frat: Ebor: Per: Edwin: Coll: ×," and on the other side, "Sigillum Edwini Northum: Regis:" "A.D. 926 also distinguished the former, the latter above the shield containing the three Crowns. These "Arms" ceased to distinguish any Masonic Body when this distinguished Grand Lodge collapsed late in the last century.

The Arms of the "Grand Lodge, according to the Old Constitutions ('Ancients')" were of a very unpretentious character at first. The Grand Lodge virtually commenced its checquered career A.D. 1753, and about that year adopted a Square and Compasses within a circle, with a dagger below, around being the words, "Grand Lodge, London;" *Motto*, "*Virtue and Silence.*" Later on, however, and as its prospects brightened, a much more elaborate "coat" was prepared (doubtless by Brother Dermott), as follows: "Quarterly per squares, countercharged *vert*. In the first quarter *azure*, a lion rampant *or*; in the second quarter *or*, an ox passant *sable*; in the third quarter *or*, a man with hands erect, proper, robed crimson and ermine; and in the fourth quarter, an eagle displayed *or*. Crest, the ark of the covenant proper, supporters being two cherubims." The *Motto* was "*Kodes le Adonai*" (Holiness to the Lord). Around the "Charter Seal" still preserved in the Grand Lodge were the words, "Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons according to the Old Institutions." We need not give the fanciful account of Bro. Dermott's as to the origin of

* This description should be substituted for the erroneous account in the *Masonic Magazine*, January, 1877 (p. 358), as the Arms of the "Ancients" were unfortunately given in that number instead of those of the *Moderns*.

these apocryphal Arms, suffice it to say that at the blessed Union of 1813 they were blended with those of the premier Grand Lodge, the crest being the Ark of the Covenant, the Supporters the Cherubims, and the *motto* "Audi Vidi Tace." There is not a doubt in our own mind that Bro. Dermott adopted one of the "Coats of Arms" which distinguished the York Masons, and which we believe was connected with the Royal Arch Grand Chapter held in that city. As to this and the Arms of the Grand Chapters we shall have occasion to say a few words another time.

THE REV. MR. PANDI AND FREEMASONRY.

BY S. S. BACCA.

WHEN it was first announced that the Rev. A. Pandi, a priest of the orthodox Greek Church, was going to publish a a series of articles in the Greek papers against Freemasonry, every one was seized with astonishment, for it was truly observed that the Greek Church had always pursued the policy of toleration, and that intolerance and persecution lay within the province of the Church of Rome. There seems to have been quite a "scare" in Corfu, of which island Mr. Pandi is a native. He is justly esteemed as a virtuous man and a learned theologian. No one will deny for a moment his earnestness and his great love of the Church as one of its ministers. But it must be evident to any one who will take the trouble to peruse Mr. Pandi's contributions to anti-Masonic literature that he possesses no knowledge whatever of the principles of Masonry beyond what is contained in the pages of the Jesuit Monseigneur Dupanloup. It is amusing to read Mr. Pandi's notions of Freemasonry in Europe. According to this amiable but misguided divine it contains within it all the elements of mischief. Even Communism, which, he continues to say, *only recently began to show its baleful front in Europe,* is the offspring of Freemasonry. It is evident that the reverend gentleman is one who "can see more devils than vast hell can hold," and it is also apparent that with regard to Communism he is sorely in need of instruction, and we cannot do better than recommend to him the works of Mr. Freeman on this point. Mr. Pandi has nothing to say against Masonry "as it was," but he has taken up arms against Masonry "as it is." Masonry, according to him, is not what it used to be, in Western Europe especially, and that it has changed for the worse. "Fools do rush where angels fear to tread," and Mr. Pandi *will* write of what he does *not* know and cannot understand. What is the change that Freemasonry has undergone? Once, says he, Freemasons were content to keep their secrets and their dogmas to themselves, but now they proclaim them from the housetops and in broad daylight. Even while Mr. Pandi was preaching, somebody, who is set down as a Mason, shouted "bosh," and immediately left the church. We regret the want of reverence on the part of this individual, but it is quite possible, we venture to say, that even a "cowan" might be induced to call Mr. Pandi's preachings "bosh." When we hear that atheism, hatred to Christianity, the free intercourse of sexes, and the abolition of everything existing are the teachings of Freemasonry, we may smile at the ignorant credulity of the priest, but we cannot admire his acuteness. He admits that there are Masons who are just, virtuous, honest and upright men; but they are Masons in name only, not in practice. This at once shows the deep fallacy into which Mr. Pandi has fallen, for if Freemasonry teaches anything at all, it insists upon its followers being upright, honest, virtuous and just. If there are men who do not believe in the existence of a God, who are not just, who do not practice morality, who do not subscribe to the laws of honour and virtue, they are men not fit to know and associate with, but it does not follow that they must be Masons. There are Communists and atheists in the world, but it is meet that the Rev. Mr. Pandi should know that Freemasonry has nothing to do with either politics or religion. That we as Masons worship our Creator and venerate our institutions are things that, say what he may, do what he will, Mr. Pandi

cannot contradict or disprove. The simple fact that clergymen of spotless reputation and statesmen of known patriotism, who are devoted to the Church and the State, are numbered among the Craft, ought to induce Mr. Pandi to open his eyes and look at Freemasonry, not through the coloured glasses of Monseigneur Dupanloup but by the light of reason and common sense. The circumstance that Freemasonry has existed for ages and that the world is not yet destroyed ought also to have persuaded him that Freemasonry, after all, is not the heinous crime described in certain quarters. It is of no use telling us that Freemasonry is responsible for the growing inclination on the part of some to look upon saints as "Egyptian mummies," and to denounce "the worship of images." These things may be vexatious to the pious Mr. Pandi, but he must not blame the Craft for it. He might as well tell us that the Reformation was the work of scandalous Freemasons, and that the Protestant world is the den of evil, and its children the children of darkness. If the reverend gentleman is fond of saints and a connoisseur in pictures, and wishes to preserve both, let him combat the spirit of the age, the tendency of science; let him try and extinguish the light that modern thought has thrown upon all things, religious and civil.

When the wind is southerly, Mr. Pandi knows a hawk from a handsaw. Somebody wrote an article in the "φωνη" of Corfu, in which he combats the theories of the priest, declaring at the same time that he is not a Mason. But his reverence was not to be caught with chaff. He did not live "fifty years" in the world, *i. e.*, in Corfu, and not know better. He can see through a brick wall when he likes. Did not the anonymous writer affix three stars to his article? Very well; how then can he say that he is not a Mason, that being the form of signature adopted by all Masons time out of mind? And how could the ignorant scribbler aver that Freemasonry is "universal," when Mr. Pandi does not belong to it? If it is universal, it must contain all mankind—men, women, and children—whereas "Freemasonry, at most, can only boast of one thousand lodges and a million of faithful members. There are others besides, but they are Masons by name only." This gives an average of one thousand faithful Masons to every lodge—not a bad number, all things considered. Let it, however, be clearly understood that in Mr. Pandi's charitable soul a "faithful Mason" is synonymous with a rascal, and that "the others" are the just, honest and virtuous individuals who are Masons by name only. We do not disguise our joy that this gentleman has not succeeded in becoming Bishop of Corfu, an honour to which he aspired, otherwise he might have created some mischief. The people of Corfu, however, are too sensible, good natured and enlightened to enter into religious squabbles. At present the field is entirely in the possession of a priest on one side, with the children of superstition behind him, and one or two journalists on the other, with a modest following. The people look on amused at the capers of the combatants. We venture to hope that Mr. Pandi will see his error. He has identified Freemasonry and its teachings with the Commune and its doctrines, and the brethren of Corfu cannot do better than quietly go on with their Masonic duties, regardless of attacks, and without deviating for a moment from the strict rule of Freemasonry, thus demonstrating to the detractors of the Craft, who either in ignorance or by design, persecute it, that Freemasons have no other desire at heart but to see mankind prosper and the sum of human suffering reduced.

WONDERS OF OPERATIVE MASONRY.

From the "Keystone."

OPERATIVE Masonry has enriched Great Britain and the Continent of Europe with numerous architectural splendours which no one beholds without having his emotional nature deeply moved. Every fine old cathedral or abbey is a supreme work of imagination—a poem in stone. It possesses grandeur and beauty for the eye, and it stirs the heart by the historical associations it suggests — memories of

bright virtue and manly fortitude, of regal renown and knightly valour. Great events have distinguished them all, and the ashes of famous statesmen and heroes lie interred within their walls. America can boast no such storied spot — it is too young. We must go to the mother-country and follow in the footsteps of the fraternities of travelling Freemasons of the Middle Ages if we would view such masterpieces of art and monuments of history.

Let us visit, in imagination, some of these edifices. What Freemason can behold without emotion the splendid remains of Melrose Abbey, and view the figure of the Compasses cut above one of its portals, with the inscription beneath signed by John Morcau, architect? Who can, unmoved, gaze at the massive, lofty tower of Winchester Cathedral, as perfect now as when first erected, seven hundred years ago? Or who pass through, without a quickened pulse, the great carved doors, eight hundred years old, of the Cathedral of Sens?

Roslin Chapel possesses a peculiar interest to Freemasons from the connection with the Fraternity of its founder, William St. Clair, Lord of Roslin. It is situated seven miles south of Edinburgh, on elevated ground overlooking the river Esk, amid picturesque and romantic scenery. Its architecture is in the florid style of the fifteenth century, with a multiplicity of columns and arches and a profusion of adornment. Roslin Chapel was founded A.D. 1446, and Lord Roslin employed in its erection the most celebrated operative Masons, gathered from almost every country in Europe. Beneath its pavement many of the Barons of Roslin lie entombed. For a number of years they were buried in coats of mail, without coffins—the first Baron who was crowded into a coffin having lived in the time of King James VII. Bro. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," says:

"There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle,"

Roslin Chapel, in its present remains, is one of the most curious and beautiful examples of Gothic architecture extant. The profuse ornamental carving on its clustered pillars is the admiration of every beholder. Its picturesque location, architectural beauty and historical associations render it a place of popular resort during every summer season for pleasure parties from Edinburgh.

The 'Prentice's Pillar, situated at the south-east angle of Roslin Chapel, is famous to persons of culture, as well as to Freemasons, all over the civilised world. It exhibits a grandeur of design and a delicacy of execution that are almost inimitable. From the base to the capital four exquisitely sculptured wreaths of flowers, each differing from the others, ascend spirally around the shaft, eighteen inches apart, while upon the capitals themselves several scriptural scenes are exquisitely carved. On the architrave which joins the Apprentice's Pillar to the corresponding one on the south wall, is the following inscription in Gothic characters:

"*Forte est vinum, fortior est rex, fortiores sunt muliers; super omnia vincit veritas.*" Knights of the Red Cross are familiar with the Anglicised rendering of this Scripture saying, to be found in Esdras, iii. 4.

There is a tradition relating to the "Prentice's Pillar," which has prevailed for ages in the family of Roslin. Its model was sent from Rome, but the Master Mason, doubting his ability to reproduce it faithfully without first seeing the original pillar whence it was taken, went to Rome to inspect it. In his absence one of his Apprentices undertook the task, and so completely succeeded, that his master, on his return, was so inflamed by envy that in the heat of passion he slew him. According to another venerable tradition, the turrets of the Chapel were supernaturally illuminated by flames upon the death of every member of the family of Roslin. This tradition is beautifully rendered in Bro. Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." We quote several stanzas:

"O'er Rosslyn all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

"It glared on Rosslyn's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

"Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Rosslyn's chiefs uncoffined lie—
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

"Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristry and altars pale;
Shone every pillar, foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

"Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair."

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, at Winchester, sixty-two miles south-west of London, was founded in the second century, by the British king, Lucius, the first royal personage in the world that espoused Christianity. Since then it has been repeatedly destroyed, rebuilt and extended. We have already referred to its tower, now seven hundred years old. This Tower has no steeple—it was built before steeples were invented, they being the natural development of the pointed or Gothic arch. Bishop De Lacy, in the twelfth century, formed a confraternity of builders—the progenitors of our modern Craft—for its rebuilding and extension. The magic beauty of the tracery on the vaulting arches of this Cathedral, the canopied niches, storied windows and tapering pinnacles, excite in every beholder feelings of wonder and admiration.

MELROSE ABBEY, thirty-two miles south-east from Edinburgh, from its extent and the superb character of its Gothic architecture, is justly considered the richest, most graceful and elaborate structure in Scotland. It was a favourite retreat of Bro. Sir Walter Scott, who never grew weary of studying its labyrinth of graces. The windows are of extraordinary height, and every part of the edifice is adorned with statues. The ashes of the dead lay thick beneath its pavement.

"We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history."

The architect of Melrose was John Moreau, under whom, as early as A.D 1136, the Operative Masons Craft was organized. He was ten years in erecting this magnificent Abbey. It is situated on the Tweed, three miles from Abbotsford (Sir Walter Scott's home). One of the earliest authentic mural inscriptions to be found in Great Britain is on the foundation stone of Melrose. Bro. G. F. Fort, in his very valuable "Early History and Antiquities of Freemasonry," gives an interesting account of Moreau's connection, as architect, with this Abbey. The Abbey was occupied by Cistercian monks, having been built with the generous gifts of King David I., who laid its corner-stone. Its remains consists of fragments of the cloisters, richly ornamented, and the ruins of the Abbey Church. The east window is of unparalleled Gothic beauty and elegance. The stone tracery is light, strong, and as sharp as when newly cut. The roof of the chancel, a part of which still remains, was supported by clustered pillars, ornamented statues, and clusters of grapes and foliage. Many of the royal families of Scotland were interred here, including King Alexander II. The heart of Robert Bruce was buried here. The Monk's Walk was a favourite resort of Bro. Sir Walter Scott. The Duke of Buccleugh is now the proprietor of Melrose Abbey.

Bro. Sir Walter Scott beautifully described this Abbey in the following lines:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white,
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seemed framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave—
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair."

York Minster, in the old Masonic city of York, two hundred and ten miles north from London, has a memorable history. On its site, in A.D. 626, King Edwin erected an oratory of wood, where previously had stood an ancient heathen temple. On Easter Day, A.D. 627, the King and his two sons were baptized there. Subsequently it was rebuilt of stone, but it has often been laid in ashes and erected anew. In A.D. 1361, while it was being restored, it is noteworthy that but threepence a day were paid for the wages of the Master Masons that laboured upon it. In A.D. 1380, it was completed in about its present form. With its magnificent stained glass windows, beautiful traceries, extended nave—the most spacious of that of any cathedral in Europe, except St. Peter's, at Rome—it combines vastness of dimension with elaborateness of finish, so that it is scarcely surpassed in beauty or magnificence by any building in the world. Its great east window is seventy-five feet high, and from beneath it there is a vista along the nave of more than five hundred feet in extent. York Minster, or Monastery, is the pride of Yorkshire and the ornament of England.

Each of these structures is famous also for the events that have transpired in them and the dead that lie buried within their precints. Take Winchester Cathedral, for example. In it, in A.D. 827, Egbert was crowned king; in A.D. 1042, Edward the Confessor, and in A.D. 1194, Richard Cœur de Lion. Two sovereigns were married there—Henry IV., A.D. 1401, and Bloody Mary, in A.D. 1554. Then there are interred, the remains of Kinegils, the first King of the West Saxons (A.D. 641), Ethelwolf (A.D. 857), Kenalph, the builder of the Cathedral in the Saxon times (A.D. 714), Egbert, the founder of the English monarchy (A.D. 837); Canute, the good Danish king; the tyrannical William Rufus; Edmund, son of King Alfred; and Richard, son of William the Conqueror; and there is a monument to Hardicnanute, the last of the Danish monarchs (A.D. 1041). The sites of twenty altars are discoverable (in York Minster there were once thirty). Whether you regard the famous dead of Winchester Cathedral or its splendid Gothic arches, clustered columns and groined roof, it is a wonder of Operative Masonry; a "school of architecture," it has been called, because in this pile the rise, progress and perfection of the Gothic style may be fully traced. Its "Lady Chapel" alone would render it famous.

Jedburgh Abbey is in ruins, but it is a magnificent ruin. It is situated thirty-five miles south-east from Edinburgh. Its style of architecture is a mixture of the Saxon and Early Gothic. From the centres of the beautiful clustered columns in the nave, crowned with zig-zag mouldings, there springs a tier of elegant semi-circular arches, and above these another tier of fine pointed windows, while the great Norman portal in the western gable is of exceedingly beautiful workmanship, with a profusion of ornamented mouldings. The tower of Jedburgh Abbey is 30 feet square and 120 feet in height, and the prospect from it is probably unrivalled in Scotland.

Westminster Abbey, London, with its Henry VII.'s Chapel, its Poet's Corner, its Walhalla of the mighty dead, and splendid architectural features, would furnish a subject for treatise in a volume or even series of volumes, hence we can do no more than allude to it here. Its nave is the loftiest in England, measuring 102 feet. Some of its statues are so natural as to seem to be endowed with life. "Hush," said Gayfees, the Abbey Mason, as he stood before Sir Francis Vere's effigy surrounded by four knights—"Hush," pointing to one of the knights, "he will soon speak." Westminster Abbey was the scene of the coronation of the majority of the English sovereigns, commencing with Harold, and the Coronation Chair has a remarkable history. But Poet's Corner and its vicinity possess the greatest attractions for visitors. Addison's reflection while standing there was as solemn as forcible—"When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together." But space fails us to describe this abbey. Nor, indeed, can we refer, as we should like, to Furness Abbey, Selby Abbey, Fountains Abbey (with its wonderfully graceful

columns and noble tower), Peterborough Cathedral (with its unique and splendid Gothic front) Ely Cathedral (with its massive, lofty, and peculiarly-constructed tower), Cleeve Abbey (now used, what remains of it, as a barn), Notre Dame de Paris (with its gorgeous Gothic front), St. Mark's, Venice (with its splendid doorway), St. Germain, Paris (whose bell sounded the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and which has a portal rich in sculptured figures of saints and martyrs), and other edifices full of architectural splendours. All of these are the products of Operative Masonry—all are poems in stone. Did Europe possess no other attractions, natural or historic, these would be sufficient to draw thither hosts of tourists, to scan their sacred fanes, to study their Saxon, Norman, Transition and Gothic architecture, and to revive the memory of past events connected with them.

The wonders of Operative Masonry thrill every beholder, and Freemasons see in them the works of their great predecessors — the founders of the Craft in Europe. Some of these abbeys and cathedrals have been so nobly built and so well preserved that they promise to be as lasting as time. They deserve to be looked upon with a degree of reverence, for they are divine ideas, as well as poems in stone.

LETTER OF BRO. W. J. HUGHAN, OF ENGLAND, TO THE GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.

(*Continued from page* 421.)

THE next cutting from the *Post* is amusing, *and "might be true."*

Rome, June 27, 1738.—"We learn by private letters from Rome that the Pope, upon his having a sum of money collected from the several lodges of Masons in London to be disposed of *in his way*, has issued orders to have his Bull recalled, and has sent several messengers *to prevent its appearing before the Grand Duke.* It is further said that he and several of his Cardinals have been proposed in different lodges in Europe, according to their *Jesuitical* desire, and are in a manner accepted of—so that it is not doubted that he will soon issue an order to *excommunicate* those who are *not* of the Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons."

Not a bad reply to the Pope's harmless Bulls? Often the childish attempts of modern Popes to extinguish Freemasonry have proved more damaging to Roman Catholicism than have "*Bulls* in a *china-shop*" to the preservation of the potters' art.

The initiation of his Royal Highness Francis, Duke of Lorraine (afterward Grand Duke of Tuscany, etc.) gave an impetus to the Craft, which no Pope could smother, and especially when we remember that distinguished initiate was accepted by a special deputation from the Grand Lodge of England, of whom Past Grand Master Dr. Desaguliers was the chief.

Much information as to the progress of the Craft in Europe is to be found in that excellent work, the "History of Freemasonry," by our good Bro. Findel, a work of great research, and invaluable to the Masonic student, especially for Continental Masonry. Students will do well also to consult Dr. Mackay's magnificent Encyclopedia of Freemasonry.

The last extract is from *New England*, the *Post* being dated August 20, 1737.

Boston, June 27th.—"Friday last being the Feast of St. John the Baptist, the annual meeting of the Free and Accepted Masons, they accordingly met. The Right Worshipful Mr. Robert Thomlinson, Grand Master, nominated and appointed his Grand officers for the year next ensuing, viz: Mr. Hugh M'Daniel, Deputy Grand Master; Mr. Thomas Moffat (Doctor of Medicine), Senior Grand Warden; Mr. John Osborne, Junior Grand Warden; Mr. Benjamin Hallowell, Grand Treasurer; Mr. Francis Betellie, Grand Secretary. After which the Society attended the Grand Master in procession to his Excellency Governor Belcher's, and from thence the Governor was attended by the Grand Master and the Brotherhood to the Royal Exchange Tavern in King Street, where they had an elegant entertainment. *It being the first procession in America they*

appeared in the proper badges of their Order, some gold and some silver. The procession was closed by the Grand Master."

This extract will doubtless prove interesting to my friends in Massachusetts, as I believe the Minutes of the old lodge at Boston, started A.D. 1733, say but little of this period.

The report states that the procession mentioned was the FIRST of its kind in America; so that if such a statement be correct the city of Boston will have started the first American Masonic procession, though it did not contain the first regular American lodge. It is not a matter of much moment either way, but the origin of Masonry in America is a matter of consequence, and its decision worth much study and research.

Bro. M'Calla, in the *Keystone*, has discoursed on this subject with much ability, and brought to modern light several old documents.

I have been successful in another department of the same subject, and proved that a regular lodge, under the wing of the Grand Lodge of England, was held in Philadelphia, A.D. 1730, and I have also been pleased to trace the lodge at Boston in the authorized list of lodges for A.D. 1734.

Much still remains to be done, and more than can possibly be accomplished from the present sparse materials, but it may now be safely assumed that Freemasonry was introduced into America during either the years 1729 or 1730, and that most likely under the Grand Mastership of Coxe, and also directly by the Grand Lodge of England.

I shall now come nearer home in my communication, and present sketches of the constitution of lodges over this country, in evidence of the spread of Freemasonry, through the agency of the Grand Lodge of England, and that what is known as the "*modern system*" is due to that body.

Not that ancient Freemasonry was "snuffed out" by the *formidable rival*, for two of the lodges which worked in this country prior to the formation of the Grand Lodge still exist, and are in a flourishing condition; but the ancient, simple and unpretentious mode of reception was incorporated with the new order of things, and the society became wholly speculative by degrees.

Many of the following notices of old lodge meetings are new to me, and doubtless to the Craft generally, so that they possess an interest for English Brethren as well as American. Hence it is to be hoped their perusal will not only please, but induce many Craftsmen to hunt up old lodge archives and disinter other and more valuable documents.

St. James' Evening Post, February 15, 1737.—"On Monday night was interred at Allhallows, London Wall, the corpse of Mr. Ellis, a Freemason, belonging to the lodge at the Antwerp Tavern, behind the Royal Exchange. The whole society attended . . . which made a very entertaining sight. The like has not been performed for twenty years."

Considerable latitude appears to have been allowed to the craft in ancient times in attending funeral processions, and such occasions were generally made use of to exhibit the character and numerical position of the Fraternity in the neighbourhood.

Of late years, however, processions in Masonic clothing at funerals are being discountenanced, and we think *advisedly so*, for of all times to make a display the period of mourning is the most unsuitable. We hope that ere long processions of any kind, in connection with Freemasonry, will be things of the past, unless for some great charitable object.

There is an advertisement also in another issue of the paper, May 1, 1737, as to the *London Magazine Contents*, and therein we find "Political Reflections on the Freemasons," so that the Society was being spoken freely about by friends and foes. In the copy for May 13, 1737, occurs an advertisement of the *Freemasons' Pocket Companion*, in which the contents are made known in full, and also "*The secrets of Masonry made known to all men by S. P.*" These two books are exceedingly scarce now, and the former especially is of value to all Masonic bibliographers. The latter was by Samuel Pritchard, and is one of the scarcest of the various editions of that erratic book. A copy is in the magnificent Masonic library of my friend and brother Robert Tanner Bower, of Keokuk, Iowa.

In the paper for May 18, 1738, is the following: "Last Tuesday the Right Honourable the Marquis of Carnarvon, Grand Master of the Ancient and Honorable Society of Freemasons, attended by the other Grand officers, etc., did Mr. Gordon the honour to constitute a lodge at his house, the New Exchange Punch-bowl in the Strand, where everything was conducted in order and concluded in brotherly harmony."

*We can not decide now which lodge this notice refers to. Our list for that period and a few succeeding years, gives "125 *Angel and Crown, Crispin Street, Spittal-fields*, May 3, 1738," and "130 Anchor and Crown, King Street, Seven Dials, January 27, 1738." It was probably the first of these two. The places of meeting, when held at inns or hotels, sometimes changed several times in a year, and so the names of such public places of resort are of little use in tracing old lodges; and unfortunately, in early days, the lodges were rarely distinguished by permanent names as now. The Marquis of Carnarvon was installed Grand Master at Fishmongers' Hall, April 27, 1738†, after the customary "*Procession of march, with the band of musick.*" In the *St. James' Evening Post* occur several most interesting and curious notices of Provincial Masonic meetings. We reproduce a few, as their preservation, as well as circulation, for the information of Masonic students is most desirable. Doubtless also my friends will reprint this article for that purpose; and thus increase its circle of influence.

Salisbury, September 1, 1733. "We hear from Salisbury that last week there was held a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons at Mr. Edward Randall's, at the sign of the 'Three Lions and Greyhound,' in the same city, at which were present His Grace the Duke of Richmond, one of the late Grand Masters of that ancient and honourable society, and Stet Fox, Esq, M.P. for Shaston; and we hear that a lodge will be held at the same house the first and last Wednesday of each month."

There was a lodge constituted at "Salisbury at the *Ram*, 27 December, 1732, and meet first and third Wednesday" (constitutions 1738). After surviving the effects of many changes in that ancient city, the lodge finally collapsed in 1801, at No. 34, having been erased for "not conforming to the laws of the society." A strange fatality appears to have affected the lodges warranted in 1732, for the one at Salisbury was the last of that year. To this day there are several on the roll of the preceding and succeeding years.

Gloucester (*St. James' Evening Post*), *May* 18, 1738. "Lodge constituted at the Wheatsheaf, at Gloster, by virtue of certain powers of the Earl of Darnley."

Halifax, May 22, 1738. "*Lodge constituted at the Talbot.*" These two notices, brief as they are, serve to announce the advent of two old lodges. The warrant of the former was dated 28th March, 1738. At the "*Union of* 1813," the number was changed from 61 to 84, in 1832 to 73, and in 1863 its present number was fixed at 61. The name of the lodge is the *Probity*, and it is held at the Freemasons' Hall, Halifax, having been held for a period of *one hundred and thirty-eight years* in the same town for which the warrant was originally granted.

Bath, October 30, 1738.—The Prince of Wales being at Bath for the benefit of his health, "an extraordinary lodge was held at the 'Bear' Tavern, at which were present Earl Darnley, late G.M.; John Ward, Esq., D.G.M.; Sir Edward Mansell, Bart., Dr. Desaguliers, and other brethren, in honour of the day, and in respect to his Royal Highness, who is a brother. *Note.*—The day was the king's birthday."

A warrant was granted for a lodge at Bath, A.D. 1733, and it has been regularly worked in that city from that time to the present. It is called the "*Royal Cumberland*," and meets at the Masonic Hall, Old Orchard Street. Its history has been well written by one of its esteemed Past Masters, Brother Ashley; and a curious and interesting account has been woven

* Since writing the above, we have discovered in the list of London lodges in the *Book of Constitutions*, A.D. 1738, page 190, "101 Gordon's *Punch house* in the Strand. *Date of Constitution*, 16 *May*, 1738.

‡ Those interested in the history of the old halls and other places in which the Grand Lodge of England assembled in early days, should consult a series of able articles on that subject by the veteran Mason, Brother Heard in, the *New England Freemason.*

by that experienced craftsman, particulars of which I gave in the *Voice of Masonry*, a magazine well-known in the United States.

The initiation of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is thus described in the *Book of Constitutions*, and is of special interest at the present time, when *three* members of the royal family of England are enrolled as brethren. "An occasional *lodge* was held at the *Prince of Wales's* Palace at *Kew*, near *Richmond*. . . . The Rev. Dr. DESAGULIERS (formerly *Grand Master*), MASTER of this LODGE. . . . His *Royal* Highness, FREDERIC, *Prince of Wales*, was in the usual manner introduced, and made an *Enter'd Prentice* and *Fellow Craft*. Our said *Royal* Brother, FREDERIC, was made a MASTER MASON by the same *lodge* that assembled there again for that purpose; and ever since, both in the *Grand Lodge* and in particular *lodges*, the *Fraternity* joyfully remembered HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS and his *son* in the proper manner," (Page 137).

Yervell, March 20, 1736.—"We here inform the public of the most melancholy accident that ever happened. On the 6th day of this instant, March, a sudden stupor seized the brains of several hundred persons, both males and females, in the said town, which, in a few minutes, turned to a most deplorable frenzy, occasioned, it is thought, by puzzling their heads about the meaning of the Freemasons' Society, several Masons being made on that day in order to constitute a lodge. Some said it was a plot against the Government, others that it was a new religion, etc. . . . The young women to their assistance hath called upon all the curious, the most ingenious, the most penetrating, the most philosophical, and the most sublime genius's of the whole town, but all in vain; the mighty arcanum cannot be discovered, neither by the wits, the would-be wits, or the no-wits."

"From mighty secrets mighty action springs,
And none but Masons gain the ears of kings."

The foregoing is said, by the *St. James' Evening Post*, to be an "*extract from a letter from Yervell, in the county of Somerset.*" The style of the letter reminds us of a Hudibrastic poem, published A. D. 1723, "illustrating the whole history of the Ancient *Freemasons*, from the building of the tower of *Babel* to this time, with their laws, ordinances, signs, marks, messages, etc., so long kept secret; faithfully discovered and made known; and the manner of their INSTALLATION particularly described by a Freemason." (Small 8vo. 24 pp.)

"All kingdoms have their Masons—Free,
Which help to form society;
By signs and marks they'll know each other,
In num'rous crowds spy out a Brother."

This wonderful publication, now lodged in Bro. Bower's grand collection, was soon followed by numerous other extraordinary books and pamphlets, full of the *secrets of the Freemasons!* The *Grand Mystery Discovered* was issued in 1724, *though what was discovered* has not yet appeared; and a few years later the impostor Pritchard, a rejected candidate, came on the stage and amused the public for some years; and when his wares ceased to take with the fickle multitude, various hashes were redished and furnished to the indiscriminate, and so down to the year 1876. There have always been people fond of being made the dupes of designing and unscrupulous persons.

(To be Continued.)

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Wild youth kneels
Obedient to her gentle sway,
And age beholds her smile, and feels
December brightening into May."
W. M. PRAED.

MR. WILLIAMS had no sooner made his bow to the two ladies, and sat down in one of the comfortable arm-chairs at the "Cedars," than it became quite clear that the young man was alike nervous and excited, and that he had some special object in view in this somewhat early visit.

Indeed, as he had only left the house the evening before, so matutinal a call on his part was alike unusual and novel. He had evidently attended to the adorning of the "outward man," and was as smart as he well could be, and an exact observer might have noted that his boots were new—which, perhaps, partly accounted for the redness of his face, and that, to use a somewhat vulgar expression, he had on his "Sunday best." The "state" of the curate did not escape the wide-awake eyes of Miss Lucy Longhurst, who was partly annoyed and partly amused by his unexpected appearance. She had clearly a sort of "presentiment" what it all meant. But my heroine, as my readers will perceive, and as young ladies are just now, was quite able to take care of herself, and she set herself, as the saying is, "square" to her "work," and "went in," as they also say, "meaning to win." When, then, after a few dulcet speeches and after a few preliminary vapid nothings, Mr. Williams appealed to Lucy personally for support upon some point or other which he adroitly put forward for the occasion, Lucy so sat upon him and so "shut him up," as she told her friends afterwards, that Mr. Williams gave up his efforts, whatever they might have tended to, in despair, and treated her as a friend of ours once told us he behaved to a young lady in a similar situation—"went to propose to her, old fellar, but found her such an out and out vixen, that I let her drop." I do not say for one moment that any such profane ideas entered into the well-regulated mind of Mr. Williams, or that any such very slang sentiences dropped from his well-trained lips! This would be doing, doubtless, injustice to him—alike in thought and utterance. But he turned from the young lady in mute displeasure and injured indignation, and at once devoted all his attention to Miss Margerison, who had by no means been an inattentive eyewitness of all that was taking place, and clearly disapproved of the cavalier treatment and contemptuous behaviour which Lucy had manifested in such an unmistakeable manner to her agitated swain. And so the good old lady thought that it was her bounden duty to attempt to soothe the ruffled spirits of Mr. Williams, and, much to Lucy's annoyance, she again asked him to luncheon, and by numerous "petits soins" and kind words and friendly ways, soon restored that ill-used young man to his customary self-complacency and self-esteem. And yet, perhaps, it is one of the most awkward situations in life for a man—young or old matters not—when a lady has rebuffed him—much more, has refused him. She may have done so advisedly or unadvisedly, rightly or wrongly, but still for the biped "homo" it is as humiliating a fact as can be well imagined. To know that your "Donna del Lago," your own adorable Priscilla has literally refused you—has, after all her encouragement to you, well, and what not else—declined distinctly to have "anything to say to you," to have you, in fact, for her "lord and master," to be the "cynosure of your eyes," and the "fond affection of your heart," etc., etc. It is dreadfully trying, no doubt, and some men never get over it. Some go on their way humming the old song,—

> "There are yet as good fish in the sea,
> As ever yet were caught,"

while some simply make up their mind on the spot to take the "*other* alternative," to "propose to someone else."

I remember a poor friend of mine who once was refused by his angel Ann, and for a time he was the most disconsolate of men. He travelled about alone, he got hipped, he bored his friends, he seemed getting queer, when, all of a sudden he met somebody else, and he said to himself "*what a fool I have been!*" He got interested, became friendly, proposed, was accepted, has now a large and increasing family, and is as "jolly as a sand-boy."

But, however, it was quite clear that that resolute maiden Lucy Longhurst would have no "part or lot" in Mr. Williams, and, therefore, like a prudent and considerate person—as he was—he gave up youth and flightiness and took to maturity and good sense. Lucy often told the story afterwards, and said how amusing it was to mark the astonishment and growing embarassment of Miss Margerison! For Mr. Williams—who prided himself equally on his "discernment" and "never doing things by halves"—was now lavishing all his platitudes and all his "attentions" on the elder lady. She, good old soul, in the simplicity of her heart and the

warmth of her friendly feelings for the clergy in general, and Mr. Williams in particular, had thought that Lucy would make a very good clergyman's wife, and had, therefore, smiled on Mr. Williams. When, then, that perverse young woman had "declined the honour, with thanks," Miss Margerison had sympathised sincerely with the "poor young man," as she termed him, for she was afraid he would suffer very greatly. She little knew him, or our young men, for the most part, to-day. Marriage with them is usually a matter of necessity or convenience. "Must be done, old fellar," "can't be helped," "very sorry," "can't put it off any longer," "the governor is ready to come down handsome," and "she is very jolly girl, up to anything." "Hope you know a little of each other," says a sentimental maiden aunt. "Why, as to that," says the hero, languidly, "of course we know each other" —"met several times"—"road in the park," "and we shall do very well." Oh, Hymen! Oh, Hymeneæ! etc. Instead of Mr. Williams feeling his disappointment it was quite clear by this time that he was running for another handicap!

Accordingly the mischievous Lucy, as soon as luncheon was over, remembered that she had a pressing note to write, and off she ran with all her dimples lighted up, and a gleam in her refreshing eyes—leaving her aunt and Mr. Williams "all alone!"

Poor Miss Margerison had been most kind to Mr. Williams, but was beginning herself to get a little fidgetty and fussy, as she observed the animated manner which seemed to have crept over that usually somewhat unimpressionable if talkative youth!

Mr. Williams was, in fact, in his glory. He had talked so much, and so fluently, that he thought he must have impressed Miss Margerison, and believed that he had now only to strike while the iron was hot, to secure the prize. For I must let my readers into a secret which they have probably long ago discovered for themselves, namely, that the curate was a little too fond of the "flesh-pots of Egypt," and that with him it was only a question of a "comfortable settlement." He had heard that Miss Margerison was very well to do, and he thought that he might just as well, as the man once said, get "properly tiled in."

Alas! with how many to-day is marriage, like as with Mr. Williams, only a "question of settlement!"

Mutual affection, mutual tastes and inclinations, mutual likes and dislikes, the "entente cordiale" of sympathetic minds, all go for nothing, "the little god" is "squared"—to use a common expression —by the "wiles of Pluto," as the Irishman said, and "amor nummi," not love at first or second sight, "rules the roast!" How many ill-assorted couples have to lament for ever, that a "comfortable settlement" united them, favente the parson, in the "holy estate of matrimony," and not the happier influence of genuine affection and reciprocal attachment. But I must not moralize on this point or I shall never finish.

Mr. Williams turned the conversation ere long to his lonely condition, his solitary life, his many troubles and trials, his weariness of bachelorhood, his admiration of the marriage state. At last Miss Margerison got so seemingly alarmed, that getting up hastily and ringing the bell, she desired Mr. Walters to send Miss Longhurst to her immediately. Poor Mr. Williams all this time sat looking the picture of abject confusion and despair, nor did he notice even the indignant looks of Mr. Walters.

He was just saying, "Oh, Miss Margerison, could the devoted"—when the door opened, and in hurried Lucy, more radiant than ever, closely followed by Colonel Mackintosh, Mr. Mainwaring, Mr. Carruthers, and Miss Emily Monckton!

Happy escape for Miss Margerison! Mr. Williams, who saw that he had missed his chance, made an excuse of parish duty, and retired, to the delight of all assembled. He had no sooner gone in "hot haste" than Miss Margerison exclaimed:—"Oh, how very lucky it is you have all come; for I believe that Mr. Williams would have proposed to me in another minute."

Will my readers be surprised to hear that there was a general shout?

"Oh," said Lucy, maliciously, "I gave him no chance this morning, but I thought, auntie dear, you might like to give him a chance this afternoon;" and here the joyous party broke out again.

"Confound his impudence," began the Colonel, but he added quickly, "Beg your pardon, ladies—excuse an old soldier, who can't do with these free and easy manners of our young men. I'd send them," said the gallant old boy, reflectingly "to heavy marching drill for a few days, it would do them all a deal of good. I never did see in my life such a round-shouldered, lounging, drawling, stable-boy-jacketed lot of chaps in my life."

And here the old Colonel stopped for want of breath, and Miss Margerison took up the running.

"Well," she said, "I have had a lesson, and one I will never forget to the last hour of my life. To think that that young jackanapes should venture to talk of proposing to me, an old woman!"

Colonel Mackintosh said nothing, but looked most knowingly at the two young men, though as Miss Margerison spoke in a very decided and stately way, her old friend did not venture to contradict her statement or to say anything more. As he went home that evening, though, smoking his cigaret, he communicated his belief to Mr. Mainwaring and Mr. Carruthers that "there was no knowing what might have happened had we not all entered the room when we did. Women, my boys," he added confidentially, "are very queer to deal with, and bad to manage, and I for one do not feel quite sure that if my good old friend had a regular offer, she would have refused it. They say clergymen declare 'nolo episcopari,' but I have hardly ever met any woman in my life who would say 'nolo hymenari.'" But Mr. Mainwaring being then very "bad indeed," and full of Lucy, and Mr. Carruthers equally occupied with Emily Monckton, would not hear of any such thing, and the Colonel declared as he left them that they were a "couple of spoons," which in all human probability they most undoubtedly were.

LIFE'S LESSON.

I stood and watched a schoolboy group
  One day upon the smooth ice sliding,
And as with laughter, jeer and whoop
  The little folk went gaily gliding,
I heard one urchin in the crowd,
  His hands and arms in glee upthrowing,
Cry, in a shrilly tone and loud:—
  "Boys keep the mill a-going."

O young philosopher! be such
  Your motto through your whole existence,
And none will beat you running much,
  Though rough the road and long the distance;
And few will pass you in the race,
  However loud may be their crowing,
Provided you in every case
  Should keep the mill a-going.

Should malice strike you with its dart,
  Should envy in your pathway follow,
Should slander pierce you to the heart,
  Should friends' professions prove but hollow,
These all exhaust themselves at length—
  Fierce blasts are not forever blowing;
Keep up your nerve, keep up your strength,
  And keep the mill a-going.

They win the most who win by care,
  And patient toil and purpose steady;
The tortoise often beats the hare,
  For swiftness is not always ready.
Less good from genius we may find,
  Than that from perseverance flowing,
So have good grist at hand to grind,
  And keep the mill a-going.

LIFE'S ROLL-CALL.

BY W. W. HIBBEN.

From the "Masonic Advocate."

"There are changes, constant changes,
  In this busy world of ours;
Life has clouds as well as sunshine,
  Earth has thorns as well as flowers.
Life's bright scenes are ever shifting,
  As the hours are flitting past,
And our visions of the future
  Are too beautiful to last. —*Tiffany*

There is always something frightful in individuality, when viewed in the light of human responsibility. Each man, in life's relations, must stand for himself, must act suffer and answer on his own account, just as though he was the only actor in the

universe. What is termed individual responsibility comprehends the law of equity in all relative obligations.

None can avoid it, because it rules the principles of justice and right, in every one of life's relationships. Even the romance of life may not obscure it, as stern realities all make their impress as if written with an iron pen and laid in the rock for ever.

The rapid transitions of our years can not obliterate the turpitude of our crimes or bedim the glory of our virtues, for the one covers us with a mantle of darkness, while the others cling to us like the ivy to the wall, with even a deathless tenacity.

Errors in life are but a common inheritance, for all men err, all are weak, and at times do wrong, often when they do not intend it. From infancy to age, when the life roll is called, we answer from the positions which are given us, conscious as we are in most instances of our own integrity. For the general way we do not condemn ourselves, even when we see our own sinfulness, when we know our own wrongs, and are aware of our numerous shortcomings. Men are but grown-up children, and even in childhood we always count one in the make-up of the world's numerals. Though we are then weak and helpless and incapable of an act of individual responsibility, we are that early endowed with power, and sustain no insignificant position in the world's roll call of life. We are then on the arena already, where divinity shines in us and through us, and where we have rights and powers of development and possess attractive innocency and loveliness which none but the inhuman will ever ignore. Even then the eyes of love, enduring love, are fastened on us, and often the pencil of thought, with the inspiration of poetic fire, paints our being and tells our life story as a mournful sample of what sooner or later befalls us all.

How truthfully and beautifully one has written of such young life, when he says :

"I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping;
Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's charms
In sorrow weeping:
Years passed; I saw a mother with her child,
And o'er it languish;
Years brought me back. Yet through her tears she smiled,
In deeper anguish.

I left her; years had vanished—I returned
And stood before her.
A lamp beside the childless widow burned,
Grief's mantle o'er her.
In tears I found her whom I left in tears,
On God relying,
And I returned again in after years
And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair,
A wife, a mother.
And then a childless widow in despair
Thus met a brother.
'Tis thus we meet on earth, and thus we part
To meet, O, never!
Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart
To live for ever."

No, not even the helpless infant is left out in the roll call of life. It is, in itself, endowed with entity, simple, beautiful and immortal, and represents the highest actual purity of this world of sin.

In after years, when the child grows to young manhood, its identity is none the less concealed, for the young man is his father's hope and his mother's pride, and his name, under the influence of parental prestige, begins to assume importance even in the books of life. 'Tis then we see that "the boy is father to the man," and on him we call the life-roll with renewed promise and assurance.

We know it is sad, but *then it is true*, that many at this point are most mysteriously numbered among the missing. Somehow they drop out, as we often see them, even from the ranks of the Mystic Tie, but for what cause we know not. Many need guardianship in manhood as well as in youth, and the watch-care of churches and fraternal societies has doubtless been made a blessing to millions.

The thoughtful, the reflective, may stand firm anywhere. They have studied the philosophy of self-reliance, and they are always ready to answer the roll. They

may be plain men, they may even be rough. But then—

"Who shall judge a man from plainness?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something else.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May becloth the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feeling—
Satin vests could do no more."

When the roll-call of life is made, as it is, ever and anon, it is important that each man be able to answer for himself. If he is conscious of his own integrity, that is better than all. He then has nothing to fear, for—

"God, who counts by souls, not station,
Loves the true who bear the right;
To him all famed distinctions
Are but as flashes of the night."

In the dim distance the light shines. It may seem afar, but its glitter is ever on the altar of sacrifice, and before that altar should all men bow and reverently learn to obey those obligations which will prepare them for honour whenever the roll call is made.

Personal integrity is the test, as love for our fellow men is the fruit. The one gives evidence of our spirit and character, as the other does of our humanity and philanthrophy.

If the world of men could once be impressed with the importance of always walking in the ways of *light*, the roll call of life would never come amiss upon them. They would stand before the inspection of all men, conscious of their own well meant sincerity, and no emergency would ever becloud their memories or cast a shadow over the recitude of their histories.

November 7, 1876.

A SOFT ANSWER.

THE husband was of quick temper, and often inconsiderate. They had not been married a year, when one day, in a fit of hasty wrath, he said to his wife:

"I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct, you can return to your home whence I took you, and find happiness with your kind."

"If I leave you," returned the unhappy wife, "will you give me back that which I brought to you?"

"Every dollar. I covet not your wealth, you shall have it all back."

"Ah!" she answered, "I mean not the wealth of gold. I thought not of dress. I meant my maiden heart—my first and only love—my buoyant hopes, and the promised blessings of my womanhood. Can you give these to me?"

A moment of thought—of convulsion—and then, taking her to his arms:

"No, no, my wife, I cannot do that, but I will do more—I will keep them henceforth unsullied and unpained. I shall cherish your blessings as my own, and never again, God helping me, will I forget the pledge I gave at the holy altar when you gave your peace and happiness to my keeping.

How true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath; and how many, oh, how many of the bitter strifes of domestic life might be avoided by remembering and acting in accordance therewith.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

VIII.—HEALTH.

"Health and a good state of body are above all gold."

How true as to the lives of all! To the rich man what is his wealth without his health? To the poor what is ill-health but misery and starvation? Harder, indeed, is the lot of the man who has the luxury but not the appetite than that of him who has the appetite but not the luxury. Sweet is the poor man's crust, hard earned though it be!

Health, then, is the greatest blessing of existence—indeed, without it, life is but a living death. How to preserve it is the subject that we propose to consider in this

present paper. Supposing on theory that we have been endowed by nature with what we call "good health," how is this inestimable boon to be preserved? By a compliance with the laws of Nature in a judicious exercise of both mind and body, and in affording to our frames a due supply of the material requisite to repair the waste thereby engendered.

Mental nourishment we have already touched upon; the quantity and quality of bodily food have, too, in former papers had allotted to them their due share of attention; and it now only remains to take into account two articles of nourishment, and those two most easily obtainable, whilst from our habits, although supplied to us freely enough and pure enough by nature, the most difficult of all to be procured, and therefore worthy of our greatest anxiety, which are nevertheless but too often the most lightly regarded of all—we mean air and water. True it is that for securing these two requisites of health we have already Inspectors of Nuisances, but in very many instances these officers are either too restricted in their power or else incompetent to perform their allotted tasks.

Experienced men, then, should be appointed to fulfil these all-important duties, and their right of inspection should be made general and absolute; any refusal of their visits or neglect of their instructions being visited with a fine, and perhaps imprisonment for a second offence, the offenders being considered as enemies of society at large; for if a person be poisoned at all, it matters but little or none whether the fatal dose be solid, liquid, or gaseous, whether it consist of strychnia or sewage, mercury or malaria.

A great step will have been taken if our former suggestions have been carried out, and a decent cottage have, in all cases, taken the place of the old-fashioned poorman's hovel, but much will even then remain to be done. The house may be well built and airily situated, still pure air can only be obtained in well-ventilated apartments so constructed as to afford a sufficient number of cubic feet of breathing-space for the allotted number of inhabitants. All overcrowding, therefore, should be strictly prohibited, and a good supply of fresh air ensured in some manner, no matter how simple. We here give a plan easy of execution and at the same time thoroughly efficient. Up each of the flues in the house run a piece of ordinary rain-water-pipe having the lower end in communication with the open air, and closed at the top; the fresh air passing up this will be warmed and must be allowed to enter each room by a branch pipe six inches from the floor. The vitiated air must be carried off through an opening six inches from the ceiling into, or communicating with, the nearest flue. To prevent draughts both of these orifices must be covered with fine wire gauze. In addaddition to this let one window at least in every room, especially if it be slept in, open into the outer air. This window must be a sash, not a casement, as it should be left open at both top and bottom for a certain portion of each day. An occasional fire in every room, when practicable, is a great purifier. The floors should be periodically scrubbed with pure water that is that which is free from sewage contaminations; the use of tar soap or the occasional addition of a disinfectant is a great desideratum. The walls and ceilings should be limewashed at proper intervals, and all bedding should be kept scrupulously clean and left open to the air every day. These simple measures being carried out, the house will be found well ventilated and, so far as fresh air is concerned, healthy.

The next point to be considered, namely drainage, is a very lengthy one, but the more simple the system, especially in connexion with cottages, the better. Let no drain come within the house, nor any sink be erected inside its four walls. If this be impossible, then let any such inside drain or sink empty itself into a small cesspool outside the walls, and let such cesspool be securely trapped and ventilated by means of a piece of common gas-pipe carried up with its top quite clear of all gutters, windows, or other openings in the roof; advantage may be taken of a chimney-stack or neighbouring tree to support this pipe, the exhalations from which will be dispersed, clear of the dwelling, in the upper air. Such cesspool, again, should be frequently emptied of solid deposit. To every batch of tenements there should be a common cesspool, as far remote from the houses as possible; let this also be venti-

lated as recommended above, and be provided besides with an air-tight flap, through which should be introduced every morning a layer of fine sifted earth, occasionally adding a little disinfectant. Into such cesspool on no account suffer any drainage or other water to find its way. All drains should have a good fall and be securely trapped at both ends. The drains themselves should take the form of a compressed oval, of which the vertical should bear to the horizontal diameter the proportion of three or four to one; in this way the body of flushing water acquires a greater force, whilst the drain itself presents no angles to serve as lodgments for fatty or other solid matter. All water, whether for drinking, cooking, or cleansing purposes should be pure, and to this end obtained (if there be no service from waterworks) from either spring, well, or tank, and not from ditches or ponds. If there be a good spring in the parish, a few subscribers will easily procure a stone trough, which, being fixed at some height above the ground, if the spring be in a bank, or being railed round if it be on the ground level, will preserve the water from fouling by dogs or cattle; but let not these, by the way, be forgotten, for they suffer thirst as do we ourselves: provide, then, a rough trough into which the surplus water may be gathered from the overflow of the spring purposely for the relief of their wants. If a well be the source of supply, the water should be drawn from it by means of a pump, or, at all events, the well should be kept closed, to hinder pollution by frogs, snails, and the like, as well as to prevent the growth of fungi, weeds, etc. Should the house be dependent upon a tank, then let its interior be, if possible, of hard cement, and present no surface of metal or wood. The former will certainly impregnate the water by oxidisation or absorption, whilst the latter will do still more mischief by decaying, and so contaminating the water. For this reason open water-butts are to be rigorously condemned, as, too, are open cisterns, which speedily become a breeding ground for infusoria and many forms of organic life, all highly deleterious to health. Lastly, let all and every such water supply be frequently examined and cleaned, care having been taken at the outset that pollution from cesspools or drains or their ventilating pipes shall be impossible. On every such occasion of cleansing a lump of quicklime and a piece of charcoal may be dropped in, by the combined effects of which substances any organic matter will be effectually destroyed. Charcoal sufficiently good for this purpose may be easily made by lightly piling a few sticks of poplar, willow, or wood of a similar nature, and keeping them closely covered with hot embers until the outsides are quite charred. But all that is requisite is not yet done, for although by these means water apparently clean may have been obtained, there will still be no guarantee of its purity. There is but one way of attaining this perfection, and that is by boiling and filtration, which remark will equally apply to "service" water, for let us remember that no water whatever, except of course that which has been distilled, can be pure without at least one of these processes; not even rain water caught fresh from the clouds is free from a certain taint of impurity. There will be one popular objection inevitably raised to this, and that is its cost. "It is easy enough to boil water," such an objector will say, "but how about buying a filter? that is quite beyond our means!" No greater mistake can be made, for although the filters usually purchased are very expensive, a very cheap and yet equally serviceable one can be thus prepared at home. We say equally serviceable, but in some respects it is really better than those in general use, inasmuch as the water cannot stand in it and become stale. The vapidity of the filtered water is corrected before use, whilst it is also refrigerated at the same time that it is filtered. The way then, in which a cheap filter and cooler combined can be constructed is this: Take two new earthen flower-pots, fitting closely the one into the other at the rim, the outer one being considerably deeper than the inner; into the hole of each pot screw tightly a piece of new sponge; into the space between the two put a layer of animal and vegetable charcoal, having above and below it a layer of clean-washed sand, and again above and below these, and next to each of the sponges, a layer of well-washed gravel or very small pieces of broken flower-pot. A cover should be pro-

vided to prevent the admission of dust, etc; this should be glazed, if of earthenware, to prevent evaporation otherwise than by the porous sides of the pot, which slight evaporation will have the effect of cooling the water. The apparatus should now be set in a stand (a sort of rough three-legged stool, through the board of which the pot can be placed, will answer admirably), of such a height that the water oozing through the lower sponge may have a drop of about two feet. This fall through the air will replace in the water any oxygen that it may have lost during the processes of boiling and filtering, and so correct that peculiar disagreeable flatness so noticeable in filtered water. The total cost of this filter need not exceed one shilling. The charcoal and sand will of course require occasional renewal, but this will not be often if the upper pot be kept thoroughly clean and its sponge be frequently taken out and washed. Hardness, so-called, of water, whenever it exists, may be remedied by the addition of a small quantity of bicarbonate of potash before use; we recommend potash rather than soda because it does not give the water the same disagreeable taste, whilst, what is of more consequence even than this, it is more soluble in the stomach.

Whilst discussing the subject of water in connexion with the house-supply, our mind, intent upon the greater comfort of our cottager friends, somewhat naturally turns to that greatest of all discomforts—"Washing-day." We see, even as we write the detested word, the little house reeking with steam, filled with a mingled and execrable odour in which soap predominates, and choked with smoke from the faulty copper flue, the entire upper part of the room a perfect network of wet, dabbling clothes, and the bottom a mingled chaos of baskets, dirty clothes, buckets, and small children; add to this a wife—well, slightly irate and very disagreeable from over work and worry, and no dinner ready, and can we wonder that the poor man sighs, turns his back on his home—if now for the first time, almost certainly not for the last—and wends his way to the taproom that he has but just now manfully passed. And all this misery, for misery it is and greater misery it will be in the future, might be prevented by erecting a public wash house for the entire population. If, again, to this public wash-house, good baths could be added, what a boon would be conferred upon the public, what a long way traversed on the road to securing public health.

But one thing remains to be noticed, and that is the spread of epidemic diseases, which may be introduced, generated they can hardly be, if the foregoing directions shall have been followed. Should any infectious disorder then manifest itself, the case should be completely isolated at once. The best means of doing this is by the establishment of a small cottage hospital in every place, such as a village, where no public provision is made, entirely for infectious and contagious disorders, to which the sufferer should be instantly removed. One such, the site of which should be airy and removed as far from ordinary dwellings as possible, should be maintained in every village. After the first outlay the cost would be but trifling, and might be regarded entirely in the light of a health-insurance premium. Besides removing the patient, steps should be taken to thoroughly disinfect, by means of fumigation and otherwise, all bedding, furniture, and the like with which the person suffering from disease may have come into contact. Should there be no possibility of removing the patient, then all healthy occupants of the house beyond those required for nursing, should leave the house, with which no more communication than is absolutely necessary should be maintained. Disinfectants should be freely used; all refuse from the sick room should be burned; whilst the doors through which anyone must pass should be covered, by way of curtains, with sheets or other hangings saturated with some disinfecting fluid.

These suggestions may be crude, yet to try them is a step in the right direction. The start is the main thing, for the "vis inertiæ" is great indeed. Surely, however, there is at least one person in every parish, however small, who has sufficient leisure and enterprise to embark upon such a sanitary crusade as we have sketched out, whose spare moments might well be whiled away in seeing to such of these matters, as one of the public would be per-

mitted by his neighbours to interfere in; whilst he might profitably employ his leisure time in benefiting his neighbours by drawing their attention to and instructing them in such matters as he could not be allowed to actively take part. An occupation like this would yield a far more real and lasting pleasure than does the pursuit of gossip or the purposeless meddling so characteristic of our local busybodies. Anyhow he would be doing real work and conferring a benefit upon the community at large, and if he should get no thanks in the present, nor even gratitude in the future, he would rest content in knowing that in his allotted sphere he had done his share of duty in the great task of the amelioration of his fellows.

Should these suggestions be found in any particular case to be impracticable, they will yet have done their share, we trust, in the great work of Sanitary Reform by pointing out many evils which, though little in themselves, present in the aggregate a stupendous obstacle to the attainment of that treasure which no material wealth can otherwise purchase or for which, remaining unprocured, no store of golden gain can make any adequate recompense—Health!

SONNET.

(*For the "Masonic Magazine."*)

BY BRO. THE REV. M. GORDON.

Written December, 1876, after a long and dangerous illness, and while still seriously indisposed from its effects.

Now wintry darkness shrouds the sullen sky,
Till spring again the world from death revive;
For death both man and nature doth deprive
Of life. Ye Brothers of the Mystic Tie,
Should this frail thing, men call my body, die,
And this, my votive wreath of sonnets, live,
Wherever random chance a place may give,
Let its poor remnants there forgotten lie.
But oh, my mystic self, my heart—my heart—
In holy ground—in Judah's soil entomb.
There bright as morn would be the darkest gloom,
Which such a grave would to its veins impart.
This the sole boon I from my Brothers ask—
Thrice blest, whose hands perform the pious task.

AN ORATION UPON MASONRY,

SPOKEN AT THE DEDICATION AND CONSECRATION OF THE NEW MASONIC HALL OF THE LODGE OF ST. JOHN, ANTIGUA, W. I., (E. R. 492) BY BRO. WILLIAM JAMES READ M.A. (ARCHDEACON OF ANTIGUA) CHAPLAIN OF THE LODGE.

[This oration will have a deep if painful interest to Freemasons, in that since it was delivered the death of the venerable and scholarly author is announced in the *Times*.—ED.]

Worshipful Sir and Brethren:

Having never before been called upon to fill the peculiarly prominent and exacting part to which, according to our programme of the day's proceedings, I find myself appointed, and having had no opportunity of learning either by observation, by reading, or by report, how that part has been fulfilled by others, I have nothing else to fall back upon for guidance in my endeavour to answer the call now made upon me beyond the general principles of our Order.

I am desired to deliver an "Oration" upon Masonry. Now an oration requires an orator—one who is able to inform the minds of his hearers, by setting before them truths perhaps new to them, by suggesting connections between old truths hitherto unsuspected, and by opening out pleasant vistas of thought—one who can at the same time rouse their feelings to a lively and earnest sympathy with his own, and lead them on under the charm of pleasurable emotions towards whatever object he presents to them as worthy of their pursuit and attainment. Very much of all this I know to be beyond my power. I can make

no attempt to please your ears with florid, high-wrought periods, or to fill your minds with sentimental, languid self-approval by descanting on the benefits of Masonry. I am, however, thoroughly in earnest in my desire and effort to contribute as I can not only to the successful issue of the day's ceremony, but also to the progress of Masonry and the welfare of our own Lodge.

It is with this consciousness and this desire that I dare to answer the call for a speech upon "Masonry."

"MASONRY."

A short text for a sermon, if it were a sermon I had to preach to you, as I may have to do, if spared, ere long. But it would have puzzled you, as for a time it perplexed me, what topics from amid so grand and far-reaching a subject were capable of illustration within the short limits prescribed to me.

I would say then first of all a few words on the trustfulness and the antiquity of Masonry, and I beg for the serious attention of thoughtless and thoughtful alike—I know we have both among us—while I add to the expression of my own absolute and sincere conviction and belief some brief points of the grounds upon which they rest.

Few of us perhaps have escaped acquaintance with a treacherous and pernicious volume, which, while professing to give information about our Order, not only discredits the order itself, but blasphemously denies the truth of Holy Scripture, scarcely acknowledging even the name of God, refuses the notion of any spiritual or immortal principle in the soul of man, and rejects with scorn the hope of a Resurrection. All this is done with a tone of presumptious authority that may easily prevail to unsettle the faith of some and disturb the minds of others who do not know how often and how thoroughly such wicked falsehoods have been disproved.

I am not going to enter upon the controversy now, but only to examine, in passing, one assertion made in this volume, that the Jews never existed as a nation, which assertion is made a sort of foundation to the subsequent argument. This examination may enable us all to estimate at their true worthlessness other statements of the like kind depending upon the same authority.

Now we all know that Jews, equally proud of their nationality, are found in every station of society, from the wealthiest to the poorest, in almost every country in the world. All these look to Judæa as their country, to Jerusalem as their common capital and national metropolis. Whence or when could this far-spread sense of nationality have arisen, if it had not existed before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus? That it did exist we have abundant evidence, even in the records of heathen historians. There are few more vivid and striking pictures given by any than that by Ctesias how Alexander the Great was received at the gate of Jerusalem by the High Priest, in his gorgeous pontificial robes, attended by a train of priests and Levites.

In awe-stricken wonder the mighty conqueror refrained from entering the sacred city, and remitted to the Jews either the whole or great part of the tribute imposed upon other nations. When shortly afterwards he founded his city of Alexandria, which you know still subsists, he invited thither a colony from Jerusalem a colony of Jews. His invitation was accepted, and many learned Jews settled there and founded a school of teaching, from which Jewish morality, Jewish thought, Jewish learning spread in their influence and acceptance to centres of civilization which they could scarcely have reached from Jerusalem. These things surely could not have taken place if the Jews had not then been a nation.

Quite recently has been discovered a sculptured record of far earlier date, upon which no hint or shadow of a hint of fraud or collusion of any kind has been or can be thrown. This agrees, even in minute details, with the Jewish record of the events referred to in such a way that it is impossible to deny the validity of the Jewish record contained in our canonical Scriptures, of these things at least as true and real*. The truth of Holy Scripture as a whole depends indeed upon far larger and wider considerations than any I can

* The particular event alluded to is the invasion of Moab by Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, which is recorded 1. Kings iii. The purpose of the in-

touch upon here, but when I show you a completely independent parallel account of a particular event recorded therein which confirms and agrees with their account, the effect of this evidence is not limited to that particular event, but (in the absence of any equally cogent disproof) strengthens our confidence in the acceptance of the whole. The existence, indeed, of such a people as the Jews of the present day, identical in their reverence for the same Holy Book, in dogma, in worship, in national hope—identical in all these amid the changeful influences of the lapse of years, of residence among nations the most diverse, of climate, of circumstance—their existence cannot be denied. Neither can it be explained save on the acceptance of the Hebrew historical books as a true *national* record of real persons and events.

Accepting then, as I do, with absolute and unfeigned conviction, the general truthfulness of Old Testament history, I accept, with certainty scarcely less certain, our system and order of Masonry as a living growth surviving from those far-off centuries to our own day. There is, I know, an opinion supported by not a few names of credit and influence, that "Masonry" was invented (forsooth) some eight or nine hundred years ago. But such an opinion is quite incapable of any historical proof, and to my own mind it seems utterly unreasonable.

The Christian religion was then all but universally accepted, though in a somewhat corrupted and adulterated form, and I account it a human impossibility, a thing inconsistent with human nature, which was then what it is now, that men whose lives and thoughts and feelings were in any degree moulded by the observances, the prayers, the creeds of the Church, and by the lessons of the New Testament, could have contrived so large a system, from which all reference to these things should have been so completely and (as it were) instinctively left out and ignored. Nor, indeed, can I see how it should be worth the while of any such inventor or inventors, supposing such possible, to seek the acceptance of a system so unselfish, or by what means they could work, if they yet desired it, for the propagation of so quiet a Society as ours.

I cannot then find in Masonry, as I know it, anything consistent with a medieval beginning. But I do find in it exactly the sort of recognition of the government by Almighty God of the Universe, of nations, of men, revealed step by step, from time to time, through chosen, accredited and specially-gifted messengers, which recognition I suppose to have been the spiritual life of David, the Psalmist, of a Solomon, an Isaiah, an Ezekiel, a Micah, a Daniel, an Habakkuk.

Jealous watchfulness over the ancient landmarks of our Order is surely no modern growth, and those who have learned its lessons and received its tokens, before our Lord's fuller revelation of grace and truth, would be conscious of no guilty reticence in handing on to their immediate successors without change or addition the lessons they had received and rejoiced in under the earlier dispensation.

Accept Masonry according to its own claims, and it is a consistent, coherent, living truth and reality, such as all the manifold abuses to which it has been exposed have not been able to destroy. Its reference to the Old Testament history are natural—an undesigned coincidence, underlying, pervading the whole, such as could not have been found in any invention of a latter age, in which the holy name of Jesus must have appeared, either for scornful derision or for worshipful homage. What we have, what we use as Masons, is a form of worship, an order of dicipline, a traditional history that may well have been moulded by a Solomon to suit his greater purposes from some more antique form, handed on to an Isaiah, an Ezekiel, a Daniel, an Ezra, a Malachi, shared according to our traditions by John Baptist and John Evangelist, by Gamaliel and Paul, yea, even by Jesus of Nazareth himself. But it is such as could never have been put together, contrived or invented in an age of ignorance, cruelty and rapacity, by any human ingenuity, into a system utterly void of

vasion was to bring back Mesha, King of Moab, to his duty as a tributary of Judah, which therefore must have been a nation at that time, the time being B.C. 895. The Moabite Stone makes it impossible that Jehosaphat was a legendary personage, and thus gives important independent evidence to the reality of the whole history of which his life is a conspicuous and consistent part.

self-seeking, bright with the light of truth and love, equally harmonious in its omission of truths later revealed as in its uniform adoration and ascription of power and glory to the Great Architect, the Grand Geometrician of the Universe.

So much I have found to say on the antiquity and truthfulness of Masonry. Of its principles I need here to say but little, familiar as they are to us in the working of the Lodge. It scarcely needs to remind yourselves, brethren, though it would be well for many others to be informed, how far true Masonry stands apart as in its origin. If what I have advanced be true, so also in its practise, from all secret societies formed for any practical or revolutionary design; seeing that we are bound and pledged, as Masons, to render loyal obedience and support to any government under whose protection we may at any time reside, and that all political questions are absolutely shut out from discussion in our Lodges.

Masonry, as we receive and use it, is "a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbol." Its principles are brotherly love, relief and truth. Its watchword is Fidelity. Its duties embrace every moral and social virtue. Its standard and measure of duty is the revealed word of God. It is no respector of persons in this world, giving no honour to wealth or worldly station in themselves, but in the use made of them, claiming for all a brotherly equality, not by degrading or dragging downward the higher, but by lifting upward the more lowly and looking out beyond this world with full assurance of faith and hope to an immortal life in a blissful home above—"a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

I know not, brethren, how more of interest, of moral truth, of personal goodness, of social and mutual benefit, can be so briefly expressed, and at the same time so clearly indicated by words so few and simple, if only brethren here and men elsewhere would act up to their knowledge and carry into practise the holy principles they profess.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE OF THE SEA.

A Fairy Tale.

BY SAVARICUS.

PART IV.

AND those Constructors with inventive brains,
Too full of theory, speculation stains;
The *iron age*, or *craze*, is not so good,
As the old days when ships were built of wood.
And this I say to the contriving lot—
An Iron Clad is but an Iron Pot!
Let ships above me sail and spread their wings,
I take no pleasure in your monstrous things;
And now I hear of *circular sea forts*,
To be misnamed "ships," but these reports
I give no credence to; my way is clear
About *the ships* and *slaves* I so revere.
Some better schemes their Lordships must devise,
Or England's dignity they'll scandalize.
I'm Queen below, and here I have the power
To work my will, on any day or hour;
If I am much displeased, I, in my ire,
May have each cable cut, or tap each wire,
The telegrams to mar and intercept,
And insulate the little spot yclept
The Ocean's Pride and Land of Brave and Free,
So long proclaimed as Mistress of the Sea.
Take heart ye people of this Christian land,
Do what is right, and boldly take your stand
For England's name o'er all the world is heard
In peace or war a symbolizing word.
Then I the 'lectric medium will respect,
Nor e'er allow a message to deflect.
Nay, more; your ships I'll guide to the North Pole,
And add the glory to your honour roll.
The *Challenger* I've helped, and all that try
To aid and benefit humanity.

This is no idle boast, or vainly said;
The trackless waste of water o'er my head
Is ruled by me with laws that are my own,
And to the world of science yet unknown.
At the North Pole, the water's fresh, *I know*,
And undercurrents warm and deep do flow;
The frozen wild, the Palæocrystic Sea,
At certain times is broken up by me;
The crystal mountains moving to the shore,
Outstrip *Jove's* thunder with their deaf'ning roar.
'Tis then a crevice opens out a "lead,"
And ships may steam and steadily proceed
Within the North, the Polar Sea, abreast,
And work a passage where 'twill serve the best.
Around the snow-capped pole *an open sea*,
From eighty-fifth to ninetieth degree,
Within a cycle of recurring years
Is to be found by him who perseveres.
The brave *Alert*, the worthy pioneer,
I saw, admired the men, and ships, and gear;
The sister ship, *Discovery* rightly named,
In history for ages will be famed.
The *seam of coal*, a welcome "find" and good,
(The usefulness of which is understood)
In years to come will prove a mighty thing,
When *Vulcan's Sons* at work their anvils ring.
The "Iron horse" along an iron way
May travel to the pole, aver its sway,
And taking man around the polar plain,
In warmth and comfort bring him back again.
The *Magi* of the mine will too advance,
Defy the ice, subdue the vast expanse,
And prove to *Boreas*, railer though he be,
That I and Science rule the Polar Sea.
The Earth's magnetic power I too control,
And appositely guard *the shifting pole*—
The point of darkness deep, and when 'tis found
The Sages gladly will the fact expound.
And though the Pole-Star is the sailors' guide,
And ships are safely steered o'er oceans wide,
In *Plato's year* the star, though "fixed," has moved,
And the ecliptic intersection proved.
The earth, by Sun and Moon's attraction drawn,
But hastens on the equinoctial dawn;
'Tis Earth's rotation and diurnal round,
With Laws of Gravitation nicely found,
And motion more or less, and retrograde,
By which *Precession Equinoctial's* made.
And moving slowly from the *East* to *West*,
In manner opposite, yet manifest,
The equinoctial points a cycle make,
And five-and-twenty thousand years they take
A single revolution to effect;
A proof sublime of Heaven's *Architect*.
Of these and other things I freely speak
From love to man, and not from any pique;
My aim is harmony, and, anchored well,
Eternal Friendship on the earth shall dwell.
And you, my subjects, for your late display
I thank—my lot's to rule, yours' to obey.
The kind attention I have much enjoyed;
It freely came, and yet 'twas unalloyed.
King *Neptune* and his noble Sons to-day
Have proved their friendship in a regal way;
I prize the treasures they have kindly brought,
'Tis by such deeds our love is surely sought.
The Court's dissolved! Each sprite and nymph repair
To their own haunt, and duty practice there.
Adeona now our guest will home convey,
To her I'll give a Queen's best gift for aye—
She Beauty hath, so Faith I now bestow,
And Hope to share with Charity's warm glow,—
The Christian Graces and a priceless boon,
That sweetest music make for hearts in tune.
Farewell, Fair Court! and dearest child, good-bye,
You'll soon again see Nature's earth and sky."
The Queen thus spoke, and vanished from the view,
Whilst the full Court bade the child adieu!

The Isle now moved and rose above the sea,
Until the rock was from the water free.
Melodious sounds were wafted far and near,
The songs of syrens sung the child to cheer.
The honoured maid was gently led away,
And nymphs and sprites did loyal homage pay.
The dazzling halls were by the pair retraced,
And soon the car they in the morning graced
Was found—it stood within the court gem-paved.
With hieroglyphics round about engraved.
The road that led direct to ocean's track,
Along they went, and quickly travelled back.
The sea was reached, the car with grace plunged in,
And fairy boat became for those within.
With quick'ning speed it straightly sailed away,
And lost to sight was Admiration Bay.

The fairy guide in earnest tones now bade
Her charge "remember all the Queen had said."
"The needy poor and sick, and those that grieve,
Our care demand to comfort and relieve,
And when her aid in charity she gave,
If well bestowed, it would a blessing have,
The Queen's rare gift—the Christian Graces three,
Implanted in her breast beneath the sea,
By her she knew would always good confer
On honest folk and humble villager."

The distant land in streaks began to show,
They onward sailed, the breeze was soft and low.
The sight of earth her wak'ning sense regaled,
And thoughts of home above all else prevailed.
And swift unto the shingly beach the boat
Ran on; the lark was singing out the day
On joyous pinions as it soared away.
The fairy bark was beached, and high and dry,
As ceased the songsters' heavenly minstrelsy.

The guide the maiden kissed and helped to land,
And, sweetly smiling, swiftly left the strand.
All trace of boat was lost, and then the child
With many doubts her murm'ring self beguiled.
What if it all were but a dream, not true?
A Tale of Fairyland just told to show
The happy state of all the fairy-kind,
And how they live and sweet contentment find.
It might be so; but life on earth is good,
And man by Faith hath lasting Brotherhood.
The World of Truth is perfect, and the whole
By laws divine, beyond weak man's control
Is governed; the air we breathe and solar light
Is life and health, and giveth us delight.

The winds that blow have "healing in their wings,"
Refreshing rain fresh vegetation brings.
Man wants but Grace—the sunshine of his heart—
To give him strength and help him do his part.
Unto the pure how bright the world must be,
A pleasant place, and where they but foresee
The blissful plains, the promised land of light,
Replete with sacred joys, with glory bright.

We know the paths of Godliness are best,
With love and mercy crowned the good are blest,
And Nature's teachings show us more and more
The wisdom of the God whom we adore.
On earth and in the firmament above
And sea beneath, the works of wondrous love
So fair to view, and each and ev'rything
Proclaim and praise the power of Heaven's King.

Such thoughts as these engendered and confessed,
May help us live contented and impressed,
And Fairy-lore may make us understand
The grandeur of the sky and sea and land.

A sylph-like child on the lone beach at play,
Had tired herself and slept an hour away,
And in her dreams had journeyed to the Isle
In fancy made, and free from earthly guile
The fresh'ning breeze blew on the darling's cheeks;
As she awoke the setting sun's red streaks
Illumed the sky, and their reflection shone
O'er land and sea, a bright celestial zone.
A gentle whisper to her seemed to say:
"Now hasten to thy home, dear child, the day
Is drawing to its close, and you want rest."
With languid step and palpitating breast
The wearied child to home and couch repaired,
There balmy sleep by happy dreams was shared.

THE END.

A CENTENNIAL CURIOSITY.

From "The Keystone."

Not one of the least curious of our relics of the late Centennial Exhibition is the package of Anti-Masonic tracts thrust upon us by the "last rose of summer," who represented the party of darkness in the Exhibition. Were "Vanity Fair" (the American *Punch*) published now, the columns of that witty journal would be the proper place for the republication of these tracts, for their authors were wittier than they knew; but since America lacks a first-class comic organ and has several first-class Masonic ones, we will venture upon inserting in one of them some extracts from these miraculous tracts.

In the first place we learn where Freemasons meet — "in 5,000 secret garrets throughout the nation." We admire the *pitch* of that lie, to begin with. Garrets, indeed! In Philadelphia, and all other of the leading cities of the United States, and even in many of the smaller towns, Freemasons meet in Masonic Temples, and on the ground-floor at that. And then theirs are not secret meetings, but publicly known, and often even advertised. But let us pass to statement No. 2.

We are told that "a Masonic Lodge is a standing insult to every virtuous woman in the community." The reasons are plain. We supply them: Because no woman, virtuous or vicious, is ever allowed to invade the precints of a Masonic Lodge when it is at labour. Because a part of that labour is the bestowal of charity upon the widows and orphans of deceased Brethren. Because the Holy Bible is authoritatively the rule and guide of a Mason's life. If the reader thinks statement No. 2 to be a *non sequitur*, from the reasons we have given as premises, the error is with the Anti-Masons, not with us. Our reasons are facts—their statement is fiction. But No. 3 may be less open to objection. Let us see.

We read again: "We open before you, in this leaflet, without money or price, the door of the Lodge *where Satan's seat is*, and show its abominations." There is authority in Job for alleging that Satan once donned the garb of a Son of Light, but he was speedily discovered and relegated to his own place, and certain we are that that place is not in the East of a Masonic Lodge, or anywhere else in it, that we are aware of. Should the Pursuivant, while making his rounds with his flaming sword, meet his Satanic Majesty, he would, undoubtedly, eject him instantly from the Lodge, or perhaps inject his sword into his personality. Besides, with the Bible open on the altar, and prayer regularly and audibly uttered in the Lodge to the One true and living God—it seems to us Satan would not like his company, and would leave it to join the Anti-Masons. But perhaps the next statement is more reasonable.

"This Fraternity has, spider-like, decoyed thousands of *good* men into its meshes, and by threats of death has sealed their tongues to a lie for life. It ranks higher in the catalogue of sins than cup, pipe, or perjury." The *best* manner to substantiate this allegation would be to have it endorsed by the hundreds of clergymen all over the world who are Freemasons. For example: some of the purest, most intellectual and honoured Bishops

and Doctors of Divinity in America are active Masons. The Anti-Masons condescendingly admit that they are *good* (for that cannot be denied), but then they have been *decoyed*, and are now actually worse than *drunkards*, *smokers* or *perjurers*! That is an indictment, indeed—and one that by its self-evident absurdity convicts its authors, the Anti-Masons, as stupendous falsifiers, out of their own mouths.

But Freemasonry also threatens the State! This was once the cry of the Anti-Masonic party in this State and nation, but after playing antics before high Heaven that it will never play again, it gave up the ghost, and the Anti-Masons of to day are the shadows of that ghost. We quote again: "Freemasonry is Satan's masterpiece—a terrible snare to men. It sits this moment as a nightmare on all the moral energies of our Government and utterly paralyzes the arm of justice. It was the mysterious snare of President Johnson and shield for the vilest murderers of the South." What a piece of Quixotic imagination is this!—How the nightmare must have brooded over its author! We could not desire a more defenceless windmill to tilt against! Johnson, the Freemason President of the United States, ensnared by our Craft! The arm of national justice paralyzed! Southern murderers protected under the ægis of Masonry! The bare statement of these absurd charges is their sufficient refutation. But there is one discovery made by the author of these tracts that overtops all we have previously noticed, viz., that Freemasonry is "the parent of the Ku Klux Klan." The system of ratiocination by which this statement is arrived at is this: Freemasonry was the earliest of all secret societies, and therefore responsible for all that have followed it! If there had been no Freemasons, there would have been no midnight masked murderers! This reasoning may be clear to some orders of minds—such as are found inside of asylums, and to those feeble-minded Anti-Masons who, for a time, are outside, but to all men of even only ordinary intellect, the conclusion will be considered to be a prodigious *non sequitur*.

We have noticed but a few of the absurdities of these Anti-Masonic tracts, for to do more would be to physic the reader *ad nauseam*. They certainly are a Centennial curiosity. They remind us of the play that was intended by its author to be a tragedy, but was taken by the audience for a comedy. We cannot but laugh at their statements from beginning to end, for they are all the purest fiction, not one of them being even the most remotely based upon fact.

A LONDONER'S VISIT TO A NORTH YORK DALE.

BY OLIVER LOUIS TWEDDELL,

Author of "Old Gregory's Ghost," etc.

Tomlinson was a Cockney, a fussy, dancing, smiling, dandy little Cockney.

Now when one says a Cockney, people generally imagine a swell with big eye-glass, small brain, tight boots and kid gloves, who martyrs the Queen's English, drawls and chops his words in talking, in a manner that sets Nuttall at defiance, and would almost have made Dr. Johnson taken fits at the degeneration of the age.

Now Tomlinson, be it understood, was not a Cockney of this sort. No, no. No man spoke better English than Mr. Tomlinson, and, though by no means a vain man, if there was one thing more than another that he prided himself upon, it was on his superior intimacy with Lindlay Murray.

But I am not going to descant on the merits and demerits of Mr. Tomlinson, though he had, of course, his share of both. I am merely going to relate a small adventure which occurred to him, and it came about as follows.

Mr. Tomlinson had just come into the possession of a nice sum of money, by the death of a distant relation, whose sole heir he proved to be, and he naturally wished to turn his newly acquired capital to good account. It struck him that land would be the safest investment, and seeing by the newspapers that a small estate, with good fishing and shooting, was advertised for sale, pleasantly situated in one of those

delightful dales which beautify the North Riding of Yorkshire, he took a run down from London to look at it, with a view to becoming the purchaser if it suited him.

It was before the days of railways, and, as the dale in question was snugly situated among the Cleveland Hills (then hiding their immense treasures of ironstone for the searching geological ken of a Professor Phillips to make known to a future generation, but as yet untunnelled by stalwart miners from all parts), the broad North York dialect was still spoken in all its purity by the inhabitants, or natives, as I might very truthfully call them; for most of them were born there, lived there all their lives, died there, and were there gathered to their fathers, in the quiet "God's acre." Indeed, many of them had never been out of the dale during their lives, except, perhaps, to the neighbouring market town and to a few of the nearest villages, where their "native Doric" was also spoken, so that they rarely heard and never understood any other language.

After much coaching, and aided by a post-chaise at the latter portion of his journey, Mr. Tomlinson was set down at the end of a rustic lane leading into the dale—a lane musical with the song of birds, and redolent of the perfume of many wild-flowers, but, as might be expected from its situation, far from being so level as the streets of the great metropolis, even Holborn Hill being smoothness itself compared with the moor road in question.

Mr. Tomlinson, feeling his legs very stiff with so much riding, and wishing to promote the circulation of the blood to his benumbed extremities, on reaching the summit of a hill, determined to run down it. Off he set, and, gathering speed as he proceeded, went for a time at a good rate. But he was soon to be checked, for, tripping up over a large stone or natural boulder rising above the road, he was thrown over on his back in a most unpleasant manner.

A good Samaritan was at hand, in the form of a brawny countryman, who, advancing, picked up the fallen traveller, saying, as he did so:

"Weel, maister, thou's getten a bonny crack! Whativver was ta aboot te tummel like that?"

Poor Mr. Tomlinson was not much injured by his fall, although he had received a few slight bruises and *scrubs*, which a medical man at a coroner's inquest would call "abrasions;" and, as he brushed the dust off his clothes he began to explain matters in the following terms:

"You see I was coming down the declivity with such impetuosity that I lost my perpendicularity, and fell with such velocity that I nearly dislocated my collar-bone."

The countryman stared at him in amazement as he said this, for he might as well have spoken to him in Greek or Hebrew. So when Tomlinson had done speaking, and was feeling his shoulder to make sure that it was neither dislocated nor fractured, the poor dalesman asked:

"What did tha say?"

Mr. Tomlinson repeated his remark, but with no better effect; for as soon as he had done, the countryman gave a loud whistle, and exclaimed:

"By Gox, he's a Frenchman!"

Mr. Tomlinson was puzzled, for he saw at once that his language was not understood, and asked to be shown the way to the nearest hotel.

"What?" asked the dalesman, quite as much puzzled as before.

"Show me the way to the nearest hotel, and I will give you half-a-crown."

"Nay, there isn't onny aboot here as Ah knaws on. De tha grow whahld?"

"Confound you!" ejaculated Mr. Tomlinson, beginning to lose his temper. "I don't mean any plant, but a house where I can get something to eat and drink—an inn, tavern, or public-house."

"Oh, a public dis tha mean? Now Ah knaw. Cum on;" and, taking Mr. Tomlinson's portmanteau in his hand, off he set, and soon led the Londoner into a straggling little village, principally composed of mud-walled cottages, roofed with thatch, with roses growing about the little windows, whose diamond-shaped panes, connected together with lead sashes, were rendered firm by iron bars in stone stanchions.

The inn was not hard to find, as the sign hung on a post before the house, like a murderer on a gibbet. The time had not yet come for every insignificant tavern and beershop to take the title of an hotel, but, as Mr. Squeers remarked to Nicholas Nickleby on nearing Dotheboys Hall, "A

man may call his house an island if he likes; there's no Act of Parliament against that, I believe."

"There's t' pub, maister," said the countryman, pointing to the open door; and, having given Mr. Tomlinson his portmanteau and received the promised half-crown, he lounged down the village, to inform his friends of the arrival of the Frenchman, as he termed him.

Entering the rustic inn, after a little confabulation with the landlady, Mr. Tomlinson got the maternal dame to understand that he wanted dinner. Taking off his boots to ease his feet, and being provided with comfortable slippers, after the luxury of a good wash, he sat down to a repast of bread, fried ham and eggs, and boiled potatoes, for all of which the Yorkshire dales have long been famous, washing down the whole with a foaming jug of the landlord's home-brewed October.

He had barely finished his feast when the villagers and neighbouring farmers began to drop in for their evening chat, and to soak their clay with a drop of Boniface's beer.

Mr. Tomlinson sat and listened silently for some time, meanwhile being much observed by the company. At length he began to put in a word or two, which were always attentively listened to but little understood. At length the conversation turned on the prospects of the next crops, whether they would be good or bad.

"Nay, nay, they'll nobbut be poorish," said one old farmer.

"Whyah, now, they'll be varry fair, Ah think," said another.

"Whyah, maister," said another, appealing to the Londoner, "what do you say aboot it? What sooart o' crops de ye think we're gahin te hev?"

"Well," replied Mr. Tomlinson, "in arguments of this sort we must judge on feasible hypothesis. What are the signs or prognostications you perceive favourable to your respective theories?"

"Ah agree wi' you, sor," said the farmer who had appealed to Mr. Tomlinson, though, like the rest, not understanding in the least the meaning of the stranger's remark.

The rest were silent for a few moments, when at last an old yeoman from the moor's edge got up, and, dashing the ashes from his pipe preparatory to refilling it, said:

"Maister, if nobbut you wad speeak plain English Ah cud understand yah, bud Ah deean't understand furrin tawk."

This was too much for Mr. Tomlinson, who was at once shown to his bed for the night, and next morning hired a guide to show him the way to the next posting-place, and thus ended his acquaintance with an illiterate community.

I need hardly say that he did not buy the estate.

Wellclose Square, Whitby.

DONT TAKE IT TO HEART.

BY GEORGIANA C. CLARK.

THERE'S many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to morrow
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings.
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor!
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry
The groan, the curse, the heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry
All worry to ferry
Across the famed water that bids us forget,
And no longer tearful
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES AND MODERN FREEMASONRY; THEIR ANALOGIES CONSIDERED.

BY ALBERT G. MACKAY, M.D.

(*Continued from p.* 425.)

THE Jews and the Mohammedans invariably practice this ceremony of ablution or lustration on all important occasions, and especially before addressing the Deity in prayer. Throughout the Scriptures, clean hands are the symbol of purity of heart. David, for instance, says that "he only shall ascend into the hill of the Lord or shall stand in His holy place who hath clean hands and a pure heart." And in another place he declares that before attending on the altar of Jehovah, he will "wash his hands in innocence." The same symbol was well known to the heathen poets. Thus, as a single instance, Hector is made by Homer to say that he "dreads to bring the urns of incense as an offering to Jove, with unwashed hands." It is not, therefore, surprising that the aspirant in the Mysteries, underwent an ablution or purification of the body by washing, as a sign of that purification of the heart which was essentially necessary for all who would seek admittance to the Sacred Mysteries.

When an aspirant was preparing to be received into any of the Ancient Mysteries, he was carried into the temple or other place of initiation, and there underwent a thorough purification of the body by water. This is what was called the *lustration*, and was in fact the preparation for the Lesser Mysteries. It was, as I have already intimated, symbolic of the purification of the heart which was the absolutely necessary preparation for admission to a knowledge of and a participation in the arcana or secret instructions.

In modern Freemasonry, that which is known by the name of "Ancient Craft Masonry," embracing, as it has been authoritatively defined, the three symbolic degrees, including the Holy Royal Arch, there is, it is true, no distinct ceremony of lustration. There is no real washing of the body with the element of water, as was practiced in the Ancient Mysteries, and in the Orders of Chivalry, but there is a symbolic or implied lustration. The Entered Apprentice's degree takes, in fact, the place of the Ancient Rite. The degree really involves no duties or obligations except those which are connected with the purification of the heart. The very implements that are confided to the candidate to be used by him as the tools of this degree, namely the guage and gavel, are given to him that he may learn his duties to God, his neighbour and himself, and be taught to divest his mind and conscience of the superfluities of vice. Every ceremony of the degree is intended to impress upon the candidate the necessity of a pure life and conduct, so that he may lay the foundations of that spiritual building, which, as a Mason he is hereafter to erect. The whole of this is nothing more nor less than a symbolic lustration. The Entered Apprentice's degree is really a preparation for the other degrees, and in the Ancient Mysteries, *Preparation* and *Lustration* were synonymous terms.

Initiation was the next step in the Ancient Mysteries. It was here that the dramatic allegory was performed. It was here that the myth, or fictitious history on which the peculiar Mystery was founded, was developed. The aspirant passed through the supposed events of the life, the sufferings and the death of the hero or god, or had them brought in vivid representation before him. The ceremonies constituted a symbolic instruction in the *initia*—the beginnings of the religious instruction which it was the object of the mysteries to inculcate, and hence the candidate being in possession of these *initia* was said to be "initiated." These ceremonies were performed partly in the Lesser, but more especially in the Greater Mysteries, of which they were the first part. Very properly was the aspirant said by passing through these ceremonies to be "initiated," that is, to be a participator in the "beginning"—the *initia* of the doctrine, because without further and fuller instructions they would be wholly unintelligible. Now precisely this analogy exists in Modern Freemasonry. Here the candidate having gone through the *lustration*,

which, as I have already said, is represented by the *preparation*, then enters upon the *initiation*. The analogy between Masonry and the Mysteries is here more close than one would be at first inclined to suppose. In the Mysteries the lustration or preparation may be viewed as the first degree. Then followed the Lesser Mysteries, like a second degree, in which the initiation was begun, and after that came the Greater Mysteries, in which, as in a third degree, the initiation is fully developed. So in Modern Freemasonry we have the three steps similarly divided into degrees. The Entered Apprentice properly takes the place of the Ancient Lustration. This, as I have already shown, is symbolic. The lustration is not a physical, but a spiritual one. It is the lustration of the heart by the influence of purifying doctrines expressed and enforced by symbols. We call it the preparation; the words are different, but the ideas are identical. *Lustration* and *preparation* are in design the same thing.

Then the Fellow Craft's degree is analogous to the Lesser Mysteries. The initiation is begun. Even the dramatic form, so necessary in all the Mysteries is observed. There is an ascent of winding stairs—the overcoming of obstructions—in search of that which is the object of all initiation, typfied as the Word or Divine Truth.

And in the Master's degree, as in the Greater Mysteries the initiation is continued, and is fully completed. Here, more than anywhere else is the analogy shown between these two systems—the Ancient Mysteries and Modern Freemasonry. Not only is there a drama in both, but the very form, the plot, the scenery, the denouement and the moral are precisely the same. Only the persons of the drama differ. But whether it be Osiris or Dionysus, or Mithras or Hiram, it is plainly evident that but one series of thought pervade them all—the thought of life, of death, and of resurrection; and that but one doctrine is common to all—the doctrine of immortality. It is this common identity of form and striking analogy of design in the initiation into both the ancient and the modern systems, that has led so many writers to frame the theory that Freemasonry is derived from and is a legitimate successor of the Ancient Mysteries. I confess, although I do not entirely subscribe to it, that many theories have been advanced with less claims to plausibility.

Perfection is the last of these progressive steps which constitute the analogies between the Mysteries and Masonry. It is the ultimate object of both. In the Mysteries it was called the "*autopsy*," a word which signifies a "seeing with one's own eyes." It was the complete and finished communication to the aspirant of the great secret of the Mysteries; the secret which, during the whole course of initiation had been symbolically overshadowed. The communication of this secret, which was, in fact, the explanation of the secret doctrine, for the inculcation of which the Mysteries had been instituted, was made in the *sacellum* or most sacred place, analogous to the holy of holies of the Temple and of the Masonic Lodge. The aspirant was thus invested with perfect knowledge—nothing more was left to be imparted, so he arrived at *Perfection*.

In Freemasonry precisely the same process takes place. After the Lustration, or Preparation comes the Initiation, and then the Perfection, or full investment with all that it has been the object of the candidate to attain. In the Catechism of the Master's degree the question, "What induced you to become a Master Mason?" is answered thus: "To *perfect* myself in Masonry that I might travel into foreign countries, work and receive Master's wages." All of this is symbolic, but anyone can at once see that the receipt of "Master's wages," whatever they may be, is the consequence of Perfection.

In the early part of the last century the Master's degree contained within itself another portion which completed it, and which supplied the "True Word." This part was afterwards detached from it, and became what is now known as the "Royal Arch." But as late as 1813 the United Grand Lodge of England recognized the fact of the dislocation, and, in its articles of Union, declared that Ancient Craft "consists of the three degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft and Master Mason, including the Holy Royal Arch." Accepting this as a historical fact—and no one now doubts or denies it—we find *Perfection* in that part of the Master's degree, which under the title of the Royal Arch is called the

complement of the Master's degree. Because as in the Ancient Mysteries the degree of Perfection, or the *autopsy*, was that in which the concealed dogma of the Mysteries relating to the unity of God and the resurrection to eternal life was made known to the aspirant; so, in the degree of Perfection of Modern Freemasonry—that part of the Master's degree, namely, which is included in the Royal Arch, the Masonic dogma of *Divine Truth*, symbolised by the TRUE WORD—is communicated to the candidate who has previously passed through the processes of *Preparation* and *Initiation*.

Now, then, we can understand and fully appreciate that mystical answer of the Master Mason, that he was induced to become such that he might "*perfect* himself in Masonry, *work*, and receive *Master's* Wages, so as to travel into *foreign countries*."

To perfect himself in Masonry—to receive in the degree of Perfection the true dogma of Masonry, which is the unity of God and the resurrection to eternal life—the very dogma taught in the Ancient Mysteries.

To work—to contemplate Divine Truth, and to build within himself a spiritual temple in which that Divine Truth, like the Shekinah of the Hebrews, might dwell. *To receive Master's Wages*—to obtain the True Word, which is the Masonic symbol of Divine Truth. And *to travel into foreign countries*—to leave, at length, when all his labour is ended, this earthly home, and to ascend into that now discovered country "from whose bourne no traveller returns," and there to see and to learn the true nature of this Divine Truth, and to behold and to know it, no longer as a symbol, but as a bright reality.

Thus, then we trace the analogies between the Ancient Mysteries and Modern Freemasonry. 1. *The Preparation* in the Mysteries, called the lustration. It was the first step in the Mysteries, and the Apprentice's degree in Masonry. In both systems the candidate was purified for the reception of truth. In the Mysteries there was a physical ablution; in Masonry a moral cleansing; but in both the design was the same. 2. *The Initiation*: In the Ancient system this was partly in the Lesser Mysteries, but more especially in the Greater, in Masonry it is partly in the Fellow Craft's degree, but more especially in the Master's. In both systems the form was dramatic, and the design to portray the life and sufferings, the death and resurrection of a victim. 3. *The Perfection*: In the Mysteries it was the communication to the aspirant of the true dogma—the great secret symbolised by the initiation. In Masonry it is the same. The dogma communicated is, in fact, not different; for in both it is God and immortality. This *perfection*, or *autopsy*, came in the Mysteries at the end of the Greater Mysteries, and was made in a holy place. In Masonry it is communicated as the end of the Master's degree, and in that complement of it known as the Holy Royal Arch, and the place where the communication is made represents the holy of holies.

These analogies are very striking, and show a connection between the two systems.

Is modern Freemasonry a lineal and uninterrupted successor of the Ancient Mysteries—the succession handed down through the Mysteries of Mithras, which existed in the fifth and sixth centuries, or is the fact of these analogies to be attributed to the coincidence of a natural process of human thought, common to all human minds, and showing its outgrowth in symbolic forms?

These are questions well worth consideration, and which every Masonic student must answer for himself.

THE LADY MURIEL.

(From Bro. Emra Holmes' "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers," about to be published.)

CHAPTER I.

AN INTRODUCTION.

JOHN FALCONBRIDGE was an eccentric man, and one of those eccentric men whom you cannot help liking for their very eccentricity. A tall, rather plain, odd-looking fellow, with a scar on the left temple, as if from a sabre cut; carelessly, I had almost said shabbily, dressed; but with something unmistakable about his manner, which told you he was a gentleman. When we met

him in Paris, at the *table d'hôte* at the Hotel de Lille et d'Albion, in the autumn of 1867, we little thought how interested we should become in our *queer bachelor friend*, as we used to call him. He used always to sit in the same place in the *salle a manger*, always wore the same dark gray shooting coat and black scarf negligently folded and pinned, the same indifferently fitting grey trousers. He didn't seem to talk much to the people about him, as we did, but paid sufficient attention to his knife and fork to give one the idea that he was something of a *gourmet*, which was rather strengthened by observing how admirably he got served off the best dishes, and how assiduously the waiters attended to his wants, as if feeling that they at last had hit upon an Englishman who knew HOW to dine. My wife pitied him, because he seemed so thoroughly alone, and I determined to cultivate him, because there was an inexplicable something about the man which interested me.

When we came down on Sunday morning to go to church, our friend was in the public drawing room, reading the *Times*. I had broken the ice the night before, by enlarging upon the weather, which, as it happened, was decidedly English and uncertain at the time, so we soon got into conversation.

"Going to church, are you?" said he. "I never go to church here, don't see the use of it. You young people do too much, see too much. St. Roch is all very well, music good, and all that; and, of course, if you haven't been there, it's as well to go, once. You should go to St. Cloud this afternoon. The fair is going on now—worth seeing for people new to Parisian life. I come to Paris for quiet, subscribe to Galignani's, spend my Sundays mostly there, take a drive in the Bois, and, perhaps, now and then pay a visit to Mabille," he added *sotto voce* to me.

"Do you know anyone here?" I asked.

"In the hotel? No; haven't spoken to a soul since I came, except yourself and Mrs. ——," and here he paused, remembering that he did not yet know our names, though we had found out his from the visitors' book.

"Mildred, dear—Mr. Falconbridge," I said, smiling, as I introduced him to my wife, at his surprise at my knowing his name. "Mr. Falconbridge—Mrs. Beverley."

We soon became great friends, and Mr. Falconbridge used to say, in his dry, quaint sad way, "I like people to come and talk to me, and I like your wife. Come and sit near me at the *table d'hôte*, and mind I sit next your wife."

Mildred got interested in him, and once said to me, "I am sure Mr. Falconbridge must have had some great grief, some dreadful trouble to bear. He speaks to me so gravely and sadly sometimes, and then turns it off with some sharp satirical phrase which makes me wonder whether he has a broken heart or no heart at all."

"You may be sure it's not a broken heart," I told her, "whatever women do, men don't suffer from such weaknesses."

We succeeded in getting him to go with us one day to take a drive in the Bois de Boulogne—the last day of our sojourn in the gay city. We returned just in time for *table d'hôte* at five o'clock and rose at seven to catch the mail train at the Great Northern Line for Boulogne.

We had been laughing at some of his cynical old bachelor sayings—my wife and I—and she was wondering why, in the midst of our pleasantries, he would suddenly grow so grave.

"What was it you were telling him, Mildred, that made him laugh so much?"

"Oh, it was about my cousin Muriel's skating feat on the mere last winter, when she prevented Captain Boscawen proposing until at last he got so tired with rushing after her on the ice that he had to give in at length and own himself vanquished. Mr. Falconbridge asked what her name was, and when I said *Muriel* he grew pale, and seemed as if there was something painful in the name to him. Of course I changed the subject at once. And, then, you, having sufficiently aired your French with the driver, came to the rescue."

"Ah! I fancy his is a queer history."

We were all standing in the vestibule, watching the arrivals, and waiting for a *voiture* to take us to the station, when an elderly widow lady and her daughter apparently—a lovely girl of about seventeen—arrived.

Mr. Falconbridge was scanning them in his careless manner; but as they passed us to ascend to the suite of apartments prepared for them, a troubled look came over his face, and my wife fancied she heard him

say something about *Muriel* to himself as he bid us a hasty adieu, and hurried out into the Rue St. Honoré. He was going off to Baden in the morning, he remarked; might he hope to see us again, if not there, at least in England some day?

"Come to us at Weston," I said. "We shall always have a knife and fork and a spare room at your disposal."

And so we parted, after a three weeks' pleasant acquaintance in Paris.

His address was his club, he told us the "Travellers'," and I found out afterwards that he was numbered amongst the *savans*. Blest with apparently ample means; a life of leisure; following no occupation or profession; and wandering over Europe in search of happiness, peace and pleasure, what had that man to wish for?

Why was he so imbued with melancholy?

And who was Muriel?

CHAPTER II.

IPSWICH.—A CONFESSION.

Last summer I had a letter from Falconbridge, in which he said he had taken a charming house in the environs of Ipswich, with pleasant grounds and a lovely view of the river Orwell. His only relative—an old aunt, Mrs. Vaux, whose husband, an army surgeon, had recently died, leaving her very poorly provided for—had come to keep the house for him, and he was preparing a home for his ward, who was coming home from school in Germany in the autumn, the climate not suiting her. The letter ended by expressing a hope that my wife and I would go and spend a month with them, as he was particularly anxious that we should make the acquaintance of the young lady.

Mrs. Beverley was unable to leave home just then, having only recently recovered from a severe illness; but I had been overworked in the office. My partner in the firm (of Beverley, Marten, and Co., exporters) had been a long business tour on the Continent, leaving me to conduct affairs at home; so my wife urged me to go, as I needed change and rest, and I was very glad to accept my friends' hospitality.

Leaving Mildred in charge of my two fair cousins, Mary and Sophy Grey, at Weston, I took a tourist ticket for Harwich, and from thence made my way to Ipswich by one of the steamers which ply daily on the beautiful river.

It was a lovely September morning when we left the landing stage at Harwich and steamed out into the noble estuary and confluence of the Stour and Orwell—the two fine rivers joining here and flowing into the sea. As we proceeded I was struck by the pleasing effect produced by the graceful curves in the river, with its verdant sloping banks, covered with fine trees. As one approaches Ipswich, these banks assume the dignity of hills, with handsome mansions, and a picturesque tower or church peeping out here and there from amongst the foliage. Fancy a scene like this—seagulls flying hither and thither, uttering their shrill notes; a heron stalking amongst the mud islets in search of food; a covey of wild ducks sweeping over the water close to its surface; a yacht belonging to some noble owner at its anchorage near, with fishing craft coming in from sea; a merchantman sailing majestically by, laden with corn from the Danube; pleasure boats and fishing parties in plenty, and the bells of St. Mary le Tower ringing out a merry peal, which comes sweetly over the water; and you will not wonder that I was enchanted with these sights and sounds, the ever-varying evidences of life, joy, and beauty. We make the last bend of the river, whose serpentine course is one of its chief attractions, and as we come up get a first sight of the ancient and interesting town, lying in the hollow of a basin, its streets meandering irregularly up the gentle acclivities which pass for hills in Suffolk.

Windmills here and there crown the summits, which are covered in some parts with fine plantations; elegant villas are seen amid the trees; a crowd of churches, some of them of stately proportions, with their battlemented towers rising from the midst of the quaint gabled roofs of the old houses; and the grand Town Hall, with its lofty and beautiful clock tower, are amongst the most prominent features of the town. The elegant spire of St. Mary le Tower rises conspicuous amongst the rest. There is also a fine Custom

House, with noble façade and campanile, in the Italian style of architecture, at the side of the spacious docks, and broad quays, planted with trees, and having a charming promenade, adorned with shrubs. The picture was full of interest, and could not fail to strike a stranger. The people of Ipswich are proud of their town, and show great good taste in adding to its many natural beauties.

I was delighted with my trip up the river; the distance, twelve miles, and the time occupied, only an hour and a half, being just long enough to give one pleasure without fatigue.

On landing at Stoke Bridge, I was met by Falconbridge, to whom I expressed my satisfaction at visiting so pretty a place. He expected his ward the following week. She was to come from Antwerp in one of the Great Eastern Company's boats, and we were to meet her at Harwich.

There was something odd at times about Falconbridge which almost startled me, and when I knew his history I was not more relieved.

Little by little it had come out. A chance word here, and an allusion there, piqued my curiosity, and awoke my interest. I fancied that I might do him some good if he would only confide his secret to me, and that, at all events, I could better enter into his feelings and sympathise with him; that, in short, I could be more companionable, when it seemed to me he needed a companion. I pressed him very much, therefore, to make me his confidante.

We were sitting out on the lawn after dinner, smoking our cigars, and looking at the lovely river below us, stretched out like a great lake, as it seems, looking from the Belstead Road. I had been roaming about Ipswich all the morning with Falconbridge, and had drawn him out on the history of the old place, astonished to find that he was so well acquainted with the neighbourhood. He had shown me Wolsey's gate, all that remains of the college founded by the great Cardinal, and I remember, on our going up Silent Street, its name struck me as being so singular.

"I thought you were, like myself, Falconbridge, until recently quite a stranger here," I remarked.

"Oh, not at all," he languidly replied; "was here ten years."

"Indeed."

"Yes. Muriel's mother was ill, and came to Dovercourt—that little watering-place near Harwich, you know—to stay, the doctors recommending the place. I took lodgings here in Silent Street, at that old house with the four gables and carved corner post. The name struck me as it struck you. Perhaps I shall go back there some day," he said gravely. "Dovercourt was a much smaller place than it is now. The lodgings were poor, and the accomodation generally bad. I don't suppose she would ever have heard of the place, which has wonderfully improved of late, but that her husband had the remnant of a once large property in the neighbourhood, and the second title in the family was Lord Chelmondiston. However, the sea air was too keen, and she did not get any better, so I took a small house for her here on the Woodbridge Road, about a mile and a half from the centre of the town. They have built quite a little colony there now, and call it California; and there she lived with a maiden aunt of her's, Miss Lacy, and little Lady Muriel."

"These strawberries are very fine ones, Falconbridge."

"Well, yes; they are grown here."

"What a fine view that is, to be sure! This is a charming place. By the way, the lady you spoke of this morning was a relative of yours, I suppose."

"Oh, not all all. She was a widow, with aristocratic connections, but very few friends in the world, and I was, I fancy, the best able to be of use to her."

"You interest me much. Pray who was she?"

"Well, when I first knew her she was Muriel Aldithley, a governess in the family of one of the canons at Canchester. The Aldithleys were poor, but they came of a good stock. I have a daguerreotype on the mantlepiece in the dining room—you noticed it perhaps—by Claudet."

"I did; a fair lady, with light brown hair and very large blue eyes, something like the young lady who came into the hotel at Paris last year just as we were leaving, you remember."

"Yes, you are right; there was a likeness. Well, that was Muriel's mother."

"She must have been a lovely woman. Was she an old friend of yours?"

"Hum—rather, I knew her, I suppose, ten years."

"Intimately?"

"Intimately."

"Pardon my curiosity," I said, "but it seems so strange to me—a middle-aged bachelor becoming the guardian of a young lady whose mother (a lady of title, as I conclude) was no connection, only the friend of the man who, of all others, seems to me the least likely to be impressed by female charms or to be affected by female weaknesses, and who, I should think, could hardly plead guilty to a Platonic attachment."

"Hum. My dear fellow, perhaps I'm more romantic than I look. You are a married man, and a deuced lucky fellow. However, I am not. I thought I should be once, though."

"Why don't you marry, man? You've lots of property; you are not old—five-and-forty must be the outside of your age; and lots of nice girls would have you."

"Very possible, I daresay; but there was but one woman whom I cared for."

"What was her name, if I may ask?"

"Muriel Aldithley."

THE MORGAN AFFAIR.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

As a good deal has been said about this matter, we reprint from the *Masonic Journal* Bro. Rob. Morris's interesting article.

Considered merely as an episode in the history of American politics, the period of time, covered by the anti-masonic excitement of 1826 to 1836, is full of interest. It shows how monotonous must have been the ordinary course of public events, fully recovered at that time from the last war with England, and ripening for the tremendous political contest between Whigs and Democrats, when a merely local affair like the disappearance of Morgan, could be made the subject of political agitation extending nearly throughout the Union, and for a generation retarding the operations of the oldest and most moral institution in the world.

To the Masonic writer, the period embraced in the anti-masonic excitement is full of suggestive facts. It reveals the fidelity of the few, and the falling away of the many. It shows that the prosperity of the Masonic institution in 1826, when the troubles began, was hollow and illusory; that the larger portion of the Masonic Craft were but fair-weather sailors, poorly informed as to the real nature of their engagements with each other, and the true designs of Freemasonry. It shows that the few, and those not always of the ruling class, exhibited in their adhesion to the Order all that moral firmness and genuine heroism which in other spheres of life insures an immortality of fame.

We propose at this date, when almost the last of the actors and sufferers in the drama has passed from the stage, to review the origin of this singular episode in American history. The subject cannot but interest the minds of all who have at heart the true interest of Freemasonry. In our present prosperity as an institution may perhaps be found all the illusion and hollowness which became so evident in the period to which we advert, and brought so much discredit to the cause.

At that period of the breaking out of the flame of anti-masonic opposition (1826) there were 26 G. Lodges in the U. States, viz., Massachusetts, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia, New Jersey, New York, South Carolina, North Carolina, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont, Kentucky, Delaware, Ohio, District of Columbia, Louisiana, Tennessee, Indiana, Mississippi, Maine, Alabama, Missouri, Illinois, Michigan; the last of these have been established that year (1826). The number of Lodges and Lodge-members acknowledging allegiance to these 26 Grand Lodges may be computed, approximatively, at 2,500 and 100,000. The State of New York, in which the trouble first began, had about one-fifth of the aggregate above given. In no country was the society more worthily represented than there; from 1806 to 1819 Governor Clinton had been Grand Master, followed by Ex-Vice President

Daniel R. Tompkins. Dr. Salem Town, one of the most learned men of the century, whose demise had only lately (1864) been announced, was Grand Chaplain, and there were but few men of political or social notoriety but what favoured the Society of Freemasonry, either as members or well-speakers.

The abduction of William Morgan, which was made the excuse for a general onslaught upon the institution, originated in an apprehension on the part of certain members of the Order in Western New York, lest the essential secrets of Masonry —secrets which had previously resisted every attempt of blandishment or terror to draw them forth—should be exposed to the public gaze through a publication which was preparing by Morgan and a few assistants at Batavia, N. Y. This alarm led the parties into the commission of an act which embittered their own days, and caused a public misapprehension concerning the operations of Masonry, that a century will scarcely serve to remove.

Morgan himself was a man of no repute. As a Mason he was doubtless but an imposter, working his way among the brethren by the grossest impudence and falsehoods. Having succeeded by these means in gaining admission to the Lodge, he employed the then Grand Lecturer, Blanchard Powers, a resident of Batavia, to instruct him and thus enable him to play the character of a mercenary dependent upon Masonic charity. He took the Degree of Royal Arch at Le Roy, near Batavia, and began immediately to prepare an "Exposition" of such of the esoteric matter as he could remember or as would best serve his purpose.

His purpose getting wind, the Masonic brethren felt and openly expressed their honest indignation at it. That a person, whose family at that very time was dependent upon Masonic charity for support, should propose cooly to betray the trust they had reposed in him was not to be endured, and certain young and incautious brethren threatened unlawful pains and penalties upon the villian in case he should execute his purpose. Notices were published in the Batavia and Canandaigua press, denouncing Morgan by name as "a swindler and a dangerous man," and warning the community, "particularly the Masonic Fraternity," against him. These advertisements say, "Brethren and companions are particularly requested to observe, guard and govern themselves accordingly."

On the 25th of July, 1826, Morgan was confined within jail limits at Batavia on a suit for debt. On the 16th of Sept., he was arrested upon a warrant for theft and taken to Canandaigua. On the evening of Sept. 12th he was released, placed in a coach and taken in a carriage to Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara river, a distance of 115 miles. This journey was made by his own consent. There he was confined, for a few days, by his abductors in a room formerly used as a powder magazine, and there all traces of him disappear. His fate is shrouded in impenetrable mystery, nor until judgement day will it be more than conjectured what became of him.

Our own theory, after the patient investigations of many years, and the examination of such testimony as the Whitneys, Cheselro, Wadsworth, Town, Jeremiah Brown, Edward Giddens, and others could give, is that Morgan was supplied with money by his abductors and passed over into Canada, the scene of former adventures in his career, where amidst a rough, border population he met the end likely to befall a drunken, boasting fellow, whose pockets were sufficiently well line to render him a victim to a highwayman.

At all events the theory that he was murdered by his abductors will never be entertained by a person who looks closely into the character of those who took him upon that journey, and the circumstances connected with this unfortunate affair.

It has been so long the fashion of the day to take it for granted that Morgan was foully dealt with, that we acknowledge to having felt the prejudice commonly entertained upon this subject, when we commenced our investigations. But they were soon removed. The fact that the abductors, all of whom were gentlemen of social position, and one (Mr. Bruce) a High Sherriff in the Western counties, took Morgan openly from the Canandaigua jail, by his own consent, then bore him in a coach for 115 miles, leaving a trail behind them that a blind man, almost, could follow—this fact, alone refutes

the theory of murder and throws us upon further inquiries.

All the rumours started by the gossips of that day, concerning Morgan and the pretended confessions of participators in the murder of Morgan, prove upon examination to be baseless, and we can only fall back, as so many wiser inquisitors of the day did, upon the honest confession, "we have no knowledge of his fate."

That the abduction itself was a piece of folly from its inception to its completion, and calculated to prove a lamentable failure and involve the actors in serious troubles, is easy enough at the present day to charge. It was founded upon two serious mistakes in the minds of the actors, the exposition of which forms a prominent purpose in the preparation of this article. These mistakes were:

First—That the contemplated publication by Morgan would be fatal to the maintenance of Masonic secrecy.

Second—That it was a covenanted duty of Freemasons to take justice into their hands in the punishment of a traitor.

We remark briefly upon each of the points:

1st.—Masonic "Expositions" have abounded in English Literature ever since 1828. Scores of them, of all names and assumptions and degrees of venality, can be seen upon the shelves of those who are curious in such matters. They have abounded equally in the French and German tongues as in the English, and being accessible in book shops, and offered at the lowest prices, no man is so poor but what if he likes, he can have a (pretended) "Exposition of *the* secrets of Masonry." These publications have done Freemasonry no injury. Based primarily upon the most hideous falsehood and violation of a trust, purchasers open them with no confidence in their correctness, and find little within their lids to inspire it. To set upon a scheme of abduction in violation of law, and to involve the whole fraternity in a persecution for the sake of smothering an "Exposition," was one of the most unfortunate mistakes that ever Freemasonry committed. Had they permitted Morgan to publish his book it must have fallen still-born, or at the best, taken its place upon the book-shelf with the long array of its contemptible predecessors.

2nd.—A sense of the duty of punishing an infraction of Masonic pledges, undoubtedly actuated the brethren who abducted Morgan. But this was founded in error. All masonic pledges are assumed and maintained subordinate to the higher duty we owe to the laws. If a mason violates his pledges and goes so far in breaking down our landmarks and exposing our arcana as Morgan attempted to do, we have no penalities that we can inflict upon him, save *moral ones.* We can publish him abroad to the Fraternity as an expelled Mason; we can avoid his society as a "betrayer of secrets," and we can use all proper measures to prevent his treason from injuring the cause we cherish, but his person is sacred under the shield of law, and any Mason, who would undertake to tear that away, is himself a violator of Masonic law and liable to its utmost (moral) penalties.

The anti-masonic party which rose in 1826, immediately following the events to which we have alluded, undoubtedly had its origin in the best principles of human nature.

It was, however, immediately seized upon amidst the monotony of political events, and made a basis, on the part of the evil and designing, of a new party, whose cry of "death to Masonry" was but a pretext for self-elevation. The discovery of Morgan's fate, and the punishment of his abductors, was in a few months lost sight of in this selfish impulse. The honest and law-abiding, whose horror at the mysterious outrage had induced them to give time, money and influence to its detection, were soon left in the rear by those who found profit and elevation in the excitement of the day.

This was the origin of the anti-masonic party which, dying out in New York, sprung up in various parts of the Middle and Eastern States, and maintained an existence until 1836. Its worst effects were manifest in Rhode Island and Vermont; next to those States, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, experienced the greatest severity of the storm.

The lessons to be derived from this movement must be patent to every reader. That every brother ought to be instructed in the nature and extent of his obligations must be admitted by all. That no

violations of law can be tolerated by the Order, is equally clear; nor will the Masonic institution ever secure the permanent favor of the community at large, until their minds are disabused of the prejudices which the unfortunate "Morgan Affair" of 1826 fastened upon them.

FREEMASONRY IN AMERICA.

LETTER FROM BRO. J. F. BRENNAN.

[Though we respectfully but entirely dissent from our correspondent's views, and think that they are most unjust towards our excellent brethren in Ohio, we yet think it well, on the principle "audi alteram partem," to let them appear, as they have reached us from across the Atlantic. The question is a difficult one "per se," and cannot be decided by violence or abuse.

We are ourselves in favour of recognition, but on submission to the authority of the G. Lodges of the United States, as a practical solution of the difficulty.

It is impossible on any grounds, we apprehend, to uphold the Masonic legality of the so-called Prince Hall G. Lodge! But the practical question comes in, and like all other earthly difficulties, seems to point to a befitting compromise, which we will venture to elaborate in the next number of the Magazine.—ED.]

Halifax, N.S., January, 1877.

YOU have carried my name among your contributors so long without evidence in your pages that I am not a myth, that with this the first month of a new year I feel it incumbent on me to remove the impresssion, if such it has become, in the minds of your readers. And to this end I know of nothing better to form the subject of a letter than the movement made in one of the United States Grand Lodges to recognize the Grand Lodges of Coloured Men in that country, and which controls to a great extent the manner of Freemasonry in this.

THE AFRICAN GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF OHIO.

This was the title proposed by resolution adopted in the greater G. L. of the State of Ohio in 1875, under which it would recognise the lesser Grand Lodge of Masons in that State, the same being the first proposed act of recognition of a body of men of colour, known as Freemasons by the white Freemasons in this country. The later war for the Union had been fought and won, and by it the coloured man, wherever a slave in the United States, had become free. The Constitution had been amended by the passage and adoption of a clause, that not only made the coloured man free, but a citizen of his native land, with no distinction to be thenceforth made on account of his race, colour, or former condition. In the former Slave States, as in the Free States, Grand Lodges of Freemasons of colour and off colour in the ten years following the war were organized, until not less than twenty-five of their bodies existed, with working lodges more or less in each State. For twenty-five years there had been such a body in Ohio, with a constituency at the present of about ten thousand men, and quite sufficient to justify me in designating it the lesser Grand Lodge of Ohio Freemasons. But notwithstanding all these conditions, so greatly changing the status of the coloured man, no recognition of him as a Mason was vouchsafed by his white brother, or allowed by that white brother's Grand Lodge, and he was, on the contrary, banned and shunned, and known among the white brethren as a clandestine made Mason, with all that foul epithet implied.

Your correspondent, honest Bro. Jacob Norton (if I could give him a higher designati on than what God made him, I would do so), was the first to notice this anomaly, and early addressed himself to learning and publishing the facts about the origin of Masonry among the coloured men of America. After him others took up the subject, and like the snowball, the further it rolled the bigger it got, until at last it made its way into the Grand Lodges. Naturally, that of Massachusetts was looked to as that body in whose midst the first African Lodge, so called in its charter, granted by the Earl of Effingham as Grand Master of the G. L. of England, in 1784 had existence. But after repeated attempts

in that body, in which expediency conquered all honest feeling and noble of fraternity, and quibbles of illegitimacy conquered truthful statements of right, the best and noblest spirit directing that body, succumbed to the demand of expediency, and recognition was refused. Next? It was conceded that Ohio had one of the most respectable bodies of coloured Freemasons, and numerous of any State in the Union. This being so, and the Grand Master in that State of those coloured brethren as early as 1870, having consulted with the writer of this letter (then editing and publishing the *American Freemason*, in Cincinatti,) as to the propriety of seeking foreign recognition, the home article being denied him, he was advised to do so. But circumstances prevented the then success of such application. These circumstances would also have rendered such recognition valueless, as coming from the European Grand body, approached the Grand Orient of France, for at that time there was a difficulty between that body and the Grand Lodge of Lousiana, and which difficulty or quarrel was made their own by the Grand Lodge of New York, and several other United States Grand Lodges. Time, however, healed these difficulties, and in 1875 the recognition of not one, but all of the Grand Lodges of Coloured Freemasons who should apply for the same to the Grand Lodges of Europe, became probable. In an act of grace, now was the time for the greater G. L. of Ohio to move—and she did, and as the result, I say, in October, 1875, a resolution looking to such recognition of the lesser Grand Lodge within her jurisdiction, on no other condition than a change of name, was adopted to, under the rules lie over one year for the consideration of the Lodges composing that Grand Body, and which number about 500.

To every Freemason not resident in the United States, and who has kept himself informed as to the movements and effects of events in that country, the question presents itself. Why should, as the sole condition of their recognition, the greater Grand Lodge of Ohio Freemasons desire to stigmatize a body of men wholly composed of born Americans, and now citizens equally with themselves, having a voice in the government of the United States, with the title of *African* Grand Lodge? Not one of these men are Africans to extent of probably not even the third degree of generation. Yet it is but upon this condition, namely, that they will change the title of their governing body to "The African Grand Lodge," and, *pari passu*, call themselves Africans, that the greater body will consent to recognise them! Can such a request be termed Masonic? Is it not, rather, highly unmasonic, if the great feature of that which is truly masonic is really recognition of the Fatherhood of God, and, through and by virtue of that Fatherhood, of the Brotherhood of man?

This lesser Grand Lodge of Freemasons of the State of Ohio has within the past year been recognised by the Grand Orient of France, frankly, simply, and without any condition whatever, while the manifesto of principles subscribed to by all the Grand Lodges of the German Empire, proves that they are to the least of their number ready and willing to, if they may not be considered already as having recognized, not only it, but every other Grand Lodge of coloured Freemasons in America, and the Islands of the sea. The lesser Grand Lodge of Ohio is but one of about twenty-five such Grand Lodges now in the United States. It is composed, it is true, of coloured men, their colour varying from a pretty dark tint, that might be called black, to white as that of any white man of dark complexion. In common with the requirements for white Masons every one of them has a local habitation and visible means of support, and every man of them is a native, I say, of the United States, and now citizens under the Constitution equally with those composing the body that proposes they shall, for distinction sake, call themselves "Africans!"

This vote of the greater body of Ohio Freemasons had, I say, under the rules to lie over one year. At the session in October, 1876, it was therefore taken up, and in opposition to its passage a point of order was raised by the Deputy Grand Master, and under the rules reduced to writing, setting forth that this proposed regulation should be treated as an amendment to the Constitution of the Grand Lodge. A discussion ensued, and the Grand Master decided the point of order "out of order." His decision was appealed from, and, by a yea and nay vote carefully counted, not sustained, there being 332 yeas to 401 nays, and subsequently an attempt to submit the

question during the recess to the lodge's failing, the whole proposition was virtually killed. And every true Freemason and lover of his fellow man, may therefore rejoice, and say Amen. So mote it be!

To what extent the virus of this proposition to do a wrong had entered and contaminated the great body, whose votes as given indicate its members, may be noticed by the fact that 332 out of 733 voted in favor of sustaining it. And yet, not one man of those 332, it may be religiously believed, had the slightest unkind feeling toward the men whom this proposition of 1875 proposed to stigmatize. The whole movement was led by a zealous, and well meaning Past Grand Master of the Greater Grand Lodge, who has since October last deceased, a lawyer by profession, and who really believed he was in this manner going to solve a difficulty that daily grew greater. And while, during the past year the Foreign Correspondence Committees (who in this country are a style of censors unknown to few in Great Britain) of the several greater Grand Lodges throughout the United States discussed the "Ohio proposition to recognize the Negro Grand Lodges" as it was termed by some, and to "commit Masonic Suicide" by others, variously and as the same struck them, according to their respective localities and points of view, not one of the nearly half hundred even hinted, or in any manner made it appear the thought ever entered their brains that this proposition was virtually and gravely an insult hurled in the face of the lesser Grand Lodge of Ohio. And why?

1. The American doctrine, a doctrine which has had but about fifty years of active life, of one Grand Lodge being sovereign in one State. 2. The pretended informality, emanating from the handling of the subject in the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, that the Freemasons of this lesser Grand Lodge of Ohio, in common with those of all the other U.S. lesser Grand Lodges, are clandestine made Masons, and, 3. The natural indisposition that Slavery has implanted in the American heart, such heart comprising the feelings of the descendants in this country of English, Irish, Scotch German and French, with a sprinkling of other nationalities, to recognize an equal or a brother in the man whose primogeniture begun in slavery in this country, and continued until later years in the ignorance and abasement slavery demanded, and everywhere and always will demand as its necessary support. And yet the very large majority of those English, Irish, Scotch German and French descent Americans are proud and boastful in calling themselves Christians, with the Christian's Bible as the Great Light of their altar, and in which they may read that God made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the Earth together, and Jesus Christ shed his precious blood on the cross to save all men, and restore them to their Creator's mercy and love; while politically they acknowledge having fought for to the death, and decided their faith in the correctness of the Declaration of their Ancestors, one hundred years ago, "That all men are created equal and in freedom, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Such is the inconsistency, and the worse than African slavery to *prejudice* and *expediency*, that stamps Freemasonry in America, in this, the one hundred and (nearly) fiftieth year of its existence.

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. J. CHARLES COX, F.R.H.S., has just issued the second volume of his very valuable "Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire," which fully bears out the commendations I bestowed upon the first volume. It treats of the Hundreds of the High Peak and Wirksworth, and is dedicated, by permission, to Bishop Hobhouse, "in acknowledgment of the kind and generous help received at his hands in furtherance of the author's attempt to

elucidate the ecclesiastical history of Derbyshire." Although a portion of Mr. Cox's interesting "Notes" had previously appeared in the *Derbyshire Times*, fully two-thirds of the volume is entirely original or else completely rewritten. Indeed the modest title of our industrious and painstaking author's elaborate researches is likely to mislead the reader; and antiquaries will, for ages to come, treasure the work as one of the most valuable contributions to an inexhaustible subject ever made in this country. The labour of such a work is immense; for it is not a mere compilation from other books, but one of original research and the most careful verifying of facts. The Close, Pipe, Patent, Fine, Charter, Quo Warranto, and Hundred Rolls, have all been dug deeply into, with the energy of a strong and skilful workman, whose heart is in his occupation. A careless labourer would never have been able to give us the "word of warning" which Mr. Cox does in the Preface to the present volume, and for which his brother antiquaries will certainly thank him, not to "rely wholly on the published abstracts of the old Record Commission," as "in many respects they are faulty, and frequent blunders occur in the appropriation of charters to their respective counties." And he states as an instance, that "the church of Kneveton, in Nottinghamshire, is in several cases entered Kniveton, Derbyshire," and that "nothing but a visit to the Public Record Office, in Fetter Lane, or the procuring of a full transcript," has saved him "from numerous pitfalls of this description." The Taxation Roll of 1291, the Valor Ecclesiasticus, the Chantry Rolls, the Inventories of Church Goods, the Parliamentary Survey of Livings, have all, he tells us, "again been laid under contribution." The Heralds' Visitations, the Wolley and Mitchell MSS. in the British Museum, the Dodsworth and Ashmole MSS. in the Bodleian at Oxford, besides private collections of MSS., and the Lichfield and Lincoln muniments and registers, have all been duly searched. "The latter, especially those of Lichfield," Mr. Cox assures us, "are of great importance to the ecclesiologist: the Episcopal Registers, commencing in 1297, are unusually complete and perfect,"—a fact one is delighted to learn, as those whose sacred duty it was to have seen to the preservation of such documents have too often been their destroyers. Thus a well-paid functionary at Durham, according to the Surtees Society, used to light his pipe with them, and glory in his shame; and the Rev. John Ryan, in his History of Shotley Spa and Vicinity of Shotley Bridge, says:—"Upon an inquiry being made about the most ancient registers" of the church of Muggleswick, in the same county of Durham, "it was said, and all the old people confirmed the saying, '*The auld registers are in a bad state, for lang syne a parson's wife, when she was baking, used to tear the leaves out, to put her wigs* [whigs, a sort of tea-cake] *on.*'" And my mother's cousin, the late Mr. George Coates, for many years the leading medical practitioner in Middlesborough, told me that, in his boyhood, the parish clerk's son at Hilton in Cleveland, used to cut strips of parchment from the parish registers to play with. So that one need not go back to the heating of ovens with the muniments of monasteries in our English Bluebeard's time, to account altogether for the destruction of historical records which can never be replaced. Lichfield is a really pretty gem among our English cathedrals, and one rejoices to know that the quiet old city which gave birth to sturdy Samuel Johnson placidly preserves among its archives materials so useful to the literary builder, and only needing the penetrating eye of a Charles Cox to turn them to good account. "It will be seen," says he, "from this analysis of the early Episcopal Registers at Lichfield, that an almost perfect list of the rectors or vicars of the different Derbyshire parishes, from the commencement of the fourteenth century downwards, might be formed. At one time I had the intention of attempting it; but as these volumes are entirely unindexed, and as the writing is frequently close, crabbed, and contracted, to say nothing of numerous places almost illegible from damp, or faded ink, I decided that the result aimed at would scarcely justify the enormous expenditure of time. I have, however, given lists of the rectors of Matlock and Eyam, as specimens of what may be done in that way, together with numerous occasional entries relative to the other churches. I hope, also, that I have not omitted a single

entry of importance in connection with the more exceptional episcopal acts, so far as they concern the churches treated of in this volume." Mr. Cox has certainly done one man's work, and done it well; but it is to be hoped that some brother antiquary, with much learned leisure on his hands, will try to make himself useful to society by transcribing and publishing these registers, which will certainly be a work requiring much patience as well as skill. For Mr. Cox says, "the muniments of the Lichfield Chapter are not in such a condition as to facilitate reference to any particular portion. When the Record Commissioners, appointed in 1800, reported on the documents pertaining to our cathedrals, they said that no original Records, MSS., Statutes, or Charters were to be found at Lichfield. Where these learned gentlemen searched I know not; and when first I thought of making inquiries in that direction, I was semi-officially referred to this official report, as giving the true state of the case. But, on obtaining access to the Chapter muniment room, over a south chapel of the quire, I found that there were a large number of early charters and other documents, with seals attached, including the original grant of the Church of Bakewell by King John, with several other royal charters of a later date. The most interesting volume is an ancient chartulary, beautifully written in double columns, and called *Magnum Registrum Album.*" And of Lincoln Cathedral he remarks:—"The large number of Derbyshire benefices held by the Dean of Lincoln in this county, including the mother churches of Ashbourn, Chesterfield, and Wirksworth, with all their dependencies, gives an additional interest to the history of that grand old building in the eyes of a Derbyshire ecclesiologist. Although all ecclesiastical connection with that ancient city has been severed by recent legislation, it is pleasant to reflect, when gazing upon the most glorious of all our cathedrals,

'Thou, Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill,'

that it was the wealth of Derbyshire mines, and the fertility of Derbyshire pastures, which materially helped to raise that majestic pile, in all the successive stages of its culminating beauty. The muniment-room, over the Galilee porch, is rich in ancient chartularies and early royal and other charters of unique interest,"—several of which Mr. Cox considerately specifies. Of the accounts of churches given in the *Post Office Directory of Derbyshire*, our author, than whom there can be no more competent authority, declares that they "are for the most part ludicrously incorrect; whilst in the matter of dedications, and dates of the registers, it seems to be more often wrong than right." The book, in this as in the previous volume, is well illustrated by Heliotypes from Photographs; and, when the other two volumes are published, will form the best work on the churches of any county that has hitherto been offered to the public. As one of the illustrations to the concluding volume, I hope we may be favoured with the Portrait of the Author, for whom this standard work on the Churches of Derby-Derbyshire will form a more enduring monument than any stained-glass window, memorial brass, or marble monument that the most skilful craftsman can execute, though I trust he may not be denied the latter when gathered to his fathers.

Mr. Martin Simpson, the able curator of the museum of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, who has been long known as a profound writer on the geology of Yorkshire, and on other subjects, and earned for himself the honourable reputation of an industrious and reliable author, is about to publish, by subscription, the History of the Reign of William the Third, on which he has been engaged for many years. As the work will be supplied to subscribers only, I hope it may be well patronised, as I am sure it will deserve. His estimate of that glorious Revolution which secured to us constitutional liberty, may be judged from the following passage:—"Harassed by these evils, and having learned by sad experience the pernicious consequences of civil discord, all parties in the nation felt disposed to sacrifice something of their own notions of civil government, and by mutual forbearance and accommodation, to seek the blessings of that liberty which they had failed to obtain either by popular violence or by abject submission to sovereign power. This favourable disposition, the offspring of circumstances, might, however, have been of little avail, had there not been some one of sufficient power

and influence to give it a proper direction. It was, therefore, a fortunate circumstance, that there existed an individual so connected with the crown of these realms, as to give him a right to interfere with its government; and, at the same time, possessing such high qualifications of wisdom and ability, as to command universal respect and admiration."

Petroleum benzole, it is stated, may easily be known from coal-tar benzole, by adding a crystal of iodine to a few drops of the benzole; that from petroleum turning red, whilst that from coal-tar turns violet in colour.

The following method of rendering textile fabrics waterproof has been proposed by M. Dujardin: 335 grammes each of potash, alum, and sugar of lead, are to be triturated in a mortar until the mass becomes syrupy, to which is then to be added 400 grammes of a mixture of equal parts of finely pulverised bicarbonate of potassa and sulphate of soda. To this mixture there should now be given about fifty litres—about eleven gallons—of rain water, and when complete solution is effected, the same is to be poured into a vessel containing an oleine soap in solution in an equal quantity of water. This mixture is to be stirred for about twenty minutes, or until complete mixture has occurred. To waterproof a fabric it is necessary only to immerse it with the hand, or by mechanical means, into the aforesaid mixture, and to retain it there until, by pressure or otherwise, the fluid has penetrated to every portion of it. The fabric is then removed, and after allowing the surplus fluid it retains to drop off, hung up to dry. Afterwards it is thoroughly washed in cold water, and again dried. This preparation is said not to injure the colours of the goods, whilst, unlike the Mackintosh process, it does not interfere with the perspiration.

The *Press News* quotes and fully endorses the favourable opinion expressed in these Notes on Mr. Gould's useful little half-crown book, "The Letter-Press Printer," which I am glad to learn is having a good sale. The other trade journals also commend the work.

LEEDLE YACOB STRAUSS.

(*From the "Hartford Times."*)

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to my knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As efer you dit see;

He runs und schumps, and schmashes dings
In all barts off der house—
But what off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dots out;
He sbills mine glass off lager pier,
Puts schnuff into mine kraut;

He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—
Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd take dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der shticks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious dot vas drue!

I dinks mine head vas schplit abart,
He kicks up sooch a touse—
But nefer mind, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodt blace oudt
Vrom the hair ubpon mine hed?

Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse—
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
Und beaceful dimes enshoy;

But ven he vas ashleep in bed,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

NOTES BY FATHER FOY ON HIS SECOND LECTURE.

We continue, at his request, Father Foy's notes from page 460.

"When a Rosicrucian adept testified a great desire of acquiring new lights, and was thought able to undergo the necessary trials, he was admitted to the degree of *Kadosch*; or of the regenerated man, where all ambiguity ceases. The rite of initation is thus:—A deep cave, or rather a precipice, whence a narrow tower rises to the summit of the lodge, having no avenue to it but by subterraneous passages; replete with horror is this place where the candidate is abandoned to himself, tied hand and foot. In this situation he finds himself raised from the ground by machines, making the most frightful noise. He slowly ascends this dark vault, sometimes for hours together, and then suddenly falls as if he were not supported by any thing. Thus mounting and falling, alternately, he must carefully avoid showing any signs of fear. All this, however, is a very imperfect account of the terrors of which men, who have undergone these trials, speak. They declared that it was impossible for them to give an exact description of them; machinery, speeches, horrors of every kind were brought into play. They declared that at length they lost their senses, and knew not where they were. Draughts were given them, which, adding to their corporeal strength, did not soothe them; but rather increased their strength, only to leave them a prey to fury and terror.

"Here, again the candidate is transformed into an assassin. Here it is no longer the supposed founder of masonry, Hiram, who is to be avenged, but it is Molay, the Grand Master of the Knights Templars, and the person who is to fall by the assassin's hand is Philip le Bel, King of France, under whose reign the order of the Templars was destroyed."

When, then, the adept sallies forth from the cavern, with the reeking head, he cries Nekom (I have killed him). After this atrocious trial he is admitted to the oath. At the time that he takes it, one of the *Knights Kadosch* holds a pistol to his breast, making a sign that he would murder him, if he did not pronounce it. Then, at length, the veil is rent asunder. The secret is disclosed. The adept is informed that till now he had only been partially admitted to the truth; that *Liberty and Equality*, which had constituted the first secret on his admission into masonry, consisted in his recognizing no *profane* superior on earth—(that is no superior outside that body):—and in viewing kings and priests in no other light than as men on a level with their fellow men, *having no other rights to sit on the throne, or to serve at the altar, but what the people had granted them, and of which they had the right of depriving them whenever they pleased. They are also informed that Princes and Priests have too long abused the goodness and simplicity of the people; that the grand object of masonry, in building Temples to Liberty and Equality, is to rid the earth of this double pest, by destroying every altar which credulity and superstition has erected, and every throne on which were only to be seen despots tyrannizing over slaves. Hence the song of these Societies.*

"Ni Culte, ni Pretres, ni Roi,
Car la nouvelle Eve, c'est toi."

"Nor *Worship*, nor Priests, nor Kings, for thou art the new Eve."

At page 76 of the English translation of worship, Mons. Dupanloup's pamphlet, a more modern mode of the Kadosch Rite is given, but still retaining the same ideas as those of the earlier rite given by Barruel, above.

"In the fourth apartment is held the Supreme Council of the elect, the great Knights Kadosch. It is hung with red, and lit with twelve yellow wax candles. Arrived at this Divine Sanctuary, the candidate *learns the nature of the engagements that he contracts.* Then he is made to go up and down a mysterious ladder. The emblems of this exalted grade are: 'A Cross,' with a 'Serpent bearing three heads.' The serpent signifies the spirit of evil. The three heads of the serpent are an emblem of the evil which has been introduced into the *three higher grades of society.* One of the serpent's heads wears a *crown*, and denotes the *sovereigns:* another wears a tiara, or cross keys, and

indicates the Popes: the last wears a sword, and represents the Army. The great initiated are to watch over the *repression of these abuses*. As pledge of *his engagements*, the new *member cuts down with his dagger the three heads* of the serpent. (That is to say, the crown, religion, and the defenders of order: the army). This is quoted by the Bishop from a treatise by F. Ragon, a work praised by the Grand Orient, or Parliament of the Secret Societies. 'Their doctrines,' says Monsieur Ragon, 'form the essential complement of *true freemasonry*.' This title of Kadosch bears, with reason, the title of '*ne plus ultra*.'"

Weishaulpt writes: "You cannot conceive how much any degree of priest is admired by our people. But what is the most extraordinary, is that several great protestant and reformed divines, who are of our order, really believe that that part of the discourse which alludes to religion contains the true spirit, and real sense of Christianity; *poor mortals, what could I not make you believe?* Candidly I own to you that I never thought of becoming a founder of religion."

Illumination.

For this purpose I must go back to the founder of Illuminism, Dr. Adam Weishaulpt, born in 1748, at Ingolstadt, in Bavaria.

The dupes of this movement (*Illuminism*) were cajoled into the idea that they became members of a modern areopagus. The avowed object of this system, or association was, so it was given out, "the emancipation of the human mind from error, and the discovery of the truth. To declare this the more unmistakably, there was the inscription upon the four walls of the Assembly Hall of the titles: Wisdom, Firmness, Caution, Liberty. In this way the Senior Warden was to be the very special impersonation of truth itself. The ritual of the reception is just in this way: brother truth is asked, what is the hour? He informs brother Adam that among men it is the hour of darkness; but that it is mid-day in that assembly. The candidate is asked, why he has knocked at the door, and what has become of his eight companions? He replies that the world is in *darkness*, and that his companions and he have lost each other. For the future, then, there was to be Instruction and Enlightenment. They termed themselves Illuminators, and their system Illuminism. This was especially to bring about the triumph of *reason* over *error*.

And what, in the teaching of these men, was Error? Superstition and slavish fear, which weighed down the soul of man with an overwhelming system of religious and political prejudices. Ignorance in particular had been, up to that time, the chief enemy of man.

Now all this superstition and ignorance, and darkening of the human mind, had been mainly kept up by Christianity whether Catholic or Protestant. The religion of all countries had, up to that time, been an engine of the state. Hesperus, the star of Europe, was obscured by clouds of incense, offered by superstition to despots, who had made themselves almost deities, and had retired into the inmost recesses of their palaces, that they may not be regarded merely as men, whilst their priests are deceiving the people, and causing them to worship these divinities. And thus it was that the princes of this world enlisted into their service the priests, who exerted themselves in darkening the understandings of men, and filled their minds with religious terrors. The altar became the chief pillar of the throne, and men were held in complete subjection. Nothing, therefore, could recover them from this abject state, but knowledge.

As, then, all this had been going on under the Gospel, the Gospel must, therefore, be dispelled by the sun of reason; so that, finally, all Christianity was to be destroyed in order that this also might be a stepping stone to the overthrow of all evil governments.

For fear, however, of repelling the dupes at the very commencement, things were not to be brought to an extremity at once.

So a commencement was made with the Holy Gospel, which, it was pretended, was capable of an explanation never yet applied to it. Thus a lively imagination might conceive the whole history and peculiar doctrines of the New Testament as the final triumph of philosophy over error. In this way it was that a work was published

by one of the chief conspirators in this movement, Baron Ruigge, who had, however, chosen the Jewish term of Philo, having the title of a "Popular System of Religion." In this, Christianity is considered as a mere allegory. Attention is continually directed to the absurdities and horrors of superstition; the tyranny and oppression of the great, and especially the tricks of the priests. The general tenor of the whole is to make men discontented with civil subordination, and still more the restraints of revealed religion.

In this manner the Association was said to abjure Christianity, and to refuse admission to any of the higher degrees, to all who were either Catholics, Lutherians, or Calvanists.

Sensual pleasures were restored to the rank they held in epicurean philosophy. Self murder or suicide was justified in stoical principles. In these assemblies death was declared an eternal sleep; patriotism and loyalty were called narrow-minded prejudices, and incompatible with universal benevolence. Nothing was so frequently discoursed of as the propriety of employing, for a good purpose, the means which the wicked employed for an evil purpose.

In some of these degrees the brethren are declared to be in this sense, free. The word that is sought for is *deism*,—the pretented worship of Jehovah, known to the philosophers of nature. The religion which is to be destroyed, is the religion of Christ. And the *word*, that is liberty and equality, is to be established by the total overthrow of the altar and the throne.

So it was laid down by these conspirators that "no *religionist* must, on any account, be admitted into these higher mysteries; for here we work at the extirpation and prejudice." Spartacus (Weishaulpt) to Cato (Zwack).

And hence they arrived at the teaching of Spinosa, that there was no God but this world: that the world was God, and God was the world. And thus mankind became irresponsible, as God being only this, there was no judge, or ruler, or avenger, whom they had to fear.

THE GERMAN UNION.

What had been fearful enough in most shocking results, had already been achieved by these Assemblies.

But as it was the great aim of these societies to poison society at its fountain head, and wholly to corrupt it, it was requisite to carry out things on a far larger scale, and to employ engines that would make nothing but ruins wherever they were employed.

"The great aim," according to its own prospectus, "of the German Union is the good of mankind, which is to be obtained only by means of mental illumination, and the dethroning of fanaticism and moral despotism."

This German Union, then, for the advancement of this detestable conspiracy, was a system which embraced both literary associations, and Book Clubs.

One of the first to join it was Nicolai, a a leading publisher of Nicolai, who thus disseminated the organisation of this association, as well as all its publications at all the German fairs. (He called himself (*Lucian.*)

It requires, then, no elaborate amount of details to see how soon the public mind in Germany was utterly poisoned by these conspirators. "Reading societies were to be formed in every quarter, and to be furnished with *proper* books. Nothing could so well lead to the improvement of the human character as well managed Reading Societies.

"When, by degrees, the whole trade of book selling is in our hands, the writers who labour in the cause of superstition and restraint, will have neither publisher nor readers.

"And thus, by the spreading of our fraternity, all good hearts and sensible men will adhere to us, and, by our means, will be put in a condition that enables them to work in silence upon all courts, families, and individuals in every quarter, and acquire an influence in the appointment of court officers, stewards, secretaries, public teachers, and private tutors.

"All this will speedily come about, as our association will be the *only book shop in Germany.*"

Now all this nefarious plot spread from Germany into France, we have already seen. *There*, it culminated into the savage horrors of 1793, and of the Communism of 1870.

They had, there, at least the experience of their Barabbas. "No more altars! No

more Priests! No God!" "Not this man, but Barabbas!" At that moment, and in that land, Sacerdotalism, or Priestcraft was no more. But what of the chaos of infamy that ensued?

As to those who came forward as the champions of Christianity and of the New Testament, these were put down simply as Jesuits in disguise.

As then religion was in favour of the authorities that be, Religion was first of all to be pulled down. Hence the object of this order was laid down for the checking the tyranny of Princes, Nobles, and Priests. As a matter of fact, then, Princes and Priests were most distinctly in its way. Therefore Princes and Priests were especially "the wicked," whose hands they were to tie up by means of these associations, if they could not be rooted out altogether.

THE RAPID SPREAD. (Germany).

In half a year, 1750, this Association underwent a complete change all over *Germany;* and its officers multiplied without number.

FRANCE.

This *illuminism* was introduced into 280 centres of this kind by Count Mirabeau, Revolutionist, traitor and spendthrift, from the knowledge that he had acquired of the system in Germany, and particularly in Berlin. Of these so called Knight Templar Associates, one of the most infamous of mankind, was the chief, Phillip Egalitè, Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Phillippe, traitor also, and coward.

Those who have read of the butcheries, prescriptions, and infamies of the Revolution of France a century back, will know full well how the chief inspiration for all this came from the Jacobin Lodge: one of these 200 associations, but in activity and wickedness, certainly their chief.

Of this lodge, Orleans was the warden or chief, and his son, afterwards king, Louis Phillippe, was the door keeper.

The revolution that followed from this source shut up the Churches of France, and declared the abolition of all religion. The observance of Sunday was destroyed, and the Goddess of Reason set up for worship. The proclamation for all this was as follows: "abolish from among you every ecclesiastical corporation." Henceforth the world was to be governed, not by the monarch, the altar, the Church, and the priest; but by liberty, equality, and fraternity;—with what results we already know.

Surely did not all this reach in Paris the abomination of all abominations, when in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, then closed as a Temple of God, this awful scene was enacted:—

"We do not," said the High Priest of this new sect, "call you to the worship of inanimate idols. Behold a masterpiece of nature," lifting up the veil which disclosed to view a naked female.

"This sacred image should inflame all hearts!"

And it did so; the spectators, the people, maddened with a very frenzy and intoxication of sensuality, were beside themselves, and shouted out:

"No more altars, no more priests; no God, but the God of nature."

The rebellion then against priestly domination and control, sacerdotalism or priestcraft, reached, for the first time a grand climax. As it did afterwards again in the shocking profanations and sacrileges in the commune of that same city, four years back.—*Barruel and Mr. Robison (passim).*

"Yes; Mr. Proudhon was received as a freemason. The man who said God is the origin of evil, and who replied to the question: what do we owe to God?—war.

"And the young men of the Liège Congress, who uttered these terrible and savage cries: hatred to God! war to God! we will rend the heavens like a sheet of paper. These young men were considered admirable auxilaries to the Secret Societies, which stretched out to them the hand of friendship."—p. 40.—*Bishop Dupanloup's Pamphlet.*

[They say "Finis coronat opus," and we hope that Father Foy is satisfied now that we have published these notes for him, which, though they show great industry on his part, are utterly beside the question.

The German Union and Foreign Illuminatism have long since been dead and buried; but even supposing they existed—which they do not—what have we, as Freemasons, to do with them? Nothing. It is entirely a "mare's nest" of the Roman Catholic authorities, and we should have thought the Jesuits too acute to be influenced by such utter rubbish.—ED.]

Hunt's Playing Cards.

THE same excellent features are retained in the manufacture of these Cards, which for the last century have won the highest encomiums—and the services of the leading decorative artists having been secured, these Cards are now unsurpassed, either for elegance and variety of design, or perfectness in manufacture. The samples before us of the new enamelled-faced Club Card of this season's patterns are really very pretty, and several are so richly got up that they become very suitable for an album.

The premises of the original firm of Hunt and Sons were destroyed by fire in 1874, but the valuable designs and electros were fortunately saved, and ultimately purchased by "Hunt's Playing Card Manufacturing Company, Limited," under which title the business is now successfully carried on, and of which Bro. W. F. Taunton, of the Gladsmuir Lodge, No. 1385, is the manager.

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We have been favoured by Bro. Radclyffe with a copy of his Illustrated Catalogue of seeds, plants, and garden decorations of every possible description, which he has just issued at this appropriate season. To either the Professional or Amateur Gardener this Catalogue will be a most useful reference and guide, affording instructive hints in the general detail of good management in the kitchen, or flower garden, for the year through. The firm over which Bro. Radclyffe presides has attained an eminent position in the Horticultural world, our Brother being a fellow of the R.H.S., and the holder of prize medals of several exhibitions, in addition to which he has been very successful in the decoration of Masonic Halls, &c. We recommend to general notice the work we have thus shortly surveyed; but more particularly we would draw the attention of W.M.'s or Secretaries of Lodges thereto, prior to Installation and other meetings. They will find that the Banquet room can be very tastefully decorated at an extremely moderate outlay. A copy of this Catalogue may be obtained from the firm direct for the small sum of 6d.

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This book is, in our opinion, well worthy alike of the care which has been lavished on its production, and the favourable reception which has been always accorded to it.

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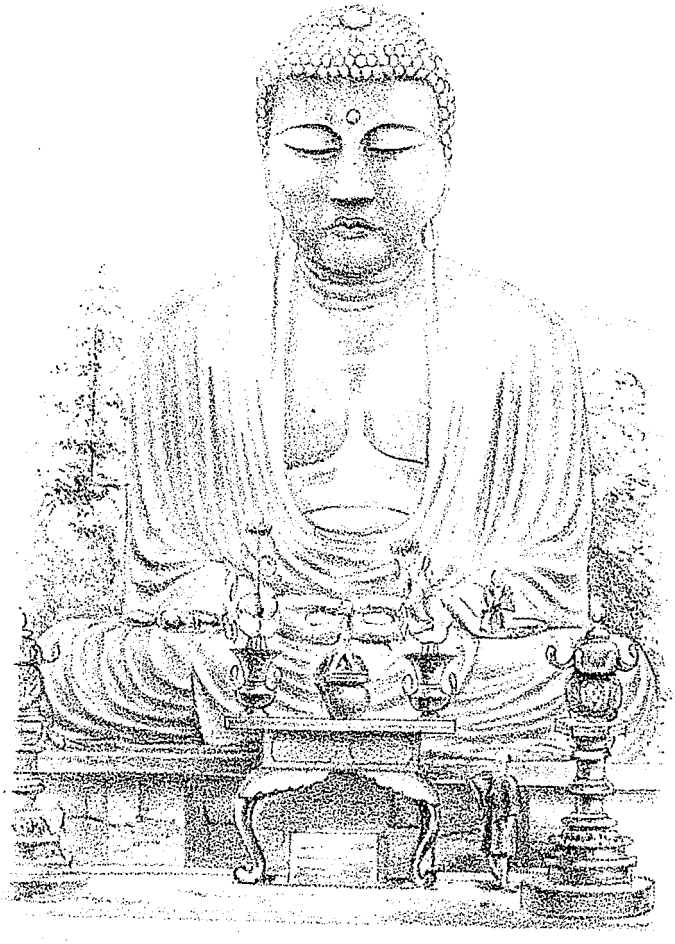
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See "A Trip to Dai Butsu," page 529.

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No. 46.—Vol. IV. APRIL, 1877. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

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At our last quarterly communication, which was very fully attended, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was unanimously and enthusiastically elected Grand Master of English Freemasonry for the next twelve months.

The grant of £4,000 for the two Life Boats was confirmed "nemine dissentiente," and much ordinary business was got through.

Our worthy and respected Grand Treasurer was also unanimously re-elected, amid the hearty cheers of the Grand Lodge.

There is not else much to report.

There is a proposal afloat to increase the Boys' School, so as to admit 120 additional boys, at a probable cost of £22,000; but as yet no detailed plans are before us.

We have no doubt, ourselves, that an addition is needed to the school, the only question is how best to do it.

A very important answer has been made to a querist by the Board of Inland Revenue, namely, that all receipts above £2 require a stamp, and Masonic Lodges are not exempt.

Let Freemasons look to it, and let our Masters and Treasurers see that our Lodges no longer disobey the laws of the land!

A new Masonic periodical has appeared in Scotland—*The Scottish Freemason*—started by our energetic publisher. It has made a most creditable first appearance, and we wish it all success.

Abroad, the contest in France is waged vigorously with respect to the non recognition of T.G.A.O.T.U., but we are inclined to hope that a reaction has set in.

Bro. Hubert, Editor of the *Chaine d'Union*, takes the view we have essayed to commend to our Masonic Brethren.

That the change is not a legitimate reform, but a senseless revolution, and has nothing in its favour except a concession to those "libres penseurs," who seem to wish to bring everything down to the lower level of their doubts and difficulties, their scepticism and their materialistic unbelief, is only too clear.

We trust that French Freemasonry may emerge from the struggle successfully and resolve firmly, "stare super vias antiquas."

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF THE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF CONCORD ATTACHED TO THE ANCHOR AND HOPE LODGE, No. 37, BOLTON.

BY COMP. JAMES NEWTON, P.Z., SCRIBE E. 37.

THE Chapter (as will appear from these extracts) was originally established under a charter, dated 11th Nov., 1785, granted by the Grand Chapter (Moderns), and was numbered 45, the Chapters at this time being numbered consecutively (as we learn from our esteemed friend, Bro. W. J. Hughan), and not, as at present, bearing the numbers of the Craft Lodges to which they were attached. Its place of meeting at its commencement appears to have been at the sign of the "Hope," "Hope and Anchor," or the "Anchor and Hope," in Bolton, whichever of these may be the correct name, though probably it would be the latter, as no doubt the "Anchor and Hope" Lodge (itself warranted 9th Nov., 1732) took its name from the place where the Lodge met at the time when lodges began to assume distinctive names.

In 1835, after the union of the two Grand Chapters, the old charter appears to have been surrendered by direction of the Supreme Grand Chapter, and a new Charter, dated 3d August, 1836, granted in lieu thereof, the Chapter to be attached to the Anchor and Hope Lodge (then numbered 44).

The Chapter appears to have only held its meetings at *four* different rooms during the 91 years of its existence, namely, at the "Anchor and Hope" from 1785 to 1807, at the "Legs of Man" from 1807 to 1844, at the "Swan Hotel" from 1844 to 1866, since which time the meetings have been held in the Freemasons' Hall, Church Institute, Bolton, the distance between each of these places not being more than a quarter of a mile, a circumstance which is rarely equalled in the history of a Chapter nearly a century old.

The Minutes of the Chapter are contained in three books, the first of which extends from 5th October, 1785, to 22nd January, 1832, and from this book, in the first instance, we purpose to make such extracts as appear interesting.

The first entry therein of a meeting is in the following terms:

"Bolton, 5th October, 1785.

"At a General Encampment of Royal Arch Superexcellent Masons, held in due form, Bro. M. J. Boyle in the chair, the following Royal Arch Brethren were properly instructed and afterwards initiated into the higher degree of Masonry: Bro. Abrm. Bowker, Bro. Wm. Johnson, Bro. Wm. Whalley, Bro. Thos. Rycroft, and Bro. Jas. Crook.

This is signed, "MICH. JAMES BOYLE.'

From this it appears exceedingly probable that Bro. Michael Jas. Boyle, the same Brother who is referred to in Bro. Ellis's interesting extracts from the Minutes of the R. A. Chapter of Paradise, No. 139, as a "Mason of the World" (vide *Masonic Magazine* for May, 1876, page 449), attended in Bolton for the purpose of assisting the Brethren to establish a Royal Arch Chapter there. This supposition is borne out by the Minutes of the five following meetings, held 10th, 11th, 13th, 15th and 16th October, 1785 respectively, at each of which Bro. Boyle was stated to be "in the chair." At these meetings sixteen "Royal Arch Brethren" (whose names are recorded) are stated to have been "properly instructed," five of whom, also, were at the meeting on 15th October, 1785, "initiated to the higher order." It does not, however, appear by what authority Bro. Boyle conferred the Royal Arch degree.

We may here remark that the whole of the Royal Arch meetings recorded in this book are described as "General Encampment," but, in order to avoid the frequent repetition of those words we will now simply call them "Meetings."

The next meeting recorded is on 21st Oct., 1785, "Bro. Boyle in the chair," when Bro. Thos. Rycroft was elected to the office of Z.; Bro. Wm. Johnson, H.; Bro. Nathl. Howarth, J.; Bro. Jas. Howarth, J.S.; Bro. Tho. Thornley, 3rd G.M." And it was determined "that a petition for a Royal Arch Chapter (to be known by the name of 'Love and Concord,' and to meet at Bro. Alex. Martin's the last Wednesday in February, May,

August and November) be drawn up by Bro. Thos. Rycroft."

At the same meeting another Brother "was initiated to the higher order."

Bro. Rycroft appears to have lost no time in drawing up the petition, for on the following day (22nd October, 1786) another meeting was held, "Bro. Boyle in the chair," when it is recorded that "a petition for a Royal Arch Chapter was read by Bro. *Tho. Rycroft, which*, being approved of and the thanks of the Body returned to Bro. Rycroft for his assiduity and attention in drawing it up, was signed in form and sent to our Provincial Master."

Another meeting was held 23rd October 1785, when "Bro. Jas Stewart was made Royal Arch and afterwards initiated to the higher order."

Again, on 24th October, 1785, a meeting was held, when "Bro. Edward Rothwell and Bro. Wm. Thweat were made Royal Arch Superexcellent Masons."

It will be seen that there were no less than *ten* meetings in the month of October, 1785, thus testifying to the zeal of the Brethren in the cause of Royal Arch Masonry.

On 19th Nov., 1785, "Bro. John Smallwood, Junr, of Manchester, was made a Royal Arch Superexcellent Mason."

The next meeting recorded is on 19th March, 1786, when it is stated:

"The following Brethren were installed into the respective offices:

"Bro. Wm. Johnson,
" ,, Nathl. Howarth,
" ,, Roger Mosley,"

but no mention is made of what those offices were. Bro. Michael James Boyle is mentioned as a visitor at this meeting, and at the end of the proceedings of such meeting is written what appears to be a monogram composed of the letters "H A B K S T," under which is the letter "m." Opposite the monogram is a seal impressed in red wax. The impression is a remarkably fine one, and the design is as follows: In the centre are a pair of pillars, on the base of the left hand pillar is the letter B, on the base of the right hand pillar the letter J; between the pillars is a globe in a stand, and the pillars are surmounted by the All-Seeing Eye. Below the pillars is a ribbon with the motto "I am true." A circular inscription round the seal reads, "Royal Arch Union Lodge, No. 211."

How this seal came to be impressed here we cannot conceive, unless it was affixed by Bro. Boyle. The "Royal Arch Union Lodge, No. 211" (from subsequent entries in the Minutes) would appear to have been held in the King's Own, or 3rd Dragoons, under the jurisdiction of Scotland.

The next meeting was on 29th March, 1786, when it is recorded that "the following letter was sent to Chapter No. 7, Bury, addressed to Bro. Haworth, Bookseller there:

"Health, Joy and Peace to our Loving Companions of the Grand and Royal Chapter, No. 7. We, the most Excellent, send greeting. Whereas we have obtained the Chapter of Concord, No. 45, which we intend to have installed on Friday, the 31st instant, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, according to the powers therein given to us by the Grand and Royal Chapter of Jerusalem. Your company on the occasion will be very acceptable to us, your Loving Companions,

"Edwd. Rothwell
"Thos. Wilson
"Ellis Sweetlove
} Sojourners.

"Thos. Heaton, E., Jas. Howarth, N., Wm. Johnson, Z., Nathl. Howarth, H., Wm. Hodson, J."

"From our General Encampment at Bolton, this 29th day of March, A.L. 5790, A.D. 1786."

At the meeting named in the above letter, viz 31st March, 1786, it it stated, "the following Brethren from Bury were properly instructed in Royal Arch Superexcellent Masonry:

"Bro. Wm. Mosley, of our Lodge No. 36,

"Bro. John Wood
"Bro. Geo. Lomax
"Bro. Robt. Howarth
"Bro. John Ackerley
"Bro. Abrm. Wood
} From the Chapter of Unanimity No. 7, in Bury.

"then the following Brethren were initiated into the higher order:

"Bro. Ellis Sweetlove
"Bro. John Lever
} pr. Bro. Wm. Johnson.

"Bro. Wm. Mosley
"Bro. J. Smethurst } pr. Bro. Nathl. Howarth.
"Bro. Wm. Hodson &
"the above five Brethren from Bury.
"and were all afterwards present at the Installment of the following Officers to serve till the Return of Bro. Rycroft or other election under the sanction of the Chapter of Concord, No. 45, viz., Bro. Wm. Johnson, Z., Bro. Nathl. Howarth, H., and Bro. Thomas Wilson, J. Installed by Bro. Michael James Boyle."

"N.B.—Bro. Ralph Holt, having some time before been instructed and initiated into the higher order by Brethren Boyle, Johnson, etc., was likewise present at the Installment, along with the other Brethren from Bury."

On the next two pages appear the following entries:

"A certificate for Bro. Thomas Heaton, being dated 30th March, A.L. 5790, A.D. 1786, as mentioned opposite to it was added (in the year of Superexcellent Masonry 4134, and since the word was found 2420) and then signed on the 24th Sept, 1788, by

"W. Johnson, Z.
"Thos. Thornley, H.
"Thos. Smethurst, J.
"William Thweat, N.

"Brother T. Rycroft, E."

"A former certificate being signed by Brother Michael James Boyle, H.P., for the said Thomas Heaton, it also is now signed by

"W. Johnson, R.A.C.
"Thos. Thornley, 1st G.M.
"Thos. Smethurst, 2nd G.M.
3rd G.M.
"William Thweat, N.

"Brother J. Rycroft, E.,
"but in it is not mentioned the Chapter of Concord No. 45."

"March 30th, 1786.—Bro. Michl. Jas. Boyle's certificate wrote in print hand the same as mine, was delivered to him with an impression of our seal in red wax.

"T. HEATON."

"11th April, 1786. — Bro. Robt. Gardner, Master of the Royal Arch Lodge No. 211, under the Grand of Scotland, desired by Bro. Wm. Johnson that a certificate might be sent to him. I believe Bro. Boyle and Bro. Stewart have instructed him in Royal Arch Masonry, and at the desire of Bro. Wm. Johnson I have wrote out a certificate for him as above with a proper impression of our seal and delivered it to Bro. Johnson for the said Bro. Gardner. I wish I had some good information and instruction relative to the propriety of the two above proceedings.

"THOS. HEATON."

The next meeting was on 31st May, 1786, when, after giving the names of 17 Brethren present, it is stated:

"Bro. Peter Lawson, from the Charter No. 211, held in the King's Own, or third Regiment of Dragoons, under the Registry of the Grand of Scotland, joined our Chapter by the unanimous consent."

On 27th June, 1786, appears an entry:

"Brother Thomas Wilson's certificate on the higher order dated as above was delivered to him, signed by Thos. Heaton, E., to be signed by the others. It is written within an impression of our Plate on Parchment, and has a proper impression of our seal."

From this entry it would seem that the Chapter issued certificates printed from an engraved plate of its own, but unfortunately no traces of this plate can now be discovered. The same may be said of the seal above referred to.

At a meeting held 30th Nov., 1787, "the following Brethren were elected officers and installed:

"Bro. Thos. Rycroft, Z.
"Bro. Wm. Johnson, H.
"Bro. Thos. Thornley, J.
"Bro. Wm. Thweat, N.,

"and the following Brethren appointed:

"Bro. P. Lawson, P.
"Bro. T. Wilson, A.
"Bro. Thos. Heaton, E."

We cannot understand what officers in a Chapter at the present day would be represented by the above initial letters P and A, and should be glad if any of the readers of the Magazine would enlighten us.

At the same meeting it is recorded:

"The following Byelaws were proposed by the Most Excellent Z. for the government of the worthy Companions of the Chapter of Concord, No. 45, held under the Grand Chapter of Jerusalem.

"1st. That a General Encampment be held at the house of Bro. Wm. Johnson (the sign of the Hope) or where the

principals and majority of the Brethren shall think proper the last Wednesday evening in Feby., May, August, and November.

"2nd. That a Ballot for the Election of officers be taken at the quarterly G. E. preceding the 30th day of November annually.

"3rd. That the officers elect shall be installed on the 30th day of November annually.

"4th. That none be exalted to this supreme degree but men of the best character who have passed thro' the three probationary degrees of Craft Masonry and have presided as Masters.

"5th. That every Candidate be proposed and recommended by two or more Companions of the Chapter at least one quarterly G. E. previous to his admission, such Candidate to be not less than 23 years of age.

"6th. Any Companion proposing a candidate shall deposit in the hands of the Treasurer half a Guinea.

"7th. The Quarterly G. E. following the proposal of a Candidate the said Candidate shall be balloted for, when should there appear one voice against him he shall be rejected and his money returned; but should he be approved of on his admission he shall pay the further sum of one guinea, out of which the Senr. or Acting Scribe shall receive 2s. 6d. for his trouble of filling up his Certificate and the Tyler the sum of 2s. 6d. for his trouble of attendance.

"8th. That every Companion pay quarterly the sum of 2s. 6d. towards the general fund.

"9th. That no Liquor nor Smoking be admitted in the G. E.

"10th. That Bro. Wm. Johnson be allowed 2s. 6d. every quarterly G. E. for the use of the room, Fire and Candle.

"11th. That a Treasurer be appointed, who shall keep a regular account of all moneys recd. and paid who shall submit the same to the inspection of every G. E., and who in return for his attention shall receive from the Genl. fund 2/6 for every new admitted Companion.

"12th. The Treasurer shall pay no money but by order of the Principals in G. E. or by an order signed by the three Principals and two Companions, upon extra occasions, and no order upon extra occasions shall exceed the sum of five shillings.

"13th. Any Alteration, New Law, or other proposal must be made one quarterly G. E. at least before it be Determined on."

At a meeting held 5th December, 1787, "Bro. Jas. Crook declared he no longer consider'd himself a Companion of this body."

"The first six rules proposed the last G. E. unanimously approved."

"Bro. Hodson proposed that any member of No. 36 should be admitted for less than a member of any other Lodge, which was rejected by a majority of three."

"Bro. Jas. Howarth proposed that the sum of one guinea for admission be alter'd to one half which was rejected."

"The 7th Regulation then pass'd with only Br. Heaton's dissenting voice."

"Br. Sweetlove proposed that instead of the quarterly subscription of 2/6 proposed in the 8th Regulation, One Shilling only be paid quarterly, which was approved of by a majority of seven."

"The 9th Regulation approved unanimously."

"The 10th Regulation, allowing 2/6 to Br. Johnson, Br. Sweetlove proposed should be altered to eighteen pence, which was rejected by a majority of five and the first proposal approved of."

"Br. Heaton proposed that so far of the 11th Regulation as follows the words G. E. be left out, which was unanimously approved of and the former part order'd to stand."

"The 12th Regulation approved of unanimously."

"Bro. Wm. Thweat proposed that any R. A. M. proposing to join our body shall pay five shillings, if he be approved of, which was unanimously agreed to stand as the 14th Regulation."

"Br. Heaton proposed as the 15th Regn. that the By Laws be read in the G. E. every quarterly night, which was approved of unanimously."

"The 13th Regulation proposed the last G. E. was then taken into consideration and unanimously approved."

(*To be Continued.*)

SONNET.

BY BRO. REV M. GORDON.

(*For the "Masonic Magazine."*)

As through the fields in pensive mood I stray
Wand'ring by a lone cot beneath yon hill,
Where but for children's voices, all were still,
Not loath, I hear their accents—see them play,
Dance, laugh, or sing—these little ones so gay,
So guileless, too—O, let them sport at will,
And gather, by each tiny, trickling rill
Or hedge-row's side, full many a mimic bay
And many a verdant wreath, their brows to deck
With chaplets bright, of which each seems to them
Fair as Apollo's laurel diadem;
Nor their all innocent pride in Nature check.
For save their joy in Nature's charms we share,
No wreath of song ourselves shall ever wear.

LETTER OF BRO. W. J. HUGHAN, OF ENGLAND, TO THE GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.

(*Continued from page* 475.)

Edinburgh (*July* 15, 1738, *St. James Evening Post*). "*July* 11*th.* Tuesday last the Society of Masons held a lodge here, and it seems they were very early in their reprisals against the Roman Pontiff, informally excommunicating the old Father, though some of the fraternity proposed a suspension of any such hostilities, till at last it should appear that the late Bill was *Billa viva.*"

This is doubtless in allusion to the Bull issued April 28, 1738, which was the first of its kind launched against modern Freemasonry. Bro. Findel considers that one of the results of this Bull was the formation of the Mopses, and his authority on all matters pertaining to Freemasonry on the Continent is reliable. The "*Bull*" has long ceased to be thought of but as a curiosity.

"*August* 3*d.* Foundation-stone of Edinburgh Royal Infirmary laid by Freemasons, Earl Cromarty Grand Master."

The ceremony was performed by request of the *Board of Works*, the lodges in the neighbourhood taking part. This grand assembly in 1738 was the first public act of consequence of the Grand Lodge of Scotland since its institution, in 1736, by the numerous operative lodges dating from the sixteenth century, which had previously acted independently. An imposing demonstration was made, and a splendid banquet closed the proceedings held for the benefit of the Royal Infirmary. Before the year closed the members of the Grand Lodge were gratified to hear that the managers of that excellent charity were so impressed with the substantial aid granted by the Freemasons that they had decided that infirm Craftsmen would always be welcomed in the hospital.

We now present to our readers the last three notices of provincial meetings from the *Evening Post*, two having reference to the annual meetings at *Newcastle.*

1. *December* 8, 1734. "Yesterday, being St. John's Day, was held the usual anniversary of the Most Honourable and Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, at Widow Grey's, on the Quay, where there was the greatest appearance that has been known on that occasion, the Society consisting of the principal inhabitants of the town and country, from whence they went in procession in the afternoon, with their regalia and proper ornaments, to the chapel at the Bridge End, where they heard a most excellent sermon preached upon the nature and usefulness of the Society by the Rev. Mr. Robinson, Vicar of Bywell, their Chaplain. In their return they were saluted by a

triple discharge of guns, ringing of bells, and other demonstrations of the town's regard for so valuable a society. We hear that they distributed liberally to their indigent brethren, and among the rest of their charities we are informed that they have this day sent to the several parishes in town a considerable sum for the relief of the poor housekeepers. In the evening they had a most elegant entertainment, and unanimously nominated Dr. Askew their Master, Mr. Thoresby their Deputy Master, Mr. Blenkinsop and Mr. Skal their Wardens for the ensuing year."

2. (*Edition of January 7, 1738.*) "On Tuesday, 27th December, being St. John's Day, was held the anniversary meeting of the Most Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, at Mr. Baxter's, on the Key. The Society consisted of the principal inhabitants of the town and country. In the afternoon they were saluted with the discharge of guns and other demonstrations of joy. In the evening they held an elegant entertainment, and unanimously elected Walter Blackett, Esq, their Master, Mr. Thoresby their Deputy Master, and Mr. Newton and Mr. Graham their Wardens for the ensuing year."

The account of this lodge is valuable and important, as it evidently refers to a period (1734) when the members met by virtue of time immemorial qualifications, no Warrant having been issued until the following year by the Grand Lodge of England. There is everything to suggest that the lodge was an old one in 1734, and that the annual celebration of St. John's Day and the participation of the inhabitants in the rejoicing were things of common occurrence for years prior to the one under consideration. It was called in 1734 "*a valuable Society*," and the charitable character of the Society, even beyond its own pale, is ably sketched by the correspondent of the *Evening Post*. The members evidently accepted a Warrant in A.D. 1735, for a lodge was constituted there by the modern Grand Lodge in that year, to meet on the *First Monday* in each month.

Warrants, so called, but really charters of *conformation*, were granted to numerous old lodges which had existed prior to the existence of the Grand Lodge, and though only *four* lodges met in London, A.D. 1717, to constitute the latter body, and in consequence were subsequently allowed to meet without Warrants (*two* still existing and working by virtue of such privileges), yet it can be proved that even in London and neighbourhood there were operative lodges which took no part in the "Revival," such as the *Bedford*, which subsequently accepted Warrants; and some lodges in the country, like the old *Atelier* at Alnwick, never joined in the new movement, while others, like the one at Newcastle, gave in their adhesion to the vigorous and prosperous Grand Lodge. Another old lodge which joined the Grand Lodge was that originally working at Swallwell, near Gateshead, a suburb of Newcaste-on-Tyne. The tradition is that the lodge was founded by the operative Masons brought from the South of England by Sir Ambrose Crawley when he established his celebrated foundry at Winlanton, about A.D. 1690.

The oldest Minutes are written in sheets, bound up with a copy of the first Book of Constitutions (1723) and many are exceedingly curious, though not of any antiquity, none dating beyond 1725; but their value consists in their operative character and being evidently based upon older documents.

Swallwell. (*St. James Evening Post.*) *June 20, 1735.* "How Masonry flourishes in the North of England may be seen by the following account. Yesterday being the Festival of St. John the Baptist, the Freemasons, according to annual custom, met at the house of Mr. John Thompson, at the sign of '*The Two Fencing-masters*,' and were constituted into a regular lodge, according to the London Constitutions. Early in the morning the brethren prepared everything for the reception of the Grand Officers, and conducted them from the Square to the lodge-room in very decent order, where, after the Grand Master had read his Deputation, and the whole Brotherhood present had promised their constant and hearty obedience to him and his Grand Officers, and steady adherence to the Charges and Regulations of the Supreme Grand Lodge of London, he proceeded to constitute them, which ceremony, to the high honour of the Grand Lodge, was performed with all the exact-

ness imaginable. After constitution they all set out in grand procession through the town in manner following," etc., . . "Mr. Jos. Laycock being Provincial Grand Master of the Bishopric of Durham."

Joseph Laycock was appointed *Provincial Grand Master* of Durham under the Grand Mastership of Earl of Crawford (1734-5). The first Provincial Grand Master was appointed, 1727, to represent the Grand Master in Wales. The year 1726 has generally been fixed for this appointment, and doubtless because in Entick's "Constitutions" that year is recorded above the first Provincial Grand Master, but the exact dates are given of the two brethren who first held that distinction in the "Constitutions" of 1738—viz., 10th May and 24th June, 1727—for *North* and *South* Wales respectively. Similar Deputations for abroad were granted to Captain Ralph Far Winter, for East India, in 1729-30; to Daniel Cox for New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania; and to Monsieur Du Thom, for Lower Saxony. Then follow other appointments for Russia, Spain, France, Portugal, Africa, Switzerland, Upper Saxony, etc., all illustrative of the spread of Freemasonry through the medium of the Grand Lodge of England.

The lodge—*an operative lodge*—which accepted a Warrant from the Grand Lodge, and was constituted according to the foregoing report, appears to have quite ignored the Grand Lodge of *all* England, which was working at the City of York, which as a Grand Lodge was formed A.D. 1725, but as an independent lodge had been actively engaged in Masonic labour many years prior to the "*Revival.*" For some reason the York authority was but little patronized by the old lodges in the North of England. Likely enough the latter were jealous of the prominent position assumed by the York Lodge, and considered they had as good a right to call their meetings the assemblies of a Grand Lodge. *All true enough.* No doubt either *might have* resolved itself into a Grand Lodge, according to the London pattern, as the York Lodge did, and later on the *Mother Lodge intervening did*; but, as these Northern lodges *did not*, they could not well avoid being absorbed in the *York* Lodge or the more successful London rival. Some, like the *old* lodge at *Alnwick*, never gave in their adhesion, and finally collapsed.

The history of the lodge at Gateshead (or Swallwell) has lately been written in the *Masonic Magazine*, by the able Masonic student, the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A. The lodge, however, has no Minutes beyond last century.

April 19, 1735. On Thursday last, Procession of *Freemasons* from Grosvenor Square to Mercer's Hall, headed by "1 kettle-drum, 4 trumpets, 2 French horns, 2 hautboys, 2 bassoons, all on white horses. The musick had all leather aprons and white gloves. Afterwards 6 coaches with the 12 stewards, followed by an infinite number of gentlemen's coaches, etc. Lord Viscount Weymouth, Grand Master, and Grand Wardens, closing the procession.

These Grand Lodge processions have been entirely abolished for many years, either with the accompaniments of kettle-drums or without. It is generally felt that the Masonic society is pre-eminently a private one, and all needless exposure of the paraphernalia of the Order is indiscreet.

I also enclose a former article of mine on the early meetings of lodges in the *Masonic Magazine*, to complete the series:

EARLY MEETINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

"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, namely, 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 Bro. 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.

"(*Whitehall Evening Post, December* 28 *to* 31, 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 twelve stewards chosen for that purpose, after which the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year, viz., the Rt. Hon'ble the Lord Coleraine, Nathaniel Blackesby, 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. Joseph 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 took tickets to appear in white gloves at the Theater 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 honor 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 December, 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
"'Mr. Martin O'Conner } *Grand Wardens.*

"'and the Secretary was continued.'

"In the *Post* for November 21-23, 1732, is the following:

"'Last night a Quarterly Com—— was held at the Devil Tavern, in Fleet Street, etc., *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 39 *Lodges.*'

"The amount contributed for charity was surely *large* for the period, and proves that our predecessors forgot not to cherish that 'distinguishing characteristic of a Freemason's heart.'

"From the *Post*, December 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 fifteen 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 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 30, 1734, the same paper states, 'They also appointed the Rev. Mr. Orator 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 23, 1733:

"'By command of the Rt. Hon. and Rt. Worshipful the Grand Master of the Ancient and Honorable 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 next, the 25th 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."*

Wishing all the regular Grand Lodges generally and the Grand Lodge of Ohio in particular, peace and prosperity,

Believe me, a faithful Brother of the Craft,

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

Truro, England, 1876.

* Particulars of this eccentric divine are afforded in a racy article in the *Voice of Masonry*, for September, 1875, to which we direct our readers.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

CHAPTER IX.

O komm jetzt wo Lunen
Noch Wolken umziehn,
Lass durch die Lagunen
Mein Leben, uns fliehn!

FREILIGRATH.

Mr. MAINWARING and Mr. Carruthers had a long talk as "homewards they wended," after they had left Colonel Mackintosh, who went to his bachelor demesne smoking—if not the "calumet," at any rate the cigaret of "peace." For as he used to say, "I have no wife to bless or bore me—no curtain lectures to fear, and no squalling brats to be worried with."

In all this he was very wrong, as we none of know often what blessings we have here till they "make to themselves wings, and fly away." But such were his sentiments, and it is just possible that they may be shared in by some of the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

But the two young men communed long and seriously, and as Mr. Mainwaring thought the "situation" a very serious one, he determined to see Lucy the next morning and expedite that little "éclaircissement" he had long wanted to bring about, but had never yet found a convenient opportunity to commence. Accordingly, when Miss Margerison and Lucy were taking their matutinal walk on the breezy common not far from the Cedars, Mr. Mainwaring joined them with his old dog "Dan," a great favourite of Miss Longhurst's, and who seemed by his exhilarated appearance and wagging tail to acknowledge the presence of one whom the youthful Stimson termed, "by Jaave, a fascinating garl."

But what was Mr. Mainwaring, a man of business, doing on the "common" at that hour of the day? Why was he not in Lombard Street, poring over huge ledgers, and looking into over-drawn accounts? We can only ask our readers to answer the question for themselves, though, as we have already said, Mr. Mainwaring had told Mr. Carruthers that he had made up his mind to have it "out with Lucy one way or the other," as he could not "stand interlopers," and "he and Lucy had already come to a decision thereupon, and, therefore," he added, "the sooner they got together the better." Indeed, he went on to say, "if the old girl makes any more difficulties, or brings up any more candidates, Lucy and I will be married at the nearest registrar's!"

Dreadful threat! serious step! questionable proceeding!

Accordingly, after a little, Miss Margerison, who met her old friend the Rector, dropped naturally behind, to talk about Church and parochial matters, while Lucy and her "young man"—that is the proper expression, we believe—or "her mate"—we are not quite sure which—walked on a-head, "Dan" showed an approval of the entire proceeding, in his honest brown eyes, and general cheerfulness of demeanour.

Lucy and Mr. Mainwaring had a long and animated, and—if we might judge from their looks—a most unsatisfactory conversation, though I have no objection to let my readers into a secret, that Lucy distinctly declared, as she said, "she would not go before the Registrar," or indeed be married at all, except in Church with a proper complement of officiating clergy. And in this she was clearly right, and highly to be commended, as, in our opinion, no greater mistake can be committed, in the interest of society even, and of the world's arrangements, than to detract in any possible manner from the sacredness of one of the most important ceremonies of life—the marriage service.

It is a most solemn act, and ought always to be blessed by religion in its fullest accents and in its most endearing words.

Lucy, however, said quite enough to Mr. Mainwaring to show him that "Love's delays" would find no champion in her, and that as she disliked "long engagements," so she distinctly thought that the sooner she and Mr. Mainwaring got into their "own little nest," the happier for all concerned. For, as she observed most truly and wittily, "when two little birds like ourselves agree to have a nest in common, the sooner we build it, and set it up the better." And so Mr. Mainwaring determined to attack Miss Margerison at once on a point so vital to his interests, so dear to his heart. At least he declared so; but "men,"

as Miss Mouser observes, "are deceivers ever," and "there is often no knowing what they mean, and no believing what they say; their promises are pie-crust, and their protestations are flummery." But as Miss Mouser is a disappointed elderly female—it's believed of fifty-two—my readers will take her remarks "cum grano," as they say, that next to a she-bear robbed of her cubs, there is no being so irascible and unforgiving as a disappointed elderly female. "Spretæ injuria formæ" seems to animate her words and direct her proceedings. She is clearly an untrustworthy witness in all that relates to what young Balasso calls "le curr." Whether however, Mr. Mainwaring was true or false in his professions and declarations, (and for once we are inclined to believe him sincere), he took an early opportunity of discussing them with Miss Margerison, and what came of that interview, and what was the result of so much interesting small talk, my readers shall hear in the next chapter.

In the meantime I wish them to try and realize the picture before them, drawn by the "limner," if with faltering pencil, yet with vivid colours. Indeed the painting is pre-Raphaelite in its conception, and design, and execution—simply "realistic," and certainly "naturalistic," what ever these words may actually import.

I have not sought to attract my readers by anything sensational, weird, or grotesque in its wording, and the verdict I hope of all will be, when they come to the close of this veracious tale—"The writer, be he who he may, has not deceived us, or disappointed us; he has been as good as his word, and given us a little story of common and every-day life—true, absolutely true in its 'tout ensemble,' useful in its application, and valuable in its moral *to us all.*"

THREE CHARGES.

From "Harper's Bazaar."

THERE'S a maiden up the avenue—
I see her every day—
She has stolen! she has stolen!
Stolen my heart away.

There's a maiden up the avenue—
I make the charge with pain—
She has forged, Sir! yes, she's forged Sir!
Forged an eternal chain.

There's a maiden up the avenue—
Ye gods! can such things be?—
She has murdered! she has murdered!
Murdered my sleep hath she.

For thieving, forging, murdering,
O 'twould be joy divine
T' arrest her! yes, arrest her!
Help me, St. Valentine!!

WONDERS OF OPERATIVE MASONRY.

From the "Keystone."

II.

THE old Abbeys and Cathedrals of England—the works, many of them as they now stand, of the Travelling Freemasons of the Middle Ages—although built after a general cruciform design, in their fronts, interiors, and entire details vary in a remarkable degree. Each is a new creation, full of interest after you have seen all of the rest. It is this fact which enhances their value to the student of architecture, and fills with admiration every beholder who has an eye for the grand and beautiful in design and ornamentation.

TINTERN ABBEY is charmingly situated on the river Wye, near the Welsh border, in Monmouthshire, 150 miles west from London. It was founded by Walter de Clare, in A. D. 1132, for Cistercian Monks, and rebuilt in A. D. 1287, by Roger Bigot, Earl of Norfolk. It is cruciform, the nave being 230 feet in length, and the transept 163 feet. It is an elegant Gothic pile. The walls are entire, and many of the pillars in the aisles are standing, the roof only having fallen in. From the western portal the great beauty of the interior is seen—the eye ranging along a succession of clustered shafts, supporting the arcades of the nave on pointed arches, and the noble east window closing the view. To the en-

richments of architecture are now superadded the effects produced by time. Some of the Gothic windows are obscured by masses of ivy, others are beautifully canopied, while mosses and lichens lend their witchery to furnish contrasting tints to the ruin. King Edward II. took refuge in Tintern Abbey from the pursuit of his Queen, Isabella. Among the famous dead interred within its walls was the founder's brother, Gilbert Strongbow, first Earl of Pembroke, who died in A.D. 1148, and there is still preserved there his monument and statue. Upon the site of Tintern Abbey it is stated that King Theodoric was killed while fighting under the banner of the Cross against the Pagan Saxons in the year 600.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY, one of the earliest and most remarkable Abbeys in England, was founded by Offa, King of Mercia, A.D. 791. It is situated in Hertfordshire, 21 miles north west from London, and is cruciform, the nave being 539 feet in length, and the transept 174 feet, while the central Tower is 144 feet high. The west front is imposing, although it has lost much of its ornamental character. The interior is exceedingly rich. The arches and columns are embellished with bold mouldings, terminating in finely sculptured heads of Abbot, King, Queen, and Bishop. The altar screen is an elegant specimen of the florid style of architecture, and the workmanship upon it is of the choicest description. Both the transepts are of Anglo-Norman architecture. There were numerous Chapels in this Abbey, but one of them, a sepulchral chantry or oratory, is superlatively rich in sculptured ornaments. It is throughout an architectural wonder. The sepulchral oratory of the illustrious Duke of Gloucester, is also remarkable. The dimensions of St. Alban's Abbey are so majestic, its proportions are so just, its enrichments are so elegant and yet so simple, its tower is so massive and lofty, and its walls are so beautifully mantled with ivy, that every visitor leaves the Abbey full of admiration.

Froude, in his *History of England*, gives an interesting account of a "visitation of the Monasteries" in A.D. 1489 when St. Alban's Abbey was visited, and the most glaring moral delinquencies found to exist among its monks and nuns.

ELY CATHEDRAL, at the city of Ely, on the banks of the Ouse, Cambridgeshire, 68 miles north of London, was founded in A.D. 673, by Etheldreda, daughter of the King of the East Angles. It affords one of the most complete series of architectural styles of any Cathedral in the kingdom. Beginning with the remains of the Conventual Church of A.D. 673, there are specimens of every style from that date until A.D. 1534, when the newest portion was erected. The transepts are the most ancient parts still complete, having been built in the reign of Henry I. The arches are supported by elegant clustered pillars, having capitals composed of flowers and foliage, and on some of the pillars passages in the life of St. Etheldreda, the founder of the original monastery, are represented in relief. The choir is very elegantly enriched. There are many curious and interesting monuments in this Cathedral. Of the fifty-four Bishops of Ely, thirty-seven lie entombed here. The Tower of Ely Cathedral is lofty and castellated—one of consummate splendour. The greater part of the western front was built in A.D. 1189. This Cathedral contains numerous notable chapels, of which the chief are those of Bishop West and Bishop Alcock, and the Lady Chapel. Their vaulted ceilings are filled with elaborate tracery, and the entire chapels are beautiful specimens of the pointed architecture of the Tudor times.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, at the city of Canterbury, 56 miles south west of London, is a structure of superlative beauty. It was founded by Lanfranc, whom William the Conqueror made Primate of all England. It was dedicated in A.D. 1114. After the murder of Archbishop Thomas à Becket at its altar, it was reconsecrated in 1170, the martyr was canonized, and St. Thomas's Festival gave origin to the most curious and ancient poem in the English language—Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. In 1472 the great central tower was built to a height of 235 feet. Much of the architecture is Anglo-Norman. In the various chapels of this Cathedral many noted Archbishops are interred, including Cuthbert (A.D. 759), Odo, Lanfranc, St. Anselm, Thomas à Becket and Cardinal Pole. Edward the Black Prince, and King Henry IV. also have tombs there. The painted glass in

Canterbury Cathedral is extremely ancient and interesting, the eastern windows presenting the finest specimens of the early state of the art of painting on glass in the kingdom. We should also not fail to note the exceedingly rich heraldic decorations on the groined ceilings of the cloisters, where there are more than eight hundred shields of arms of benefactors of the Cathedral—an heraldic assemblage which is unparalleled in any other Church. The precincts of the Cathedral are famous for containing many venerable remains of ancient domestic architecture, for there, in the monastic ages, stood the dwellings of the various priors.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY, in Somersetshire, 130 miles west of London, is famous as the most ancient Abbey, the "first ground of God," in England. The tradition is that it was founded by Joseph of Arimathea, and was the burial place of King Arthur, (A.D. 543) and his Queen Guinevera.

It was spoiled for its stones and architectural devices, which have been built into many houses in the town of Glastonbury. The great gate house of the Abbey is now an inn. Buildings erected in connection with the Abbey, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, are still standing. The Abbey was 530 feet in length. All that now remains of this once magnificent pile are, some portions of the Church, St. Joseph's Chapel, and the Abbot's kitchen. It once contained monuments to Kings, Bishops, Priests and Nobles. Until the year 1154 the Abbots of Glastonbury had precedence of all the Abbots in England.

The famous Glastonbury Thorn which is reputed to blossom every year at Christmas, had its origin here. The legend is, that Joseph of Arimathea, and his companions, sat down on the hill, now called Weary-all-Hill, *all weary* with their journey, and as he sat down St. Joseph thrust his dry hawthorn staff into the ground. From this there sprang up the Glastonbury Thorn. Absurd as the tradition is, it is undoubtedly a fact that this Thorn flowers one or two months before the ordinary time, and sometimes as early as Christmas day. There was also, at the same place, a miraculous walnut tree. The famous antiquary, Elias Ashmole, says, "in the churchyard of Glastonbury grew a walnut tree that did put out young leaves at Christmas." Both of these wonders, however, are now no longer to be found at Glastonbury Abbey.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL, on the banks of the Wear, 258 miles north of London, was erected in A.D. 1093, and dedicated to St. Cuthbert, whose bones are interred within its walls. The Cathedral rises with great majesty, being of unrivalled size, and built upon a commanding site. It is, architecturally, the most perfect example in England of the massive Anglo Norman style. Its interior is 420 feet long in the nave, and 176 broad, in the transepts, while its central tower is 212 feet high. The round, massive columns, with semi-circular arches springing from them; their enrichments—the simple fillet, wavy chevron, and the like, all in true character with the antiquity of the prevailing style; and the entire massiveness of the composition, impress the beholder with admiration wonder, and awe. We may add that the Bishopric of Durham is deemed the richest in the Kingdom, the prebends being usually styled "the golden prebends of of Durham."

BYLAND ABBEY, Yorkshire, is 220 miles north of London, and 25 miles north of York. It was founded by Roger de Mowbray, in the reign of Henry I., and was dedicated in A.D. 1177. The west front only of the Abbey is now standing, but it is a remarkably interesting ruin, erected in the early pointed style of architecture. It contains three enriched portals, all varied in design. Over the central one are lancet windows, surmounted by the remains of a large Rose window. *The Gentleman's Magazine* for December 1812, contains a fine view of the elegant front of this Abbey.

WHITBY ABBEY is in Yorkshire, on the sea coast, at the mouth of the river Esk, 45 miles north east of York. This cloistered pile was among the earliest religious foundations in England, having been founded by Oswy, King of Northumberland, in A.D. 657. It was destroyed by the Danes, and rebuilt in 1074 by William de Percy. The present Abbey was erected in the reign of Henry I., and is a perfect specimen of the lance shaped Gothic. Many of the noble family of the Percys were buried in it. The ruins are of singular elegance, and from their elevated situation

on a lofty cliff commanding an extensive view of the German Ocean, are a much observed landmark on a dangerous, rocky coast. A fine view of the east end of Whitby Abbey may be found as a frontispiece to the eighty third volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July to December, 1813.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY, in Yorkshire, 25 miles north-west of York, near the river Skell, and the town of Ripon, was founded by King Alfred. The present Abbey (sometimes called Ripon Minster, or Cathedral), was erected in the reign of King Stephen, A. D. 1140. There still remain the whole of the western front, the towers and the transept, with part of the choir and aisles of this once noble and still beautiful Abbey. Its ruins are among the most admired in England. While they contain several styles of architecture, chiefly of the mixed Norman and pointed, all is chaste, pure and elegant. The lofty, graceful columns, the airy arches, the ivy-clad walls, and the roofless aisles impress the beholder with feelings of admiration and wonder. Fountains Abbey is 358 feet in length, and its transept 186 feet, while its noble tower is 166 feet high and 24 feet square. The body of the Abbey presents a majestic specimen of early Gothic architecture of the time of Henry III., having been completed in 1245. Several of the noble family of Percy are buried here, that family having constituted themselves the hereditary patrons of the Abbey. The cloisters are 300 feet long and 42 feet wide; the roof is arched, and supported by 21 stone pillars. It derived its name either from the town of Fontaines, in Burgundy, the birth-place of St. Bernard, the founder of the Cistercian order, or else from the Skell, a rivulet which flows near the Abbey, and signifies a fountain. Fountains Abbey is situated in the grounds of Studley Park, the seat of the Earl de Grey and Ripon, late Grand Master of Masons of England. Fountains Abbey was visited in 1535 at a "Visitation of the Monasteries," and Froude tells us that theft, sacrilege and other crimes were found prevalent there, creating a moral ruin as deplorable then as the material ruin is beautiful now.

LINCLUDEN ABBEY, on the Cluden river, Scotland, some 63 miles south west of Edinburgh, near the English border, was a favourite haunt of the poet Burns. It was originally a convent for Benedictine or Black Nuns, and was founded by one of the Lords of Galloway. In the fourteenth century the Earl of Douglass converted it into a college and Abbey. The choir was finished after the finest manner of the florid Gothic. The roof was treble, and the trusses from which sprang the ribbed archwork were covered with armorial bearings. The present remains of this venerable abbey are the chancel, a part of the south wall, and a portion of the provost's house. The founders of both the Nunnery and Abbey are buried there. In the chancel is the elegant tomb of Margaret, daughter of King Robert III., and around the walls of the ruins there is a profusion of ivy. The situation of Lincluden Abbey is exceedingly romantic, being near the "meeting of the waters" of the Cluden and the Nith.

The following beautiful lines on an evening view of the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, were written by Bro. Robert Burns, and are worthy of reproduction in this connection.

Ye holy walls, that still sublime,
Resist the crumbling touch of time;
How strongly still your form displays
The piety of ancient days!
As through your ruins hoar and gray—
Ruins yet beauteous in decay—
The silvery moonbeams trembling fly;
The forms of ages long gone by
Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,
And wake the soul to musings high.
Even now, as lost in thought profound,
I view the solemn scene around,
And, pensive, gaze with wistful eyes,
The past returns, the present flies.
Again the dome, in pristine pride,
Lifts high its roof and arches wide;
The high arched windows, painted fair,
Show many a saint and martyr there.
As on their slender forms I gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze!
With noiseless step and taper bright,
What are yon forms that meet my sight?
Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heavenward raised in ecstasy.
'Tis the fair, spotless, vestal train,
That seek in prayer the midnight fane.
And hark! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around!

'Tis the soft chanted choral song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong.
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens in the pale moonbeam,
Suspend their dashing oars to hear
The holy anthem loud and clear;
Each worldly thought a while forbear,
And mutter forth a half formed prayer.
But as I gaze, the vision fails,
Like frostwork touched by southern gales.
The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
And all the splendid scene's decayed
In window fair the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain,
But through the broken glass the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale;
The bird of eve flits sullen by,
Her home these aisles and arches high!
The choral hymn that erst so clear
Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,
Is drowned amid the mournful scream
That breaks the magic of my dream!
Roused by the sound I start and see
The ruined sad reality!

ON FATHER FOY'S NOTES.

By the Editor.

As we remarked in our last number, in our editorial comments, we have published Father Foy's Notes, though, to our mind, they proved nothing; and we think it well for several reasons to recur to the subject to-day. We find that we have made a mistake as to Von Knigge, (it is always better to acknowledge our errors manfully), as there is no evidence that he changed his religion, and it is generally said by English writers that he died at Bremen, in 1796. Von Hund changed his religion, and is buried before the high altar in Melrichstadt. As regards Weishaupt, though some say that he was adverse to the Jesuits, others believe that he began as a Jesuit, and founded Illuminatism on the Jesuit model. The only good thing about him that we know is that he died peaceably at Gotha, under the protection of the reigning Grand Duke.

And now what we want to ask Father Foy is, what has he proved, even "after the manner of the schools," by this plethora of invective and incrimination? His lectures were delivered at Hastings, to English men and English women. Does he wish to contend that such views or practices exists in Freemasonry in Great Britain, or Canada, or America—or any portion of Continental Freemasonry, now? If not, what does it all prove?

He can hardly venture to say that they do, or even insinuate that such doctrines and discreditable acts prevail at present anywhere—because he knows as well as we do that such a statement would be a direct and deliberate falsehood.

Then why revert to the perverted proceedings of some semi-maniacs in a former generation whose proceedings have always been disavowed by all true Freemasons?

That at Paris some "esprits forts" may, about the time of the French Revolution, have taken up "Illuminatism," and used it for the base purposes of a deplorable and detestable teaching, we do not deny—but they had nothing to do with Freemasonry, and Freemasonry had nothing to do with them. As for "Egalité Orleans," he was practically expelled in degradation from the Grand Orient of France, and no name is held more in contempt and loathing among honest Freemasons than his! Mirabeau may have been an "Illuminé," though we do not believe that he was a Freemason, (for Freemasonry is not Illuminatism), but, whatever he was, his proceedings will be disavowed by all loyal Freemasons.

We are among those who regret very much the position that many Continental Freemasons often take up, as against religion and the Roman Catholic Church, though we feel bound to say, that Rome has no one to thank but herself for the bitterness she has called forth, and the antagonism which she has brought about. No one can paint in too strong colours the intolerance, the irreligious anathemata, the illegal violence of Allocutions and Interdicts which since the Bull of Clement, have distinguished the Romish Curia and the Roman Catholic authorities.

We are also among those who deplore—especially in France and Belgium—the proceedings of the "libres penseurs," and openly disavow all sympathy either with

"positivism" or the "morale independante," or the equally tolerant unscrupulousness of scientific or materialistic infidelity.

But all this, at the worst, is not "Illuminatism," and in Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry all these ideas and utterances are utterly scouted and condemned.

Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry is still what it has ever been—a loyal and peaceable, a religious and benevolent Order, and it is most unjust on the part of Roman Catholic scribes or lecturers—because they do not like the principles of Freemasonry—to invent these deliberate falsehoods, "ad invidiam," to "abuse the plaintiff's attorney," to interject the suspicion that Freemasonry is Illuminatism, or that Illuminatism is Freemasonry? "Loyalty and Charity" constitute our motto; Brotherly Love, Belief, and Truth, are our leading principles; and we wish good-bye to Father Foy to-day, hoping that when next he writes about Freemasonry—and above all lectures about it in the House of God—he will remember the Truth—the whole Truth—and nothing but the Truth!

No doubt a little allowance should be made for the prejudices of education, and the unfortunate tone taken up by an infallible authority.

But it is quite clear that all Roman Catholic writers are just now in a "haze" on the subject of Freemasonry, and the sooner they get out of it the better.

A TRIP TO DAI-BUTSU.

Yokoska Dockyard,
Japan,
May 29th, 1873.

THE long-looked-for day dawned gloriously, with a fair promise of keeping so to the end, so we concluded during our early morning bath in the still atmosphere of Tunnel bore. On reaching the Dockyard we found we had loitered too long over the opening charms of our holiday, and that scarcely ten minutes were left us to breakfast and dress in. However, spite of a temperature over 80 degrees, we were snugly ensconced in the sampan (boat) some seconds before our native guide, No-booz-o, had completed his preparations. Our guide, by the way, an intelligent-looking native speaking pretty good English, had in our honour donned a complete European suit of clothes, the elastic boots and deer stalker's hat of which were destined to prove anything but pleasant to him on the return journey. But shove off, No-booz-o, we are all in C— G— W— F— B—. Roast beef, salt beef, bread, pickles, sardines, salmon, ale (bottled by the East India Pale Ale Company's agent, No-booz-o), brandy, rum—yes, all in! Once again shove off, No-booz-o. Away we go! merrily O! gliding over the glassy surface of the sea in the fragrant morning air, with spirits above par, and hopes centred in Dai-Butsu. The Japanese sampans have a motion of their own, not being pulled, as our own boats, but sculled by one, two, three, or four men, standing up in the stern. With six or eight men I have seen them attain a speed of over eight knots an hour. We are nearing the narrow opening of what appears to be a canal, for the upright earthy sides showing red and gray evidence the work of man. We stay to water on our passage through by the side of a junk moored alongside one of the most picturesque brick-kilns in the world. Leaving the canal we pass at once into the capacious bay of Kana-sawa, where so many beauties claim our attention that we find it impossible to take note of all. Low, rounded hills, clothed with varying shades of green to their summits, between which wooded valleys and smiling plains of cultivated soil, with native cottages dotted here and there, pass in quick succession. Small islands everywhere, some too steep to tempt the tiller of the soil, where plains and valleys lay in such profusion all around, consequently with a rank vegetation, perchance the growth of centuries, overspreading all. One more point and we alter course, running down between an island and the mainland into full view of the town of Kana-sawa. Leaving it on our right we steer right across to the opposite shore, landing at a rustic summer-house of some ancient god. Dismissing our boatmen we hire a couple of coolies and a Jean-rik-sha, or Jhon-rik-sha (a light two-wheeled carriage drawn by one man—very

pleasant thing to ride in), but, before starting, we vote breakfast "à la picnic" amongst the ruins. After which climbing the steep long hill in front of us we found one of the numerous tea-houses, which in Japan answer a similar purpose as wayside inns in our own land. Here we had refreshment for man and beast—I beg pardon, coolies—in the shape of the native fragrant herb, minus milk or sugar. Two straight, parallel roads now lay before us. Why two? We could not guess, unless at certain seasons the pilgrims to the sacred shrines in which the country immediately around us is so rich, need one for going and the other for returning. We have hardly proceeded a dozen paces before we discover a picturesque little temple on our left. Turning to the open door, we find plenty of "Namu miyo hoo rengekyoo" (To the Omnipotent ruler of heaven and earth) going on, with a deafening accompaniment of drum business. We next turn to the right to see all that is left of Kamakura, the military capital of the Eastern division of the Empire from the seventh to the sixteenth century. Now all is smiling fields of corn and rice, varied with groves of trees out of which peep the turrets of the temples. Not a vestige of the flourishing town of a few hundred years ago, a circumstance calculated to excite our wonder till we remember the ephemeral character of Japanese houses, whose walls are solely of wood and paper, with a roof of straw. We will now become indebted to A. B. Mitford's "Wanderings in Japan" for some interesting details connected with the relics of bygone splendour before us — the old temple of Hachiman. "In the latter half of the twelfth century—one of the most important epochs of Japanese history—there was a severe struggle between the rival houses of Gen and Hei (something like our own Wars of the Roses), in which the former was victorious, and its chief Minamoto-no-Yoritomo established himself at Kamakura. In 1192 he was created Sei I tai Shogun, or 'Barbarian-repressing-Commander-in-chief,' the first who held *that* title which foreigners call shortly 'Tycoon.' From this time till the revolution of 1868 the Emperor or Mikado became a mere cypher, the executive being invested in the hands of the Shogun, and so we heard many fallacies of temporal and spiritual emperors." On the left and right of the entrance gate are two gods—Loyoiwamado and Kushowamado—and very ugly images they are—deities of the Shinto or indigenous religion of the country, which is a form of hero worship. The main shrine is the centre of a square, three sides of which are occupied by small altars, in which are laid several litters for relics—swords, portions of armour, pieces of garments, etc., which belonged to heroes of the brave days of old. Amongst these we noted a very curious musical instrument, containing about thirty or forty pipes, to cover all the finger-holes of which would take about a dozen hands. Turning to the left, at the top of the steps there is what the natives call a Ichô tree. It is a spot of bloody memory, for under its branches was committed one of those crimes which stain the history of the middle ages in all countries. But I am forgetting the Himé Ishi, or Princess stone, to which our attention was called by an old lady as we passed up. It stands rather out of the way, towards the right, and, by a freak of nature, is the semblance of the lower part of a woman's body. Before it hang various offerings from persons suffering from diseases of the loins, etc. After liberally bestowing "cumshaw" on the attendant acolyte who had guided us over the ancient pile, and drinking a farewell bumper of saki with the old gatekeeper, we retraced our steps and gained the main road, which was now level right on to the village close to the bronze idol, Dai-Butsu, so that, in spite of the heat, we made splendid progress.

The great bronze Buddha "Dai-Butsu" ranks amongst the most wonderful monuments of the world. Its chief merit is the expression of calm dignity and repose in the face. The following proportions are taken from the rough sketch sold on the spot by the attendant priest: Height, 50ft.; from hair to knees, 42ft.; round base, 96ft.; pedestal, 4ft. 5in.; length of face, 8ft. 5in.; breadth (ear to ear), 18ft.; silver boss on forehead (gift of widow of rich merchant at Yedo), 1ft. 5in.; knees (across), 36ft.; eyes (long), 4ft.; eyebrows, 4ft. 2in.; ears (long), 6ft. 6in.; nose (long), 3ft. 8in.; nose (across), 2ft. 3in.; mouth, 3ft. 2½in.; locks of hair—830 in number—8in. high and 1ft. in diameter each; thumb (round), 3ft.

The history of the colossal idol is interesting.

(To be continued.)

THE HAPPY HOUR.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

From the "Keystone."

Oh, happy hour when Masons meet,
Oh, rarest joys that Masons greet!
Each interwoven with the other,
And Brother truly joined with Brother
In intercourse that none can daunt,
Linked by the ties of COVENANT.

See, ranged about the Holy Word,
The Craftsmen praise their Common LORD,
See in each eye a love well proven!
Around each heart a faith well woven!
Feel in each hand-grip what a tie
Is this whose scope is MASONRY.

Best bond! when broken we would fain
Unite the severed links again;
Would urge the tardy hours along,
To spend the wealth of light and song,
That makes the Lodge a sacred spot;
Oh, be the season ne'er forgot
That takes us from a world of care
To happy scenes where Masons are!

NOTES ON THE OLD MINUTE BOOKS OF THE BRITISH UNION LODGE, No. 114, IPSWICH. A.D. 1762.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES, 31°,

P.M., P.Z., 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* 18.)

THE next old Minute Book commences February 7th, 1792, and contains the record of proceedings to June 20th, 1805.

At the former date Samuel Ribbans was R.W.M., and concerning William Cavell who is entered as *Senior Steward*, we find it noted at this meeting that "this night it was agreed that Bro. Cavell should ever be considered as a Visiting Brother." For what reason that Brother was put in this enviable position we are ignorant. In the Lodge Accounts we get a good idea of the advantages of our present cheap postal system, when we find that a letter from the Grand Lodge is charged 8d., and postage of a letter afterwards is charged 1s. 4d. The Record (which is at this time very brief of all lodge proceedings) of a meeting on the 25th July, 1792, commences, *At a Lodge of Festivity this night*—&c., &c.

We should think the brethren must have been jolly dogs at this period, and probably much given to holding Lodges of Festivity.

Then, as now the Lodges seem to have been much exercised on the subject of arrears. Scarcely a Lodge night passes but defaulters are named—and once and again we note that Bros. So and So "had the lenity of the Lodge till next Lodge night, and then to be summoned for their payment, and on their refusal to be subject to the code of Laws."

October 2nd, 1792. The Lectures were worked. One would like very much to know how far they differed from the working of the Lodge of Emulation now.

The Lodge met at the Golden Lion, December 4th, 1792, when a Bro T. Smith was *appointed* Master, so says the record, and at the Festival of St. John on the 23rd December, he was *elected* R.W.M. This reminds us of Chief Constable Dogberry, in "Much Ado about Nothing," conducting an examination against his prisoners—* "Masters it is *proved* already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be *thought* so shortly!" Perhaps my learned and esteemed Bro. Hughan can throw some light on this proceeding—of *appointment* first, and *election* afterwards. At this time we note that whilst the Master is styled R.W.M., the S. and J.W. are both styled Worshipful, as is the D.P.M. whoever he might be.

At the St. John's Festival just mentioned Wm. Middleton, Esq. (afterwards Sir William), P.G.M., Basil Heron, Esq., D.P.G.M., and J. Thompson, M.D.,

* "Much Ado about Nothing."—Act iv., Scene 2.

P.S.W., are recorded as Provincial Officers present.

At another Lodge of Festivity held on St. John Baptist's day, June 24th, 1793, it was unanimously agreed that the Lodge should not be opened till the 1st Tuesday in Sept., and from that time to be held only once a quarter *till the "Debts of the Lodge are discharged,"* from which we may conclude that these jolly Masons had got into difficulties through their Lodges of Festivity.

Under date February of the same year in the Lodge Accounts, we find House Bill £1 7s. 9d., and under it, *House Bill brought from last Lodge night* £4 3s. 0d., with this significant note in pencil: *N.B.—None of the above Bills are paid; say due to Mr. Ribbans* £5 14s. 3d. The above speaks volumes, and tells its own tale.

In March, 1794, the Quarterage was reduced to 5/—the amount now charged to subscribing Members, and visiting brothers were to pay 2/6. Under date October, 1795, we find only 5 brethren were present, and consequently the Lodge was not opened. At St John's Festival 27th December, 1795, seven members only were present, no visitors were there, and four absentees are recorded, including Wm. Middleton, Esq.; from which we gather that the P.G.M. was at this time a member of the Lodge, which must have sunk to a low ebb, only numbering eleven members. Under date 1st July, 1800, we find "Ipswich Races happened on this day, and no accommodation to be had to hold a lodge, it was postponed."

On 4th November, 1800, we find Bros. S. Girling, and T. Skittor were raised to the third degree of Masonry, *and paid the usual fee of* 6/ *each.*

On the 2nd December, 1800, we find Bro. Humphreys "in token of his friendship to this Lodge, has very handsomely made a present of a silver trowel." We should like to know if this trowel is now in existence. At the Lodge Meeting in April, 1801, we find several visitors from the Lodge of Perfect Friendship, No. 389.

This Lodge is now extinct, but we were shown the other day by Bro. N. Tracy, P.P.J.G.W. (one of the leading Masonic students in Suffolk, and Preceptor of the Perfect Ashlar Lodge of Instruction, working under the British Union Warrant), a book of Constitutions, date 1784, belonging to this Lodge with the initials E., R.W.M.—on the fly leaf and below W. E., R.W.M., 1808.

The Book with some other curious and valuable Masonic works are now in the possession of our talented brother.

Our brother Hughan can tell us when the Perfect Friendship ceased to exist.

On July 7th, 1801, it was agreed "that a letter should be wrote (sic.) to the Lodge, Marquis of Granby, at Durham, No. 555, Union Lodge," but on what subject we do not know. This Lodge is, we believe, still in existence. The Lodge seems to have been more prosperous again at this time, as we find 25 members on the roll in Sept. of this year. Lieut. Griggs of the Royal Edmund Lodge, Bury, and Mr. Wishworth of the Shakespeare Lodge, No. 501, visited the Lodge at the October meeting. The Royal Edmund is now, we think, amongst the Lodges that *have been*, but it has found a worthy successor in the Royal *St.* Edmund, which has been recently consecrated and opened there, and of which our excellent and zealous brother W. H. Lucia, P.G. Secretary of Suffolk, was the first Master. In the following February we find two brethren visitors from the Lodge of St. John, but where it met we do not know.

At this meeting we find Bro. Worth is ordered to get 50 copper plate Certificates for the use of the Lodge; from which we gather that at that time the Lodge granted private Certificates, which is now forbidden.

There is a genial tone about the next Minute under date June 24th, 1802, which tickles our fancy vastly:

"Gregory Mully was duly ballotted for and elected and entered into the first degree—*called off work and went to a good supper, and returned to labour—spent the evening unanimously, and parted in peace.*"

At a Lodge held 3rd August, 1802, we find that Gregory Mully aforesaid received the 2nd and 3rd degrees, and on the same occasion Bro. Wm. Gerrard was *initiated, passed, and raised* on the same night, which is the first time we have noted the three degrees given at one meeting in this Lodge,—a very bad system and now illegal

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in England, though still permitted in Scotland.

At the December meeting we notice a visiting brother from the Lodge of Peace, Joy, and Brotherly Love, 361, Penarth, Cornwall.

According to that admirable compendum of masonic facts (the Cosmopolitan Calendar) this Lodge is *non est inventus*, at least, so far as the little town of Penarth is concerned. It may have been removed to some other place in Cornwall, as many of our old Lodges have been removed from time to time from "the place of their birth and infant nurture" into other and more congenial climes.

Charles Cardinall of the Castle Lodge, No. 25, appears as a visitor in 1803.

At a meeting in the previous year we find a memo: "When next send to London to know particulars how money is applied;" from which we may conclude the members were not altogether satisfied with the way in which Grand Lodge disposed of its funds.

Under date June 16th, 1803, we find that the Lodge which was then numbered 147, was opened *this evening* upon a very solemn occasion to attend the funeral obsequies of our much respected brother R. Worth. 21 of the brethren appear to have been present, and 17 from the Perfect Friendship Lodge. Brevity is the soul of wit, they say,—what an amount of humour seems to brim over from the short records of the past. 24 June, 1803—

"Joseph Cooper was accepted and admitted to ye 2nd degree *(good dinner provided)* 8 *o'clock, all happy.*"

Depend upon it the good brethren of the British Union Lodge at this time were a jocund lot, and never neglected the inner man.

We have a curious record at the Lodge meeting held 1st November, 1803—

"Bro. Thomas Rolp proposed Wm. Laysonby French to be *modernised* into masonry, at one guinea expense."

Under correction of my erudite, Bro. Hughan, we take this as a proof that the British Union was under the modern Grand Lodge; and Bro. French was probably made in an Athol Lodge, or as they called themselves, the *Ancient* Masons.

On June 25th, 1804, we find the pertinent memo that a certain person was proposed as a member, "and there appeared 7 black or negative beans against him,—of course was rejected."

At a previous Lodge a candidate was rejected, so we may fairly conclude the brethren were careful who they admitted to the mysteries and privileges of our Antient and Honorable Society.

At the meeting on the 2nd October, 1804, we find a record that on the same evening there was "presented by Bro. Thomas Rolfe to the British Union Lodge, a Grand Tyler's medal, for which the brothers return thanks."

On November 4th, 1804, a Lodge appears to have been convened at the Crown and Sceptre Inn, when a candidate, Thomas Plaintain, was proposed as a member. The Lodge was then closed; and on the 6th following, at the regular meeting of the Lodge, which was held at the Golden Lion, this same candidate was initiated,—a most irregular proceeding, and one which would soon bring a Lodge now-a-days under the lash of the Board of General purposes.

This same brother Plaintain was passed and raised at the next meeting in December.

From the Cash account given at the next meeting we gather that the fee for admission at this time into the Order was £2 2s. 0d.; the price charged for an apron was 2/. We are afraid few Masons would care to wear a 2/ apron now.

At the meeting held on the 27th December, 1804, we find Bro. Hind "sent a polite message requesting the Master to bespeak a play, after consulting the Lodge of Perfect Friendship, in unison with ourselves, have bespoke the play of 'The Mountaineers,' with the farce of the 'The Midnight Hour,' for Tuesday, 1st January, 1805, with the sanction of Sir Wm. Middleton, the Provincial Grand Master."

We presume the members went in their regalia, or the dispensation of the P.G.M. would have been unnecessary.

At the same time the late Treasurer presented a purse to his successor, "hoping at the same time it may be handed down to posterity." We greatly fear the purse is now amongst the things that were. On February 3rd, 1805, a meeting was held at Bro. Raymonds, when two candidates were proposed, who were afterwards duly initiated at the regular meeting on the 5th, held at the Golden Lion.

From this and a similar proceeding al-

ready recorded, we gather that a special Lodge could be convened anywhere at any time, within two days of the regular Lodge meeting, when candidates could be proposed for initiation,—a plan which must prove detrimental to the best interests of masonry, and which we are glad to know is illegal now, whatever it might have been at the beginning of the century. In March of this year we find "a school of Instruction" was held, at which a number of candidates were proposed, and were elected, initiated, and passed to the *second* degree all in one night.

At the next meeting in April John Norman, *Ancient Mason*, was proposed and balloted for, but rejected. In May, at a convened meeting at Bro. Bowman's, a Mr. Thomas Meadows and another candidate, were proposed, accepted, and initiated, and another candidate was rejected.

A convened meeting was held at Bro. Pollard's on June 16th, 1805, when two candidates were proposed, who were, so says the Minute, *objected*. This would be a proceeding to which they would doubtless *object*.

Four days afterwards another Lodge was held we presume, at its proper place of meeting, the Golden Lion, when Thomas Manning, John Manning, and Samuel Manning, probably brothers, were all initiated; and George Crisp, waiter, "*was presented with the secrets of Masonry.*"

At a previous meeting 7 brethren were passed as fellow Crafts, four of whom were initiated the same evening.

Verily, candidates were coming into Masonry with a rush at this time. So ends the fifth volume of the Minutes of this old Lodge.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE QUESTION OF THE COLOURED FREEMASONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE are among those who reject the legality of the Prince Hall Grand Lodge, as, indeed, we cannot see how it can be upheld. Its history is this:—it was chartered from England as a private Lodge—to make, pass, and raise masons, and to remain a lawful, regularly warranted Lodge so long as it conformed to the laws of the Grand Lodge of England. After a time, it sent no returns—fell into a dormant state—and was finally erased for making no returns. How could it be revived? Only by the power which first called it into Masonic life, and then only as a private Lodge. In no sense of the word could it ever become a Grand Lodge, (let us mark this), or issue warrants on its own account.

Now, supposing that owing to disordered times and political convulsions it could claim to exist separated from its parent tree, it could only be as a private Lodge—"de bene esse," as the lawyers say—or a "fact accompli." And if it was revived after a lapse of years, it could only be as a private Lodge, which, under exceptional circumstances, had maintained or revived its own Masonic life. Further it could not go. To call it a Grand Lodge is alike a misnomer and an impropriety, and any warrants issuing from its "non authority" are clearly illegal, spurious, and valueless!

The Lodges working under such pseudo-warrants are clearly not regular Lodges.

But then comes in the practical question—what is to be done? There are many coloured Freemasons in the United States in Lodges under so-called Grand Lodges. What are we to do with them? Are they all to be healed, by re-initiation or re-obligation? Such seems to us—we speak in all deference—an impossibility, and to speak the truth, a very unpractical proposal. Now we venture to suggest a solution of the difficulty which has occurred to our minds, thinking over the question, and which has this advantage of a compromise, that in all things essential it maintains the rights of all concerned. "Adopt the provisions of the English Book of Constitutions in respect of District Grand Lodges, and make these so-called Coloured Grand Lodges, District Grand Lodges of Coloured Freemasons for Ohio, etc."—or the various States under Grand Lodges.

If the provisions applying to District Grand Lodges are carefully perused, it will be seen that they empower the District Grand Lodge to have its own bye-laws, subject to the General Book of

Constitutions, to have the certificates issued from the Grand Secretary's Offices, all countersigned by the District Grand Officers; to have committees of their own, though an appeal goes, in all questions of discipline, to Grand Lodge, and District Grand Masters can grant provisional warrants for the opening of Lodges. The District Grand Lodges could elect the District Grand Master, who would be confirmed by the Grand Master of the State Grand Lodges, and the private Lodges surrendering their warrants could receive new warrants to be issued by the Grand Lodge.

The District Grand Lodge might elect a certain number of members to attend Grand Lodge as such—and even, if need be, all members under illegal warrants might be re-obligated. This seems to us to be the right course to pursue. We speak with deference, but to recognize illegal Grand Lodges of Coloured Freemasons is a very serious thing, and opens the door to great dangers.

Now we do not suppose that such a proposal will be popular with either side in the controversy, but then our English mind is essentially practical. At the same time we feel strongly that colour is no bar to Freemasonry, or to Masonic rights, and that as things seem getting worse instead of better, there can be no impropriety in our venturing, in all humility, to offer a "healing motion" of our own, in all good feeling and fellowship.

We throw out these suggestions as "amici curiæ," and we trust that as such they will be accepted by our excellent brethren in the United States, for whom we have great regard and the most fraternal good will.

THE JEALOUS SCEPTIC.

BY BRO. JOHN SAFFERY.

"JEALOUSY may be compared to a poisoned arrow, so envenomed that if it even pricks the skin is very dangerous, but if it draw blood, it is irrecoverably deadly."

Scepticism—to deny the existence of Jehovah, the Great Creator, and refuse to acknowledge the possession of an immortal soul—may be congenial to men who flatter themselves into the belief that they are disciples of Phyrro and Timon, and for this absurdity put aside the consolation of Religion, the divinity of the scriptures, the strength of truth, and the sacredness of life, risking the eternal torments of Hell, for the sake of saying that they are soulless, and on a level with the "Beasts of the Field."

How sad it seems when Man, all lost to shame,
Himself forgets to other men defame;
When honour, love, and every social tie,
By wanton mischief used, all shipwrecked lie.
And where religion forms no holier part,
And poor conceited man his theories start,
False as the fiend that prompts him to do wrong
And his weakness cry, "Behold, I'm strong!"

The mortal passions in the human breast
By meanest minds are cultivated best;
By Love and Hate the green-eyed monster's fed,
And mocks its victim till the heart is dead.
The jealous man, filled with consuming ire
Burns up his vitals with Tartarean Fire.
His thoughts are torture, and but darkly drape
His mind with forms of every hideous shape;

E'en as he walks some unknown thing he fears,
And sleeping starts at every sound he hears.
No love hath he, but by his 'venomed tongue
The old are cursed, and he reviles the young.
A childless man, a love-lorn wretch, and worse,
The Love of God he daresprononce a curse,
'The earth is heaven, and to his grovelling mind
'Tis Chance that rules the planets and the wind.

All things have been, and are, and still will be,
And man, as man, none hath more power than he.

The world was chaos, now 'tis mystery,
Except where science speaks philosophy.
The little world of boasting self-conceit
Is full of paths where spite and envy meet;
And though fair flowers may bloom to please the eye
And rills and rivulets come sparkling by,

And tuneful song-birds carol lays of love
Among the trees and in the sky above,
Man's morbid sense no beauty sees, or hears
The music ringing in the heavenly spheres.
All wrapped in self the egotist but knows
That birds do live, there's colour in the rose,
The water trickles when a fountain plays,
And glist'ning streams are nature's waterways.

His sense of sound and sight is dulled and bleared,
No living thing his deadened soul hath cheered;
A misanthrope, a God-forsaken man,
So worldly wise that the Creator's plan
Of heaven and earth, and all celestial things
Is but a myth, or man's imaginings.
And this is reason, better on the whole
Than doctrines taught about the human soul,

And future pains and punishments for sin
Devised by men of pristine origin.
A teaching made for bigots and for fools,
The dupes of priests and proselyting tools.
All arch divines are mercenary men,
And darkly work their way by voice and pen;
They aim at power, at riches, and command,
Enthrall the weak and decimate the land.
A blot on life, and warping nature's self,
Beclouding the unclouded, and for pelf.

The man with Reason for his only guide
May argue thus, and fill himself with pride,
And scoff at holy men and heavenly things
Till unbelief sad retribution brings.
The good can pray, and, with a contrite heart,
Sincerely thank their Maker for their part.
The jealous sceptic nothing good can see,
A praying man's a wretched devotee.

His hardened heart forgets its childhood's days,
And simple prayers and pureness of its ways;
At home with sin, it revels for a time
In its debasement and immoral slime.
When sickness comes the wicked are afraid,
And call aloud for Great Jehovah's aid;
Their load of guilt now heavy on them weighs,
As fitful shades revive their evil days;
And the last scene no true repentance brings
As Death (their terror) spreads his darkling wings.

The minds of men refreshed by love and peace,
With holy calm expect their soul's release,
And joyful sounds the "ransomed sinner" hears
When called to Rest, he quits "the vale of tears;"
The angel-hosts triumphant shout aloud
As the redeemed put off their earthly shroud
And bliss divine—eternal joys profound—
Await the chosen and the glory-crowned.

And puny man will dare assert his power,
Deny his God, and at his wisdom lower;
'Tis well for him his littleness to know—
The speck he is—an atom here below—
Within himself to look, for his soul's sake,
And bid his sleeping conscience quick awake.
The powers of life may wane at any hour,
And vaunting man, enfeebled, shake and cower;

His weakened brain, by sleepless visions worn,
Hath frenzy, fear, and such disorders born;
And these malignant things the body wear,
Till palsied limbs soon show the evil there.
The mind, depressed by abject passion's power,
Where gloomy thoughts by day and night devour
The moral goodness of the human heart,
Is bent to play the coward's cringing part.

Nay, worse, the morbid mind to madness turns,
And mutt'ring melancholy mocks and burns.
To some such fate the sceptic hastens on
And treads the paths of darkness which anon

To dire destruction and to grief but lead,
And endless woe and torments but precede.

For Grace Divine to quell their unbelief,
To purge their hearts, to bring their minds relief
E'er 'tis too late, oh! let the Godless pray,
And *Light* receiving, see their erring way.

Sheerness-on-Sea.

THE LADY MURIEL.

(From Bro. Emra Holmes' "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers," about to be published.)

CHAPTER III.

JOHN FALCONBRIDGE'S STORY—MURIEL ALDITHLEY.

"It was in the winter of 1850," Falconbridge said, "that I first met Muriel. She was then governess at Canon Pennyfather's, at Canchester, as I think I told you. I was then a lieutenant in a line regiment stationed there. The county ball was given on the 20th of December, and the officers of my regiment were invited. One of them, Auberon Mandeville, the captain of my company, a dissolute fellow, but a man very highly connected, was one of our number who went. Muriel was there with the Miss Pennyfathers, and was at once singled out for a great deal of attention, on account of her graceful manners and beautiful face. I've seen many lovely women since, but never one to equal her. I danced a great deal with her; so did Mandevilie; and the fellows at mess next day chaffed us about our making such a dead set at *la belle* Aldithley. I was younger then than I am now, and some light words that Mandeville dropped about her nettled me; we quarrelled, and duelling being out of fashion, we satisfied ourselves, I suppose, with a mutual 'cut.' About a month after the ball, I had been spending the evening with a fellow called Bloxam, who had taken me several times to the Pennyfathers, who were connections of his, and we had all become great friends. Muriel had become to me something dearer than a friend—but more of this anon. Well, Bloxam and I were strolling home rather late (twelve o'clock I expect) to my quarters. We had to pass through the Close to take advantage of the short cut. My friend, being a nephew of the Dean, could always get through the great gates, which were closed at eight o'clock, when the curfew rang. Just as we passed the Deanery, we heard voices talking close to the carriage entrance to the Pennyfathers. I thought I recognized one of the voices, but was not sure. Curiosity, or perhaps some deeper feeling, drew me to the spot, and then I found that the men, whoever they were, had got somehow into the garden, and it was clear that one of them at least was the worse for liquor. From what I could gather, it seemed that the fellow who was tipsy was asking the other two to assist him to carry off Miss Aldithley, and I soon found out by the voice that it was no other than Captain Mandeville who was speaking, his Irish experiences evidently telling upon him in his present state, for I cannot believe that in his sober senses the fellow would have thought for a moment on anything so mad as this scheme. The two other men were to go, the one to the front, the other to the back of the house. The young lady was quite agreeable it seemed—so Mandeville said—and the concerted signal was a low whistle given three times. When this was heard, the man at the front of the house was to hurry off to the Elms (the name of one of the Canon's houses in the Precincts), where a cab was standing waiting to take home some of the company from a dinner party. The cabman had been bribed with a sovereign to come at once. Mandeville and the young lady, who would get out of the bedroom window, and come down by a ladder the other man had procured and placed against the wall, would go off in a cab, as if from the dinner. Dr. Pennyfather was away, and only the two daughters, the governess, and two maid-servants were in the house. It was clear to us that the men were making a tool of Mandeville, and that they intended to commit a burglary.

"I had my reasons for believing that Miss Aldithley, so far from meditating an elopement with Mandeville, rather favoured my pretensions, and it must be owned that I was desperately in love with her.

"Judge, then, of my amazement and indignation, when I overheard this dastardly scheme for kidnapping the girl I loved best in all the world. There was not time for anything but immediate action. I knew that my brother in arms was of so *noble* a nature that he would not scruple about ways and means to effect his purpose; and I knew also that Muriel did not comprehend that the "handsome officer" was nothing more nor less than a thorough scamp. The wall was too high to climb, but they must have entered by the back gateway, which had probably been left unfastened. Bloxam went round to the back at once to let loose the great St. Bernard dog which knew him, whilst I went to the front to intercept the man who had gone for the cab. The preconcerted signal was heard just as I got to the garden gate, and a man passed me running stealthily under the shadow of the wall. The rattle of a cab and a shrill scream sounded on my ear. Making my way round to the side of the house, I saw Mandeville at the top of the ladder, and the white form of a woman apparently leaning out of the window. A sudden crash, and the ladder had fallen down with its burden. A hoarse bark, and up bounded 'Lion' to my assistance as I was struggling with one of the fellows who I found had been trying to get into the kitchen window, and whom I had collared. Presently a policeman came upon the scene; and, as I had stunned one of the fellows, and the dog had pinned the other, we soon managed to give them into custody. Mandeville's arm was broken, and we had to assist him into the cab—which was made a very different use of to what was intended—and he was taken home. The papers got hold of a queer version of the affair. I afterwards learned that Miss Aldithley had formed an attachment to Captain Mandeville, which I did not credit, but for her sake, and for her character, I was silent about the matter. The *Hampshire Gazette* stated that 'a daring attempt at burglary had been made at the house of one of the Canons residentiary of Canchester, and but for the prompt arrival of two of the officers of the 57th Regiment, and the heroic conduct of Captain Mandeville—who, seeing one of the robbers enter through the window of one of the rooms, followed the man, and after a desperate struggle, succeeded in saving the property, and probably the lives, of some of the inmates, though it regretted to say he had sustained considerable injury, and had his arm broken in the attempt—the consequences might have been serious.' Bloxam and I held our peace, and the story told, no doubt. If I had ever said anything to Miss Aldithley which could be construed into a disparaging remark about Mandeville, Muriel put it down to my jealousy, and though I continued to pay her devoted attention, she seemed to be changing towards me. The truth must be told, I began to hate Mandeville, yet it must be owned he was a fascinating fellow where he chose to fascinate.

"Muriel soon grew to like—and I fancied to more than like—him. He was always putting himself in her way, and there were few women who could resist him. Only a few days before the burglary, I had proposed to, and as I thought, had not been rejected by, her. She had not then come under his baneful influence. I felt, therefore, that I was justified in speaking to her about him; but she was, it must be owned, a flirt. To my astonishment, when some days afterwards, Captain Mandeville's name came up in the course of conversation, Muriel said,—

"'It is quite clear, Mr. Falconbridge, that you are jealous of Captain Mandeville, and you cannot trust me. We had better, therefore, part.'

"'Muriel,' I answered, 'you misunderstand me. I bear him no ill will, and you ought to know how devoted I am to you; pray unsay what you have just said.'

"'I do not wish to quarrel with you,' she answered, 'but I am tired of this espionage. I intend to be free again, and so good morning, Mr. Falconbridge,' and with that she sailed out of the room.

"I could not believe it, it seemed all like a dream, and it was some time before I could realise the fact that I was a *discarded lover*. The next day I called again. She would not see me. I wrote, asking for an explanation. My letter was returned,

and a pretty little emerald ring I had given her was sent back. I was dreadfully cut up about it, but, then, you see, I was 27, and she 20. I buoyed myself up with the hope that she was infatuated with this man, that the thing would wear off; and that, in time, it would all come right again. Our regiment was ordered to Chatham, and I never saw or heard anything more of Muriel for three years. I wrote to her once a year during that time, telling her that whenever she chose to change her mind I was ready and willing to keep my promise if she would only keep hers. The first time she returned my letter without comment, the second year she wrote me a civil little note, saying she was engaged to Captain Mandeville. He had exchanged into another regiment, and was going out to India. When last I heard—it was soon after I had written to her for the third time (I always wrote on the anniversary of the day I first met her at the county ball) —in reply she sent me this," and, as he spoke, Falconbridge pulled out of his vest a small Russia leather pocket book, and taking out one little perfumed sheet of paper, read the following :—

"'DEAR MR. FALCONBRIDGE,

"'I am going to be married to morrow, and I want you to forgive me the wrong I did you three years ago. I fear I did not know my own mind then; perhaps I do not know it now. I shall always look upon you as a dear friend, and I feel that I was quite unworthy of your love. Will you forgive me?—Your sincere friend,

"'MURIEL ALDITHLEY.'

"The next day I saw the announcement of her marriage to Major Mandeville."

"How did you answer that letter? It sounds like the letter of a kind-hearted woman?"

"Well, I kept a copy of my answer, because I thought that the sentiments I then expressed I might by constant reiteration, teach myself to feel, and I used to take out the letter and read first hers and then my reply. You can read it if you like."

I took the paper from him, and read as follows :—

"MY DEAR MISS ALDITHLEY,—

"Thank you very much for your kind letter. I shall prize it dearly, as I prize anything of yours. I forgave you long ago, and now that you are married, I shall do my utmost to forgive your husband. He knew I loved you, and knew also that you were affianced to me. He came between us, and I can hardly blame you for admiring one who was so much handsomer and richer than I.

"It is I who ought to beg you to forgive me for aspiring to your hand. Our paths are different now. You go to India; our regiment is ordered to Canada; we may never meet again. Pray remember this, however, that if ever I can render you a service, if ever I can be of any use to you, command me, and I will as happily obey your wishes as if I had not been,—Your discarded lover,

"JOHN FALCONBRIDGE."

(To be Continued.)

THE MASSORAH.

WE have felt it to be our duty to many of our readers interested in such questions to call their attention to the following striking article on a recondite subject which appeared lately in the *Times*.

Its masterly analysis and lucid explanation of what is a mystery to so many, will command for it the attention it so fully deserves.

Jewish literature is, like the Jewish people, a mystery. It is an unknown land, or known only to a few hardy and resolute explorers. When a few years ago an enthusiastic and accomplished Jew wrote his tale of the Talmud, it came upon the world with the surprise of a discovery. Men marvelled that such treasures should so long have lain hid. To the vast majority of Christian students, to the vast majority even of the Jews themselves, the Talmud was like a buried city—a few fragments had been dug out, but these seemed of no great value, and did not invite to further research. "Let it alone" men said; "you

will find nothing better there, however far you may push your search, than a long series of irregular *lumber-rooms* tapestried with Rabbinical cobwebs. No doubt the explorer of these strange recesses did excellent service in bringing to light some curious and interesting objects, and gave fresh impulse to a neglected study. No doubt the tale was told with singular vivacity, and with a picturesqueness of grouping and colour which charmed and dazzled the imagination. But sober readers witheld their assent from the writer's brilliant paradoxes, and it was manifest that the enthusiasm of a man who felt he was to the mass of men in the position of a discoverer had betrayed him into serious, if pardonable, exaggeration.

The department of Jewish literature to which we are now about to introduce our readers, is of a very different kind; one that has been equally neglected, one that appeals far less powerfully to the imagination, but one in many respects of a greater importance, and the investigation of which is likely to lead to more useful and practical results. For the last 18 years another distinguished scholar, Dr. Ginsburg, has been engaged in the laborious work of collecting the materials for a critical edition of the Old Testament Scriptures. It has long been a reproach to our Biblical scholarship, that so little has been done for the text of the Old Testament. The labours of Kennicott, from which so much was expected, produced nothing but disappointment; his collation of MSS., not being based on any sound principles, was practically worthless. De Rossi's was very much better, but neither he nor Kennicott troubled himself about the Massorah, without a thorough acquaintance with which no critical text can be constructed. It is to this point Dr. Ginsburg has more particularly directed his attention, and here we may expect some valuable results; for hitherto a curious misapprehension has attached to what is familiarly known as the Massoretic text. What is the Massorah? The word *Massorah*, or, as it ought to be written, *Massoreth*, means tradition. The text in our printed Bibles is commonly supposed to be the text as settled by a certain body of men called Massoretes, who were the custodians of this tradition. No mistake could be greater. The Massoretes were not a single body of men or a single school; the Massoreth is not a single collection of marginal glosses establishing for ever one uniform text. On the contrary, the Massoretes were learned annotators, belonging to many schools, and their marginal annotations vary considerably in different copies. The Eastern Recension differs from the Western, and the different families of MSS. belong to the latter, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, present more or less considerable variations. The critical value of these glosses consists in the fact that the labours of the Massoretes were directed to the careful enumeration of all the words and phrases of the Bible. The marginal note tells us exactly how often each particular grammatical form and each phrase occurs in the whole Bible and in the several books, and also in what sense it is employed. It is obvious, therefore, at a glance that no new reading could creep into a passage without being immediately detected. The scribe may make a blunder, but the Massoreth checks it; for the Massoreth is not the compilation of the scribe who copies it, but is taken from model codices of a much earlier date.

The extreme minuteness of this verbal criticism has so multiplied and has been carried to such an extent, that Elias Levita says in his work on the Massoreth, that he believes that if all the words of the Great Massoreth which he had seen in the days of his life, were written down and bound up in a volume, it would exceed in bulk all the 24 books of the Bible. Only two attempts have yet been made to collect these scattered notes and glosses—the one in the well-known work entitled *Ochlah-ve-Ochlah*, the other in Yakob ben Chayyim's Rabbinic Bible, published at Venice in 1526. But Dr. Ginsburg has done far more than his predecessors in the same field. With infinite pains and labour he has collected and digested this vast mass of textual criticism. For the first time the Hebrew scholar will really know what the Massoreth is. Hitherto, as we have said, it has been scattered in a number of different MSS., often written in the form of an ornamental border to the text in minute characters and with many abbreviations, and in many cases requiring not only great patience, but a wide ac-

quaintance with the peculiarities of the Massoretic scribes for its decipherment. Now, all these various editions of the text, all these traditional notes, will be classified and arranged under the head of the several MSS. to which they belong, in parallel columns, so that the eye will see at a glance how far the MSS. agree, the additions in one case, the deficiences or variations in another.

There is, however, one feature of Dr. Ginsburg's labours to which we wish to call especial attention. It is the use he has been able to make of the Eastern or Babylonian recension of text and Massoreth for comparison with the Western. It was well known that a divergence did exist between these two recensions, and that as there was very early a different system of vocalization, as well as a difference in traditions between the Eastern and Western Jews, so there was also a difference in their MSS. of the Bible. But before the year 1840 the only record of that difference that had been preserved was the list of variations given in Yacob ben Chayyim's Bible, which was extremely defective. Now, however, a very important discovery has been made. Among the MSS. recently acquired by the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, there is, besides a fragment of the Pentateuch, a MS. containing the whole of the later Prophets, exhibiting the Eastern Recension; and as this MS. has also the Massoreth, we are enabled thereby to ascertain the Oriental reading of a large number of passages in other books of the Bible, besides those which are comprised in the MS. We thus get a recension of the text which is very much earlier than any existing MS. of which the age is undisputed.

It must always be a matter of the deepest regret that no Hebrew MS. of the Bible of any antiquity has come down to us; for on how many dark passages might light be cast, if a codex were discovered even as ancient as the most ancient MSS. of the New Testament! It must always enhance our regret to reflect that Christian barbarism is to a large extent responsible for this calamity. The savage and unrelenting persecution of the Jews has left an indelible blot on the pages of Christian history from the beginning of the 11th century to the middle of the 16th. There is not a European nation, scarcely a European town of any magnitude, the annals of which are not disgraced by the intolerable cruelties practised on this people. Popes, Fathers, and Councils, vied with one another in denouncing them. Edict after edict was issued against them. No insult was too coarse for them; Jew and devil were synonymous terms in the Christian vocabulary; they were outside the pale of humanity. Again and again the fury of the populace, stirred up often by renegades of their own nation, was let loose upon them; their houses were plundered, their property confiscated, their wives and children violated before their eyes. The tale of "Christian Atrocities" in those ages reads in many exact particulars like the tale of "Turkish Atrocities" with which we have all of late been familiar. Thousands of Jews were compelled to abjure their faith and submit to baptism; thousands more were banished from the cities or countries in which they had settled; great multitudes were tortured and cruelly put to death. Their *Selichoth* or Synagogue hymns for centuries were one great wail going up to heaven, a cry like the cry of the souls pleading beneath the altar, "Lord, how long?" a bitter lamentation, the burden of weeping and great mourning as of Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted.

In these outbursts of religious fanaticism we know that many precious books and MSS. perished. Synagogues were plundered, burnt, razed to the ground, and the rolls of the Law torn to pieces and strewed in the streets. On the 17th of June, 1244, twenty-four cart-loads of MSS. were burnt in Paris alone. "I have not a single book left," writes a French Rabbi to R. Meir of Rothenburg; "the oppressor has taken from us our treasures." Many books were thrown into wells; many were buried in the earth to conceal them from Christians. The possessor of one codex thanks God that he and not the earth has been the means of preserving it. "We are forbidden," writes Abr. ibn Ramoch, at the close of the 14th century, "to have the Torah (the Law) in our possession, and other books which they have carried off into the churches." Another complains that the holy books were dis-

figured by the ruthless hand of the Christian Scribe, and many a fair parchment cut to pieces and made to serve for repairing the boots of the Nazarene. It is the persecution of Antiochus Epiphanes repeated, intensified, prolonged, through centuries.

Add to all this the fact, that it has been the practise of the Jews themselves to consign to oblivion all imperfect copies of their Scriptures. The Talmud enacts that if a copy of the Law have two errors in a page, it shall be corrected; if three it shall be stowed away. The act by which this is done is called *Genizah*. By the Kararite Jews the receptacle itself in which incorrect or mutilated copies of the Bible were placed were called Genizah, but it is not so called in the Talmud. The receptacles in which all imperfect or injured MSS. of the kind are placed are called by the German Jews "Shemoth-boxes," in allusion to the names (*Shemoth*) of God, because every scrap on which that name might chance to be written, as might be the case with any leaf of the Bible, was held too sacred to be destroyed, and must, therefore, be solemnly deposited in the receptacle prepared for it. No Hebrew MS. was therefore preserved by the Jews, merely on the ground of antiquity, and taking this circumstance into connexion with the wholesale destruction of MSS. by Christians during the Middle Ages, to which we have already referred, it can no longer appear surprising that our oldest MSS. are so comparatively late.

Thus Jews and Christians have conspired together for the destruction of these precious documents. The earliest known MS. of the whole Old Testament (which is in the University Library at Cambridge) only dates from the middle of the ninth century. A fragment belonging to the beginning of the same century is in the Library at St. Petersburg. The beautiful MS. of the Later Prophets in the same Library, already referred to, bears the date A.D. 916. We must not, therefore, indulge unreasonable expectations. It is scarcely probable that even Dr. Ginsburg's collations will furnish us with a *large* harvest of important textual variations. But his work is one of which it is scarcely probable to exaggerate the value notwithstanding. It will give us, what we have never had before, a really accurate collation of all the best MSS. of the Old Testament, together with a complete view of the Massoreth of each. The work will fill four folio volumes when finished. The publication of such a work is an enterprise too great to be accomplished by any single individual unassisted. But it may be hoped that our Universities, and that Biblical scholars in this and other countries, will take care that the Funds requisite for its publication are forthcoming. We cordially congratulate Dr. Ginsburg on having brough his labours so nearly to their conclusion, and thank him in the name of all students of the Hebrew Bible for this most important contribution to the formation of a critical text of the Old Testament.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY W. W. HIBBEN.

(*From the "Masonic Advocate."*)

"Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path,
Let us keep the wheat and roses
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of the day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way."

CLOUDS and darkness follow sunshine and day, and the darkest fortunes of life are apt to be succeeded by whispers of comfort and relief which come to us, like the visitations of the angels when they are on their missions of mercy. Though the heart be heavy with sorrows, the wicket gate of hope may be seen in the dim distance. The God of our fathers never leaves us to struggle alone. The poet speaks truth when he says: "The promise assures us the Lord will provide." In regions the most desolate, under circumstances the most disheartening, when cold, bleak winds are upon us, there is still a bright side of life to look upon, if we will only search for it. When Alexander Selkirk found himself a castaway on the Island of Juan

Fernandez, he, no doubt, felt himself banished from his race. No voice saluted him, and the prospect was that he would die there alone.

Still there was a bright side to his situation, the sun of heaven was over him, and the island, though uninhabited by man, was full of beautiful songsters and wild goats, and crystal waters burst from the rocks to quench his thirst, while he could look over the boundaries of his kingdom and proclaim :—

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and brute."

That voice was sweet to the sorrowing heart of many which said to her, "Thy brother shall rise again." Even the shades of death are tinged with light, and even the gloom of the sepulchre is lit up by the stars of immortality.

If men are not happy it is the fault of themselves, or of their relationship. Many seem to prefer misery to happiness, they are ever looking at the dark side of everything around them. They love darkness. Light is not congenial to them, and they are ever dissatisfied. They are the arbiters of their own destiny, and have no one to blame but themselves, if they are miserable.

"For the world is all dark, or the world is all light,
Just as we choose to make it
Our burden is heavy, our burden is light,
Just as we happen to take it;
And people who grumble and people who groan,
At the world and its every proposal,
Would grumble and groan if the world were their own,
With the sun, moon, and stars, at disposal."

To be comfortably miserable by one's acts and deeds is apt to be the choice of the fool. He might be happy, but he demurs to the condition, as being derogatory to his dignity, and he blunders along through life, the voluntary victim of his own wretchedness.

Some one has beautifully said that "every cloud has its silver lining." So it is with everything else. There is a bright side to every circumstance, to every condition, of every fate of life. "Trust in God," is the talismanic power by which even the blind can tell which is the bright side. It comes to the heart, not to the eye, and when it does come it is apparent that the hand of the Divinity is in it.

Men of thought can live above the world of circumstances, and consequently above the tide of relative misery. But such a state of intellectual and philosophic culture is obtained only by the few, the masses are chained down by ignorance, held in bondage by the fortunes of circumstances and they fail to see the bright side. Indeed this is the chief cause of their life of darkness of which they so loudly complain, when they might blame themselves for all the hours of unhappiness they ever endure.

Trials of disappointments and sorrows of bereavement are the common lot of our race, they meet us at every turn of life. Yet they should not be our masters, they should never be allowed to crowd us down into the dust, for the world has been made bright for us all, and we should live in it as the Father above intended we should, with thoughtful minds and brave hearts, knowing that light and life, happiness and hope may go with us to the grave and even beyond it.

HOPE.

(Sent to the "Masonic Magazine" by Bro. Emra Holmes.)

Hope on, hope ever! When the stormy sighings
Of autumn winds, tear summer wreaths of flowers:
And the pale yellow leaves unheeded lying
Tell us the tale of mortal changing hours,
Hope on, hope ever! On a fairer shore,
No storms shall waste, the blossoms die no more.
Hope on, hope ever! When life's weary sameness,
With cold oppression bends the spirit down;
Yet each small sacrifice, each weariness
Offered to God, may win a lasting crown.
Hope on, hope ever! In the evening light,
The sunset of our lives, Heaven shall seem bright!

Hope on, hope ever! When thy heart's deep longings,
Seem like Earth's roses, budding for decay,
When like deep shadows o'er thy spirit thronging
Sad thoughts may make thee wish thy life away,
If disappointment *here*, thy soul hath riven,
Thou shalt for ever have thy will in Heaven!

When like some frail, sad lyre, the chords shall sever
Which joy had tuned to music in thy heart;
And that sweet voice of melody shall never
From those now broken strings resume its part;
Hope on, hope ever! Thou shalt hear its lays,
When thou hast joined the Eternal song of praise.

Hope on, hope ever! When the loved and trusted,
Prove false or helpless in thine hour of woe,
When they seem worthless of the gifts entrusted,
Which thy true love and confidence bestow;
He lives, who suffered, dying, for thy sake,
Thou hast ONE Friend who never can forsake.

When a cold tomb, the cherished form concealing,
Seems to have left thee desolate and lone,
And those sweet words no more can pour their healing.
O'er thy sad spirit left henceforth alone.
O raise thy drooping heart, with Hope, on high,
There is no parting those, in Christ, who die!

If, in thy lonely grave, no friendly weeping
Shall ever fall on the neglected sod;
If all forget thee, who beneath art sleeping,
O soul! within the memory of thy God
Thou livest ever! Thou shalt rise again,
When Hope's sweet dawning fades, and love shall reign!

A. E. H.

Canoness of St. Augustine.

ON THE EXCESSIVE INFLUENCE OF WOMEM.

IN *Temple Bar* for February appears an able and amusing article, of which we have taken the liberty to cull the most salient passages, under the above heading, and "By an Old Fogey," as he terms himself, and to which we think it well to direct the attention of our readers, for the purpose of protesting against its injustice, however wittily written or amusingly put before us. Let our readers attend to the following "indictment" of women, and let us hear what their verdict will be. The "counts" are many and serious, but are they proven or even proveable? We think not. Chaff is a very good thing in its way, but it has to be dealt with seriously when used to favour a fallacy, to veil an unreality, or to lead up to a "reductio ad absurdum." Let us now listen to a very amusing writer and a very bitter tirade:

"The value of evidence is always thought to be affected by the character of the witness who gives it, and in dealing with the question indicated by the title of this paper, I have no desire to carry more weight than I deserve. I do not wish to sail under false colours. I am what I describe myself—an old fogey. I am no young prig, fresh from college, stuffed full with the wisdom of the ancients, and qualified to teach the age forgotten truths by virtue of my rare learning, my exceptional earnestness, and my close connection with the most erudite professors and most pious philosophers of the time. Neither am I a sour pedant, much less a Calvanistic Philistine, steeped in melancholy religiosity, and inheriting a profound repugnance to cakes and ale. I am an old fogey, it is true, but I am neither senile nor superannuated. I am, or have been, a man of the world. Like the great German poet, I have lived and loved, and if I say no more upon that point, it is precisely because of my old fogeyism, and because in my hottest youth it was not the fashion to talk boastingly in connection with the other sex. *Meminisse juvat.* I have my memories, my little treasures, my gloves, my faded flowers, my locks of hair, like another. But they are in the most

secret of my secret drawers, and my executors will inter them, unopened, along with my mortal remains. The dead past will bury its dead.

"But it is with the present that I have now to deal, with the men and women, the boys and girls, the youths and maidens, whom I see around me. Don't think I am altogether out of the running. "Old fogey" is a vague term, and bears a relative signification. Never mind how old I am. It was once bad manners to ask such a question, even "fishingly." I was not born last century, I can still canter across country, I cut a respectable figure at tennis, and though I keenly feel the superiority of youth, I can yet make myself agreeable to the youngest of the company, unless, indeed, their ready listening be only complaisance or compassion. Nevertheless, I am an old fogey, and I am such by virtue of my old-world ideas, of my extreme repugnance to many, if not most, of the signs of so-called progress which I see about me, and, most of all, my dislike for the morals and my something more than dislike for the manners of the present generation. I am distinctly of opinion that the influence of women has grown, and is growing, until it has become excessive, and that society is seriously suffering from female aggressiveness. Heaven forbid that I should think it possible for the influence of women to be over great in certain spheres which pious custom and manly tradition have long assigned to them. A philological friend of mine draws a distinction in this matter, which I warmly embrace. He says the man's influence should be forensic, or public; the woman's influence should be domestic, or private. But the influence of woman nowadays is everywhere. She invades the market-place, she storms the forum, she directs the stage, she controls art, she arranges morals, she prates metaphysics, she is everywhere, in season and out of season; she is rampant in the house, she is turbulent out of it; she is supreme on the hearth, but that does not prevent her from bustling into the stables, usurping the billiard-room, and making herself thoroughly at home among hunting-prints, tobacco pouches, and spittoons."

This is no doubt very well put, and some may think truly, but let us proceed—

"The increase of woman's influence must be regarded as among the best signs of the time. It is a true mark of progress, an unerring proof of growing civilisation, the glory of our age, and the best hope of the future.

"Well, let us see if this is so. It used to be a very common complaint, ten or fifteen years ago, that conversation was a dead art. People could no longer talk. During that period there has been a tremendous irruption of women's tongues into society. Now, no one will deny that woman's most signal social distinction, after the charm of her appearance, is her talent for talking. One would, therefore, have supposed that the extension of woman's influence would have improved conversation. Has it? I submit that the result has been just the reverse. She has increased the quantity of talk, but she has diluted and deteriorated the quality. Women's method of conducting general conversation contrives to impart to it a broken, purposeless character, and brings it to a speedy termination. I remember the time when women, whose talents were not insignificant, would sit, apparently interested and certainly respectful listeners, if a subject were started among men of parts, and would wait to mingle in the discussion until they were appealed to. Nowadays you will almost invariably notice one of two things. Either the women will show you, possibly they will tell you, that they are ineffably bored by the discussion; or they will bring it to a sharp conclusion by "cutting in" with remarks which have no more to do with the theme in hand than the Tu-whit-tu-whoo of an owl has to do with the orderly march of the planets.

"If any one is disposed to conclude from this plain speaking that I do not appreciate women, women's talents, women's fascination, and even women's powers of conversation, I can only say, on the honour of an old fogey, that he much maligns me.

"It is a common complaint that, during the last twenty years, private luxury and ostentation have greatly increased; and the less practical reformers amongst us are crying out for sumptuary laws. It is idle to demand any check of that sort in an age of perfect freedom in everything; but, on the word of an old fogey, I firmly believe

that the evil might be remedied if only the excessive influence of the ostentatious sex could be controlled. There is nothing women will not do for appearances. For appearance's sake they will endure excruciating martyrdom, whether of body or soul, and they will compel every one whom they can influence to undergo like torture. How things look, not how things are, is their perpetual thought and anxiety. There is a noble and a pathetic side to this characteristic, as indeed there is to all their characteristics. Nearly all female faults are virtues carried to excess, or in a wrong direction, and, remember, I am not contending against the influence of women, which I believe to be the best and most useful-thing in life, but against their excessive influence. I know no more lovely sight than to behold a frugal housewife, the contented consort of some poor man, putting the best face on what some people would call poverty, making the most of the situation, making a little go a long way, and so comporting herself and so arranging her household affairs that none shall guess her anxieties or divine with what scanty materials she contrives to cut so respectable a figure. That is the woman of whom the inspired writer said the price of her is as a pearl brought from afar. She is infinitely more priceless than all the pearls ever hung upon the neck of wealth and beauty. There are many such—Heaven bless them !—and the best of men will have to kneel before them as in the presence of a superior divinity. But, when necessity is no longer the mother of invention, and their ingenuity in "creating an effect" is dictated merely by a desire to shine and to outshine, then the virtue has toppled over into vice. *Corruptio optimi pessima est ;* and the same woman who, had she married a poor squire, would have been leading a life of heroism by daily combating his narrow means and concealing his straits with judicious economy combined now and then with a little pardonable pasteboard, having wed an easy-going plutocrat, becomes the vulgar instigator of opulent display, and devotes her days to a game of ill-bred brag, in which profusion and waste are the counters and the mortification of others the pool.

"A direct and immediate consequence of the excessive influence of women, as perceived in the aggravated ostentation and rivalry in parade which unquestionably mark the age, is the necessity it imposes upon men, in the character whether of husbands or of aspiring lovers, of dedicating their energies ever more and more to the acquisition of wealth. The bright exceptions must not take offence because we state the rule ; and the rule is that, no matter whom they may *love*—and poverty, in spite of the Roman satirist, has not yet made men ridiculous in the eyes of women —girls marry the richest men that can be found for them. Pretty girls are a standing premium upon the pursuit and acquisition of wealth. The richest man wins. What a standard of life is thus set up for the ingenuous youth of the nation ! I have spoken freely and handsomely, I trust, of the naturally good instincts of women. But their most servile adulator would not have the face to pretend that, among their many good and even great qualities, can be enumerated the cherishing of lofty ideals of life. The weak side of woman is want of imagination, which is necessarily accompanied with a corresponding indifference to things truly great, as distinguished from things good or things powerful. Left to her own instincts, woman is well content with a small, happy, narrow, cheerful, virtuous, hum-drum, domestic life. She demands nothing more from her partner than that he shall be a kindly fellow, the husband of her hearth, the father of her children, a not over-worked bread-winner, a respectable citizen, in a word, a pattern paterfamilias. That is a good and unimpeachable ideal, but it is not a very wide or a very elevated one. No longer left entirely to her own instincts, but subjected to the instincts acquired in the more complex conditions of an active and struggling society, she readily imbibes a wish that her husband shall become a person of some consequence."

We think that our able friend, the writer, is here getting on very dangerous ground indeed, and putting forward some very questionable statements ! To deride women, to complain of women because they seek to make home their great consideration, their ideal of happiness, is, after all, only worthy of a shallow writer or a profligate mind.

"But of what consequence? There's the rub. That inherent and ineradicable love of appearances, of which I have already spoken, and which causes a woman to prefer the look of things to the substance of them, steps in to settle the question. By "consequence" she means visible power, influence, and consideration. She wishes her husband to be a considerable person. Would she rather that he was a member of Parliament, though of little parliamentary distinction, or a scientific man of much true distinction, but little talked about and less rewarded? Would she rather that he were an Under-Secretary of State or, in other words, a conspicuous upper clerk, or a poet—say, like Wordsworth or Shelley—the scorn of his generation, though certain to be the delight of the next? Would she rather that her husband had written the 'Ode to the Skylark' or were Lord Lieutenant of Ireland? The question, alas! requires no answer.

"Then see the consequence! Women, through the excessive influence they now exercise, are perpetually assisting to lower the standard of the objects of life, and of the qualities which deserve admiration and reward. Their practical dispositions tend to banish all the nobler and less directly remunerative pursuits from existence, to circumscribe the sphere of man's energies, and to make him a vulgar athlete in a vulgar arena. Their natural instincts are all for the good, the virtuous, the domestic, but still the small. Their acquired social instincts are all for the magnificent but the mean, for the showy but the sordid. If you once get them to take an interest in a man's being something more than the exemplary head of a household, all they then want him to be is to be rich, conspicuous, and powerful. They are utterly indifferent to posthumous fame, and not much more concerned about contemporary fame, unless it happens to be synonymous with notoriety. They would infinitely sooner that their husband's horse won the Derby than that he wrote 'Hamlet' or discovered Neptune.

"It is not in the nature of things that the influence of women should have attained the proportion it has reached in our days without the consequences being mirrored in those three most faithful of reflectors, religious worship, literature, and the stage. Perhaps I tread on delicate ground, and show myself more of an old fogey than ever, when I express my distaste for those ecclesiastical fripperies which have of late years invaded the once plain and masculine ceremonies of the Anglican Church. By a combination between women and certain ecclesiastical Epicenes, the vestments, the incense, the bowings and scrapings, the auricular confession, and the mystic dogmas of Papal worship are swarming around Reformed altars, and, thanks to the excessive influence of women, the church is being rapidly approximated to the theatre.

"And in the theatre itself, what has the prevailing, the predominent influence of women done for us? It may be said that it has purged the drama of coarse and offensive language, and, old fogey as I am, I cheerfully allow that it has had this excellent result. But whilst exrocising one devil it has let in a number of others, not so palpably objectionable, but more subtly noxious. Our ears are no longer offended by foul language, but our eyes have seen, and still see, much that is scarcely calculated to edify, and which meets with no protest from women; while our sense is insulted by paltry or sensational plays which our manly forefathers would have hissed off the boards. The heroic has been driven from the stage, and the domestic and sentimental have usurped the ground it once proudly trod. The wars of kings, the clash of arms, the wrongs of a Lear, the tottering wickedness of a Macbeth, the jealous fury and tenderness of an Othello, the hearty laughter of a Falstaff, the incantations of witches and the frolics of fairies, have been exchanged for the sorrows of a blacksmith, the peculations of a city clerk, the simpering of waiting-maids, the virtues of ticket-of-leave men, and the effete puns and horse-collar grins of inconsequent burlesques. The sentimental and the frivolous—these are truly feminine states of mind—and the excessive influence of women has transferred them to the British theatre. People avowedly go to the theatre to have a "good laugh" or a "good cry." That, as a great German critic has said, it is any part of the office of the drama "to purify by terror," never enters the heads of feminine minds, which refuse

to travel beyond the precincts of their own concerns, or to be lifted to the height of great arguments from the petty premises and conclusions of their own individual lot.

"From this same unfortunate deterioration literature has not escaped. Women read far more than men—they have more time for doing so—and, being the larger constituency, therefore it is they who decide for the most part what books shall be written and what books shall be circulated. In former times they read the books men told them were worth reading; now they read of their own accord the books they themselves know not to be worth reading.

"The books spontaneously read by the many are nearly always worthless; the books spontaneously read by the few are nearly always worthy. Women demand novels, sensational travels, and shallow biographies. They are the majority of readers, and literature is adapted to their tastes. And not only have they caused the supply of novels to be multiplied, they have caused their quality to be lowered. The extension of journalism as opposed to literature cannot, perhaps, be laid at their door. But of journals serious and journals frivolous, they prefer the latter, and their choice is for a daily paper which prints jaunty leaders, and for a weekly paper which is crammed with gossip, personality and scandal.

"But I am an old fogey, and perhaps I shall only be scoffed at as a grey-beard and a bald-head. Still, I have had my say, and I feel better for having liberated my mind. But before I restore my pen to its stand, let me add just one word more. The influence of women has been and is excessive, but it is the fault of men that it has become so. In subjection to their unnatural, improper, excessive, and, I trust, transitory influence, men of to-day have lost the government of everything. They should reassert their headship in the interests of women and the world."

Here is the bill of attainder! What is our reply? Well, it is not women in our opinion who have done all this evil, and which we freely admit is patent on every side of us, but the "new generation," and we are inclined to think that the "old fogey," as he terms himself, is probably, after all, a "fast youth" about town, who thinks woman a fair game alike for sarcasm and ridicule, for chaff and abuse. This is just now a very popular amusement with our "nova progenies" of golden and leaden young men! In our humble opinion if women betray the proclivities and take the course he asserts they do, and, above all, exercise the evil influence, which he declares they exercise over contemporary life and art, it is because, in doing so, they think, poor souls, that they please and attract the men!

Yes, we repeat, the present position of conversation, society, the drama, dress, æstheticism, literature, and the like is mainly owing, we firmly believe, to the depressing, deteriorating influences of a semi-educated, brainless, unthinking, apathetic generation of young heroes, who have no taste but the sensational, no aspirations but those of horse-racing, no hopes, no aims, no happiness but in questionable society, enervating luxury, and sceptical epicureanism.

These are hard words, "my masters," but we fear that they are true words, and, above all, we think that to throw upon women the lâches and perverted tastes of to-day is about as cowardly and disingenuous a proceeding as can well be imagined. It puts us in mind of a young rascal of a footboy of ours who, when he was discovered reading our letters, coolly suggested that it was probably "the housemaid!"

As we have often asserted, and as we still assert boldly, despite the witty but unjust insinuations of the "old Fogey" in *Temple Bar*, we hold that "women are more sinned against than sinning," and deserve our sympathy, not our scorn or condemnation. All that is ennobling and high-minded, all that is hopeful and happy, all that is cheery and comfortable in general society in every department of life, we owe to them, and we ought to be very grateful alike for their pleasant countenances and their kindly interest. The "old Fogey" is only repeating the complaint of other generations and other writers, in his *επεα πτεροεντα* of to-day.

But women, happily, still live on, and will yet survive that prejudice and injustice which too often are their lot in

this world, and still advance, as they only can advance, the happiness and well-being of mankind.

We shall recur to this subject in our next.

Our Archæological Corner.

THE PENNY OF THE MARK MASTER.

BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

From the "Masonic Jewel."



In my visits for thirty years to Royal Arch Chapters, I have invariably observed that in the ceremonial of the Mark Master's degree, the "penny" used and the "penny" descanted upon in the lectures following is a coppper coin—either our American coin worth one cent, or a British coin worth two. And the impression made by using the copper coin, and its allusions, is that the workmen in the parable were greatly underpaid. A facetious lecturer indeed, whose knowledge in archæology was equal to his knowledge in Masonry, boldly averred that "he considered that the fellows who came in at the eleventh hour and toiled sixty minutes in the grape business, got not a cent too much; while all the others were confoundedly cheated!" Whereat the hearers, who were paying him "ten dollars a day and found" for his wisdom, and the only ones who lost by the transaction, laughed till the *ambere* ran out the corners of their facial orifices.

Now a joke is a joke, and I don't even object to a joke that bears down hard on Sampson, or on Tiglath-Pileser. If men put themselves in the way of getting laughed at, they must stand the consequences, as you and I do. But when the fun is at the expense alike of Scripture truth and archæology facts, I for one demur, as I did that night in the Mark Master's Lodge, and as I always will do when folly usurps the place of "light in Masonry."

The "penny" of the Mark Master is the *denarius* of the Roman, the *drachma* of the Greek. It is a *silver coin* of very pure metal. I have just weighed six of them, and here are the results in grains, Troy weight: 39, 50, 59, 46, 48, 44. The average size is seen in the engraving.

We learn in history that the Romans styled this coin *denarius*, because it was equivalent in value to *ten ases*—the *as*, a copper coin, weighing in the time when the parable was written, half an ounce. As the *as* was in value about a cent and a half (Federal money), it follows that the *denarius* was worth about fifteen cents, and that is about the average value in weight of the silver contained in each of the six specimens before me. If they vary in weight, as I have said, from 39 to 59 grains, it is partly because of the difference in wear and tear, partly in the different circumstances of Rome at different ages, partly perhaps in the process of filing the edges which they undergo at hands of the Arabs, &c., who collect them, and can sell them to us at just as good a price after reducing the weight as before.

The first idea that I wish to impress upon your readers is, that the penny in Bible times was a *silver* coin. Afterward *gold* pennies were struck (certainly in England A.D., 1257, and for ten years afterward.) These were worth from 1 dollar 50 cents to 1 dollar 60 cents (Federal) or thereabouts. It was not until quite recently that a *copper* coin styled *a penny* was struck.

The picture at the head of this article represents a penny, a *drachma, a denarius*, a silver penny—a penny of the reign of Tiberius, who was Emperor of the Roman Empire at the time Jesus gave utterance to our parable. Let us first explain the characters upon it:

The face of the Emperor Tiberius is seen upon the head of the money, looking to the right. His head is bound around with a laurel wreath. His countenance is good-humoured enough. He reigned from A.D. 14 to A.D. 37, and was succeeded by Caligula, very much as A.B., who was a

miserable specimen of a Grand Master, was succeeded by C. D., who was infamously worse. When Jesus took a penny in his hand and inquired, "whose image and superscription are these?" the "image" was this which we see before us. The "superscription," or as we would now term it, *inscription*, was

IMP TI CAESAR DIVI AVG F AVGVSTVS

that is,

"Imperator Tiberius Cæsar, Divi Augustus Filius Augustus,"

meaning in English, "The Emperor Tiberius Cæsar Augustus, the son of the deified Augustus." The preceding Emperor Augustus, who had been deified by the Senate, had adopted Tiberius as his son, and this explains the allusion.

On the opposite face of the coin (the side which we call *the reverse*) the words are,

PONTIFF MAXIM

that is,

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS

or

"The High Priest."

As a general rule the Emperor filled the office of the High Priest, as being at the head of the religious college. This is on the principle that the crowned heads of some European countries at the present day are the heads of the church, though they may have no personal religion whatever.

The figure of Tiberius is seated upon a chair to the right, having in his left hand a branch of some kind (olive, most probably), in his right a headless spear.

The second idea to be impressed upon your readers' minds is, that the value of the penny (fifteen cents) was in the country and age to which the parable refers, *good wages*. Fifteen cents a day may not at first sight appear much; but we must consider that the value of money consists in what it will purchase, and that the value of money is the most fluctuating thing in the world. Twelve years ago my dollar bought but two yards of calico; to-day it buys eight or nine. Twenty-five years ago my dollar would buy five bushels of meal; to-day it will not pay for two. In the fourteenth century one dollar (or say one ounce of pure silver money, which is about the same thing), would buy as much meat and grain as a gold eagle (20 dollars) will now. At this rate, a penny in the time of Jesus was worth at least two dollars (comparing values then and now), and perhaps three. This was good wages, as most of the class called common labourers at the present day, if they merely had to pick grapes and tread them out, would acknowledge.

Let me now recapitulate:

1. The penny referred to in the Mark Master's degree is silver.

2. The silver penny in the parable was good in purchasing 2 or 3 dollars worth of the necessaries of life.

In a future article, if you like, I will write you concerning the "half Jewish shekel of silver," which plays so important a part in the same Mark Master's degree.

One thing all ought to know, viz., that at the time of building the Temple of Solomon *there was no coined money*. Gold and silver were used by *weight*, not by *count*. The first coined money was made nearly three hundred years after Solomon had been gathered to his fathers.

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

BY BRO. J. H. GABALL.

(*Continued from page* 448.)

THESE articles were verbally agreed to, so that it should not be mentioned in the Convention that the Act of Union was anulled. In consequence, in the Statutes of 1806, the Grand Orient instituted the Grand Directory of Rites, in which the Scottish Rite was represented, and the Supreme Council, on its part, published on the 27 November, 1806, an organic decree, from which it will be well to quote articles 3, 4, 7.

"Article 3. The degrees above the 18th, up to and including the 33rd, will not be conferred in the future, until the Organization of Councils, Tribunals, Colleges, and Chapters, except by the Supreme Council of the 33rd degree, or in virtue of a special and particular delegation emanating from it."

"Article 4. The establishment of Councils, Tribunals, Colleges, and Chapters, mentioned in the above article, cannot take place except in virtue of the Capitular Charters granted by the Grand Orient; but the request for the establishment can be made only by the Supreme Council of the 33rd degree, as possessing the dogmatic power, and as to the obtaining of Capitular Charters, the petitioners cannot work the degree, for which it solicits a charter, under any pretence whatever."

"Article 7. The Supreme Council of the 33rd degree having under its immediate surveillance the 33 degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, no degree shall be conferred in future, except to those who take at the time of initiation, the oath of obedience to the Grand Orient, as united to the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite."

Thus in 1806 the Supreme Council acknowledged the authority of the Grand Orient of France, to which only should be accorded the Capitular constitutions which the Supreme Council, dogmatic power, could demand of it, and alone it governed the Lodges and Chapters of the 18th degree.

The decree of 1811 (19th Jan.), goes further. The Supreme Council claims the right of administration of all Councils, Chapters, &c. In effect it says:—

"Considering that thus up to the 18th degree rested in the hands of the Grand Orient of France, it was necessary that there should be a central authority for the higher degrees, and this central authority was none other than the Supreme Council."

The Gradation is easily traced. In 1804 Bro. De Grasse Tilly created in France a Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite; some months afterwards this Council entered into a treaty of union with the Grand Orient of France, the latter paying the debts of the former, and admitting within its organisation a Masonic power, the very existence of which was of questionable authority. In 1805 the Supreme Council broke the treaty, but, however, acknowledged that it was but a dogmatic power. It consented to receive from the Grand Orient of France all its Capitular Charters, and sent its envoys to the Grand Directory of Rites. Later, viz. in 1809, as we have seen, it attempted, but in vain, to submit to its government the Rite of Heredom, and in 1811 it assumed, without consulting the Grand Orient of France, to which it was dependent, the jurisdiction of all the high grade Lodges and Chapters of the 18th degree, and attempted to issue Charters of Constitution, without at the same time ever pretending to possess any right of governing the Lodges and Chapters of the Rose Croix.

We have endeavoured to state clearly the situation, in order to prove the encroachments of the Supreme Council, and the position of the Grand Orient, of which the Joint Grand Master was at the same time Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite, and on the other hand the acknowledgement by the Supreme Council of the exclusive rights of the Grand Orient over the Symbolic and Capitular degrees.

As long as the power and great influence of Prince Cambacérès continued, the Grand Orient could only protest, and wait a proper opportunity for asserting the integrity of its rights.

It will not be out of order to state here that in 1812 some Grand Inspectors-General, at the head of which was Bro. De la Hogue, the uncle of Bro. De Grasse Tilly, calling themselves members of the Supreme Council of America, asked that the Supreme Council of France should inscribe their names with the title of honorary members, besides their own, and to acknowledge the existence of the Supreme Council for the French possessions in America, until they should return to their own country. Upon the motion of Bro. Comte Muraire it was decided that their application could not be entertained.

These brethren then addressing themselves to the Grand Orient of France declared themselves to be the sole veritable possessors of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

Unfortunately the events of 1814 did not permit any decision upon their demands, as Masonry was once more thrown into disorder by the state of politics. Prince Cambacérès, compelled to leave France, gave in his resignation, the Supreme Council went into abeyance, and its members were dispersed. The Grand Orient, considering the time had arrived for the vindication and resumption of all

its rights, and to unite the dogmatic with the administrative power, which it had never abandoned, appealed to all the Grand Inspectors-General of the Scottish Rite to reconstitute the Supreme Council of the Rite. Some of the scattered brethren protested against this proceeding, amongst whom were Bros. Pyron and Muraire. But the greater number, notable amongst whom were Marshal Beurnonville, Comte Rampon, Marshal de Turante, Bros. Challan, Clément de Ris, Roettiers de Montaleau, De Joly, Thory, Hacquet, gave in their adhesion, and on the 18th November, 1804, the Grand Orient of France issued a decree by which it declared the resumption of all its rights over all the degrees of Masonry. It instituted the Bureau of the Supreme Council of Rites for the administration of all the degrees above the Symbolic, and created a Grand Consistory of Rites, which was divided into two sections, of which one had the power to confer the 32nd degree and the other the 33rd.

This Grand Consistory was established on the 12th September, 1815, and inaugurated the 22nd November following. At the same time were established nine Councils of Ch... K..., one Council of the 31st degree, and eight Consistories of Princes of the Royal Secret.

In acting thus, who can gainsay the fact that the Grand Orient was entirely in the right. The Supreme Council was no longer in existence, and, moreover, according to the Constitutions of the Rite, the Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General had authorised its reconstruction. The Concordat of 1804, besides, had never been completely annulled, since the Grand Orient had maintained its administrative powers, and had never accepted the negociations of 1811. The presence of Prince Cambacérès had only deferred its protestations, and it had otherwise maintained the exclusive government of the Lodges and Chapters.

What did the ancient Supreme Council all this time? It was in abeyance; its members were dispersed; it existed no longer. Bro. Thory was scorned and Bro. Pyron was dead. The ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite had no other centre in France than the Grand Orient; and as Article 5 of the Constitutions of 1785 states, "in each, nation, kingdom, or empire there shall be but one Supreme Council." No one had any right to raise up, in 1821, a second power of the Scottish Rite besides that which had performed its functions since 1814, supposing even its anterior rights were not acknowledged. To this reasoning, so simple, and so perfectly in accord with the very principles of the Scottish Rite, Comte Muraire, one of the dissentient brethren, tried to reply in a pamphlet, published under the auspices of the Supreme Council, but he was obliged to acknowledge the facts upon which the Grand Orient founded its claims, although saying that it had but an interrupted and disputed possession from the beginning :—

1. By the possession of jurisdiction by the Supreme Council from its establishment.

2. By the subsequent possession by the Supreme Council of America, which during the dispersion of the Supreme Council of France had performed its duties and exercised its rights.

3. By the return of the Supreme Council of France when, in 1821, the epoch of the union effected in the Scottish Rite it was perfected by the members of the Supreme Council of America.

The Supreme Council had not a constant possession of power from its origin, as stated by Comte Muraire. In effect, founded in 1804 by Bro. De Grasse Tilly, it was absorbed into the Grand Orient of France, for want of funds. It became subordinate to the Grand Orient of France by its Constitutions of 1806. It had not even in 1814 resumed the administration of the high degrees. Dissolved in 1804 it was not reconstituted till 1821. The assertion by Comte Muraire of constant possession is singularly haphazard.

In the terms of the Constitutions of 1786, since which time the Supreme Council no longer had, the Grand Inspectors-General might have re-united and reconstituted it, but they never did so.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REFERNCE TO THE DELIVERANCE OF NOAH FROM THE ARK.

(*Continued from page* 403.)

THE author of the Wisdom of Solomon has given a very graphic account of the feelings of mankind when the flood came upon the world, and they saw the salvation of Noah, and the certain destruction which awaited themselves. He says "they were troubled with terrible fear, and amazed with the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for, and repenting and groaning in anguish of spirit; they said within themselves: This was he whom we had sometime in derision, and a proverb of reproach; we fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot among the saints."*

The wickedness of the world having at length attained to its climax, God spake unto Noah saying, "the end of all flesh is come before me, and I will punish mankind with the earth. Make thee an ark of gophir wood, capable of containing thyself and family, as well as a pair of all living creatures, that the earth may be replenished after the general lustration which I intend to bring upon it." In pursuance of this command, a plan was communicated to Noah for the construction of the ark, so that it might be in no danger of perishing during the continuance of those chaotic convulsions, by which the deluge would be produced and accompanied.

Should it be asked, why did God adopt this extraordinary machinery to destroy and repeople the earth? Could he not as easily have annihilated the globe and all that it contains? Was he not able to have struck it entirely out of the system, and have created another terrestrial hall, and peopled it with a new race of men who should have retained no recollection, as the sons of Noah must have done, and served him with greater holiness and devotion? The pious Freemason will answer, for the reply is provided for him in the lecture of the Royal Ark Mariners Degree—"because he is a God of mercy. Because the Promise made at the fall of man was to the existing race, and not to a new creation; and therefore this dispensation was provided that His Word might be stedfast to his creatures, and be fulfilled to the utmost point. And it has been conjectured that the post diluvian world, even at its most extreme point of depravity, was never so essentially corrupt as was the world before the flood."

The dimensions of the Ark are calculated by cubits. Now, the Jews are not agreed about the exact measure of the cubit, which is usually considered to be equal to 18 inches. Bishop Cumberland has given some strong reasons to prove that the Egyptian and Jewish cubit was nearer 21 inches. The Hebrews, however, used three sorts of cubits. The common cubit was 18 inches, the sacred cubit 22 inches, and the geometrical cubit 9 feet. The Ark is supposed to have been constructed by the former measure, and therefore was in length 450 feet, in breadth 75, and in height 45 feet. A scientific periodical asserts that 50 years theory, and at least half that period of practical experience, has produced the following proportions as best adopted for vessels of any description. Length of keel (1). Breadth of beam ($\frac{1}{6}$). Depth of vessel ($\frac{1}{10}$). The dimensions of Noah's Ark were exactly identical with these proportions. Its length, 300 cubits, was equal to 1; its breadth, 50 cubits, to $\frac{1}{6}$; and its height, 30 cubits, to $\frac{1}{10}$.

"The more judicious commentators make the dimensions of the Ark to be the same with those assigned by Moses; notwithstanding others have enlarged them most extravagantly, as some Christian writers have also done. They likewise tell us that Noah was two years in building the Ark; that it was framed of Indian plane tree; that it was divided into three stories, of which the lower was designed for the beasts, the middle one for the men and

* Wisd. v. 2–5.

women, and the upper for the birds, and that the men were separated from the women by the body of Adam, which Noah had taken into the Ark."*

The Ark being at length finished, and the day of grace having expired, Noah and his family, with the animals which he had been instructed to preserve, entered into it as a place of safety; and the Most High closed the door. Then it was that the wicked inhabitants of the world became conscious of their error, and bitterly repented that they had disregarded the gracious words of Enoch and Noah.

The ceremony of initiation into the Spurious Freemasonry was founded upon this incident. The aspirant, like Noah, was placed in an Ark or coffin, and was actually interred amidst the most lively demonstrations of grief and despair; and his subsequent deliverance, or resurrection, from it was a prelude to universal gladness and rejoicing. He was considered as a representative of the patriarch during his confinement in the Ark. Now, Archbishop *Leighton*, in his commentary on 1 Pet. iii. 21, promulgates this very idea. His words are very remarkable. "Noah seemed to have rather *entered into a grave as dead*, than into a safeguard of life, in going into the Ark; yet being buried there, *he rose again*, as it were, in his coming forth to begin a new world." Stobœus, quoting an ancient author, says, "the mind is affected in death, as it is by initiation into the Mysteries. And word answers to word, as well as thing to thing; for τελευταν, is *to die*; and τελεισθαι, *to be initiated*." This initiation, or figurative death, referring to the temporary extinction of the Deity, was variously modified in different nations, and the Spurious Freemasonry was the legitimate medium of its promulgation.

In the revolutions of human affairs, nations and empires rise, flourish, and are extinguished, leaving behind them nothing but a name. The life of individuals is but a continued series of fluctuations and reverses, chequered with good and evil, pleasure and pain, and if the rich and powerful occasionally sink into obscurity, the lowest slave has sometimes been exalted to a diadem. In like manner the frame and constitution of the globe which we inhabit, has undergone a series of revolutions. At the deluge the foundations of the earth were shaken, and it is highly probable that some portions of the Antediluvian seas became dry land, and its lands submerged under the waters. These phenomena will never cease. Here the waters recede, and there they encroach, and vast alterations have been made by this process in comparatively modern times. It is conjectured, for instance, that the expanse of waters now called Cardigan Bay, on the western coast of our own Island, was once a fruitful and populous province. On the eastern coast also, the County of York has suffered much from the encroachments of the sea; and an ancient seaport and borough, with many adjacent villages, at the extreme point of Holderness, have been washed away, leaving no vestiges behind; while on the coast of Lincolnshire, thousands of acres have been recovered, which were formerly the bottom of the sea.

The universal deluge destroyed all the splendid monuments of art with which the Antediluvian world undoubtedly abounded, and with them, the manners and customs of the first inhabitants of this globe. Appollodorus mentions the names of several of "the giants" who perished on this occasion, slain, as he terms it, by the gods. One of them, named Polybotes, attempted to escape from Neptune by crossing the waters of the ocean; but the god, seizing a fragment of the Island of Cos, darted the enormous mass at the giant and crushed him beneath its weight. It is not impossible that this story may have been invented for the purpose of describing the disappointed efforts made by some of the Antediluvians to save themselves from the impending destruction.*

In this tremendous judgment the cities, and towns, and palaces, and obelisks, fell, never to rise again. There are some who doubt this fact. The author of the Hexameron says, "we have no just cause to think that all building and ancient monuments, of the fathers, before the flood, were extinguised on that occasion; for it is reputed by Pomponius, Mela, and Pliny, concerning the city of Joppa, that it was

* Sale. Koran, vol. ii. p. 21.

* Fab. Cab. vol. ii. p. 280.

built before the flood, and that Cephen reigned there, which is witnessed by certain ancient altars, bearing titles of him and his brother Phineus, together with a memorial of the grounds and principles of their religion. And of the city Henoch there is much like relation. But what need I mention more, seeing Josephus, a writer of good credit, affirmeth that he, himself, saw one of these pillars; and the truth of this was never questioned, but warranted by all antiquity."

This writer assumes too much; and I think there can be no question but all the works of the antediluvians in any of the sciences; their ornaments in gold, silver, ivory or copper; their instruments of music; their astronomical machines; and all their performances in the fine arts perished, and were submerged in the mighty abyss; and no specimen was ever found to show the nature and excellence of antediluvian architecture. It is even said that the marble pillar of Enoch was uprooted and lost; and it is extremly doubtful, notwithstanding a masonic tradition to the contrary, whether the pillar, mentioned by Josephus, was truly an antediluvian work.

The foreign evidence, which afford such an abundant confirmation of the Mosaic writings, do not rest in general deductions; for the history of the origin of all nations is connected with the destruction of a previous world by water. The Chaldaic account of Xisuthrus, who was apprized by Saturn of such an event, and commanded to build a ship cemented with bitumen, in which himself and family were preserved; with the method he pursued to ascertain whether the waters had subsided by a flight of birds, and his subsequent erection of an altar for sacrifice on a mountain in Armenia, forms an approach to the mosaic record of so perfect a character as to need no elucidation; and the Grecian history of Deucalios and Pyrrha is its exact counterpart.

There was a strange story, says Lucian, "related by the inhabitants of Hierapolis, of a great hole in the earth, in that country which received all the waters of the deluge; and when they had subsided, Deucalios built an altar, and erected a temple to Juno over the hole. I saw the hole myself. It is but a small one, under the temple; whether it was larger formerly, I know not. In commemoration they perform this ceremony: twice in every year water is brought from the sea into the temple; and not only the priests, but all the people of Syria and Arabia fetch it. Many go as far as the sea from the river Euphrates to fetch water, which they pour into this hole; and though it looks small, yet it holds a vast quantity of water. And while they are performing the ceremony, they cry out that it was instituted by Deucalios, in memory of the deluge, and of his preservation amidst the destruction of mankind."

The Hindoos, according to the testimony of their Pauranics, appear unwilling to admit the dangerous experiment of an ark floating at large on the waters of the flood, without sails or rudder; yet the machinery by which their account of the Deluge was accomplished appears incomplete without the presence of such a vessel. The hierophant instructs the candidate with great solemnity that Satyavrata moored it for safety with a cable of incredible length to the peak of the Chasgar, one of the Himalaya mountains, that it might not be overturned or lost during the prevailance of the waters. In all these legends we have the same calamity plainly set forth.

The Chinese philosophers describe the Deluge in the following appropriate language: "The pillars of Heaven were broken, the earth was shaken to its very foundations, the heavens sunk lower towards the north; the sun, the moon, and the stars changed their motions; the earth fell to pieces, the waters enclosed within its bosom burst forth with violence and overflowed it. Man rebelling against heaven, the system of the universe was quite disordered; the sun was eclipsed, the planets altered their course, and universal harmony was disturbed."

And what became of the bones of the immense myriads of inhabitants by which the old world was thronged, for the population appears to have been almost incredible. Mr. Cockburn has made it upwards of 54 billions of souls. The writer of the article, Antediluvians, in the Encyclopedia takes half that number, and, after making large concessions on account of deaths, thus concludes his argument: "Though we are far from thinking that

after the beginning of the 10th century (till which time few or none died) the deaths would be equal to the births, yet, as we have made large concessions all along, we shall do the same in this case, and suppose them to have been equal, especially as we cannot say how soon that violence, which was their crying sin, began to prevail; and therefore shall again reduce the sum last mentioned to one-half, to allow for the deaths and prevailing violence, and suppose the total number of mankind alive upon the earth at the Deluge to have been no more than 13,743,895,347,200, it is a number vastly exceeding that of the present inhabitants of the earth. Now, though we pretend to no certainty on this point, yet the calculation we have given must appear highly probable, since it is founded on grounds certain and undeniable.

So entire was the destruction that amongst all the organic remains which indicate a higher antiquity than the Deluge, not a single fossil human bone has been discovered, while the remains of animals are found in great abundance in every region under heaven. The annihilation of man was perfect and complete.

(*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.

My dear old literary friend, Eta Mawr, though a lady, seems to be far more adventurous than I am regarding the North Pole, and has been stringing her lyre with an original suggestion for Arctic Explorers, which has since also been advocated by others in "sober prose." The lady shall speak for herself:—

"Brave sons of adventure! your search is in vain,
Albeit ye can boast that one step ye attain;
That further than mortal e'er reach'd to before
Has been yours to arrive at, endure, and explore,
But baffled by barriers beyond your control,
Still, stern Winter maintains his ice-throne at the Pole.
Will the British flag *ever* wave *there*? Who can say?
Success may hereafter attend some new way.
Our steamers and sledges will never avail:
By land and by water they equally fail.
Why not try a third element? Ask of the *air*
Its burden of bold navigators to bear?
Why not try the *Balloon*? which surmounting the land,
May, where steamers are stopp'd, to succeed them expand,
All impediments leaving on earth far below,
And soaring aloft o'er the icebergs and snow.
A few hundred miles may then quickly be pass'd
To descend to the gaol of their wishes at last.
What is Science about, that she does not uphold
And improve and complete a discovery so old?
And give us the rule of the air—as before
Of the weightier elements—ocean and shore?
That noble invention too long has remain'd
Unguided by *her*—now let it be train'd,
And turn'd to account for the uses of man,
As in their last war the Parisians' shrewd plan;
When from city beleaguer'd Gambetta arose,
Look'd down on the captives, and laugh'd at their foes;
And though *one* straggled off, far as Norway, it show'd
How fast and how far they can carry their load.
A word to the wise! may this bright thought of mine

Find favour with *them*—from the *Pole* to the *Line.*
Who knows what the seed lightly sown may produce;
A noble invention thus brought into use!
Impossible is not a word for our times,
Not e'en when it deals with those terrible climes.
And this is the lesson—experience oft reads—
Where one method fails, why, another succeeds.
Brave sons of adventure! long may ye remain
Content with your laurels—nor risk them in vain.
But if e'er to the Northward again ye should stray,
I have shown you, I think, 'a more excellent way!'
Who knows, if adopted, what Fate has in store
For one glorious effort—for one voyage more!
At the gaol so long sought, Britain's flag may unroll,
And the Empress of India be *Queen of the Pole!*"

I am not savant enough in these matters to decide whether my poetical friend's project is really practical; but if my readers ever hear of me going in the balloon, they may rest assured that a stronger arm than that of the delicate and accomplished authoress of the above lines has been used to compel me. Every Britisher, no doubt, would feel proud to hear that the Union Jack and no end of Standards were floating there, just as Brother Jonathan would rejoice to hear of his Stars and Stripes (the latter no longer reminding one of the vile sin of slavery in a republic which declares "all men are born free and equal,") but, for myself, I think that there is much better work for us to do, in peopling the vast uninhabited countries which offer such tempting opportunities to colonize them, and also in truly civilizing the nomad populations of the earth, as well as the worse than savages in the centres of civilization. And yet, after all, how utterly insignificant are all that have perished, and all that ever will perish, in attempting to reach the North Pole, compared with the numbers lost in fighting a single unnecessary battle!

No man can be a true Freemason, however much he may be adorned with Masonic medals, and however many degrees he may have passed through, unless his heart yearns with compassion, not only for all poor and distressed Masons, wherever they may be scattered around the habitable globe, but also for "all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation," and will do his best to relieve "all those who are anyways afflicted or distressed, in mind, body, or estate." I am glad to see that Bro. J. Lawrence Hamilton, of 34, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, has addressed a neat and sensible letter to the correspondence columns of *The Freemason*, in which he says:—"Dear Sir and Brother. All who have any acquaintance with the interiors of our London hospitals must have been struck with the excessive dreariness of most of the wards. It is time that this should be remedied. A little energy on the part of a few philanthropists and artists, aided by subscriptions from the general public, would suffice to accomplish this improvement. I advocate the brightening of the wards and the cheering of their inmates by the addition of suitable pictures, plate, bronzes, carvings, bric-á-brac, old armour, china, sculpture, ornamental clocks, fancy glass, tasteful glazed tiles, parquet floors, and other art decorations of all sorts. I will gladly give one hundred guineas to a responsible committee, as soon as one is formed, to promote the Art Fund for the Hospitals of London. Pray generously grant this scheme the moral support of your valuable paper." And he adds that "two models will be exhibited to the public, one to show the usual sick ward, the other to represent the use of art in the various kinds of hospitals." Every benevolent mind will wish success to our respected Brother's project. But it is not in London alone, but throughout the country generally, that we must accomplish this desirable object. Freemasonry is not a mere matter of ritualism and feasting, but includes the practise of every moral and social virtue, and the cultivation of literature, science, and art; so that every Masonic lodge should be a centre of civilization. Let us only faithfully carry out the sublime precepts of our dear old Craft, and bigots of all shades of opinion, be they

Papist or be they of the "Unco Guid," may launch forth their anathemas against us, which will be as poorless as those denounced against the Jackdaw of Rheims, in Canon Barham's popular Ingoldsby Legends. Certainly to give the poor sufferers in our London and Provincial Hospitals something more than blank walls, however cleanly, to help to divert their attention, is an object worthy of Masonic encouragement, and our good Brother Hamilton has done well to direct attention to it in the columns of *The Freemason.*

Mr. Robert Gillespie has just published a very interesting little book entitled "Glasgow and the Clyde," a copy of which has reached me by book-post, but damaged so much in its passage between Scotland and Cleveland, as to be a disgrace to the post-office. The book is full of facts, told in a pithy and yet pleasant manner, a few of which I purpose, from time to time, to cull for the information of my readers. The development of the river Clyde, the growth of its immense manufactures and commerce, and the consequent increase of population along its banks, are all matters of general interest, and Mr. Gillespie, who wields a well-practised pen, ought to find his able little book finding purchasers as far at least as the commerce of Glasgow extends, and that, like Freemasonry, girdles the globe.

Under the title of "Andrew Trudger's Observations," Mr. J. S. Calvert has published a collection of Temperance Sketches and Stories, calculated to do good from the sensible manner in which Andrew (who is made to describe himself as "one of them fellows that goes about to country villages with numbers," in other words, with books published in parts) delivers the results of his observations, in a sort of John Ploughman's talk, easily to be understood by the simplest intellect. "A thing I observe is," says he, "that working men are not well off in proportion to the money they earn. I went into a cottage in South Eston the other day by mistake, and I found that all the furniture in it consisted of a log of wood and an old tin pail. A slatternly woman was sitting on the pail, which was turned up by the side of the fire-place, a drunken man was snoring on a heap of straw in a corner; and three little bare-legged children were playing about the floor, which was quite as dirty as the road outside. That man earned five-and-twenty shillings a week, and had regular employment when he liked to go to it. I didn't have to ask the reason of his poverty, for as I went out of the door I saw a neighbouring publican and his wife, dressed in vulgar finery, getting into a dog-cart and driving off to spend the day at Redcar." That there are too many such men, robbed of all manhood by the demon, Drunkenness, in all parts of our dear old England, is as true as it is pitiful; but, on the other hand, in the ironstone district of Cleveland, as elsewhere, I have met with working men possessed of "Homes of Taste," like that so well sung by Ebenezer Elliott:—

"You seek the home of taste, and find
The proud mechanic there,
Rich as a king, and less a slave,
Throned in his elbow-chair!
Or on his sofa reading Locke,
Beside his open door!
Why start? why envy worth like his
The carpet on his floor?"

And what true Mason will not exclaim, with the poet:—

"O lift the workman's heart and mind
Above low sensual sin!
Give him a home! a home of taste!
Outbid the house of gin!
O give him taste, it is the link
Which binds us to the skies—
A bridge of rainbows, thrown across
The gulph of tears and sighs;
Or like a widower's little one—
An angel in a child—
That leads him to her mother's chair,
And shows him how she smiled."

One of Andrew's observations, "that people who keep public-houses consider you do them an injury if you ask them to sell you anything except liquor," is too true in the majority of cases. "They call themselves 'Licensed Victuallers.' I'm sure they are not, as a rule, *victuallers* in any true sense. . . They don't scruple at all to put up outside the house 'Good accommodation for man and beast;' but, it seems to me, that they intend the man to make a beast of himself, and then they'll accommodate him. Half the times that you ask to be supplied with anything to

eat at these places, they tell you point blank that they can't, or they won't do it; and if they do comply with your request, you get black looks for a dessert, when they find you don't take any beer."

It has always seemed to me but fair play to the true "Licensed Victuallers," who really make their houses into inns for travellers, where bed and board may be procured with that home-like comfort which Washington Irving so well describes, that the mere drunkeries should be deprived of their licences, and only the true host and hostess allowed to keep taverns. If we are not prepared to grant licenses to every one who will pay for them, but are all agreed in some way to regulate the traffic, then surely the privilege should be confined to well-conducted hosteleries, where the stranger can not only have bed and food at reasonable charges, but find his interests cared for, and all kindly usage so long as he proves worthy of it. I never remember being insulted by a publican in his own house but once, and he was a man whose ill-temper often got the mastery of his poor intellect, and said what he knew to be false, simply to annoy the first person he could vent his spleen on, because somebody had annoyed him. But even as far back as the days of Sir Thomas More we find complaints of taverns being prostituted for purposes they were never intended; and Shakspere makes Falstaff exclaim, in that immortal Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap: "You rogue, here's lime in this sack too." So that the vintner's business has long been open to abuse. Now that drunkenness is spreading so alarmingly among the female portion of the community, and our judges and magistrates have for years been publicly declaring that the excessive use of intoxicating drinks is the principal cause of crime, it is high time that the subject was energetically grasped.

Bro. Woodford's laborious work in editing for Bro. George Kenning a new Encyclopedia of Freemasonry is fast drawing to a close. With our reverend Brother, energetic and untiring exertions for the welfare of our beloved Craft have become habitual, and apparently will be so "while this machine is to him"—Woodford. To treat fully and fairly upon Masonic History and Archæology, when so much myth has been mixed up with them by well-meaning but too credulous writers, such as Preston and Oliver; to endeavour to winnow the chaff from the grain; to give traditions as legends merely, and to assert only as stubborn facts what will really bear historical investigation; to preserve all that is good of the old, rejecting the unsound stones and timber, and adding new materials for the temple, which are likely to endure through ages of school-boards and cheap literature, and thinking peoples, in which Freemasonry must be subject to the most searching critical examination, and come out with greater glory than ever, or be classed amongst the shams and impostures of benighted ages; this is no easy task, to be done by a careless hand, but one requiring the nicest discrimination, learning, and research. On the manner in which Bro. Woodford discharges his very onerous duties in this Encyclopedia, more than on all his previous labours, will his reputation as a Masonic author depend, "not for an age," as Ben Jonson said of Shakspere, "but for all time." For the sake of the Craft, as well as for our good brother's reputation, or for Bro. Kenning's great risk in the pecuniary speculation, every true Mason will wish him success. Time, however, will soon show.

Two original papers, on interesting subjects, are to be read at the meeting of the Royal Historical Society, at No. 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, London, on Thursday, the 12th of April. The first, on "Lancashire in the time of Queen Elizabeth," is by Lieut. Col. Henry Fishwick, F.S.A., whose able antiquarian and historical works I have more than once noticed in the MASONIC MAGAZINE. The second, on "The Visitation of the Plague at Leicester," is by our well-known Brother, William Kelly, for many years one of the leading Masons in the midland counties. Both gentlemen are Fellows of the Royal Historical Society, which, under the indomitable Secretaryship of the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., has rapidly risen to be one of the best societies in Europe.

The *Masterton News Letter*, a New Zealand paper, of November 14th, 1876, says:—"Radishes of six weeks' growth, and measuring eleven inches in length, and two-and-a-half in circumference, are not

always grown. A resident here left several which answer this description at our office. That they are first-class need hardly be added." This paragraph suggests, to me at least, several thoughts. First, I cannot help imagining how horrified old Nicholas Culpepper, "physician," the astrological English botanist, would have been, had such radishes been carried to him; for William Cobbett had not a greater prejudice against potatoes than Culpepper had against radishes. Secondly, the fine climate of New Zealand, taken as a whole; its very humidity rendering it better adapted for English settlers than most other colonies. Thirdly, the immense progress of New Zealand in general, and Wairarapa valley in particular, since Florence Cleveland's cousin, Mr. John Cole, wrote me a very interesting account of how he and a friend had forded rivers and travelled seventy miles inland from Wellington, to begin the new town of Masterton; how other settlers began to join them a few weeks afterwards; how, from being a journeyman painter in London, he had become a small yeoman at the antipodes, having bought one town acre and forty suburban acres of land; with many other, to him, eventful incidents. I was then the father of a small family; he has long since gone to sleep beneath the grass-grown mound; and his suburban acres are laid out for streets, and will soon be built over. Such is the mighty work which English enterprise is now accomplishing on the other side of the globe; and when the history of human civilization comes to be written, will not the peaceful emigrant who left his home and friends, to carry to the very remotest parts of the earth that useful industry and national liberty which it had taken us two thousand years to perfect, and thus transplant it at once to the uncultivated haunts of the barbarous Maorie—will not the placid heroism of such "true-born Britons" shine with equal lustre even to the gallant "Charge of the Light Brigade," or to the personal valour of Shaw, the Life-guardsman, at Waterloo? Verily, as Milton long since sang:

"Peace hath her victories as well as War," and happiest are they who are good soldiers in the latter.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

A MASONIC ENIGMA.

I am composed of 6 letters.

My 1 is in flesh, but not in bone,
My 2 is in quarry, but not in stone,
My 3 is in tune, but not in song,
My 4 is in tall, but not in long,
My 5 is in run, but not in walk,
My 6 is in tell, but not in talk.
My whole is in every Masonic Lodge.

DOT.

Masonic Advocate.

The publisher will give to any of our correspondents who guesses this enigma a "Cosmopolitan Calendar." Address, Editor, MASONIC MAGAZINE, 198, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

BORN IN MARCH.

THE Poet Laureate opens the new monthly magazine, styled the *Nineteenth Century*, with the following sonnet:—

"Those that of late had fleeted far and fast
"To touch all shores, now leaving to the skill
"Of others their old craft seaworthy still,
"Have chartered this, where mindful of the past,
"Our true co-mates regather round the mast,
"Of diverse tongue but with a common will
"Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil
"And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast;
"For some descending from the sacred peak
"Of hoar high templed Faith have leagued again
"Their lot with ours to rove the world about;
"And some are wilder comrades, sworn to seek
"If any golden harbour be for men
"In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt."



THOMAS CARLYLE

(*See page* 562.)



THOMAS CARLYLE

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 47.—Vol. IV. MAY, 1877. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

—o—

We have little to report this month. Our Royal Grand Master has been suffering from an abscess, but has now happily recovered, and has started for Villafranca, *viâ* Paris. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales has left for Athens, where she has arrived safely, and amid great popular enthusiasm.

Sir G. Elliott has been installed P.G.M. for South Wales, before a large gathering, and amid much applause; many of our Masonic notabilities were present.

The struggle in France continues, though what the result may be, at present it is almost impossible to predict. We are still very hopeful that the good sense of the French brethren, alike in Paris and the provinces, will resent the dictation of a turbulent minority, and prevent the isolation of French Freemasonry, which, if this unhappy revolution is accomplished, will undoubtedly take place. Some of our French brethren appear to have very lax notions of Masonic national or international law. Indeed, they seem to have a tendency to no law at all, to Masonic anarchy, to the destructive theory of a Masonic "Commune."

A Bro. Adrien Grimaux (we believe an able writer otherwise), has distinguished himself, (pace Brother Caubet), with asserting the following paradoxes in the "Monde Magonnique,"—first, that a spurious so-called Grande Loge des Philadelphes, etc., is not spurious because the English Grand Lodge refused it a warrant; and, secondly, that it is not clandestine, because it openly asserted its existence. These theories are happily novel in England, though they appear not to be altogether unknown in the United States, where, however, the same Masonic theories of Law and Order happily exist as here.

We think it right to note them for the information of all Masonic friends, and to reprobate them in the face of the civilized and lawful Masonic world.

This illegal body is otherwise practically beneath notice, and may well be left to its own utter insignificance.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

From the "New York News Letter."

THOSE who are accustomed to think of Mr. Carlyle only as a cynic will probably be surprised at the mild and agreeable physiognomy which our illustration shows him to possess. But it is not incomprehensible that the man whose invective against evil is the fiercest, and whose denunciation of shams is the most scathing, should be really warm-hearted and genial in his personal relations. There is undoubtedly great danger that those who hate evil "with a perfect hatred" will not be large-hearted enough to see how much goodness there is in the world, nor the beauty of it, but failures in this respect are, in the case of eminent men, often only relative.

Mr. Carlyle was born in 1795, and comes honestly by the granite of his character through his Scotch parentage. He entered the Edinburgh University while young, and was distinguished there for his attainments in mathematics and foreign languages, and for the wide extent of his reading. He expected to enter the ministry, but changed his mind while studying theology, and after a short experience as a teacher, turned his whole attention to literature. His life of Schiller, translations of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and the best of the productions of Tieck, Jean Paul, Musaus and Hoffman, and his essays on German literature, speedily won for him distinction among the few to whom their authorship was known, and opened a new mine of wealth to English readers. The "French Revolution" was the first of his works that bore his name, though his "Sartor Resartas," which contends with "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches" for the honour of being his masterpiece, had been previously published. His other works are: Heroes and Hero Worshipers, Past and Present, Latter Day Pamphlets, Life of John Stirling, and History of Frederick the Great. Many of his lectures on literature have not been published. A collection of his miscellaneous writings has been made by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Mr. Carlyle has resided, since 1834, in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

[We have thought it well to give our readers an engraving of Mr. Carlyle, which has come to us from across the Atlantic. We do it for two reasons—first, to point out the interest the Americans take in all that concerns English literature; and secondly, as a little humble memorial to our Masonic readers, of a very remarkable man. He is now sitting for three portraits in England.—ED.]

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF THE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF CONCORD ATTACHED TO THE ANCHOR AND HOPE LODGE, No. 37, BOLTON.

BY COMP. JAMES NEWTON, P.Z., SCRIBE E. 37.

(*Continued from page* 517.)

10th Jany., 1788. At a meeting "held in due form (at the house of Bro. Johnson) call'd by the Most Excellent the Principals, a letter from the Grand and Royal Chapter of Jerusalem was read, and a letter in answer to the above submitted (by the Most Excellent Z) to the present members, and unanimously approved of was ordered to be sent immediately."

Then follows a copy of such answer, addressed to T. Callendar, Esq., No. 10, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, London, as follows:

'Sir,

"In conformity to your request we herewith annex you a list of the members who have belonged to our Chapter. We beg leave to observe that we have never before understood that it was necessary to pay anything for registering fees as Royal Arch Masons, but in compliance with the orders of the Most Excellent the Grand Chapter of Jerusalem we are ready to pay our Registering fees when we know

the amount thereof; however it may not be necessary to observe that all our members except John Smallwood were initiated before the obtaining of our Chapter. We conceive the Registering fees of the Companions to whom the Chapter was granted are already paid. We shall be glad to have the form of a certificate for a R. A. Mason.

"We are
"Your affe. Companions."
(Signed by the Z., H. and J.)

The return above referred to is headed:

"No. 45 Chapter of Concord."

"Granted to { Thomas Rycroft, William Johnson, Nathaniel Howarth } 11th Nov, A.L. 5789, A.D. 1785.

"Held at the Hope and Anchor, in Bolton-le-moors on the last Wednesday in Feby., May, Augt., & November," and comprises the names of twenty-six Brethren, two of whom are stated to have "Declared off," and three to have "left the town."

A meeting was held 27th Feby., 1788, when it is said:

"The Grand letter of the 27th Decr., 1787, sent us by T. Callendar, Esqr., was again read and our answer to it, then a letter from John Frith, Esq., J., in London of the 20th Feby., 1788, was read."

In a subsepuent entry the above "John Frith, Esq.," is designated "our Revd. Brother John Frith."

At this meeting a few of the Brethren intimated that they would pay their "Registering fees," whilst others (including Bro. Thos. Thornley) "declared off."

Another meeting was held 5th March, 1788, at which other Brethren intimated that they would pay their "Registering fees," whilst others "declared off."

It is also stated:

"Bro. Peter Lawson was registered in Dublin."

"Bro. Thos. Thornley, having been registered before, being made in St. Augusta, in East Florida, in America, fourteen years ago, this not being sufficiently then understood he is reinstated in his place in this General Encampment."

A meeting was summoned for 30th April, 1788, at six o'clock, under which date appear the following entries signed by "Thos. Heaton E."

"About six o'clock (perhaps a minute after by the church) I came to the house of Bro. W. Johnson; there I found Bro. Richd. Thornley, the Tyler, and in some time afterwards Bro. W. Johnson came to us in the Lodge room."

"It is now about 7¼ o'clock by the church clock, which is rather too late, and no other person has attended."

"About 7½ clock Bro. Tho. Smethurst came into the room; he said to me about 6 o'clock he could not come for an hour."

"Bro. P. Lawson, Bro. W. Thweat and Bro. Tho. Rycroft had told me they were afraid they could not come, and Bro. Wm. Thweat paid me his Registering fee 5/, to which I put mine 5/, and delivered the 10/ to Bro. Tho. Smethurst, T."

"Left the room about 8 o'clock."

Under date 3rd May, 1788, appears a copy of a letter addressed by the Scribe E. to T. Callendar, Esq., enclosing £1 15s. 0d. as the Registering fees of seven Brethren, being all who had paid such fees, the remainder of the Brethren having "declared off," "left the town," or "refused to pay."

On 3rd October, 1788, is the following entry:

"Bro. James Crooke, Junr., came from Manchester with the form of Petition for a Chapter. He also brought a certificate from the Chapter of Unanimity held at Bury, certifying and recommending James Crooke, Joel Britland, and I think John Ashworth as proper persons to fill the offices of Principals. We have wrote on the back:

"Bolton, Chapter of Concord, No. 45.

"From the within certificate we make no doubt of the within named J.C., J.B., and J.A. having been exalted under the Chapter of Unanimity held at Bury.

"Witness our hands this 3rd Oct., /88."
(Signed by the Principals and the Scribes.)

A meeting was held 26th Novr., 1788, at which the officers were elected for the year ensuing. "Proposed that so far of the 7th By-Law which allows the Tyler 2/6 be repealed, and in lieu thereof 1/ every G.E. be given to him."

At a meeting on 30th Novr., 1788, "the several officers were installed into their respective offices."

25th Feby., 1789.—"Bro. Wm. Johnson proposes that the sum of one Guinea mentioned in the 7th By-Law be altered to half a Guinea."

"Bro. Thos. Thornley appointed Treasurer."

27th May, 1789.—"Having given or sent information to all the members of the Chapter I attended at the house of Bro. G. Mountain, the Anchor and Hope, at little more than 7½ o'clock, and after some time appeared four Companions, who, with myself, not being enow to form a G.E., all business stands postponed. I returned home about 9 o'clock. The bag, having in it a new guinea (the amount of the present fund), was left in my hands by the Treasr. appointed Feb. 25, & I have delivered it to him (Bro. Thos. Thornley) this evening. Thomas Heaton, E."

At a meeting held 25th Novr., 1789, "Resolved that the Tyler be paid one shilling every quarterly Genl. Encampment in lieu of and instead of 2/6 on the exaltation of a Companion."

"Resolved that the sum of one guinea mentioned in the 7th By-Law be altered to half a guinea, so that the whole exaltation fee will be one guinea."

The officers were also elected at this meeting.

Notices were issued calling a meeting for the 24th Feby., 1790, but "not enow attended to form a G.E."

Under date 24th Novr., 1790, appears the following entry:

"There should have been held this day a quarterly Genl. Encampment, but not having a sufficient number to open the Encampment it is agreed by those present (viz., Brethren P. Lawson, Richard Thornley and Thomas Heaton), with the approbation of Brethren Rycroft and Johnson, being absent, that the Chapter be sealed up and placed in the Master Masons' chest till some more favourable opportunity, when it may be opened again. It is also agreed in the same manner that the present fund be divided among those who have subscribed to it in such manner as shall reduce them to the nearest possible degree of equality, and that then the books, papers and seal shall be sealed up and placed in the Master Masons' chest with the Chapter, provided all these things meet with the approbation of the Worshipful Grand Lodge of the Royal Arch."

This memorandum is signed by the five Brethren named therein, and also by Bro. Thos. Thornley, they being apparently the whole of the then members, the remainder being deceased or having left the neighbourhood. A copy of the memorandum it appears was sent to the Grand Chapter, and the funds, amounting to £1 4s. 6d., divided amongst those who had contributed thereto, as shown in a detailed account entered in the Book.

The next entry is as follows:

"Brother Thomas Rycroft I believe has the consent of our Provincial Grand Master, John Allen, Esq., to lay the Chapter, etc., in the Master Masons' chest. I therefore deliver up into the open Lodge this 10th November, 1791.

"The Chapter, sealed in blue paper.

"The Seal (which is an improper one, but we have not yet had instructions from the Grand Lodge for a proper one).

"Four letters from the Grand Lodge & its officers.

"One letter from the Eyemouth Lodge of St. Ebbe.

"A copy of the answer to the last on blue paper.

"This Book.

"One roller for the Chapter, in a green bag.

"One tin tube to hold the Chapter in a roll without being on the roller.

"A small memorandum book containing the Cash account.

"All sealed up in Blue paper.

"THOMAS HEATON."

Thus it appears that the Chapter fell into abeyance after a brief existence of about six years after obtaining the Charter, during which time only one candidate (John Smallwood) was made a Royal Arch Mason.

The whole of the Records up to this point appear to be in one handwriting, apparently that of the above Thos. Heaton.

No meeting of the Chapter is afterwards recorded until 30th Jany., 1801, when, without any preliminary observations or explanations as to the circumstances under

which the Chapter was revived, it is stated :

"At six o'clock p.m. opened a General Encampment in due form. The following Brethren were initiated to the higher order. Here follow the names of five Brethren, three of whom it is stated "had been previously initiated under the H.R.A. of the Earl of Antrim."

Another meeting was held 22nd May, 1801, when three other Brethren "were exalted and properly instructed in the higher order of Masonry."

The next meeting recorded is "Sunday, May 5th, 1805," when, after giving the names of seven "Companions" present, it was "Resolved that every candidate shall pay half a guinea as approbation money, which shall be returned if he be rejected, but if he is accepted he shall pay the further sum of half a guinea and five shillings for registering fees."

At an "Emergency" held 9th May, 1805, "Companion Eggleston was unanimously elected first Principal, Companion Howarth second Princip., Companion Hodson third Principal, Companion Williams Principal Scribe, Companion Ed. Horrocks first *sourjourner*, Companion Ed. Rothwell, 2nd *sourjourner*, Companion Thornley, *Geometer*."

It is also stated "The Regular Meetings will in future be held at the Legs of Man."

The next meeting is headed "Chapter of Concord revived Sepr. 6th, 1807," at which officers were appointed, and it was agreed that a Chapter shall be regularly held on the first Sunday in every September, December, March and June." At this meeting also "A Lecture was given by Companion Broadley of Chapter of Mispeth, Leigh."

The meetings of the Chapter appear to have been continued with some degree of regularity from this time until 27th Feby, 1831, there being nothing in the Minutes (which during this period are very brief) worthy of note save the ordinary routine of exaltations to the degree and elections and installation of Principals and other officers.

The next entry (the closing one in the first Minute Book) is as follows :

"January 22nd, 1832. At a Ark, Mark, Link and Wrestle meeting held this day at Lodge 51, the undermentioned Brethren were initiated." Then follow the names of seven Brethren, three being members of Lodge 51 (now 37, Bolton), two of Lodge 242 (now 146, Bolton), and two of Lodge 675 (now 350, Stoneclough.)

"Closed the Lodge in due form and solemn prayer at 7 o'clock. Visitors and members of the Order previous to the aforesaid engagement," (Here follow the names of nine Brethren, with the numbers of the Craft Lodges to which they belonged.)

The second Minute Book extends from May, 1833, to May, 1852, and the entries therein are much more elaborate than those at the close of the first Minute Book.

The first entry (under date 26th May, 1833) is as follows :

"The Royal Arch Encampment of Superexcellent Masons, under sanction of War rant No. 45 Chapter of Concord, assembled this day, but in consequence of the very slender attendance could not open, therefore agreed to transact what little there were to do without, and it was unanimously agreed by the Companions present (four in number) that in consequence of the fund belonging this Order being mixed up with the Craft fund and no account having been kept of it, that the same remain there as a present from the members of this Order, and the money which is in Comp. Matthew Wolstenholme's hands be considered the only stock which is to commence with, viz. : £4 0 0."

"It was also unanimously agreed that when the fund amounts to Five Pounds, each Royal Arch Mason receive when sick (if payable) 2/ pr. week for as many weeks as he may be sick."

(In the cash account of the Chapter appear several items of payments to "sick" members, but no such payments appear after May, 1841.)

The next meeting, held 25th Augt., 1833, was more numerously attended, for on the Minutes appear the names of 50 Companions as present, being the largest number recorded as present at a meeting of the Chapter. Only 14, however, of these Companions are entered as being members of this Chapter, the remainder being visitors.

In the Minutes of this meeting it is

stated that "the Companions assembled at 2 o'clock p.m. and opened the Craft Lodge on the 1, 2 & 3rd degrees of Freemasonry at 3 o'clock, when three Brethren passed the chair. Closed the Craft Lodge in due form and solemn prayer; opened the Royal Arch Chapter at ½ past 4 o'clock, when the following were exalted to the degree of Excellent Superexcellent Holy Royal Arch Masons." (Here follow the names of six Brethren.)

This is the last occasion on which a meeting of the Chapter is termed "Encampment," and only on this occasion and at the next meeting, held 22nd Sepr., 1833, is it stated that candidates "passed the chair" as a preliminary step to the Royal Arch degree.

In the cash account, under date 22nd Sepr., 1833, appear the following items:

"Paid for Vails, £0 11s. 10d.; Rods, £0 5s. 6d.; Repg. Pistol, £0 4s. 6d."

22nd Feby., 1835.—"The candidate proposed at the preceding meeting (30 Nov., 1834) not coming forward, threw the proceedings of business void, tho' there were a numerous attendance of visitors present with those of our own, to the great dissatisfaction of the whole, on account of his non-attendance, having so recently intimated to several of our Companions his decided intention of coming forward."

Meeting of Emergency, 31st July, 1835.—"A circular having been received from the Grand Lodge, purporting that in consequence of the irregularity in the mode of working upon the Royal Arch in different parts of the country, they were holding meetings for instructions in order that there might be one general mode of working throughout, and requested that some Companion or Companions from our Chapter attend for that purpose at the Grand Lodge in London. It was therefore unanimously agreed that Companion Matthew Blunt (First Principal) be deputed for that purpose, and a subscription was immediately enter'd into by the Companions and Brethren of this Lodge, and the same was supported by the Companions of Lodge No. 268, Bolton, for which we return our kind thanks."

"Companion M. Blunt took the undermentioned sums with him for registration, &c., in the Grand Lodge books." (Here follow the names of seven Companions, with the amount of fees payable to Grand Chapter on their behalf.)

30th Augt., 1835.—"There being no business to transact and only a few Comps. were in attendance, consequently the Chapter was not opened."

The next entry is as follows:

"In consequence of receiving a letter (dated 11th Novr. 1835) from the Grand Lodge, in which they state our Charter was not renewed at the time of the Union of the two Grand Chapters, thereby not rendering our meetings legal, it was deemed meet that all business relative to this Order cease until legal authority be granted."

A second letter (dated 15th Feby., 1836) was received from the Grand Secretary (in reply to one from the First Principal), stating that it would be necessary before the meetings of the Chapter could be recognized by the Grand Chapter, for application to be made by Petition, signed by nine registered R. A. Masons, such petition to be recommended by one of the neighbouring Chapters, and then forwarded to the Superintendent of the Province for his sanction thereto. At the same time the old Charter previously granted was to be transmitted to be surrendered to the Grand Master.

Upon receipt of this communication a petition was prepared, addressed to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, M. W. Grand Master (a copy of the petition appears at length in the Minute Book), praying for a renewal of the Charter and nominating the following Companions as Principals, viz.: Comp. Matthew Blunt, Z.; Comp. Stephen Blair, H.; and Comp. Josh. Lomax Heap, J. The Chapter to meet at the Legs of Man Inn, Bolton-le-Moors, on the last Wednesday in every third month.

This petition seems to have been signed by sixteen Companions, and in compliance with its prayer a Charter was granted by the Supreme Grand Chapter, dated 3rd August, 1836, but which, it is stated in the Minute Book, "was not received until 6th March, 1837."

On 30th March, 1837, a "meeting of emergency" was held "under authority of Warrant No. 44," at which the "transactions of the former meetings from May 31st, 1835, were read and confirmed." At

this meeting also six Brethren were proposed and seconded "to be exalted to the degree of a Royal Arch Mason."

29th May, 1839. A meeting was held at which the Principals and other officers were elected, including Comp. Stephen Blair as Z. (In 1846 Comp. Blair was appointed Grand Superintendent of R. A. Masons for the Eastern Division of Lancashire, which office he held until his death in July, 1870.)

At a meeting held 26th Augt., 1840, it was Resolved, "that one black ball exclude any Brother from being exalted to the sublime degree of a Holy R. Arch Mason."

24th Nov., 1841.—"In consequence of the non-attendance of the candidates for exaltation the Chapter was not opened, but it was agreed by the Compns. present that the ancient & established rules of the Chapter be in future strictly enforced, that is, that at the proposal of a Candidate for the Royal Arch the sum of One Pound be paid as a Proposition fee."

29th May 1844 (First regular meeting at Swan Inn).

"It being the night for electing officers the retiring officers were re-elected."

28th May, 1851.—"Resolved that the Annual Subscription be ten shillings, and that it become due and payable in one sum on the last Wednesday in May in every year."

The last meeting recorded in the second Minute Book is 27th May, 1852, from which date to the present time the Minutes are contained in the third Minute Book, being the one at present in use.

At a meeting held 26th Augt., 1852, a Committee was appointed "to examine into the condition and completeness or otherwise of the Furniture and Regalia belonging to this Chapter, such Committee to submit their report to a future meeting."

14th June, 1853.—The Committee appointed 26th Augt., 1852, presented their report, and recommended the purchase of a new set of Principals' robes, also new Banners, Officers' Collars and Jewels, and it was resolved that the report be adopted; and accordingly (as appears from the cash account) these articles were purchased.

At a meeting held in the Freemasons' Hall, Church Institute, Bolton, on 1st March, 1866 (the Anchor and Hope Lodge No. 37, to which the Chapter is attached, having removed to this place) a proposition was made (notice having been given at the preceding meeting) "that the Chapter be removed from the Swan Hotel to the Freemasons' Hall, Church Institute, Bolton," which was carried unanimously.

On 19th Nov., 1866, it was unanimously Resolved "That twenty pounds be given out of the funds of this Chapter towards the expenses that have been incurred in decorating and furnishing the Freemasons' Hall, Bolton."

On 9th April, 1873, the Annual Meeting of the Prov. G. Chapter of East Lancashire was held in the Chapter Room, Freemasons' Hall, Bolton, under the auspices of the Bolton Chapters, Col. Le Gendre N. Starkie, Prov. Superintendent, in the chair, when the annual business of the Prov. G. Chapter was transacted.

Having now completed our extracts from the Minutes of this ancient Chapter, we will conclude by observing that since 11th Novr., 1785, the date of the original Charter, 180 Companions appear to have been exalted in the Chapter, of whom 50 were exalted previously to 3rd August, 1836, the date of the present Charter, the remainder, 130, from that time to the present time (April, 1877).

WONDERS OF OPERATIVE MASONRY.

From the "Keystone."

III.

We continue our sketches of the most remarkable Abbeys and Cathedrals in Great Britain. No edifices of recent times can match them in architectural splendour. They are wonders of Operative Masonry, reflecting the highest honour upon the Operative Craft of the Middle Ages. The more we consider, the more we admire them, and become imbued with the spirit of the Temple builders whom we are proud to claim among our Masonic ancestry.

DRYBURGH ABBEY, on the river Tweed, 4 miles south-east of Melrose Abbey, and 35 miles south-east from Edinburgh, was once a superb monastic edifice, but now is in ruins. It was founded A.D. 1150, on a site once sacred to the Druids (the name signifying "the sacred grove of oaks"), by Hugh De Moreville, Constable of Scotland, for the Præmonstratensian Friars. Now, everywhere nature is usurping the place of art. The walls of the abbey are covered with ivy, and even from the top of some of the arches trees have sprung up to a considerable height. The architecture is of various periods, including the Roman, Saxon, Norman, and early Gothic. Near the ruin there flourishes a yew-tree, that is as old as the Abbey—it was planted seven centuries ago. Dryburgh's revenue was £1044. Bro. Sir Walter Scott gives an interesting account of the "Nun of Dryburgh," who took up her abode in a vault among the ruins of the Abbey, which she never quitted in the day-time. She went out only by night, in quest of food and charity. She had made a vow that during the absence of her lover she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned, and she never more beheld the light.

In St. Mary's aisle, the most beautiful part of the ruin, the remains of Bro. Sir Walter Scott were entombed, in 1832, one of his ancestors having been the proprietor of this Abbey. His eldest son, Sir W. Scott, and his son-in-law, J. G. Lockhart, were also buried here:

"So, there, in solemn solitude,
In that sequestered spot,
Lies mingled with its kindred clay
The dust of Walter Scott!
Ah, where is now the flashing eye
That kindled up at Flodden Field;
That saw, in fancy, onsets fierce,
And clashing spear and shield?

"That flashing eye is dimmed for aye;
The stalwart limb is stiff and cold;
No longer pours his trumpet note
To wake the jousts of old.
The generous heart, the open hand,
The ruddy cheek, the silver hair,
Are mouldering in the silent dust—
And all is lonely there!"

NEW ABBEY, sometimes denominated SWEETHEART ABBEY, is 8 miles south of Dumfries, and 80 miles south-west from Edinburgh. Its elegant, although roofless walls, and its airy tower, are in the early English style, while its windows are pointed and decorated. It is woman's work, erected by a daughter of one of the Lords of Galloway, as a tribute to the memory of her husband. At his death she caused his heart to be embalmed, and placed in an ivory case, and when her end approached, she directed it to be laid on her bosom, and buried with her in the Abbey which she had founded, and from this incident it derived the name of Sweetheart Abbey. Its size is 194 feet long, by 102 feet broad at the cross.

FURNESS ABBEY, in Lancashire, 15 miles from Lake Windermere—the largest lake in England, and 247 miles north-west from London, was founded by Earl, afterwards King Stephen, in A.D. 1127. This structure was one of great magnitude, as its ruins testify, and is romantically situated in the Vale of Nightshade—so called from its former luxuriant growth of that deadly plant. The massive masonry, graceful arches, and noble tower of Furness Abbey, all now overspread with ivy (which embellishes whatever it touches), are notable among the antiquities of England. The length of the Abbey is 306 feet, and of its transepts 130 feet. Its walls are five feet thick, while the walls of the tower are eleven thick! The name, "Furness" is equivalent to "furtherness," that is nose or promontory. This Abbey, which in its pristine perfection was one of the most extensive and powerful monastic establishments in the kingdom, is now but a storied ruin. The first Barons of Kendal and many of the monks, were interred within its grounds. Now, however,

"No choral anthem floats the lawn along,
For sunk in slumber is the hermit throng.
There, each alike, the long, the lately dead.
The monk, the swain, the minstrel make their bed."

The Monks of Furness were originally Gray Monks, but soon after the Abbey's foundation they were merged into the stricter order of Cistercians, or White Monks. Their estates were very large and valuable, extending to Yorkshire, the Isle of Man, and even to Ireland, and their numbers were strong; but at the

Dissolution in A.D. 1537 there remained but thirty-three monks, who signed the deed of surrender, and were ejected.

They had flocks and herds, and largely exported wool. They also had mills, fisheries, and iron mines. Furness was the second Abbey in wealth in the kingdom, being only exceeded in this respect by Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire; and it was the mother of numerous other Abbeys, in Cumberland, the Isle of Man, Lincolnshire, and Ireland. In the north aisle of Furness there lie two well-sculptured effigies in red sandstone—one that of a warrior, armed cap-a-pie, in mail, with a drawn sword; and since Reginald King of Man was the only crowned head known to have been buried in the Abbey, it probably commemorates him. Over the chancel window are the crowned heads of a King and Queen, supposed to represent Stephen, the founder, and Maud, his wife. The great East Window is in size 47 feet by 23 feet. On the mouldings are carved nondescript animals, which it was the pleasure of the early architects to create, "but whose prototype never issued from the womb of nature." The sedilia, or canopied seats, are elaborately carved, and their ceilings worked into groins, while their arches spring from corbels presenting a variety of grotesque abortions of humanity, which must have disturbed the gravity of the more volatile monks when their eyes rested upon their ludicrous forms. Three mutilated statues lie in the chancel, effigies of Crusaders—armed men with crossed legs. On one of the tombstones, outside of the chancel, the *Compasses* are engraved—doubtless in memory of some Freemason architect, who died here while superintending the building of a portion of the edifice.

While the ancient glory of Furness Abbey has departed, it yet has a glory all its own—

"There's beauty in the old monastic pile
When purple twilight, like a nun appears,
Bending o'er ruined arch and waisted aisle—
Majestic glories of departed years."

What though the tapestry of the spider waves where once an Abbot's vestments graced his chair; what though all of the outlying monasterial buildings have disappeared, including the Brew House and Kitchen (concerning which, quaint old Fuller said "all is marred if the Kitchen be omitted"); still here

"Pensive contemplation loves to linger,
And people all the silent solitude
With the conceptions of the soul within."

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL, at Peterborough, 81 miles north from London, was founded as a monastery by the son of Pendy, King of Mercia; destroyed by the Danes; rebuilt by King Edgar in A.D. 970; rebuilt again in 1177 A.D. by the Abbot, and converted by King Henry VIII., at the Dissolution of the monasteries, into a Cathedral. Its prevailing style of architecture is Anglo-Norman. The length of the Cathedral is 471 feet, with transepts of 180 feet. Its western front is a magnificent one, 156 feet in breadth. The design of this front is singularly unique and superb, being of the richest Gothic. The porch has three grand arches, and these, with the receding walls, enriched doorways, groins, pillars, pediments, niches, statues, pinnacles and spires, constitute a gigantic and gorgeous front, unlike that of any other Cathedral in the world, and far surpassing most others in splendour. Its interior is one of the best examples of the Norman style in England, only exceeded in magnificence and richness of detail by the splendid Norman interior of Durham Cathedral. It has its share also of the mighty dead. In 1536 Katherine of Arragon was buried here, and in 1587 the funeral of Mary Queen of Scots was solemnized within its walls, and her remains interred in the south aisle, but afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey. The Abbot Hedda's monument (a stone bearing date A.D. 870, and commemorating the massacre of eighty-four monks by the Danes)—the last of the Abbots, under the east window; and the effigies of various abbots in the south aisle and Lady Chapel, are among the notable objects in this ancient Cathedral.

HOLYROOD ABBEY, at the eastern extremity of the city of Edinburgh, was founded in A.D. 1128, by King David I., for Canons of the Order of St. Augustine. Its present ruins include the nave of the ancient edifice, and the western front of the Abbey, which with its

sculptured arcade and rich doorway, is in an exquisite style of early English architecture. Charles I. used it as a royal chapel, and was himself crowned in it in 1633. Its roof fell in 1768, since which time it has been a ruin. Many of the Scottish nobility have tombs in it, and in the Royal Vault are the remains of several of the Kings and other illustrious personages. The Abbey is adjacent to Holyrood Palace, the ancient residence of Scottish Royalty. At the Dissolution its revenues were £2,926 in money, besides payments in kind King James IV. was married to Margaret of England, daughter of King Henry VII., in Holyrood, in A.D. 1503; Mary Queen of Scots mads her residence at Holyrood House, adjacent to the Abbey, where she married Lord Darnley, and saw Rizzio murdered, and here, also, was the scene of her fatal nuptials with Bothwell. Once Kings hastened, after a weary day's ride,

"Unto the saintly convent, with the good monks to dine,
And quaff, to organ music, the pleasant cloister wine."

Now the nave stands alone, ruined and roofless, but having a front and tower noble in their proportions and elegant in details. The doorway is deeply recessed, with eight shafts on either side, having capitals of birds and grotesques, from which springs an arcade of five pointed arches. Each of the clustered columns of the interior has a distinct capital, and there is a double tier above of five Gothic arches. The following are the dimensions of Holyrood Abbey: length inside, 127 feet; breadth, 59 feet; and height of east front, 70 feet.

MUCKROSS ABBEY, 4 miles from Killarney, Ireland, on the banks of the largest of the Lakes of Killarney, is a picturesque and beautiful structure, whose "gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells," yet continue excellently preserved. The present Abbey was erected in 1340, by McCarthy More, Prince of Desmond. The entrance is by a handsomely pointed doorway, of decorated Gothic architecture, and deeply moulded. The monastery bell was found, in 1750, in the neighbouring Lake of Killarney, and its circumference was said to be "as big as a table that would hold eight people to dine at." Portions of the Abbey are crowded with tombs, of the McCarthys, O'Donoghues, and McFinins; and melancholy emblems of mortality—skulls and naked bones, lie in every direction in this Abbey. The great fireplace of the refectory is quite a curiosity, from its ample and hospititable dimensions. The cloisters are the most elaborate and well preserved part of this edifice, consisting of a handsome arcade of twenty-two arches. In the centre of the area is a magnificent yew-tree, so large as to cover the entire cloisters. Its trunk measures thirteen feet in circumference, and it is regarded as a singular and ornamental adjunct to the Abbey. Its spreading branches are like a great umbrella, overshadowing the ruin, and forming a more solemn covering than originally belonged to it.

INNISFALLEN ABBEY, on an island of the same name in the largest of the Lakes of Killarney, three miles from Killarney, Ireland, was founded in A.D. 600, by St. Finian. In this Abbey the celebrated "Annals of Innisfallen" were composed, over six hundred years ago, by its monks, then among the most learned in the world. The original is on parchment, and now in the Bodleian Library of the British Museum. The remains of this Abbey are far gone to decay. A small ivied orator, by a strange metamorphosis, is converted into and called the "banqueting house." It has a handsome Romanesque doorway, and its antiquity is believed to be of the seventh century. Among noticeable objects near the Abbey is the "Bed of honor." It owes its name to this romantic occurence: A certain Limerick heiress flew thither with a favoured lover, to escape the proposals of a baronet, whom her father wished her to marry. After spending a night there, with honour untarnished, the two were discovered by the lady's father and her titled lover. He with whom she had fled thinking that he might safely make the offer, proposed to abandon his claim to her in favour of his rival, provided the latter, after what had passed, would accept her. This the baronet unexpectedly agreed to do, saying, that he had too much confidence in his rival's honour to

have doubted it for an instant! We take leave of Innisfallen with Bro. Tom Moore's musical lines:

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine,
How fair thou art, let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine."

VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY is the finest ecclesiastic ruin in Wales. It was founded A.D. 1200. It is situated near the river Dee, in Denbighshire, 30 miles south-west of Liverpool, and 183 miles north-west from London. It derived its name from its possession of a piece of the "true cross." It is now converted into a farm house, although it still retains many of its monastic features. Three rows of groined arches support the dormitory, which is now a hay-loft. The Church was cruciform, and 180 feet in length. The west front has an arched door, and over it, in a round arch, are three lancet windows. The walls are clad with ivy, and the area of the Abbey is overgrown with tall ash trees. Altogether, Valle Crucis Abbey is an exceedingly picturesque and interesting ruin. Near by it is Eliseg's Pillar, one of the most ancient columns in Great Britain, erected in the seventh century.

KILLWINNING ABBEY is at Kilwinning, Ayrshire, Scotland, a curious old-fashioned town, situated on an eminence about two miles from the sea—the Firth of Clyde, and some twenty-six miles distant from Glasgow, and fifteen from Ayr. In the twelfth century a number of operative Masons belonging to the Fraternity of the travelling Freemasons of the Middle Ages, landed here from the Continent, for the purpose of building a Monastery, which was founded by Hugh de Morville, Lord High Constable of Scotland. The traditional year of the founding of Kilwinning Abbey is A.D. 1140, although Bro. John Baird, P.M., of Lodge Glasgow St. John, No. 3, states that some time between that and A.D. 1220 is more likely the period of its erection (Lyon's *Freemasonry in Scotland*, p. 242, note). A number of Scotch Abbeys were erected about the same time: Holyrood Abbey, A.D. 1128: Kelso Abbey the same year; Melrose Abbey, A.D. 1136; and Aberdeen Abbey, A.D. 1137; Probably parts of the same band of builders were engaged in the erection of all of these venerable edifices. Kilwinning early become of most masonic note, and tradition awards it the chief place in Scottish Masonic annals. At one time this Abbey enjoyed the proprietorship of twenty parish churches. When entire, its buildings covered several acres, and were stately and magnificent. The only remains of the ancient pile are—a gable of the old church's transept, a finely proportioned arch, a Saxon gateway, and some mouldering walls. The Abbey derived its name from St. Winning, a Scottish Saint of the eighth century. The revenue of Kilwinning Abbey at the Dissolution was £8403 Scots. Its ruins are on the estate of the Earl of Eglinton.

To Mother Lodge Kilwinning belongs the honour of perpetuating the fame of Kilwinning Abbey. This Lodge is at the present time in a most flourishing condition. In 1807 Mother Lodge Kilwinning was awarded the place at the *head* of the Roll of the Grand Lodge, being No. 0, and its Master for the time was made *ipse facto* Provincial Grand Master of Ayrshire. Tradition and fact thus agree in placing this Lodge at the head of the Roll of Lodges in Scotland, and award it the proud distinction of being the Mother Lodge of the Kingdom. Its date on the Roll is, *circa* A.D. 1128.

ELEGIAC.

SOPHIA SAFFERY,

Obit February 12th, 1877, ætat 65 years.

IN bygone years I looked upon
My Mother's loving face,
I saw therein the bloom of health
And chastely glowing grace;
The light of love shone in her eyes,
Its kindling beams were bright,—
Th' expression of a mother's joy,
The offspring of delight.
We children clustered 'round her knees,
And said our evening prayer,
And lisped a verse in sacred song
Of Jesu's gentle care.

And now this picture bright appears
By Mem'ry's magic power;
Tho' years have flown, the scene I see,
And perfect to this hour.

* * * * *

Again I look upon her face,
Where health and beauty glowed,
And see the sweetest, purest grace
On woman e'er bestowed.
But eyes are dim and cheeks are pale,
I see the sickness there,
And trace the struggles of a life
Of overwearing care.
I watch and pray, my fears increase,
In vain is all our aid;
The *Time* hath come, her end is near,
"Fear not," the Lord hath said.
All through her life maternal love,
Unchanging, firm, and true,
With hallowed power incessantly
Our hearts unto her drew.
Her words were kind, her looks serene,
Her burden bravely borne;
Her Faith and Hope in Christ were placed,
A Christian's death we mourn.

* * * * *

I gaze upon her *still* dear face—
Its calm solemnity
Is deepened by a shade—a sign—
Of Life's eternity!
The Living Soul hath only gone
A little while before,
And waiteth for the loved ones left,
And Resteth evermore.

JOHN SAFFERY, J.D.

De Shurland Lodge, No. 1089.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

CHAPTER IX.

"Beware young man, you
Know not what you do!"
OLD PLAY.
MODERN POEM.

MR. MAINWARING went to bed full of valorous resolutions, and woke up with the same manly determination. They say you can always discover when a man is about to propose, by that mingled air of self-sacrifice and heroism which the victim assumes for the occasion, and which sometimes makes him, if but for a few passing moments of life, resemble Marcus Curtius, of saltatory memory. After his breakfast, which he eat for once with a sort of grim determination unusual to him, and as an act of mechanical necessity, he walked on with Dan to the Cedars. Dogs are very sympathetic with man. Why was it that on this peculiar occasion, though his master was distrait and silent, that Dan's whole demeanour was expressive of exuberant gratification? Admitted by Mr. Walters, when he reached that well-known and hospitable mansion, who also seemed equally inspired with the knowledge of something or other—which servants often learn and betray—Mr. Mainwaring, though Dan had to wait outside, was soon in the presence of Miss Margerison. Lucy had gone off, it seemed, to pay a morning visit to the Moncton young ladies, probably to be out of the way, and Miss Margerison was all alone, and sitting in her straight-backed chair doing crochet work. She was, as I have before pointed out, a great disciplinarian, a stickler for old usages and old habits, and one thing she particularly disliked, she said, to see young women, and for the matter of that, young men, lolling about in arm chairs, and so she always sat herself in a straight-backed old-fashioned chair, which certainly was not comfortable to look at. She was fond of remarking, that this sitting in low arm-chairs made the young ladies "weak in the back," and as for the young men, they "lounged about like stable-boys," and so she loudly declared that "their manners were very bad, and their dress most detestable!"

Dear good old soul! like so many of our older generation we all have known, she never seemed to think that once she had been young, and gay, and "frisky" herself, (as Colonel Mackintosh was fond of remarking), or that the world had moved on at all—but she appeared always to live, as some still do, amid people of a different time and race even. And yet why blame those kind old souls, so amusing amid their intolerance and fierce indignation at change and novelty? You and I, gentle reader, have seen many of them in the flesh, face to face, and despite their

growls and their grumbles, their hasty speeches and their hot tempers, their dislike of innovation, and their doubts of youth, yet we felt then, as we feel now, (though they have long since left us here), that no warmer hearts, no truer friends, no more honest advisers, no more honourable, high-minded beings ever lived, for a little space of time, amid the flowery meads, or brightened the dusty pathway of this mortal land of ours!

Peace to them, and for all such, for we should, as it seems to me, always entertain those feelings of admiration and affection, of regard and respect for them, which amid their many amusing little inconsistencies, are, indeed, their just due from us all.

It was quite clear that for some reason or other Miss Margerison was not so much at her ease with Mr. Mainwaring as usual. Why? What could be the reason? Did the good, stout-hearted old girl suspect the object of his coming? Was that the cause of her sudden want of cordiality—the explanation of her sudden holding back?

It is a curious fact in the physiology of life, explain it as you may, that the old folks do not look on matrimony with the same eyes as the "young uns" do! Even when all is apparently most serene, and comfortable, and expected, the "eltern," as the Germans have it, often raise difficulties, and throw obstacles in the way. One thing or another creates a question, constitutes a hitch, causes a discussion. They seem to have forgotten, sometimes, that they ever went through the little "temporary insanity" themselves, and so they regard with a sort of quasi-suspicion, not to say affected indignation, those who take it for granted that their matrimonial arrangements are going to be made easy and smooth for them. They mean all right, but it is their little amiable weakness, their little old-world way of manifesting their own authority, and expressing their own view of things and persons, of the proceeding in general, and matrimony in particular.

And thus it was with Miss Margerison. She sat up straight in her chair, looked at Mr. Mainwaring as sturdily as she could look at anybody through her spectacles, and as Mr. Mainwaring afterwards said, "would not in any way try to help a lame dog over a stile." At last, desperate and determined he plunged "in medias res," like a true Briton, or a crazy lover, whichever you like, and brought up the carefully avoided subject on the "tapis."

Miss Margerison had mentioned something casually about Lucy, when Mr. Mainwaring, blushing a little, ("it is a good sign when our young men blush ever so little," remarks Miss Sloper), took the bull by the horns, and said to Miss Margerison, in a most dulcet tone and a most insinuating manner, "I want to have a few words with you, my dear Miss Margerison, on a subject which very greatly concerns my present and future happiness."

"Do you, indeed," replied Miss Margerison, quite calmly, "then I am very much at your service, my dear Mr. Mainwaring."

Miss Margerison knew very well what Mr. Mainwaring had come about, as well as he knew himself, what he was as the Irishman said, "afther," but like some other good old folks I have just alluded to, she would betray no interest herself in the affair, and would do nothing herself to expedite the denouement.

But Mr. Mainwaring felt with the great Cæsar, that it was "neck or nothing," (he said to himself), "aut Cæsar aut nullus," and so he "burnt his boats," like a great statesman, and went forward gallantly to encounter Boadicea, "vi et armis." Am I correct in my history and illustration, oh, sapient and well-informed young Balasso? you are the last from school, perhaps you can enlighten an old fogey like me?

"Yes, Miss Margerison," for now Mr. Mainwaring went on to say in a very deprecatory tone, "You must be aware that I have for very a long time admired your most charming niece, Lucy."

Miss Margerison knew it perfectly well, but she said nothing, though she crochetted away most vigorously. And so Mr. Mainwaring went on to plead his cause, as how many have done the like before, and will do it again, while old Time shall last, and they deserve our sympathy, do they not, friendly readers?

"Yes, Miss Margerison," he continued, "I am deeply attached to Lucy, and have been so for four years, (a very long time), and she has been good enough to confess

that she is not indifferent to me—and so I venture to-day, to ask for your approval and adhesion, for your kindly consent to our engagement!"

Miss Margerison, who had shown some little agitation during this pithy speech, at last slowly replied: "In my days—the old people were asked first;—but the world is topsy-turvy just now,—and the young folks seem to arrange everything—and have their own way, and then come to the old folks, almost as an act of condescension."

"Oh, Miss Margerison!"

Mr. Mainwaring was beginning hypocritically, but earnestly, what would doubtless have been a very effective speech, when the door opened, and in burst Lucy, radiant, in good looks, with Colonel Mackintosh and Dan, who had found his exclusion from the house quite insupportable and a great insult to his native dignity.

"Aha," said the Colonel; "You are a sly old gal, for here you've got Mainwaring to-day, proposing to you, though you threw over the curate yesterday, and here is "our Lucy" in a dreadful state of female jealousy and agitation."

What could Miss Margerison do or say? Her kind nature was not proof against the old boy's manœuvering, and so like a sensible old bird as she was, she hauled down her colours, and surrendered at discretion.

"No," she said, with all her wonted cheerfulness, and a slight tone of her gentle sarcasm; "Mr. Mainwaring has not come to propose to me, but to Lucy; and he and she have settled matters, and he has come to talk them over with me; our young people are so good and so considerate."

The old Colonel was a little taken aback at this clear statement of the position of affairs, for such a proceeding did not suit his ideas of military discipline, but, at last he said, "well, you and I, my old friend, belong to another generation. These chits—this youth and that lass—are citizens of the new one, and each generation has its own notions, and its own ways. For my part I prefer the older one, but tastes differ, and we must not be too hard on the new."

Was not the old boy right?

So he turned to the blushing Lucy, who had listened demurely to these pretty little speeches, and said, "you've gone and done it!—you've actually engaged yourself to that boy there!" and the old fellow smiled approvingly on Mainwaring. "Well, in my opinion, it is as it should be, and I, for one, quite approve, and hope that you may—may—may" (here the old chap hesitated and halted), and at last he brought out, "never repent the step you have taken, you two young geese!"

Miss Margerison, who had been looking very kindly all this while on the two embarrassed culprits, said in her quiet and stately way, "I quite approve, too; and I am very glad to think that Lucy is going to marry a steady and high-principled young man, for, to my mind, very many of our young men want a great deal of improving, and I should never have rested quiet in my grave had Lucy married one of those whom the world calls 'fast youths.'"

"By Jove," said the old Colonel, "'improving,'—you don't know actually what to do with them. They will do nothing but smoke and bet, and play billiards, and imbibe B. and S., and now they are taking to nips, sherry and bitters, and absinthe!" and here the old gentleman's face assumed a look of perfect horror.

"In my days men never did such things, or, if they did, they went to the dogs. But it's no use talking, we can't make them old or wise, though I do think that they all want 'straightening up,' and their 'shoulders well thrown back.' The goose-step and balancing drill would do them a deal of good."

And here the old boy marched away through an open window into the garden, where he might soon afterwards have been seen smoking his cigaret—his panacea for most earthly troubles, his soothing remedy for all the evils of life; "the more so," as he used to say with a chuckle to his friends at the Club, "as you know I have not got a wife at home—

'To soothe me with her finest feelings,
To cheer me with her cheery voice.'"

Where did the old boy get his quotation from?

As for Lucy and Mr. Mainwaring they remained quietly with the old lady, talking

over present, past, and future. They were very happy; and if appearances prove anything in this world, Lucy and her young man will begin their married life under the fairest promises of earthly felicity.

But I will reserve my farewell to my readers for our next number.

(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., P.Z., 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* 534.)

THE sixth of the old Minute Books commences 24 June, 1805, and we find a memorandum showing what was the total charge for admission at this time. We cannot do better than transcribe it for the information of the readers of the "MASONIC MAGAZINE," especially as we do not intend to take any more notes of the various fees.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
First	2	2	0			
Making	0	8	6			
Tyler and Secretary	0	2	0			
				2	12	6
Second	0	5	0			
Tyler and Secretary	0	2	0			
				0	7	0
Third	0	10	0			
Tyler and Secretary	0	2	0			
				0	12	0
				3	11	6
Quarterage				0	5	0
Certificate				0	3	6
				4	0	0

Amongst the items on the payment side of the accounts we find

By Janitor, alias Tyler (sic.), 9*l*.

and we should like our Bro. Hughan to tell us whether he knows of a similar case where the Outer Guard of the Craft Lodge was given the title of the similar officer attached to a Royal Arch Chapter, bearing in mind that though the British Union Lodge is a hundred and fifteen years old it has never had an R. A. Chapter attached to it to this day.

Some idea of the expenses incident to meeting at an hotel may be gathered from the accounts, where we notice such amounts as the following:

		£	s.	d.
June 20, 1805	By house bill	£1	19	6
24	„	19	10	9
Aug. 6	„	3	10	0
Sep. 3	„	3	13	6
Oct. 1	„	3	13	6
Nov. 6	„	3	4	2
Dec. 3	„	4	2	6
Dec. 27	„	21	12	3
Feby. 4, 1806	„	4	5	0
25,	„	3	16	0
April 1	„	4	17	1
May 6	„	3	6	6
June 24	„	17	18	3
Aug. 5	„	2	14	6
Sep. 2	„	3	0	0
23	„	4	1	6
Nov. 4	„	2	17	5
Dec. 29	„	23	11	10

When over £130 was spent in little over a twelvemonth on hotel expenses it is a matter of little surprise that little or nothing was done for the charities at this time.

At the first meeting of the Lodge recorded in the volume now before us, under date 24th June, 1805, we note the following:

"It is universally agreed that no *Ancient* Mason in future shall be admitted into our Lodge—viz., the British Union Lodge—and those that are now members shall continue with us, if he (sic) continues his (sic) meetings, but if found he has visited three times he shall be excluded."

This is a little vague, but it would appear that the jealousy between the *Ancient* and *Modern* Masons was making itself felt in the provinces at this time, and

as the Doric Lodge, Woodbridge, now No. 81, only eight miles distant, was an Athol or Ancient Lodge, it is probable that it was sought at this time to restrain all intercourse between the two Lodges. It is, however, possible that there may have been an Athol Lodge opened in Ipswich at this time, and there is little doubt that the authorities in London were taking some action in the matter, for at the meeting in October following we find "a motion was made and carried to erase the minutes dated June 24th, 1805, but was postponed till a letter was seen relative from the Grand Lodge."

At the December meeting we find that dinner was ordered for St. John's Festival for 40 members. We may therefore conclude the Lodge was prosperous for a country lodge again at this time.

On the 27th of the month—St. John's Festival—we find a list of subscribers towards the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's, when the sum of £11 3s. was collected. The following is the footnote appended to the list: "The above was subscribed for the widows and orphans of those brave fellows who fell, and to alleviate as much as pos- the wounded of these, at the Battle of Trafalgar, where our chieftain fell—Lord Nelson." By the way, was Nelson a Mason? We know the Great Duke was. One is glad to come across a record of this sort, which proves to the outside world, who are not Masons, that the brethren are not unmindful of their duty as citizens, and that their charity does not begin and end at home, as has so often been said by our enemies.

Up to this time we notice frequent visitors present from the Perfect Friendship Lodge, but now its distinguishing title, so far as the British Union was concerned, appears to have become a *misnomer*, and for some reason or other the two Lodges were evidently not on such good terms as formerly.

At the Feb. meeting in 1806, we find it proposed that "in future any subscribing member now belonging to the British Union shall not be a subscribing member to any other Craft Masons' Lodge, if continued above one quarter the said name to be erased from the British Union Lodge. Agreed. Majority 21 in favour of the said motion."

At the meeting in Novr., 1806, it was, however, unanimously agreed to amend this Minute—"that in future any subscribing member of the British Union Lodge may belong to any other held under a legal Constitution (excepting in Ipswich)."

At another meeting held on the 25th Feby., we find that the same Brother who proposed the resolution before mentioned, now "proposed a letter of remonstrance to the Grand Lodge to point out the proceedings of a few individuals for endeavouring to get a Constitution to act as *Modern* Masons. Majority in favour of the above motion 20."

Shall we be wrong in surmising that the Perfect Friendship was an Athol or Ancient Lodge, and that its members were at this time striving to get a Charter from the *Modern* Grand Lodge in London, or are we to suppose that another Athol Lodge in Ipswich or members of the Woodbridge Athol Lodge were trying to form another in Ipswich, with Charter under the London Grand Lodge. Perhaps Bro. Hughan can solve this difficulty by telling us if there are any records of Athol Lodges meeting in Ipswich at the period named.

Whatever the difficulty was with the Perfect Friendship all was amity again in Decr., for at the St. John's Festival (fit occasion for making friends) we find it agreed "that in future all members from the Perfect Friendship Lodge be allowed to visit on all occasions." On this occasion a vote of thanks was proposed to and a medal in commemoration of his good services were agreed to be given to the late Master, James Butcher.

The following March a sum of £3 is voted to a Brother who had been robbed.

There appear to have been 56 members of the Lodge at this time, and we find dinner ordered for St. John's Day, 24th June, for 45 members.

It is worthy of note that both St. John's Days were kept at this time. It is also worthy of note that the term *So mote it be*, presumed to be so old as to take Masonry back to Saxon times, never occurs in these Minutes, but the Minutes of every meeting are concluded with the words, "Lodge closed in harmony—Amen."

Under date Feby. 2nd, 1808, we find it ordered that the Treasurer pay 20s., being a gift for the relief of Bro. Forrester, now confined in the old gaol for debt."

One is glad to find our Brethren remembering the Tyler's toast and their duty to all poor and distressed Masons.

One comes across curious names in these Minutes. One Brother is called Christian Anchor, another Wm. Kettle, then we have Suter, and Ribbins, and other odd cognomens, such as Bro. Curtis-Plumb, etc.

A candidate was proposed in May, 1808, and rejected by "five black and negative beans," and a memo is placed at the bottom of the Minutes to the effect "*that the by-laws say no mention shall ever be made of the above.*"

A very suitable reminder to be read at the next meeting, when the Minutes were confirmed, and one which many a garrulous Mason in our own day would do well to bear in mind. Too often, we grieve to say, an adverse ballot in our country lodges has become the town gossip, and it would be well if some such caution as above were added the the by-laws of all lodges, as much unpleasantness would be saved thereby.

We think we are right in saying, however, that the British Union of to-day adopts a better plan, and rarely or never blackballs a candidate. When an unsuitable person's name is brought forward a hint is quietly given to the proposer and the name is withdrawn before it goes to the ballot, and this seems to us much the best plan.

At St. John Baptist's Festival in 1809, 65 members dined, so the lodge was evidently prospering.

17th Aug., 1809.—A Lodge was opened at the Fleece, in St. Matthews, to attend the funeral of a brother, when 38 members of the Lodge attended. After the minister had concluded the service at the grave a solemn dirge was sung, and the R.W.M. delivered an oration.

Under date 25 Octr., 1809, we find the brethren celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the Accession of George III., when the British Union and Perfect Friendship Lodge met together at the Coach and Horses Hotel, and proceeded to St. Clement's Church, where an excellent sermon was delivered by the Revd. Dr. Bailey Wallace, Rector of St. Mary Stoke. The Lodges voted £2 10s. each to the General Fund for the relief of the industrious poor of the town of Ipswich, in token of their respect for the day "and his Majesty's sacred person and government."

Our brethren were evidently as loyal ond law-abiding then as they are now, in spite of the statements to the contrary of our many maligners in the Catholic Church.

On the 3rd Nov., 1809, we find that Bro. Joseph Cooper, of the Green Man Inn, "on his deathbed having requested the Worshipful Master and brethren to follow his remains to the ground," the sanction of the Prov. Grand Master having been obtained, a Masonic procession was formed, and the brother was buried with Masonic rites.

Under date Feby. 6th, 1810, we find a candidate, Capt. Thos. Richess, *elected, initiated, passed and raised* on the same evening. Bro. Robert King was W.M. at this time.

Now this brother, who was a P.M. at the time of his election to the chair of this old lodge, becomes an interesting personage to our brother Knights Templar when we tell them that his name and those of Bros. John Gooding and Saml. Girling, (who was W.M. in 1811,) all members of this Lodge, occur in the Charter of the Prudence Preceptory of Knights Templars, as the petitioners named specially "with several other Knights of the said Order residing in Ipswich, to whom was granted the Charter to hold the Encampment of Prudence in this year 1810."

This Charter has the following superscription: "*To those whom it may concern, Greeting, and more particularly to the Knights Companions of the Royal, Exalted, Religious, and Military Order of H.R.D.M., K.D.S.H., Grand Elected Knights Templars of St. John of Jerusalem,*" etc., and it is noticeable that with reference to recent proceedings in Great Priory, reported in the *Freemason*, where it was decided to restore the *old* title *Masonic*, which had been eliminated in the new Statutes as not being archaic, that the ward *Masonic* does not occur once in this Charter of 1810.

The British Union Lodge therefore may

be said to be the founder of Knight Templarism in Ipswich.

In May, 1810, a Mr. Christian Anchor, a Norwegian, received the three degrees at one time, and at the following Lodge a visitor from the Angel Lodge, Colchester (a very prosperous and influential Lodge now), was noted as being present. At the St. John's Festival, in June, a note was received from the Lodge of Perfect Friendship, *giving our Lodge an invitation to* join theirs in a day's excursion upon the water. No record is made as to whether they went, but we can fancy no pleasanter or more Masonic way of spending a day than on the beautiful Orwell, and we recommend our Suffolk, and particularly our Ipswich brethren to try a repetition of what must have been a very agreeable *al fresco* entertainment sixty odd years ago.

Under date Sep. 4th., 1810, we find the following Minute: "It was also unanimously agreed that our Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master for this county, Sir William Middleton, Bart., should be presented with his Grand Warrant, now in possession of Bro. Robert King, the W.M. of this Lodge, *and his bill of quarterages due to this Lodge*, the earliest opportunity."

Perhaps Sir William was like the Duke of Sussex, who, by the way, became in 1812 Grand Master of the Knights Templar.

A story is told of him that he was very willing to put his name down to head a subscription list for £100, but that he could never be got to pay. On one occasion an unusually plucky secretary of some charity to whom he had given his name in the usual way ventured to ask H.R.H. to pay the amount he had so graciously promised. The Duke looked at him with blank amazement.

"What," said he? "kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Never!"

And the secretary found, as many had found before, that the Duke's word was his bond in a sense new to the readers of Shakespeare. Possibly Sir Wm. may have thought with the Royal Duke that the brethren ought to be quite satisfied with his name, and that it was all nonsense to expect subscriptions from so august a personage.

That this was so is evidenced by the Minutes of the Lodge in Decr., where it is recorded that the W.M. did present Sir Wm. Middleton with his bill of quarterage, "which said bill Sir William did not think himself bound to discharge." *Noblesse oblige.*

We note that the By-laws were revised this night.

At the celebration of St. John's Festival, in Decr., 1810, we find the Lodge adjourned for dinner at 4 o'clock, and returned to the Lodge Room at 5, when the Lodge did not close till 10. A note is made at the end of the proceedings:

"Received a letter from the Perfect Friendship Lodge, signifying they had honoured us in open Lodge in the usual manner, which compliment was returned in like form and their letter answered."

It is pleasant to note this little interchange of courtesies between the two Lodges, and one cannot but regret that the old Lodge of Perfect Friendship is now alas no more. It has, however, a worthy successor in its namesake, which we see by the Cosmopolitan Calendar was founded in 1824, and which is one of the most prosperous and well conducted Lodges in Suffolk, possessing several both *bright and learned* Masons to carry on the grand traditions of the Craft and to rule worthily each in his turn over a body of men who zealously uphold the principles of our Order.

(To be Continued.)

SONNET.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

(For the "Masonic Magazine.")

SPEAK loud, ye tossing woods—thou sounding sea,
And stormy heav'ns—ye thunders as ye start
From cliff to cliff, while lightnings point your dart;
Speak loud—thy voice, O vain humanity,

Be still;—be thine, a silent, a mute plea;
While the Muse whispers to the poet's heart
Sweet strains;—whose sweetness he can but impart
To kindred hearts, which share song's ecstacy;
Indwelling strains of mystic melody;
Whose breath is hush'd save in each conscious breast,
For which its still small voice of harmony
Hath golden chords, with golden accents blest;
Rich strains;—which folly's cold unheeding ear
Like the deaf adder's, ne'er can brook to hear.

Civil and Mechanical Engineer's Society.

7, *Westminster Chambers,*
Victoria Street, S.W.

THE TRANSPORT OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE FROM EGYPT TO LONDON.

At the last meeting of this society, held by permission of the Council in the hall of the Institution of Surveyors, Great George Street, Bro. R. M. Bancroft (of the Great Northern Railway), president of the society, in the chair, an interesting lecture on "The Means of Transport from Egypt, and the Erection in London, of Cleopatra's Needle," was given by Mr. John Dixon, C.E., who has undertaken to bring the obelisk to England.

Mr. Dixon commenced by observing that the obelisk known as "Cleopatra's Needle" was of great historical interest, because it had sculptured upon it the history of the man who quarried it from the old quarries of Syene (the modern Assouan), and the reason why he quarried it. There were few monuments extant, so far as we knew, which could, like this, date back 3,400 years. In addition to its historical interest, however, the obelisk in question was of interest to engineers, in consideration of the means which were resorted to in order to quarry and transport in safety such huge monoliths. Cleopatra's Needle was not alone among obelisks, and possessed no peculiar features. In point of size, it stood only about eighth or ninth on the list of obelisks with which we were acquainted. The largest of which we knew was the Lateran Obelisk in Rome, which was brought by the Romans, with about twenty smaller ones, from Egypt, as the most curious objects they could lay hold of to decorate their imperial city. The Lateran Obelisk had a height of something like 90 ft., and was 10 ft. 6 in. square at the base, whereas Cleopatra's Needle was only 69 ft. 3 in. high, with a base of 7 ft. square. Ten years ago, when the lecturer was in Egypt, his attention was especially directed to this obelisk, which he saw lying in the sand on the shore at Alexandria. He dug around it and under it for the purpose of examining it, and it appeared to be little the worse for wear, except that two of its sides were somewhat weatherworn, and did not retain the polish which still existed on the other two sides. Nevertheless, the hieroglyphic inscriptions were quite distinct enough to be read by those learned in those matters, and it therefore retained its history as clearly as on the day when it was set up by Thothmes III., *circa* 1400 B.C. Egypt in those days was the leading country of the world, not only in arts and commerce, but in learning and science, and to her great university of Heliopolis came Strabo, Pliny, Herodotus, and others. Thothmes went to the old quarries of Syene for the material of his obelisks. From these quarries for generations before him the Egyptians had been accustomed to sculpture those great blocks of granite which even to this day were our wonder and admiration. The granite of Syene was micaceous and somewhat coarse in texture and pinkish in colour, and in the quarries to the present day there existed an obelisk, half cut out, much larger than any other we know of. That obelisk, if it had ever been completely quarried and set up, would have been 96 ft. high and about 11 ft. square at the base. The proportion of height of these obelisks to the square of base was generally about 10 to 1, or, in other words, the height was

about ten times the square of the base. The hieroglyphics on "Cleopatra's Needle" were from 2 ft. to 3 ft. long, cut 2 in. deep, and 3 in. or 4 in. broad, so that they could be read from a distance of fifty or sixty yards. The inscription, besides recording the virtues and power of Thothmes, recorded that the obelisk when set up was tipped with gold. This feature was of course gone, but there was a slight ledge round the point at the top, which was no doubt made to receive a gold tip, or one of bronze gilt. On the top of the obelisk of Luxor, at Paris, which the French brought from Egypt, there was a similar ledge or groove. The inscription on Cleopatra's Needle did not say in what city that obelisk was set up. Some accounts had it that it was first erected at Thebes, and was afterwards removed by Ramesis to Memphis. Be that as it might, it was ultimately removed to the ancient city of Heliopolis. The site of that city, once the Oxford and Cambridge of the world, and at that time, it may be presumed, covered with magnificent buildings, now presented one of the most astounding spectacles which could be witnessed. Nothing remained but a green plain, in the centre of which was a solitary obelisk, opposite to which once stood the stone now known as "Cleopatra's Needle." The latter was subsequently removed to Alexandria. How it came to be thrown down in its present position nobody knew. It had been conjectured that an earthquake was the cause of its overthrow, but it was much more likely, Mr. Dixon thought, that it was thrown down to get at the bronze tortoises on which it was believed all these obelisks were placed. In 1798 the French conquered Egypt, and they laid their hands on everything that was valuable or invaluable in the country. They carried off an enormous quantity of Egyptian remains, and they proposed to carry off the Rosetta stone (now in the British Museum), Cleopatra's Needle, and other antiquities. Before they could do so, however, they were driven out of Egypt by the English, and at the conclusion of that brilliant campaign, in which Sir Ralph Abercrombie fell, a great effort was made to secure Cleopatra's Needle, which would when erected in London, form a fitting monument of one of the most brilliant campaigns in which English arms had ever been engaged.

The army subscribed four or five days' pay, and, assisted by the navy, took steps to remove the obelisk. They had hardly commenced, however, ere the red tape and pipeclay of those days sent forth an order to desist in the attempt, as such work would be destructive of discipline and of the accoutrements of the men. So the obelisk remained where it was. When Mehemet Ali assumed the reins of power, he, wishing to please George III., presented the Rosetta stone and many of the principal objects in the Egyptian Court of the British Museum, together with Cleopatra's Needle, to the English nation. The British Government, however, had always declined meddling with this obelisk, although repeatedly urged to bring it over. The expense involved was made the great obstacle, although even so utilitarian a man as Joseph Hume proposed to spend the national money in bringing over the obelisk, and contended that the money would be well spent for such an object. The cost of bringing over the obelisk has been estimated in years gone by at £100,000, but Mr. Dixon said he was confident that the cost would not exceed one-eighth or one-tenth of that sum. Eventually the British Government had renounced the gift. Recently, as was well known, Dr. Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., had munificently come forward and had offered to find the money if Mr. Dixon would undertake the engineering details involved in the transport of the obelisk to England. That offer had been accepted. The Khedive, on being spoken to on the subject by Mr. Fowler, his Highness's chief engineer, and who was now in Egypt, said he should be pleased to see the obelisk removed to England if the Government would accept it on behalf of the nation. This the Government had consented to do, and it had again been presented to England through our Consul General in Egypt. Nothing now remained, therefore, but to remove the obelisk to England. The stone was at present lying embedded in the sand on the shore of Canopus Bay, to the east of Alexandria. It was parallel to, and not far from the water-line, which washed the foot of a quay-wall backed up by the sand in which the obelisk

was buried. The water was very shallow for a considerable distance out, and its bed was of rock covered with a fine sand, so that to dredge or excavate a channel for a vessel to come alongside the quay-wall and take the obelisk on board, would involve an outlay of £50,000 or more. It would also be impossible to make a mole on which to convey the obelisk out to a vessel lying in deep water, simply because there was no material available, and even were there material, the length of mole required would necessitate an outlay of at least £30,000. Neither of these plans was available. What was proposed to be done was simply to excavate about the obelisk, and to build around it a huge iron cylinder or boiler, so to speak, 95 feet long and 15 feet in diameter. In the first instance there would be constructed around the obelisk, 10 ft. apart, about seven diaphragms, discs, or collars, so to call them, circular on plan, and with square apertures in the centre through which the obelisk passed and would be held in position by wedges and other appliances so disposed and arranged as to prevent any excess of strain being brought to bear on the monolith under any circumstances, whether the cylinder containing it were held up in the centre on the crest of a wave or at each end by two waves without any support in the centre. To these diaphragms or collars would be built longitudinal girders and framing, which would in their turn carry concentric ribs of iron to receive the external skin of plate iron. The obelisk will be disposed as nearly as possible in the centre of this cylinder, which will have both its ends pinched up, so to speak, in wedge-form, to serve as bow and stern. On the side of the cylinder which is intended to remain uppermost, manholes will be left for taking in ballast. The weight of the obelisk is about 183 tons. The cylinder, when completed, will be rolled out in the shallow water until it floats, being previously covered with a stout jacketing of timber-work, in order to prevent the possibility of its being damaged by any sharp pieces of rock which it may roll over. When the cylinder is in deep water it will be towed into the Khedive's dry dock at Alexandria, where the wooden jacketing will be stripped off; one of the wedge-shaped ends will be provided with a rudder, and the cylinder will be fitted with two bilge keels and a small platform or deck, thus becoming a cylinder ship. It will be named the *Cleopatra*. Ballast will be taken on board to give the whole greater stability, which would have been secured, if the obelisk could have been taken on board an ordinary vessel, by placing the load nearer to the bottom than in the present case, where, in order to facilitate the rolling of the cylinder, the obelisk is to be placed in the centre. All being ready and the weather favourable, the cylinder and its contents would be towed to England. Mr. Dixon went into details to show the stability of the vessel, as to which every care had been taken, seeing that not only was the safety of the obelisk involved, but the credit of English engineering was at stake. The plans of the vessel had been approved by Mr. Froude and other authorities on the subject of naval architecture. Having reached the Thames it would be towed to that part of the embankment wall nearest to the site which might be selected, and at high tide would be floated on to a staging or grid-iron of timber constructed to receive it. When the tide receded the cylinder would be left high and dry, and would then be raised by hydraulic power until the level of the Embankment was reached. The keels, deck, and other excrescences having been removed, and the ballast taken out, the cylinder would be rolled across the Embankment to the site the obelisk was intended to occupy, where the cylinder would be broken up and removed to the scrap-heap.

Then came the question of raising the obelisk into an upright position on its pedestals. The Romans, and, later, the French, had pulled their obelisks up by ropes, but that plan necessitated a large number of capstans and other appliances. Mr. Dixon proposed to raise Cleopatra's Needle in the following manner: Having brought the centre of the obelisk over the exact site it was to stand upon, he should put round the central 4 ft. or 5 ft. an iron jacket, or, more properly speaking, a pair of iron stays capable of being so tightly laced or screwed up as to prevent the stone from slipping. On the centres of two of its sides this jacket would have projecting

trunnions capable of bearing the whole weight of the obelisk. The obelisk would then be gradually raised by hydraulic power, applied at each end alternately, and as it was raised a scaffold or staging of baulks of timber would be gradually built under it, the obelisk still lying in a horizontal position. When the timber staging had reached the required height, two iron girders would be placed parallel with the obelisk. Upon these girders would rest the trunnions before referred to, and the girders resting upon the end portions of the timber-staging, would allow of the central portion of the staging being removed, so that the obelisk would swing nicely balanced on the trunnions, the bottom of the obelisk just clearing the stone on which it was to rest, and from that position could be easily lowered into its place by the lowering of the girders to a slight extent. One advantage of this plan was that on a bright moonlight night the stone could be experimentally lowered on to its pedestal to ascertain whether everything was right, and could then be pulled up again ready for the public ceremony. The lecture, which was illustrated by large plans on the walls, and by a model of the proposed cylinder-ship, attracted as unusually large audience, and an interesting discussion ensued.

A BROTHER'S ADVICE.

BRO. J. H. JEWELL, P.M. (AMHERST LODGE.)

EVER with fortune's bright sunshine around you,
Think well of the hearts by adversity froze;
Objects of pity may oftimes surround you,
Aid them with comforts and banish their woes.
The tempests of life are oft sad and appalling,
Trouble's rough seas oft engulphing the brave:
Rush to the rescue when true hearts are falling,
Ever be ready a *confrère* to save.

Never through life turn your back on a brother,
Whom tempests have batter'd and wreck'd on life's way;
Rather be trying his sorrows to smother,
With prosperity's sun lend him one cheering ray,
Friendship's the link which in life's cable bindeth
Firmer the anchor that Hope leaneth on,
And when one faithful heart a poor wanderer findeth,
The haven of life will be cheerfully won.

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.

BY MENTOR.

I AM not going to review Mr. Anthony Trollope's amusing and improving novel, for a notice of it has already appeared in the MASONIC MAGAZINE. But I have chosen the heading of this article as the text of a Masonic sermonette on a subject alluded to in the last number—namely, what an "Old Fogey," in *Temple Bar*, on whom I then commented, thought well to term the "Excessive Influence of Women."

I drop the editorial "we," to-day, and write in proper individuality—in propria persona.

The "old Fogey" has coolly and calmly propounded the theory that the present relaxation of Society—of the world—that the real cause of the unsatisfactory conditions of conversation, religion, literature, and the stage, personal expenditure, and the like, arise from the "undue influence of women." I entirely differ from him, in all proper deference, and shall proceed to give, not only my reason why, but to point out where the "shoe really pinches," or in fact as we often say, and our young sporting friend Horsey Johnson will quite echo the words, to "put the shoe on the right foot of the right horse."

The "old Fogey" accuses women of having influenced and infected alike that

development of mournful weakness and deplorable decadence which, he says, are too plain in conversation, expense, literature, the theatre, and religion, and marriage. So let us take these items of the account seriatim, and see what the "tottle" is. As regards to conversation, the converse of his statement is notoriously the fact, namely, that the defect in conversation does not arise from the over "palaver" of the women, as he is civil enough to say, but from the deficiency of the men, and especially our male youth! No one who has studied the educational question in its widest range, or attended to its actual working, but must know this—that "pour le moment"—I fain would hope only "pour le moment"—the women in all classes alike are ahead of the men, especially in the younger generation. What has rendered conversation so trivial and so flighty, and so unhealthy latterly, (I quite agree in this with the "old Fogey"), is that our young men can only talk of the things which they do understand—bets and horses, fast life, and questionable company, racehorses and chronicle exercises. Hence all society assumes a "quasi-scandalous inebriate style," and all the undercurrents of life, which do not always appear on the surface, are known, discussed, and realized, even by our young ladies. Our young men are, for the most part, so debased by a slavish subserviency to text books, and students "Humes," and the like, so crammed for the examining mania, that they have studied very little thoroughly, and mastered hardly anything clearly. Scholarship and close reading are at a discount; the "coach" and the "analysis," the "compendium" and the "abstract," have struck a heavy blow against actual industry and individual acquirement. We live in an age of generalities and second principles, and we vote the tedious process of study, and thought, and induction, a bore and a blunder. Hence we have plenty of talkative popinjays, with a smattering of many things, knowing nothing perfectly—a band of pretentious heroes, whose spelling is defective, and whose conversation is hopelessly vapid. Some of our leading men have foolishly hounded on the absurd cry against classical studies, and so many of our young men are floored when they hear of Dr. Schliemann's excavations at Mycenæ, as they are utterly ignorant of the old world stories of Agamemnon, and Cassandra, Clytemnestra, and Ægistheus. This is a good illustration of what I am contending for. If conversation is weak and aimless to-day, the fault is with the young men, not the women!

With reference to expense, the statement is equally fallacious. Enervated luxury and heartless expenditure, questionable company and depraved manners, are very fashionable among our rising youth. Their extravagance is perfectly dreadful. Dress and flowers, horses and cigars, grooms and decorations, pretty knickknacks, and old china, are the rage, and on them they lavish large sums of money, which being for the most part borrowed, "Billi, Billæ, Billa," bring them rapidly into "Short Street," and into graver embarrassments. Talk of the extravagance of women, it is positively as nothing compared with the childish wastefulness of men!

That some women are greatly addicted to dress and expenditure, who denies? but that the present love of extravagance, "outrè" fashions and abnormal payments is to be laid at the door of the woman, I, for one, utterly deny. The men like those dressy and bedizened dolls you meet here and there, and therefore at once society always, in extremes, thinks it needful to "out-Herod Herod" in those modern tastes and that gaudiness in outward adornment, which I admit are too common, but are not so to say indigenous to woman positively. Let men cut down their expenses, open and secret, reform their habits, restrain their unhealthy and unjustifiable proclivities, and control their moral life, and they will soon behold a wonderful change in the great feminine world!

And then the theatre is said to be another arena in which woman's influence is prejudicially felt! Is that the influence which predominates at many of our theatres to-day, happily not all? I think not! For whom, in some, is the "banquet made ready?" and for whom do the "flowers bloom," and the "lights glitter," and "dulcet cadences fall," and the "soft songs of sirens prevail,"—the women? Oh dear no; our own golden youth! whom

the French wittily term "nos Cocodés."

To declare that the present tone of theatrical performances, (on which, however, too much of censure is cast, after all, as well as of childish criticism), is due to the female mind, is positively too ludicrous!

The lighter pieces, of which the "old Fogey" complains are all addressed at "homines," "ad juvenes," not "ad fœminas," but I think that the "old Fogey" under estimates the effect of many admirable performances which do equal credit just now to the taste of the audiences and the talents of our actresses and actors.

And what shall we say of literature? Who are they that read nothing but sporting, sensational, realistic novels, questionable French productions, and the idle excrescences of a pernicious dilettanti school? Who are they who bind worthless books in gaudy bindings, and fill limited book-shelves with a brilliant collection of absolute trash? Our young women—or women generally? I deny the soft impeachment. Is it not our new male generation? Women read, just now, more than men; think more than men; and digest the "mental pabulum" more easily and readily! Let the moral be what it may!

And now as to Hymen. Do women make more mercenary marriages than men? I fancy not.

Indeed, is it not too notorious that with a large proportion of our youth, just now, not what a girl is, but what she has, is the real question at issue? Is it not, alas, too true that many men marry positively, simply, and solely for money? Who can read without emotion a little case lately in Sir James Hannen's court, where, on the evening of the marriage, the brave husband told his wife that he had only married her for her money, and commenced brutally to ill-treat her? They say, then, "exceptio probat regulum," but I fear not, in this particular. It is not so much the women who are mercenary very often as the men!

And then as regards religion. That our women may love ornate churches, and æsthetical services, I do not deny—it is the taste of the day, (and good within due limits,)—but it is not they who rush into those wondrous displays—at which an old stager like myself stares in utter astonishment—into foreign teachings, and fantastic gyrations. The truth is, that our good friend the "old Fogey"—skilful writer as he is, alike in his illustrations and his antithesis—has, in a word, summed up that masculine indictment against women which I have always held to be so unfair and so unjust!

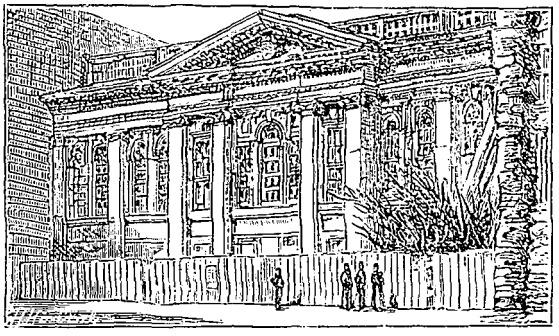
That a great amount of demoralization is going on just now in Society, I quite concede, but "à qui la faute?" Not the women!

No, it is simply the fault of the men—old, middle-aged, juvenile! Yes, there is the real cause of all our restlessness and discontent, our unhappiness and evil.

But do not let us use extravagant words, or seek to "pile up the agony." The fast lives of our young men are doing an incalculable evil to society and to themselves. But as in another article in this number it has been thought well to allude to the same subject, I say no more upon it, except that I would forgive a great deal in all this "étourderie" of youth, if it was not for that dreadful hypocrisy which is increasing among us—if we did not meet daily those pretentious young Joseph Surfaces, who hold forth in language which, to my old ears, is as untrue as it is revolting.

To hear them talk, you would believe that all women were corrupt and they immaculate; that they really deplore the license of society and the sad consequences of unbridled luxury, and cold-hearted profligacy, when you know all the while, that their inner lives are an abject mockery of all that is sacred, pure, and good!

And so I close as I commenced, the "fons et origo mali" are not to be found in "Female Influence," but in that weak-witted, verdant, variable, shallow-pated, semi-educated generation, whose highest merit and dearest longings appear to be, just now, "Folly's Regime, Effrontery's brazen claim!"



CARPENTERS' HALL.

THE Carpenters' Hall, of which we give a vignette, by the kind permission of the publisher of the *Graphic*, and for which, out of courtesy, we are much obliged, but has not much connexion with Freemasonry, inasmuch as none of the earlier meetings of Grand Lodge appeared to have been held there, like as at the Fishmongers', the Mercers', the Haberdashers', the Vintners', the Merchant Taylors', the Stationers', the Draper's Halls—yet, archæologically, it has still somewhat of interest for us. For it is a remnant of that old guild system of ours which once had such influence over our public and private life in this country, whose reality, so to say, has hardly yet been realised by our historians, whose usefulness and value have yet to be fully appreciated.

We are indebted for the following account of it, its destruction, and the rebuilding of the Hall, as well as for the vignette above, to our interesting contemporary the *Graphic:*

"The date of the first incorporation of the Carpenters' Company by Royal Charter is a matter of uncertainty; one writer placing it as early as 1344, the seventeenth year of the reign of Edward III., and another giving 1478, the seventeenth year of Edward IV. It appears, however, to be beyond doubt that in 1428 the "citizens and carpenters of London" obtained from the Prior of St. Mary Spital a lease of five cottages and some waste land in the parish of All Hallows, London Wall, and that in the following year these cottages were pulled down, and a "Great Hall" and other buildings erected upon the site. Additions, repairs, and decorations are known to have been executed at various subsequent dates, but an unfortunate blank in the history of the Company, from 1515 to 1532, makes it impossible to say positively whether the Hall which is now in progress of demolition is the original building, or whether a new Hall was built during the interval above alluded to. It was one of the few City Halls which escaped the Great Fire of London, and it has an entrance hall added by Jupp about 1780, and enriched with *bas relief* portraits of Inigo Jones, Wren, and others, by Bacon. The most interesting portion of the structure from an artistic and archæological point of view are the interior decorations of the Great Hall, which include some elaborate carvings in massive oak, both in the roof and in the mullions of the windows, which are filled in with stained glass bearing the ancient Royal Arms (the Lion and the Dragon), the City Arms, and the names of different Masters and Wardens for many years, and a remnant of what is supposed to have been the Arms of the Company.

"The western side of the Hall was adorned with a series of paintings which are supposed to have been covered up at the time of the Puritan crusade against all

pictures which included representations of Our Saviour or of the Virgin Mary. They were accidentally discovered in 1845 by a workman who, finding the wall not firm enough to hold a nail which he wished to drive into it, tore away some of the canvas and brought the old pictures to light. They occupy the whole breadth of the Hall, twenty-three feet, and are about three feet in height. The subjects, which are taken from Scripture, and have special reference to carpentry, are divided into four compartments, by ornamental columns painted in distemper. The paintings themselves are executed upon a layer of lime about one-sixth of an inch thick, which rests on a thick layer of earth and clay, held together with straw and supported by laths. The first subject represents the Almighty giving instruction to Noah concerning the building of the Ark, upon which Shem, Ham, and Japheth are busily at work. The second represents King Josiah (II. Kings 22), ordering the repair of the Temple, the third an incident in the early life of Our Lord, who is gathering up the chips scattered by Joseph, who is at work upon a beam of wood. The Virgin is seated on one side spinning, and in the original is a figure which is not reproduced in our engraving—viz., a grave personage in sixteenth century costume, who appears to be giving orders respecting Joseph's work. The fourth compartment shows the child Jesus teaching in the synagogue, but a great portion of the picture is destroyed. Above each compartment is an appropriate quotation from Scripture, painted in black letter, but the only inscription which remains perfect is that descriptive of the third subject. The paintings are executed in a vigorous black outline, the tints of the dresses are flat, without any attempt at shading, and there are some traces of gilding. The costume is curious, being a mixture of antiquated dress and the ordinary attire of the artist's own period. The attendants and officers of King Josiah are in costume of the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., while the men in the synagogue are in a heterogeneous sort of dress which was much used by Scriptural designers of that time. The paintings, which are placed about nine feet from the ground, are surmounted by an embattled oak beam, over which, in the spandril of the arch, is painted the arms of the Company, supported by nude figures of boys. There is also an inscription, which, however, is nearly obliterated.

"The new Hall of the Carpenter s'Company is in course of erection in London Wall, the entrance being in the new street called Throgmorton Avenue. The style is Italian, from the designs of William Willmer Pocock, Esq., F.R.I.B.A. The foundation-stone was laid on the 1st August, 1876, by Stanton William Preston, Esq., then the Master of the Company, and the building is to be completed by the end of the present year. It is intended to introduce into the new building the old oak carving and other decorations now in the present Hall."

THE LADY MURIEL.

(From Bro. Emra Holmes' "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers," about to be published.)

CHAPTER IV.

LADY MURIEL.

"WHAT became of the lady?" I asked.

Falconbridge was in a profound reverie, and took no notice. At last with a sort of half start, he seemed to recover himself, and said—

"Pardon me, my thoughts were far away. Did you speak?"

I repeated the question.

"Oh, ah, yes; I will tell you. It was only six months after her marriage that, by the sudden death of Mandeville's cousin, whose only son had predeceased him by a few months only, he came into the earldom of Kilpatrick, and my friend became an Irish Countess. He did not enjoy the dignity long, however, for, four months afterwards, I saw his death in the papers, which occurred through a fall from his horse in the hunting field, and at twenty-four Muriel was a widowed Countess, and would shortly become a mother. In the

event of there being no son, the title and estates went to a distant cousin, and the Earl, always a careless man and by no means a loving husband, had made no provision for his widow whatever. Poor thing! it was a time of great anxiety for her. If, in the course of the next three months, she should happily become the mother of a boy, he would be the eighth Earl of Kilpatrick, the possessor of a proud title and ample estate, and she, as his mother and guardian, would live in comfort and even affluence. If, on the contrary, the posthumous child should be a girl, she would be left almost penniless and without a home. The family had never taken any notice of her, always talking, as I heard of "that dreadful *mésalliance*," as they were pleased to call it, with much disdain. It was not likely, therefore, that she would look to them for anything. Meanwhile, of course, she was left in possession at Castle Court. I did not go to Canada after all. Our regiment had been ordered out to the Crimea, the war having broken out. I should have preferred staying in England for her sake, especially just then; but no man of honour could leave the army at such a time. I suppose it was owing to her trouble and anxiety, poor thing! but the little stranger made its appearance two months before it was expected, and it was a girl. The news reached me just two days before I sailed, and I went immediately to my bankers, arranged for the purchase of £10,000 worth of consols—almost the whole of my available property then—and had it entered in her name, so that she should not be entirely penniless. I left instructions also that £200 should be immediately paid her, and that the money should be conveyed in such a manner as to lead her to suppose it was her husband's property. I well knew that her proud spirit would not allow her to receive it from me. The next news I heard was that she had left Castle Court with her child, and had gone to Ryde for the winter. I did not meet her for three years, though I had taken occasion to write to her once or twice to proffer my services if she needed them, and she always wrote me pretty frank replies.

"It was in the spring of 1857 that we met, soon after my return from the Crimea, Directly the war was over I sold out, making up my mind to ask her to marry me. From motives of delicacy I had refrained from approaching her as a lover hitherto, because I knew she felt her husband's death very much, though he had not treated her kindly. As I told you, however, she was ailing, and in 1858 I took lodgings for her at Dovercourt, the doctors recommending her to leave Derbyshire, where she then was, and try the sea air for herself and the little girl. I grew very much attached to the little Muriel, as you may imagine, for she was very like her mother; and her delicacy of health, whilst it endeared her more to her mother, perhaps, was not the less attractive to me. Poor girl! I could not bear to lose her now; it would break my heart. Well, Lady Kilpatrick at length grew, I think, to like me enough to promise me her hand, and we were to be married in the autumn of that year. But, to my great grief, as the summer drew on, she had another attack of the disorder with which she had been previously afflicted. It baffled the skill of the doctors, and soon her days were numbered, and I found that I must lose the only friend, the only woman whom I loved in the world. A countess is never without friends of a sort; but Muriel was not rich enough to mix in the society her rank would warrant, and the circumstances of her life, the troubles she had passed through and her always delicate health, combined to make her lead a very *secluded* —ill natured people called it a very *exculsive*—life. She was an interesting invalid—a lady of title, whom every one knew by name and by sight; but no one intimately; and although many people of position called upon her at Ipswich, she always returned their calls, and the acquaintance ended there. Not that she was proud—far from it; but the circumstances of her life altogether, as I have said, led her to live secluded and much alone.

"It was just such a day as this, I remember, that I saw her last—a lovely, soft autumn day. She was much better, and had so far recovered that she could be carried into the garden to enjoy the balmy air and the beautiful sunlight.

"'John,' she said, 'I feel better to-day, much better. If I recover, I will try to be a good wife to you.'

"'God grant you may, dear,' I answered.

"'But if I should not, you will be good to Muriel, will you not?'

"'She shall be as dear to me as if she were my own child.'

"'Thank you! you are too good to me and mine,' she answered, with the tears welling up into her beautiful eyes.

"Beverley, you don't know what I have gone through.

"The doctors buoyed me up with hopes that she would recover. Mrs. Vaux thought that she was gaining strength daily. So much better was she that I took a house, and had already commenced furnishing it in anticipation of a coming event which was to bring such happiness to me, when one morning I was hastily summoned to Killmallock Lodge, only just in time to find that Muriel had broken a blood vessel, and was rapidly sinking. In an hour from my arrival, she was no more!

"Man, I cried like a child! the blow was almost too heavy to bear. The one hope, the life, the joy of my heart was gone, and only coldness and weariness remained.

"I have smiled sometimes to find, by some chance expression of yours, that you fancied me a gloomy misanthrope, a cynic, a misogynist.

"I suppose you little know how much I have gone through. Well, to make a long story short, I may tell you that the noble relations who had held aloof from her whilst alive, now she was dead, took her from me, and laid her in the burial ground at Castle Court beside her husband. The grand funeral—what a mockery it was to treat her as a countess only when she was dead! The thing disgusted me. They offered to take the little girl to educate; but Muriel's last request was that I should take care of the child, and I would not give her up to them.

"After Lady Kilpatrick's death I could not stay in England.

"I got unsettled, and roamed about, visiting, in the course of my rambles, Baden, Paris, Biarritz, Vienna, Rome, Switzerland, but could not bear to abide in any place long at once, and thus spent some years seeking for relief in change of scene and company.

"I don't suppose I have led a very good or useful life. On the contrary, I have wasted my time a good deal, I dare say; and, to tell you frankly, I think it was through meeting you last year in Paris that I was led first to think of coming back to England and settling down. Muriel's health, too, not being very good at Heidelberg, where I sent her as soon as she was old enough to leave England, made me resolve to make a home for her here.

"I had spent a fortune abroad; but some capital investments here have more than recouped all I lost there.

"Of course, my ward gets all I have when I die."

"Do you believe in these capital investments?" I asked.

"Oh yes, I'm secure enough. Half my property is invested in the great ship-building company in the north—Waters, Waters and Company."

"The deuce it is," I said.

Yes, and it will be a fine property for Muriel some day, man! you see if it is'nt.

"Poor child! she is now fourteen; how the time goes! I am going to have a resident governess here for her, besides teachers from the town; and I particularly wanted Mrs. Beverley to be here just now to give me advice about her."

I had listened attentively to Falconbridge's story, and could not help pitying him as he told it.

Two or three days afterwards he came down very much excited, and told me he had received a letter from the people at Heidelberg with whom Lady Muriel resided, and was sorry to find that she had been ill, but the letter said she was now better, and would come by the boat the next day (Thursday).

We decided to take *circuit* tickets, and go down by the boat, returning by the train with Muriel. On our way down, I noticed something very strange in Falconbridge's manner, which startled me. He complained of his head, which reminded me that he had received a sword-cut on his forehead in the Crimean war, which had affected the brain at the time, but from which he had long recovered, as I thought.

He was talking rather gloomily, and said something about Muriel, if anything should happen, I should find his will all right.

I rallied him about being so dispirited, but without much effect.

When we got to Harwich, we found that the boat had not come in from Antwerp, but a telegram awaited Mr. Falconbridge. It was dated from the Hotel de l'Europe, and it informed him in the usual curt way that "Lady Muriel Mandeville was unable to proceed. It was feared she was dying."

I shall never forget the ashy paleness that overspread his face when he read the intelligence.

I tried to rouse him, but without effect for some time. He sat down in the hotel that we had gone to, read the telegram, and the tears coursed down his cheeks as he said to himself,

"Poor child! poor child!"

It was a pitiful sight to see a man like him, usually so difficult to move, completely broken down.

Shall it be owned, my own eyes moistened as I heard him saying over those words to himself, like one dazed,

"Poor child! poor child!"

The next boat did not leave for Antwerp till the following evening, and I persuaded him to come back with me to Ipswich. For some reason or other he would go back by boat, instead of taking the train.

CHAPTER V.

VERY NEAR TO SILENT STREET.

"THE day is lovely," I said, trying to get him to talk to me as we made our way down to the steamboat.

"Yes."

"Aren't you well, old fellow?"

"Oh yes. I'm all right," he answered, looking straightforward at vacancy, and seeming to see nothing.

"Take a glass of brandy before we go," I urged. "You look pale, man, and knocked up."

"No thanks, I'm all right."

We had brought down his St. Bernard dog, Lion, with us. The poor beast often came with us in our walks, and having followed us to the station in the morning, we had allowed him to accompany us. At Harwich we missed him, however; but just as the steamer started, it tracked us out, and coming down with a bound on the landing stage, at once leapt into the water and swam after us. It was a faithful beast, a shaggy fawn-coloured coat, and a large, beautiful head, with great foolish, loving eyes, as mild as any woman's and a temper as placid and good as ever dog owned.

Falconbridge was very fond of it, for it was a present from Lady Kilpatrick, to whom it had been given by the Misses Pennyfathers, and its sire was the same dog that figured in the memorable scene years ago at Canchester.

The poor thing barked and swam after us as fast as it could, but the steamer soon got ahead, and I feared the dog would be drowned. On any other occasion Falconbridge would have been the first to go to the rescue of poor Lion; but there he sat moodily with his face buried in his hands, taking no heed of what was passing by. At last I went to the captain, who good-naturedly stopped the boat, and in a few minutes we got the faithful beast on board.

It immediately ran to its master, and crouched at his feet, but he took no notice of it.

I was walking to the other end of the vessel, when there was a sudden cry,

"A man overboard!"

A rush to the side of the vessel, which was immediately stopped, showed me Falconbridge in the water. A loud bark and a great plunge, and "Lion" was seen swimming with his arm in its mouth.

To lower the boat, to take up the body, was the work of a minute or two only; to restore consciousness took a much longer time.

I hurried down into the cabin which was cleared of passengers, and there was the dog whining pitifully, and licking his master's hands, which hung down lifelessly by his side.

But, thank God! he was saved, though it was long before he recovered. When he did he was a changed man.

* * * * *

It appeared that some one had lent him the day's newspaper, he took it, out of civility, for a moment, and as he handed it back with thanks, his eye caught the heading of a paragraph:— "Failure of the great Shipping Company—Waters, Waters and Co." The sudden shock caused by seeing this news of the wreck of his fortune was too much for him. A sudden dreadful

impulse seized him, and he sprang over the side of the vessel, intending to end his troubles there and then. He recovered, however, and so did Lady Muriel.

Waters, Waters, and Co., only suspended payment for a time, and now are as prosperous as ever.

Ipswich and its associations were too painful to poor Falconbridge, and he soon gave up his house there, and he and his ward and Mrs. Vaux have come to reside near us at Weston.

Little Lady Muriel promises to be as beautiful and accomplished as her mother, and she loves John Falconbridge quite as much as if he had been her father.

The last time I saw him he had but lately become convalescent. He said,

"Well, old fellow, I was very near *Silent Street*, wasn't I, that day? I was out of my mind then, I have fancied since, and if it had not been for 'Lion,' Lady Kilpatrick's last present to me, my dear little Muriel would have been left without a protector; but God has been very good to me, and I trust I may never forget His many mercies.

LINES TO THE CRAFT.

BY BRO. F. B. COVELL.

(*From the "Scottish Freemason."*)

HAIL! members of the votive throng,
Linked to Truth by virtue's chain,
How the welcome notes prolong—
Proudly sound the Craft's great name.
For each other's weal we seek—
To pure affection strive to rise;
To cheer the brave and help the weak,
We're bound by strong fraternal ties.
We here our brethren all invest
With secret rites and mystic signs,
By which, when wronged or sore distressed,
Each one another's woe divines.
Within our Temple all agree—
Men of every creed and clime;
From selfishness and passion free,
All meet in harmony sublime.
Unmoved by time our Order stands,
By wisdom, strength, and beauty crown'd;
Our union, of both hearts and hands,
Extends to earth's remotest bound.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[WE give some interesting contemporary pamphlets, which accompany these letters.—ED.]

Paris, July 16, 1790.

FEDERATION NATIONALE.

Discours prononcé à l'Assemblée nationale par M. de la Fayette, au nom & à la tête des Députés de toutes les gardes nationales de France, & la Réponse du Roi.

MESSIEURS,—Les gardes nationales de France viennent vous offrir l'hommage de leur respect & de leur reconnoissance. La nation voulant enfin être libre, vous a chargé de lui donner une constitution. Mais en vain elle l'auroit entendue, si la volonté éclairée, dont vous êtes les organes, n'avoit suscité cette force obéissante qui repose en nos mains, & si l'heureux concert de l'une & de l'autre, remplaçant tout-à-coup cet ordre ancien que les premiers mouvemens de la liberté faisoient disparoître, n'avoit été la première des lois qui succedoient à celles qui n'étoient plus.

C'étoit, nous l'osons dire, un prix dû à notre zele, que cette fête qui va rassembler tant de freres épars, mais qui, régis à-la-fois par votre influence & par le besoin impérieux si cher aux bons Français de conserver l'unité de l'Etat, n'ont cessé de diriger vers un point commun leurs communs efforts. C'étoit aussi, sans doute, un prix dû à vos travaux, que cet accord unanime avec lequel ils portent aujourd'hui à l'Assemblée constituante de France, leur adhésion à des principes que demain ils vont jurer de maintenir & de défendre.

Oui, Messieurs, vous avez connu, & les besoins de la France, & le vœu des Français, lorsque vous avez détruit le gothique édifice de notre gouvernement & de nos lois, & n'avez respecté que le principe monarchique; lorsque l'Europe attentive a appris qu'un bon roi pouvoit être l'appui d'un peuple libre, comme il avoit été la consolation d'un peuple opprimé.

Achevez votre ouvrage, messieurs; & déterminant dans le nombre de vos décrets, ceux qui doivent former essentiellement la constitution française, hâtez-vous d'offrir à

notre juste impatience, ce code dont la première législature doit bientôt recevoir le dépôt sacré, & dont votre prévoyance assurera d'autant plus la stabilité, que les moyens constitutionnels de le revoir, nous seront plus exactement désignés.

Les droits de l'homme sont déclarés; la souveraineté du peuple est reconnue; les pouvoirs sont délégués; les bases de l'ordre public sont établies. Hâtez-vous de rendre à la force de l'état son énergie. Le peuple vous doit la gloire d'une constitution libre, mais il vous demande, il attend enfin ce repos qui ne peut exister sans une organisation ferme & complette du gouvernement.

Pour nous, voués à la révolution, réunis au nom de la liberté, garans des propriétés individuelles comme des propriétés communes, de la sûreté de tous & de la sûreté de chacun, nous qui brûlons de trouver notre place dans vos décrets constitutionnels, d'y lire, d'y méditer nos devoirs, & de connoître comment les citoyens seront armés pour les remplir; nous, appelés de toutes les parties de la France, par le plus pressant de tous, mésurant notre confiance à votre sagesse, & nos espérances à vos bienfaits, nous portons, sans hésiter, à l'autel de la patrie, le serment que vous dictez à ses soldats.

Oui, messieurs, nos mains vont s'élever ensemble à la même heure; au même instant nos freres de toutes le parties du Royaume prééreront le serment qui va les unir: avec quels transports nous déploierons à leurs yeux ce bannieres gages de notre union & de l'inviolabilité de nos sermens! avec quels transports ils les recevront!

Puisse la solennité de ce grand jour être le signal de la conciliation des partis, de l'oubli des ressentimens, de la paix & de la félicité publique!

Et ne craignez point que ce saint enthousiame nous entraîne au-delà des bornes que prescrit l'ordre public. Sous les auspices de la loi, l'étendard de la liberté ne deviendra jamais celui de la licence. Nous vous le jurons, messieurs, ce respect pour la loi, dont nous sommes les défenseurs, nous vous le jurons sur l'honneur; & des hommes libres, des Français ne promettent pas en vain.

REPONSE DU PRESIDENT.

Messieurs,—Le jour où le pouvoir absolu a cessé d'être, le jour où les anciens ressorts qui comprimoient les volontés ont cessé de les tenir enchaînées, le jour enfin où 25 millions d'hommes qui s'étoient endormis esclaves se sont réveillés libres, il étoit à craindre qu'ils nabusassent d'un bienfait trop nouveau pour eux, & que l'anarchie ne remplaçât les malheurs du despotisme. A l'instant les gardes nationales ont paru, & la France rassurée a vu en elles le génie destiné à défendre de ses propres excès comme de ses ennemis la liberté naissante.

Que vos fonctions, MM., sont nobles & pures! l'amour de votre pays est à la fois le mobile & la seule récompense de vos travaux.—Que vos devoirs sont grands & utiles! Veiller constamment à la sureté des personnes & des propriétés, c'est à-dire, donner à tous les citoyens cette sécurité sans laquelle il n'est point de bonheur; protéger par-tout la libre circulation des grains & des subsistances, & prévenir par là ces prix inégaux, ces renchérissements subits & violents qui n'ont que trop souvent causé les malheurs ou les désordres du peuple; enfin assurer la perception des contributions publiques, & maintenir ainsi le trésor national dans cette abondance si heureuse, si désirable, si nécessaire; telles sont, MM., vos obligations civiles. L'assemblée nationale sait que vous les remplissez. C'est à sa voix que vous êtes nés tout armés, tels que ce symbole ingénieux du courage & de la sagesse. C'est à sa voix que plus d'une fois vous avez donné des preuves de votre zele & de votre patriotisme; souvent même vous l'avez prévenue. Elle vous regarde comme ses enfans, elle vous regarde comme ses appuis. Elle reçoit aujourd'hui votre hommage; demain la nation recevra vos serments; dans tous les tems vous aurez des droits à l'amour de tous les citoyens comme à leur reconnoissance.

Vous formez des vœux pour le prompt rétablissement de l'ordre public & pour l'achèvement de la constitution. Ces vœux sont dans le cœur de tous les bons Français; ils sont aussi dans le nôtre, & le plus beau jour de l'assemblée nationale sera celui où elle pourra s'en remettre à ses successeurs du soin de consolider l'édifice majestueux qu'elle se hate de terminer.

Heureuse aujourdhui de vous voir dans son sein, elle vous offre les honneurs de sa séance.

ADRESSE AU ROI.

Sire,—Dans le cours de ces évènemens mémorables qui nous ont rendu des droits imprescriptibles, lorsque l'énergie du peuple & les vertus de son roi ont présenté aux nations & à leurs chefs de si grands exemples, nous aimons à révérer en Votre Majesté, le plus beau de tous les titres, celui de chef des Français & le Roi d'un Peuple libre.

Jouissez, Sire, du prix de vos vertus, & que ces purs hommages, que ne pourroit commander le despotisme, soient la gloire & la récompense d'un Roi citoyen.

Vous avez voulu que nous eussions une constitution fondée sur la liberté & l'ordre public. Tous vos vœux, Sire, seront remplis : la liberté nous est assurée, & notre zele vous garantit l'ordre public.

Les Gardes nationales de France jurent à Votre Majesté une obéissance qui ne connoîtra de bornes que la loi, un amour qui n'aura de terme que celui do notre vie.

REPONSE DU ROI.

Au discours que lui a adressé M. de la Fayette, au nom & à la tête des deputations de toutes les gardes nationales du royaume, le 13 *juillet* 1790.

Je reçois avec beaucoup de sensibilité les témoignages d'amour & d'attachement que vous me donnez au nom des Gardes nationales, réunies de tous les parties de la France.

Puisse le jour solennel où vous allez renouveler en commun votre serment à la Constitution, voir disparoître toutes dissentions, ramener le calme, & faire régner les loix & la liberté dans tout le Royaume !

Défenseurs de l'ordre public, amis des Loix & de la liberté, songez que votre premier devoir est le maintien de l'ordre & la soumission aux Loix ; que le bienfait d'une constitution libre doit être égal pour tous ; que plus on est libre, plus graves sont les offenses portées à la liberté, les actes de violence & de contrainte qui ne sont pas commandés par la Loi.

Redites à vos Concitoyens que j'aurois voulu leur parler à tous comme je vous parle ici ; redites-leur que leur Roi est leur père, leur frère, leur ami ; qu'il ne peut être heureux que de leur bonheur, grand que de leur gloire, puissant que de leur liberté, riche que de leur prospérité, souffrant que de leurs maux. Faites surtout entendre les paroles, ou plutôt les sentimens de mon cœur dans les humbles chaumières & dans les réduits des infortunés. Dites-leur que si je ne puis me transporter avec vous dans leurs asyles, je veux y être par mon affection & par les loix protectrices du foible ; veiller pour eux, vivre pour eux mourir s'il le faut pour eux : dites enfin aux différentes Provinces de mon Royaume, que plutôt les circonstances me permettront d'accomplir le vœu que j'ai formé de les visiter avec ma famille, plutôt mon cœur sera content.

RECIT EXACT DU GRAND COMBAT LIVRE A NANCY.

Entre le régiment de Châteauvieux & les troupes commandées par M. Bouillé.

Si nous n'y prenons garde, Citoyens, l'abyme est sous nos pas, la guerre civile est allumée, ce fléau si désiré par les aristocrates, & qui doit amener avec lui l'horrible banqueroute, le triomphe du despotisme, l'anéantissement de la constitution & de la liberté, & la ruine de l'état.

Il existe dans l'armée des mécontentemens qui viennent de se manifester de la maniere la plus alarmante : on sait que le soldat a jusqu'ici eu beaucoup à souffrir ; mais l'auguste assemblée nationale ne s'occupe t-elle pas du soin daméliorer son sort ? N'u-t-elle pas augmente sa paye ? Ne l'a t-elle pas déclaré citoyen actif & admissible à tous les emplois où pourront le conduite son intelligence & son courage !

L'Assemblée nationale a-t-elle jamais refusé d'accueillir les pétitions & les plaintes des soldats ? & c'est dans ce moment qu'ils veulent rompre les liens de la conco de & de la fraternité, en se livrant à des révoltes criminelles, au lieu de solliciter de justes punitions contre les coupables qu'ils ont à dénoncer.

On sait que les ennemis de la constitution ne cessent d'exciter le soldat à la révolte par des écrits incendiaires ; mais

ne doivent ils pas être en garde contre des manœvres qui leur ont été dévoilées.

Cependant le régiment de Châteauvieux vient de donner un exemple funeste, & qui nous donne lieu de gémir & sur la faute & sur la punition.

On connoît quelles ont été les premiers désordres causés par ce régiment, dans la ville de Nancy, où il est en garnison, à l'occasion des masses noires; on sait que les récits de ces désordres furent exagérés, qu'on prétendit que le régiment avoit pillé la caisse, tandis qu'il l'avoit fait déposer en lieu sûr, après l'avoir fait sceller par le trésorier, & que l'Assemblée nationale a rendu à ce sujet un décret peut-être un peut trop rigoureux; mais les circonstances exigeoient une grande célérité, un prompt remede, & ne permettoient pas un long examen.

Le roi envoya M. de Malseigne, pour calmer les désordres; & M. Bouillé, après avoir composé un corps nombreux de troupes de ligne, ordonna aux gardes nationales des villes voisines de se tenir prêtes à marcher.

On espéroit beaucoup de ces mesures, lorsqu'on apprit que les désordres qu'on avoit voulu calmer alloient toujours croissant. Le 24 d'août M. Malseigne s'étant rendu au quartier pour l'examen des comptes, un différend survenu à l'occasion d'un article, l'engagea à sortir; mais des soldats qui étoient à la porte s'y étant opposés, il mit l'épée à la main, en blessa quelques-uns, & se fit jour au travers.

Depuis cette époque les jours de M. Malseigne coururent les plus grands dangers. La fureur s'empara des soldats; ils voulurent se venger. M. Malseigne crut devoir leur échapper, & prit la route de Lunéville. Son départ est bientôt connu. Des grenadiers & des soldats du régiment de Châteauvieux prennent les chevaux de Mestre-de-camp, & courent sur ses traces: mais M. Malseigne les avoit prévenus; *il fait monter à cheval les carabiniers*; il se met à leur tête; il charge ceux qui le poursuivent. Treize sont tués, plusieurs sont faits prisonniers.

Pendant que cette scène sanglante se passoit à Lunéville, une autre non moins affreuse avoit lieu à Nancy. Les soldats veulent s'emparer de M. Denou, commandant de la garnison. Les officiers se rallient autour de lui. Deux sont massacrés, quelques-uns sont blessés. M. Denou est pris par les soldats qui le mettent en prison.

Cependant la fureur des soldats de Nancy s'accroît à chaque instant; ils veulent venger sur les carabiniers la mort & la captivité de leurs camarades; ils forcent l'arsenal, & se disposent à marcher à Luneville, qu'on pensoit devoir être le théâtre d'un horrible carnage.

M. de Bouillé a rassemblé ses troupes: il est campé près de Nancy; mais comme on connoît ses principes sur la révolution, il craint qu'on ne l'accuse de vouloir opérer une contre-révolution; il demande deux commissaires de l'Assemblée nationale pour ne rien faire qu'à leur requisition, & se mettre ainsi à l'abri de tout reproche.

L'affaire a été portée à l'Assemblée nationale mardi; les uns vouloient donner la dictature à M. de Bouillé. M. Barnave proposa des mesures plus douces, une proclamation conciliatoire portée par deux commissaires. L'avis est adopté, redaction de la proclamation éprouve, dans la séance du soir, beaucoup de difficultés: enfin les noirs obtiennent de faire ajourner la question au lendemain. Ajourner une question quand on se fusille! cette idée ne pouvoit venir qu'aux noirs; comment les patriotes ont-ils cédé?

Cependant M. Pechelot, aide-major de M. de la Fayette, arrive vers dix heures du soir; il raconte que les désordres sont au comble dans Nancy, que les carabiniers se sont emparés eux-mêmes de M. de Malseigne, qu'ils l'ont conduit à Nancy en robe de chambre & en bonnet de nuit, & qu'il est en prison.

La question est encore mise en délibération; enfin la proclamation de M. Barnave, avec quelques corrections, la voici:

"L'Assemblée nationale s'étoit occupée avec affection du sort des soldats. L'augmentation de leur paie, la jouissance des droits de citoyen actif, avoient été décrétés pour eux: il restoit à leur ouvrir la carriere des honneurs, avec quelle surprise n'a-t-elle pas dû entendre les nouveaux désordres qui sont arrivés à Nancy. Si les régimens de cette garnison avoient des réclamations à faire, les voies régulieres leur étoient ouvertes; & comment des guerriers peuvent-ils ignorer que si la valeur est une des qualités des heros,

l'obéissance aux lois est leur plus bel apanage ?

L'Assemblée nationale, à la premiere nouvelle des troubles, a pu les attribuer à l'erreur ; mais, toujours lente à condamner ceux que la nation a comptés parmi ses défenseurs, elle a voulu remonter aux premieres causes des désordres ; elle a voulu que la vérité fût mise dans tout son jour. Tel est l'objet de son décret, tel est l'objet de sa volonté invariable. Pourquoi faut-il qu'au moment où l'ordre sembloit se rétablir, de nouvelles insurrections lui soient dénoncés ? pourquoi faut-il que les soldats deviennent le sujet le l'inquiétude des bons citoyens ? Le premier acte des régimens est donc de rentrer dans l'ordre ; ce n'est qu'alors que l'assemblée écoutera leurs réclamations. Soldats, obéissez la loi ; l'Assemblée nationale veut, elle l'ordonne expressément ; en conséquence elle décrete, que deux commissaires nommés par le roi porteront ces paroles à la garnison de Nancy, que toutes les forces publiques seront à leur requisition sous les ordres du général, déclare qu'elle reconnoîtra le patriotisme de tous, au zele qu'ils apporteront pour le rétablissement de l'ordre & de la paix.

Sur le champ cette proclamation a été sanctionnée par le roi, qui a nommé commissaire à l'effet de la porter aux troupes, M. Duport du Tertre, lieutenant de maire, homme droit & dans les bons principes, & M. Dumas.

Ces commissaires se sont disposés sur le champ au départ, mais il paroît qu'ils feront à présent un voyage inutile.

Hier matin, M. de la Tour-du Pin a reçu de M. de Bouillé une lettre, dans laquelle il lui disoit qu'il n'étoit pas très-sûr des troupes qu'il commandoit ; qu'il avoit fait une proclamation contenant les principes des deux décrets de l'Assemblée nationale, qu'il la feroit lire aux troupes de ligne & aux gardes nationales ; que s'il croyoit ensuite pouvoir compter sur elle, il marcheroit vers Nancy, sinon qu'il demeureroit en observation. Il étoit à trois lieues de cette ville.

Hier au soir un courier extraordinaire a apporté la nouvelle que Nancy étoit réduit. M. de Bouillé, après avoir fait lire sa proclamation, s'est mis en marche : la garde nationale de Metz composoit l'avant-garde. Le régiment de Châteauvieux a envoyé des députés annoncer à M. de Bouillé qu'il demandoit à capituler. Ce général a, dit-on, répondu qu'il ne savoit pas capituler avec des rebelles, & il s'est mis en marche. Comme on approchoit de Nancy, le régiment de Châteauvieux, qui s'étoit posté à une des portes, a fait feu sur la garde nationale de Metz : ceux-ci ont riposté vivement, & sont tombés sur le régiment la bayonnette au bout du fusil. M. de Bouillé, instruit par le bruit de la mousqueterie de ce qui se passoit, s'est porté en avant pour empêcher l'effusion de sang ; mais déja le régiment de Châteauvieux étoit vaincu. L'armée de M. de Bouillé est entré dans Nancy toujours précédée par la garde nationale de Metz conduisant entre ses rangs le régiment de Châteauvieux, & tirant des coups de fusil aux fenêtres pour écarter ceux qui tiroient sur eux. La garde nationale de Nancy s'est bientôt joint à celle de Metz.

M. de Bouillé arrivé sur la place, a ordonné au régiment de Châteauvieux de se rendre à Verdun. Le régiment de Mestre-de-Camp a envoyé quatre députés ; M. de Bouillé a ordonné à ce régiment d'aller à Toul. Enfin, le régiment du Roi a aussi été envoyé dans une autre ville, & le calme est rétabli dans Nancy.

On fait monter la perte à celle de trois cents hommes, presque tous du régiment de Châteauvieux.

Certes, si c'est une victoire, c'est une horrible victoire. La garde nationale a montré une grande intrépidité ; mais n'est-il pas affreux que ses premiers lauriers soient teints du sang de ses concitoyens, & n'auroit-il pas été possible de ramener le calme par des moyens moins affreux & moins violens ?

Quelques personnes prétendent que M. Bouillé a dû répondre qu'il ne composoit pas avec des révoltés ; d'autres lui font un crime de n'avoir pas accepté la capitulation : en effet, si les soldats demandoient à se rendre, il falloit les recevoir : s'ils faisoient des conditions, on ne pouvoit gueres les accepter ; mais cette capitulation étoit un moyen de les ramener à une entiere soumission, en employant des manieres moins hautaines.

Une plus grande faute sans doute, c'est d'avoir mis la garde-nationale en avant : c'étoit la forcer aux premieres hostilités ; c'étoit la contraindre à tremper ses mains

dans le sang de nos freres le troupes de ligne, & commencer ainsi une animosité qui peut-être l'origine des plus horribles malheurs.

Il faut pourtant attendre des détails plus circonstanciés de cette affaire, avant d'en pouvoir porter un jugement certain.

Quoi qu'il en soit, l'Assemblée nationale peut aujourd'hui donner à l'armée une bonne organisation, & écouter des plaintes sans être accusée de foiblesse. Pour nous, citoyens & soldats, examinons avec attention quels sont les horrible projets de l'aristocratie, & ne cherchons pas à lui préparer nous-mêmes des triomphes, en entretenant des divisions funestes : songeons que nous sommes tous enfans d'une même famille, & que les aristocrates seuls ne sont pas nos freres.

The above is an exact copy of two little pamphlets printed "Chez Garnery Libraire," Rue Serpente, No. 17.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE UNDER CURRENT OF LIFE.

BY VERAX.

THE *Times* has recently called attention, in a very able article, to a very unpleasant and serious trial which has taken place at the Old Bailey, in words which we feel strongly ought to be carefully perused and considered by us all. From it we venture to give some extracts, with a few humble and concluding comments of our own.

Listen to its words alike of warning and of wisdom, oh good brethren of ours, of all ranks, and of all conditions!

"The course of legal business gives us frequently strange glimpses of life, far too eccentric for fiction, and yet, as we are forced to acknowledge, true to nature; but among the pictures which are thus held up to public gaze, it is seldom that we find a more curious one than was presented at the Central Criminal Court recently. The case before the Court was in itself a very simple one. Two men, De Chastelaine and Wetherall, were indicted for conspiring to defraud Mr. le Hunt Doyle, an Irish gentleman of property, of a considerable sum of money. The *corpus delicti* appears in the form of an agreement for a partnership, signed in November last, between Doyle, Chastelaine, and Wetherall, together with a fourth party, Sir Edward Cunynghame, who had died during the interval before the trial. These four persons were to share the profits and losses of a wine business, to be carried on in Burleigh Street, Strand; they accepted jointly and severally the liabilities of a previous business which had been carried on in the same place; and, further, Mr. Doyle undertook to advance within 21 days the sum of £500, to be employed for the purposes of the new business or otherwise. Mr. Doyle had, it appears, made the acquaintance of Mr. Cunynghame in 1875, during a residence at Clunn's Hotel, and had had to pay a little bill of £500 for him. In November last his acquaintance with Sir Edward Cunynghame was renewed, and he was introduced, moreover, to some choice friends of Sir Edward's, and among others to the parties to the late trial at the Old Bailey. The intimacy established everywhere congenial spirits, appears to have been of the very closest kind. They were, in fact, made for one another, in much the same sense as the pike and the roach, or the hawk and the pigeon, may be said to be. Mr. Doyle was, as we have stated, an easy-going Irish gentleman of considerable private means. His friends were all, more or less, in 'that street,' and one of them had been in Horsemonger Gaol. Here, then, was material of a very pretty combination, to the profit of at least three of those who took part in it. The interest of the fourth party was less obvious, and the only difficulty could be to induce him to join with the others. Life with him was one long drinking bout. The day began with champagne cup, and as it had begun so it went on, and so it continued far into the small hours, with the occasional variation of a decanter of brandy, which we are told was very frequently replenished. As far as liquor went, Mr. Doyle seems to have been ready to entertain not only his friends, but the hotel waiters, who had a general authority to take anything they pleased. On the 24th

of November, the two defendants, together with Sir Edward Cunynghame, went to Mr. Doyle's room at their usual early hour, and began at once upon champagne cup, of which Mr. Doyle, although he had not yet risen, partook freely. When dinner time came, there was, of course, more drinking, and Mr. Doyle took, he acknowledges, a good deal more than he could stand. But more still was to follow. In the course of the evening a further amount of drink was disposed of—'a good deal more,' says Mr. Doyle, 'as far as I can remember,' and the correctness of his memory is confirmed by a subsequent bill for liquor to the amount of five pounds. We hear without surprise that Mr. Doyle was by bedtime in a terrible state of intoxication, that he was put into bed by his servant, and that when he woke in the morning he had what he describes as 'a bad head.' With the return of day up came his three friends, up came the usual measure of champagne cup, and of this, says Mr. Doyle, he himself, "of course," partook as usual. Of a document which was now presented to him for signature, and which he signed without reading, his recollection is less clear. This was the agreement of partnership, produced at the Old Bailey, making Mr. Doyle the inheritor of a bankrupt business, and answerable with his whole estate for the present and future liabilities of the three adventurers who had drawn him in. How he was rescued before it was too late by a good angel in the form of a family solicitor; how the fatal agreement was delivered up to be cancelled; how the original contriver of it died miserably just before his trial arrived; and how the two survivors have received some portion of their deserts in the form of a sentence of imprisonment, we need not now tell at length."

When he appeared in Court Mr. Doyle described himself as "sober and terribly thirsty," and no doubt he will have a hard struggle to conquer the pernicious habits of large numbers of our modern society. Some may say, indeed it is not too much to aver, that just now the desire to "liquor up" is rapidly gaining ground amongst us, which is fostered by the injurious custom of "nips" of "absinthe," of sherry and bitters, of "B. and S.," of stimulants in unwholesome repetition, and at unseasonable times.

Let us hope that, if in nothing else, this last sad tale of the Old Bailey may warn some of our golden youth, meant for better things, and even those of maturer years, that this system of unhealthy drinking is for them a "slough, indeed, of despond," in which, if they will "wallow," in defiance of wholesome warning and saddest example, there is nothing, humanly speaking, in store for them but sorrow and penury, social and moral degradation. That, after all, such is the way of the world, and that all young men of spirit, of fashion, and of social position must come into this "facilis descensus Averni," is, indeed, a deplorable fact.

We had, it was believed, outlived the days of your three-bottle men, of prolonged bouts, of degrading scenes; but it seems as if we had now to contend with the undermining habit of continuous drinking, of ceaseless stimulants, of morning "nips," of habitual "liquoring up."

Let us be warned and wise in time, and then we can surely say, "Oh, fortunati nimium," to have escaped this most deplorable of habits!

But must we not all feel alarmed at the relaxation of rational living, at the tendency to insobriety and "dram-drinking," of early "corpse-revivers," of sedative night-caps increasing amongst us?

THE ETERNITY OF LOVE: A POET'S DREAM.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

(*Written for the "Masonic Magazine."*)

Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.
—*Moore.*

In ancient Hall, now many a year agone,
I met my love, and never now, ah! never,
Shall I forget the halcyon days of yore,
When I first thought and felt I loved for ever.

Queenly her gesture—I was poor and proud;
She looked upon me as a boy, and never
Gave me a thought, or word that whispered hope;
And yet I loved for ever and for ever.

Stately and tall, and very winsome she;
I, what was I, to one, that whomsoever
Once came within the magic of her sway,
Felt as I felt for ever and for ever.

Of high and noble lineage she came—
Her name was one from history to sever
Would be to blot from England's annals out
Some noble passages which, aye, shall live for ever.

And so the days go by, and comes the storm,
The Wintry winds and snow, in wild endeavour,
Sweep by in gusts and cover up the land
In a white pall, as if now dead for ever.

And snowdrops come, with violets so blue,
And daffodils flaunting gaily now wherever
In wood or garden, sheltered vale or copse,
The Spring's sun brings them forth a joy for ever.

The swallow and the nightingale come back,
And glorious Summer now will us deliver
From bitter, biting winds, so cold, alack!
They now do blow across the mighty river.

Then sweet, soft days and loving western winds
And glowing skies, thanks to the Great Giver,
Come once again to bless the ancient Earth;
And so the changeless, changing days go round for ever.

And Autumn's rich profusion follows next,
Bright fruits, and golden grain, and purple heather,
In orchard, field, and on the mountain side,
Now tell their happy tale of gratitude for ever.

And so the seasons change and years roll by,
And I am waiting for my love, to give her
The wealth of my poor heart when she shall change,
And recognize this love which lives for ever.

But, ah! methinks the time will never come,
My spring hath past, and summer's nearly over,
The autumn of our life comes on apace,
No ray of hope does o'er my spirit hover.

True to the last, though seasons change, not I;
Faithful till death, my love shall leave her never;
And when the end comes she perchance will know
The Poet loves for ever and for ever.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

Chapter XIII.

The Reference to the Deliverance of Noah from the Ark.

(*Continued from page* 556.)

"The beds of fossil shells," says Whitehurst,* "which consist of one species only and are not natives of the climate where found, but of very distant regions of the earth, evidently show that they were generated and lived and died on the very beds where found, and could not have been removed from their native climates by a flood or floods of water with so much order as to form beds consisting of only one select species, and therefore all such beds must have been originally the bottom of the ocean."

Respecting the utter extinction of the human species by the Deluge, Cuvier expresses himself thus plainly: "What is most astonishing is the fact that, among all those mammiferæ, of which the greater part have their species in the warm climates, there is not found a single quadru-

* Theory of the Earth, p. 59.

mane, not a single bone or tooth of any monkey, not even a bone or tooth of an extinct species. Neither has there been found in diluvian strata any human being; all the bones of our species which have been discovered, together with any fossil remains of the animals have been found accidentally, and their number is small, which certainly would not have been the case if man had made settlements in the lands which were inhabited by these animals." Forchhammer, however, asserts in his geological lectures, on what authority I know not, that "petrified human bones have been found from the diluvian strata." And Von Schlottheim says that he discovered human bones, which he took to be antediluvian, in the fissure of a rock at Costritz, but I cannot think the assertion well founded, because it is at variance with the opinions of all other scientific men.

The summit of the highest mountains in all the four quarters of the globe display relics of the spoils of the ocean. Skeletons of the elephant, crocodile, rhinoceros, and hyena, have been found in our own country, where the living animal was never seen. The bones of creatures which are natives of America have been found in Ireland. Trees grown under the prolific heat of a tropical sun are found at the bottom of deep mines in Staffordshire, imbedded in coal and ironstone. What conclusion are we to draw from these extraordinary facts? They are existing witnesses to the truth of the Mosaical account of the Deluge, for under no other circumstances can they possibly be accounted for. And yet, to prove beyond a doubt the fearful accuracy of the divine judgments, notwithstanding the number of souls destroyed by the Flood was two thousand times more than the earth at present contains, yet no vestige has ever been discovered which can safely be pronounced to constitute part of an antediluvian man.

The Jewish scriptures assure us that the Deluge was general over the face of the whole earth, and that the highest hills and mountains were covered with water. But does it follow, according to the opinion of some theorists, that because the mountains were submerged they were also dissolved and reduced to a soft pulp down to their very foundations, by which all the works of nature and art perished? I think not. Such a hodge podge is inconsistent with the nature of the thing in itself and the agent employed to dissolve it; nor can any satisfactory cause be assigned for such a dissolution, without having recourse to miracles, for, though the loose earth towards the surface and for a good way into it might be dissolved into mud, and undoubtedly was so, as there must have also been great breaks and cracks in the earth by the terrible shocks, contortions, and concussions of it, which the bursting out of the subterranean lakes must make, as well as at their going off and pouring down those immense chasms, with the violence of rushing backwards and forwards upon the earth.

"I say we can easily conceive that there must be a good depth of mud both upon the surface of the earth and among the chasms within it, but we cannot conceive *how the hardest rocks, metals, etc., could* either be dissolved or come to their consistence again in so short a time. What menstruum could do this? Water alone will not do it. There are vast rocks in the sea ever since the Deluge, perpetually *attacked by the violence of the waves, yet* they are rocks still, and very likely will remain undissolved till the general conflagration. Let gold, or iron, or marble and hard stones lie at the bottom of the sea ever so long, we do not find they will be dissolved into pap by it. Undoubtedly there were solid rocks and metals in the earth before the Flood, as well as at present. If water will not dissolve them now how could it dissolve them then? Besides, to effect this the whole earth must be rent to whitters, through and through, centre and all—a mere precarious supposition, and against all matter of fact."*

The Deluge is not the only agent by which organic changes have been accomplished. Pliny has recorded several instances of cities and large tracts of land disappearing, and of new lands emerging from the sea by the force of subterranean fires. Instances of the same kind are found in the Philosophical Transactions and other records of more modern occurrence. In the year 1689 a well was dug on the

* Berrington, Creation, p. 397.

spot where the city of Pompeii was overwhelmed. At the depth of 54 feet 7 inches, was a bed of vitrified stone 13 feet 4 inches thick, which had been deposited by a volcanic eruption. Upon this was 20 feet 10 inches of stiff earth. A second eruption produced a layer of vitrified stone 3 feet 4 inches thick, upon which was laid 6 feet 8 inches of earth. A third eruption deposited 2 feet 1 inch of vitrified stone, on which was a thickness of 8 feet 4 inches of solid earth; and here were found the remains of Pompeii. Thus three eruptions at the least had been sustained before the city was built, and it is said to have been founded by Hercules, who is supposed to have been cotemporary with Abraham.

If the whole earth was reduced to a pulp, how could the mountains of Armenia in so short a period have become sufficiently solid to sustain the Ark on their surface, burdened as it was with all the living creatures which the earth contained? There is nothing in the Mosaic account to sanction such a hypothesis, nor does the record contain any hint about the destruction of vegetable life. It is simply stated that "all *flesh* died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man. All in whose nostrils was the breath of life and all that was in the dry land died."*

There can be no doubt but certain parts of the earth's surface underwent a violent disruption and sustained organic changes, although some modern theorists have contended that the inequalities of surface, together with the formation of minerals, etc., were produced at a much earlier period, because geological discoveries have proved that "the earth has existed as a planet for an immense series of ages, whose number is beyond conjecture; that it has been continually modified by successive changes upon and within it, and that it has been inhabited by numerous races of animals and plants during successive periods before the creation of man, each race fitted for its peculiar period and confined to it."

There is, however, a dangerous latitude in this opinion, and it ought to be received with great caution, lest it should lead to the Aristotelian doctrine of the eternity of matter or the older and more universal belief in an endless succession of worlds—a doctrine which makes a near approach to atheism, and actually was the basis of the atomical principle of Anaximander and his followers, which produced the absurdities of Spinoza, Vanini, and others of their heretical sect.

The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep must have been attended with tremendous consequences, but it does not follow that this disruption of the internal reservoirs of water should have produced a general dissolution of matter, although it will be readily admitted that great changes were effected in the appearance of the globe. Faber says: "I cannot think it probable that the flood was only a still and tranquil increase of the ocean; on the contrary, the whole process of that catastrophe appears to have exhibited a most terrific scene of uproar and confusion. The atmospherical air, forced by a supernatural pressure into the cavity of the great abyss, would compel it to disgorge its contents in violent cataracts, which, being driven to an immense height in the air, and thence falling back in torrents, would agitate the ocean with a tempest of which we perhaps can scarcely form an idea. In short, humanly speaking, it seems necessary that some such disorder should have taken place, in the midst of which the Ark was miraculously preserved, while every attempt of the wicked inhabitants of the earth to save themselves was frustrated, and their vessels either dashed to pieces or overwhelmed by the violence of the storm."*

This awful event reads a lesson to man that the day is rapidly approaching when the Creator, in accordance with the voice of prophecy, will totally destroy his work, that he may reward or punish those whom he has placed on this speck in the universe as probationers and pilgrims, according as they have used or abused, in the exercise of their free agency, the several talents committed to their charge.

(*To be continued.*)

* Gen. vii., 21, 22.

* Fab. Cab., vol. ii., p. 137.

THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

(*From the "Michigan Freemason."*)

"OH, Heavenly Father, temper the wind to the shorn lamb! I am a widow and my child is an orphan!" Thus exclaimed Clara Arthur, pressing her little daughter Eda to her bosom.

Alas! how often during the war of the rebellion had that piteous voice of anguish burst from the heart of the bereaved, and been borne by the spirits of the departed to the land of peace, when it was echoed by the lips of angels up to the throne of God. How often, alas! has it been the doom of the widow and fatherless to be abandoned by the world to their prayers, their anguish, and the tears of pitying angels. While ambition was planning campaigns, battle-fields and conquests, and philanthropy was suing to humanity for pecuniary means to execute them, and to comfort the weary soldier, their instrument—how many bereft widows and orphans were left to wander hopelessly and cheerlessly from door to door, or to tread the path to shame and infamy, there to sink into a dying life—a living death!

It is when war unchains her dark angel and sends her shrieking among men, with her scourge of spears in one hand, her torch of blood and rapine in the other, to spread desolation and death, that the hearts of men are barred against the wail of suffering and the cry of despair. It is then, when humanity is listening to the boom of the cannon and watching the fortunes of the battle-field, that the noble and the good, who have been taught the pure lessons of "brotherly love and truth" from the deep but unsure fountains of all good, are left to fill a wide gap in the ranks of humanity, and to quietly and patiently work out and demonstrate the profound problems of the divine mystery, "on earth peace, goodwill among men." They hear the orphans' cry and widows' wail.

It is in the village of S ——, in the State of S——, that Clara Arthur and her daughter Eda are introduced to the reader. The mother appears to be about thirty years old, the daughter eight. They were both beautiful; the one as a woman in the fullness of maturity, the other as a child in the purity of innocence. The neat yet plain room in which they are seen, indicates a comfortable but unostentatious manner of living. While there is nothing wanting for comfort and convenience, there is an entire absence of those metricious appliances of luxury that indicate that aristocratic assumption which, in the present day, is so apt to gain upon and usurp the more rational aspirations of the domestic household in pretentious ostentation.

There is something grand in the lofty and affectionate anguish of a woman. As we gaze upon her, under the ministerings of the angel of sorrow, her womanhood enhances, and her very weakness and tenderness swell into the strength of grandeur; she rises above us from our grovelling plane, and we look upwards as to an angel to contemplate her sublimity; we see her in an upper, a holier sphere than that from which we look. There she stands, a being of a purer mould—a link of gold between angels and men, between earth and heaven—too lofty to elicit our pity, too poor to affect our tears, too sublime to accept our condolence; our works of consolation fall an empty mockery at her feet. We can only gaze and wonder in a spirit akin to awe.

How deeply touching is the grief of childhood! We long to clasp the innocent to our bosom, to kiss away the glistening drops that tremble upon the silken eyelashes, to look words of peace and love into the pure soul that flashes out from the blue depths that sparkle liquidly beneath the quivering lids. Sweet childhood in its inexperience of the philosophy of life, it submits not to the fiat of destiny without many ingenious defensive alternations—many feints to parry the fatal shaft. The dignity of womanhood meets her destiny coldly and calmly, though it may be in the majesty of sorrow and the grandeur of tears; but childhood puts aside the point of the poisoned arrow and pushes forward to pass it; it will not submit without an effort to avoid its keenest wound. Thus was it with Eda as she exclaimed amid her tears, "Mother, there is yet hope; the letter does not say that he is dead. Now, listen, and I will read every word of the letter over again;" and she read:

"FRONT OF THE LINE, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

"June 20, 186—.

"MRS. C. ARTHUR—*Dear Madam*:—It becomes my painful duty to inform you that on the —— day of June, in an engagement with the forces of the enemy, under Stonewall Jackson, your husband, Captain George Arthur, was severely wounded and taken prisoner by the enemy. If living he is a prisoner, but his wounds were of such a nature (as I have learned) as to preclude much hope of his recovery. Yours, with respect and sympathy with your affliction,

"A——— S———.

"Major Commanding 7th Regt.—Inft. Vol."

"Ah, my child, we are without hope! Even if he should still be living he is wounded, and a prisoner in the hands of inhuman soldiers, from whom there is no hope of obtaining his release. He can not survive long in a hospital without the medical aid and the kindest attention; then what hope can there be for him in the hands of enemies?"

"No, no, mother, say not so; was not father a Freemason?" rejoined Eda.

"Yes, child," replied the mother, "but what of that. Freemasonry avails but little in a war of brother against brother. My child, think of that dread Libby prison and Andersonville;" and again Mrs. Arthur burst into tears, and threw herself upon the sofa in deep agony.

Eda gazed a minute upon her mother thoughtfully, her eye gradually assumed a new light; she softly folded the letter, and placing it in her bosom, with a gentle but firm step stole from the room.

About three o'clock that afternoon, in the village of S——, sat Judge B—— in his office. He was past the meridian of life, he was neither corpulent or lean, but of that full habit which is necessary to perfect a fine, large physical form. His large head, graced with a full suit of steel-mixed hair, was well balanced upon his broad shoulders, while good nature smiled playfully upon every lineament of his handsome features. A deep, intellectual eye, a thoughtful composure of countenance and a high, broad forehead bespoke the man of profound thought and mental labour. Judge B—— was now a practising attorney in the village of S——, although he had long presided in one of the judicial tribunals of his state, and had with credit represented his constituency in the national legislature. He was surrounded by clients when Eda Arthur entered his office. She slowly and softly approached Judge B——; she stood awhile reading his features and looking into his eyes inquiringly.

"What do you want, my child?" inquired Judge B——, returning her penetrating glance. Eda, as if assured by the tone of voice and gentle play of features that accompanied it, without removing her eyes from his, slowly withdrew the letter from her bosom and placed it in his hand.

The judge ran his eye hastily over the contents of the paper, and turning to his clients, said:

"Gentlemen, you must come some other time; here is more important business than yours which demands my immediate attention."

"But," said one of the persons, "we have come a great distance to see you, judge, and our business is also of great importance."

"True," returned the judge, "but it matters not. This note, brought by this little girl, puts me in possession of facts and circumstances which require my attention, to the exclusion of every other matter; so you understand me."

"But, judge," returned the client, "if you will consider, we can not conveniently come again. If you can not do our business we must go to some other lawyer."

"Very well," returned the judge, "that will do better. There are several competent lawyers in town; go to one of these, gentlemen. I must be master of my time the rest of this day, perhaps longer." So the clients left.

"Are you Mrs. Arthur's child?" inquired the judge of Eda, who replied in the affirmative. He took the child upon his knee, and, kissing her, asked, "Why did you come to me with this letter?"

"Because," returned Eda, "once, when mother was blaming father for being a Freemason, father told her that you were also one, and that ought to reconcile her to his being one. He told her that Masons

helped each other, and now father is not here to ask you to help him, so I came to ask for him. Mother don't know I have come. You will send for my father, won't you."

"Yes," replied the judge, "God will not permit the father of such a child to die in prison. If your father survives he shall be brought home."

Eda clasped her arms around the judge's neck, kissed his cheek, and burying her face in his bosom, sobbed aloud, while the big tears stole down the cheeks of the judge and hid away in his iron-gray whiskers."

On that night Charity Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons was opened in due form, the members of which having been summoned for a special communication. The business especially claiming the attention of the Lodge was presented by Judge B——, by producing the short letter from the army of the Potomac in relation to Captain Arthur. The impossibility of obtaining passports into the confederate army, with the danger attending such an enterprise, even with passports, were fully discussed. The improbability of Captain Arthur still being a survivor, the difficulty attending his exchange, the danger to him on account of his wounds, if still surviving, attending his removal, if removal were permitted, the danger of his remaining without proper attention and medical treatment in the enemy's hospital, were discussed. Another important question arose: Who will go. A thousand dollars had been raised to defray the expenses of the journey and the removal of the invalid or his mortal remains—but who shall go? There were enough to go; many had offered to assume the responsibility of the task, but the ardour and impulsiveness of youth were the obstacles in the way of settling upon several of the younger brethren, while the Lodge was slow to select one from several who held the responsible positions of heads of families at home.

"I will go," said Brother H——, rising in his place. He was a venerable old man. He was tall and straight. His hair and long flowing beard were white as snow. Although old, his brow was well knit, his cheek was as fresh as youth, while in his deep, keen eye could be read the experience of many years. "I will go," said he. "Should I not return, there are none but you, my brethren, to mourn my loss. I stand alone in the world; I have seen the loved ones perish around me, and, like a blighted tree, I stand alone. I have encountered many dangers in my time in foreign lands and amid the hordes of savages in our northern wilds; in every exigency of danger I have found our beloved Order and its mystic language sufficient for each emergency. I will go and bring our brother home, if living; if not, I will bring his remains to his wife and child."

Every eye in the Lodge moistened as this venerable old man resumed his seat. There he sat, the minister of mercy. The light rested softly upon his quiet and placid features, while a halo appeared to encircle his venerable brow.

How grandly beautiful—how like an angel of light towers before us the minister of charity! How like the pitying angel of humanity he bends over the afflicted, and pours in the oil and wine of healing.

Here let us draw the veil over the deliberations of this secret Order, as it plans ways and means in behalf of suffering humanity.

(To be Continued.)

THE SECRET OF LOVE.

The burning sun had set,
And floods of crimson light
Had decked the Western Hemisphere's
Descent to night.

Across an ancient park,
'Neath trees antique and grim,
A gentle maiden wandering came
Through twilight dim.

And on, and on, she sped,
'Till in th' increasing gloom,
With eager eyes she plain discerned
The lights of home.

While, as she gazed, she mused
In twilight's solemn hour,
Upon a certain favoured swain
And Love's great power.

"The last time, now, I see
These lights, that house as home,
For, oh! to-morrow I renounce
All these to roam.

"To-morrow I wed John,
And leave my kith and kin;
For John has love, great love for me,
And lots of tin."*

W. T.

CHIPS FROM A MASONIC WORKSHOP.

SENT TO HIS FRIEND AND BROTHER NED WIRER, OF RAJPOOTANA, BY MAX MAURER, MASTER BUILDER, COLOGNE ON THE RHINE.

From "The Masonic Record of Western India."

Dear Bro. Ned,—In redemption of my solemn pledge—given when parting with you on the aried plains of Rajpootana—to keep you informed of my movements, adventures, fortunes or vicissitudes in the old Fatherland, I remit to you a few chips and fragments from our operative and speculative workshop.

I have found congenial employment at the Dombau (Building of the Cathedral) in Cologne, as a Master in my department of Masonry, i.e., tracery, foliage, capitals of pillars, in fact all the gingerbread work, and have, as a matter of course, been immediately affiliated to the Lodge of "Die Drei Kœnige," (The Three Kings.) The name is derived from a monkish legend of hoary antiquity, about Caspar, Melchoir, and Balthazar, invented at the time of Charlemagne.

To economize space I can only give you a mere outline of the history of our Cathedral. The foundation stone was laid in 1248, and the building continued until 1437. From that time up to the middle of the 18th century it remained almost untouched and in an unfinished state; the portion of the edifice already erected was afterwards kept in a decent state of repair, and that is all that can be said about it. But in the year 1842 the completion of the work was taken in hand vigorously, under the auspices of the King of Prussia, by Herr Zwirner, one of the most eminent of the German architects, and this most stupendous of all our ecclesiastical structures will soon be finished.

Now as regards our speculative workshop, it was first opened anno 1716 on the strength of a charter obtained from the Grand Lodge of England, at that time located at York, where it had been established by Prince Edwin, the brother of King Athelstane, in 926. The antiquity of our institution and that of the Mother Lodge from which it derived its existence, is therefore quite unquestionable. But I only mention that circumstance *en passant*, merely as an historical fact, which neither adds to, nor detracts anything from our Masonic status and prestige. What I desire to impress upon your mind most emphatically is the regularity, the justness and perfection with which our Lodge is worked; the good understanding, real equality and fraternity existing amongst the brethren, and the truly Masonic simplicity and ingenuousness which characterize all our proceedings.

Our new Master-elect was installed on last St. John's Day, and after we had performed the customary plantation dance, which you *ken weel*, he again proclaimed, in open Lodge, the noble sentiments he entertains regarding Masonic equality, fraternity, and a Master's duties. We knew them well enough already, but it was gratifying to hear him reiterate the same after his elevation to the Eastern Chair, thereby conclusively demonstrating that the axiom *honores mutant mores* could not be applied to him.

"Brethren," he said, "I thank you for the honour you have conferred upon me by electing me Master of this Lodge. By doing so you have fully satisfied me that the Masonic principles and doctrines I have consistently maintained are approved of and appreciated by you. I have always endeavoured to impress upon every newly-

* In deference to the wish of our fair readers to preserve this "Secret" of their "Craft," we give an alternative reading:

"And I for him!" W.T.

[On the ground of criticality, rythm, historical accuracy, and human psychology, we entirely uphold the original reading of our good brother.—ED.]

initiated or affiliated Brother the fundamental rule, that we meet on the level and part on the square, and that this time-honoured figure of speech means perfect equality amongst all Masons.

"Not such equality as the Communists and Socialists were clamouring for in Paris, where every man was as good as another, and a great deal better—an ignorant mob, led by unscrupulous demagogues—but genuine Masonic equality, counterbalanced by subordination to the 'Antient Charges, Laws and Landmarks' of our constitution, and obedience to lawful commands. If this nicely adjusted equilibrium is not disturbed by overbearing despotism on the part of the Rulers, nor by wilful disobedience on the part of the Ruled, we shall not only meet on the level, but, what is of much greater importance, we shall always be able to part on the square. As harmony in music is regulated by the science of Thorough Bass, so must the harmony in our Craft be regulated by THOROUGH MASONRY.

"To effect this great desideratum, every Brother on entering this *sanctum sanctorum* of fraternal equality, no matter whether he be a General or a Corporal, will have to divest himself of his profane rank, titles and dignities—for they are but the guinea's stamp, the man is the gold for all that—and none of us ought ever to lose sight of the leading dogma in Masonry: THE MASTER RULES THE LODGE AND THE MAJORITIES RULE THE MASTER; or, in other words, the Master is bound to act in conformity with our constitution, which distinctly provides that 'All questions are to be decided by Majorities, each Brother having one vote;' I therefore pledge my word and honour as a Mason and as a faithful and trusted servant of this Lodge, that I shall always consider it my most sacred duty to execute honestly all the decrees and resolutions when carried, no matter whether I have voted with the majority or minority.

"I also consider it incumbent on me and the Seniors to instruct our younger Brethren 'that for want of judgment they may not spoil good material, but it must be done with a view of 'maintaining and increasing of brotherly love;' that is to say gently, and in a truly fraternal spirit, so that we can at all times endorse the sentiments of the sage Tarastro, the High-Priest of the Egyptian Mysteries, with a clear conscience."

I give you a translation of his address to the esoteric initiates in solemn conclave assembled:

"In these our sacred halls
Love reigns in glorious beauty,
And if a Brother falls
She guides him back to duty.
Then he is led by friendship's ties
To eternal realms beyond the skies."

"In conclusion, I have only one word more to say. Brother Senior Warden, you openly profess, every time we meet, that it is your special duty to see that every Brother has his due. I have selected you to be my principal Officer under the firm conviction that you always practice what you profess, and I am sure my confidence will not be misplaced; I can therefore, after again thanking all the Brethren, give them the pleasant assurance that their rights and privileges as Masons will be scrupulously respected and maintained."

Now, my dear Ned, you will no doubt perceive that our Master-elect is a paragon amongst the Rulers and Governors, supreme and subordinate, or as Bro. Jonathan would forcibly express it, "he is real grit."

I greatly admire his sentiments regarding the teaching of the younger Brothers; he evidently does not approve of their heads being punched by the Masonic Schoolmaster, nor would he allow them to be treated as the Drill-Sergeant treats the awkward squad, kicking their shins to make them heel up and putting them through their facings: "Eyes r-r-r-r-right! Attention!"

Surely every free and enlightened Briton, if he wants subordination and discipline pure and simple, can have enough of it, and to spare, by accepting that powerful talisman called the Queen's Shilling; but I strongly object having the system promulgated by the Articles of War, Jamieson's Code, Queen's Regulations and G.O.'s introduced into our fraternity.

I am very sorry I can not give an equally favourable account of the other Lodges in our town. In one of them, called "Der Felsen," the Brethren are fighting like cats and dogs. Their habitat

is in the old Market, surrounded by one hundred different smells, and only one of them is Maria Farina's Eau de Cologne, all the rest can never be introduced or even mentioned in polite society. Perhaps that has something to do with making them so exceedingly inharmonious.

However, to give you a slight idea of their doings, I translate an article on the subject which recently appeared in the "*Zeitschrift der Freimaurerei*" (Masonic Times), published in Brunswick with the sanction of the Grand Lodge of the "Three White Eagles;" but not to speak too broadly out of school, I shall utilize one of Mr. Lear's amusing burlesques, and throw the veil of Masonic charity over the sins of omission and commission, short-comings and backslidings of our less civilized Brethren.

Whoever reads the great Shakespeare
Will learn something of old King Lear,
Who tells us all those doleful stories
About his daughters and his worries,
When in his sober mind.

But sometimes he goes in for Pegs,
Gets quite unsteady on his legs,
And when in that hilarious state
The drollest tales he does relate,
As you below will find:

M.·. M.·. M.·.

Two old cantankrous Masons
Were living in one house;
The one he bought a Muffin,
The other caught a Mouse.

"Let's cook that little Mouse,"
Said he who had the Muffin,
"And have a grand carouse;
We only want some stuffin'."

"O yes!—with Sage and Onions
We could do very well;
But how to get the Sage,
'Tis difficult to tell."

They sallied out together
And met an Onion-seller,
Who said he had no Sage!
The cunning story-teller.

Where can we find the Sage?"
Asked he who owned the Muffin.
"We want him very much,
To put him in our stuffin'."

The Sage resides on yonder mountain,
He's reading an enormous book,
THE ANTIENT LAW OF MASONRY;
As you are Masons—go and look.

Up went the pair instanter
To catch the Sage alive,
And cut him into mince-meat
With one big carving-knife.

"You earnest Sage," they boldly cried,
"your book you've read enough in,
We want to chop you up in bits, and mix you with our stuffin'."
But that old Sage looked calmly up; with his enormous book,
At these two Masons' addled heads a certain aim he took,
And over craig and precipice they rolled promiscuous down,
Heads o'er heels, an' tops an' toes, just like a circus clown.
They never stopt at bush or tree till on the level ground,
And then they felt their heads and limbs, but found them safe and sound.

With bated breath they whisper'd,
"That Sage is rather queer,
Let's toddle quietly homewards,
'Tis dang'rous stopping here."

At last they reached their house
Without the stuff for stuffin';
No harm!—the Mouse had fled,
After eating up the **MUFFIN.**

Yours fraternally,
MAX MAURER,

COLOGNE, *28th December*, 1876.

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.

WE speak or write glibly now of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by Louis XIV., in 1685, but how few of us at this day see the misery it caused then, or the great

good to civilization which the Almighty Ruler of the Universe caused to spring out of that oppressive act of Popish tyranny. On the 30th of April, 1598—when Queen Elizabeth was really reigning in England, boxing the ears of the Earl of Essex and bidding him "go to the devil" in her wrath, and amusing her quiet leisure in translating Horace—when old Lord Burleigh was resting for ever from such statesmanship as he had been capable of—when Sir Thomas Bodley was rebuilding and furnishing the famous Library at Oxford, which will preserve his name for all time, whilst those of the self-important mere owners of money-bags are deservedly forgotten—when poor Edmund Spenser was dying broken hearted, his glorious "Faery Queen" unfinished—when William Shakspere, at the early age of thirty-four, had won for himself a foremost place alike in English literature and in social standing at his native Stratford-on-Avon—then it was that the fourth Henry of France granted that famous Edict at Nantes, which secured to his Protestant subjects the free exercise of their religion, and made them eligible to all civil and military employments. But Popery is ever antagonistic to civil and religious liberty, and hence really cannot tolerate that most opposite of all systems in the world, Freemasonry, which does more than anything else I know of to cement in one bond of brotherhood men whose religions and political opinions are as wide asunder as the poles, but who all agree in loving their brother man. No! Bartholemew Massacres, Smithfield, lit with the lurid light of blazing faggots in which some poor heretic is expiring in agony, monarchs baring their backs to the well-wielded scourge of some muscular monk, and gentle ladies disjointed on the rack, are more, much more, in keeping with the real spirit of the Papacy than Masonry ever can be whilst it compels its true votaries to forget all distinction of creed in its Lodges. How France was impoverished, and how other nations were enriched, by driving abroad her most skilled workmen and adventurous manufacturers, is a matter I must not now enter upon. My object is rather at present to quote the following plainly-put picture of these foolish as well as tyrannical decrees of the fourteenth Louis, in the words with which Dr. Smiles opens his "Story of a Huguenot Family," in *Good Words*:—

"When Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, he issued a number of decrees or edicts for the purpose of stamping out Protestantism in France. Each decree had the effect of an Act of Parliament. Louis combined in himself the entire powers of the State. * * * * Protestant grooms were forbidden to give riding lessons; Protestant barbers were forbidden to cut hair; Protestant washerwomen were forbidden to wash clothes; Protestant servants were forbidden to serve either Roman Catholic or Protestant mistresses. They must all be 'converted.' A profession of the Roman Catholic faith was required from simple artizans—from shoemakers, tailors, masons, carpenters, and such like—before they were permitted to labour at their respective callings. * * * * Protestants were forbidden to be employed as librarians and printers. They could not even be employed as labourers upon the king's highway. They could not serve in any public office whatever. They were excluded from the collection of the taxes, and from all government departments. Protestant apothecaries must shut up their shops. Protestant advocates were forbidden to plead before the courts. Protestant doctors were forbidden to practise medicine and surgery. The *sages femmes* must necessarily be of the Roman Catholic religion. * * * Protestant parents were forbidden to instruct their children in their own faith. They were enjoined, under a heavy penalty, to have their children baptized by the Roman Catholic priest, and brought up in the Roman Catholic Religion. When the law was disobeyed, the priests were empowered to seize and carry off the children, and educate them, at the expense of the parents, in monasteries and nunneries. * * * It was decreed by the king, that all the Protestant temples in France should be demolished, or converted to other uses. Protestant pastors were ordered to quit the country within fifteen days after the date of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. If found in the country after that period, they were condemned to death. A reward of five thousand five hundred livres was offered for the apprehension of any Protes-

tant pastor. * * *If any Protestants were found singing psalms, or engaged in prayer, in their own houses, they were liable to have their entire property confiscated, and to be sent to the galleys for life." Of course, Protestants fled in hot haste from such tyranny; not less than one million of the best men and women and their children fled to add their skill and piety to that of Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and Great Britain. Those who left the country had their property confiscated; the men taken in attempting to escape were sent to the galleys, the women to prison for life; whilst for fear a poor fugitive might have escaped the inhuman hounds of the tyrant, who were rewarded with half of the possessions of all they captured or informed against, the very holds of the foreign-bound ships were "fumigated with a deadly gas," so that they might be suffocated like rats in their hiding-holes. Such is the true spirit of Popery wherever it dare show itself in its own colours, and yet we have simpletons who wonder that Freemasonry should be put under the ban of the most intolerant of all churches! Truly between Freemasonry and Popery there *is* "a great gulf fixed," and it is foolish of any one ever to attempt to bridge it. If Truth only is eternal, one of the two must perish before the progress of the other, and I have faith enough to believe that Freemasonry will flourish long after Papistry has gone the way of all evil things.

Mr. J. Tom Burgess, of Leamington, F.S.A., some of whose literary and antiquarian labours have been noticed in the MASONIC MAGAZINE, has been elected Archæological Secretary to the Warwickshire Field Club, of which he has been for some time a useful member.

A strong feeling is beginning to prevail, that the telegraph wires now supported by unsightly posts, which at present disfigure many a lovely landscape, will have to give place to subterranean cables, as in heavy snowstorms the exposed wires are apt to become useless when most wanted.

Anecdotes of great men are always interesting, and the following, related by George Ticknor, is particularly so:—"We spent half the forenoon in Mr. West's gallery, where he has arranged all the pictures that he still owns. . . He told us a singular anecdote of Nelson, while we were looking at the picture of his death. Just before he went to sea for the last time, West sat next to him at a large entertainment given to him here, and in the course of the dinner Nelson expressed to Sir William Hamilton his regret that in his youth he had not acquired some taste for art, and some power of discrimination.—'But,' said he, turning to West, 'there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a paint-shop where your "Death of Wolfe" is in the window, without being stopped by it.' West, of course, made his acknowledgments, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more like it.—'Because, my lord, there are no more subjects.'—'D—— it,' said the sailor, 'I didn't think of that,' and asked him to take a glass of Champagne.—'But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me such another scene; and, if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it.'—'Will you?' said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's—'will you, Mr. West? then I hope that I shall die in the next battle.' He sailed a few days after, and the result was on the canvas before us."

The Austrian Consul at Alexandria has discovered a new cotton-yielding plant in Egypt, said to he more prolific than that of America, and to require less space for its cultivation. As it requires large quantities of water, the plant will either have to be cultivated where water is already plentiful, or the water conducted to the places where it is now too scarce. Either way, or in both ways, the difficulty may soon be overcome if properly set about. Hitherto the United States has been our greatest importer of cotton, the East Indies ranking second, Brazil third, and Egypt fourth.

Although theological discussions are very properly prohibited among Freemasons as such, the following reasonable passage from Mr. Frederick Ross's able lecture on the Progress of Civilization is well worthy of attention by those mistaken members of the Craft who would fain limit its ancient privileges to the professors (who are too seldom the best practisers) of Christianity; and who really remove the ancient landmarks of our Order when they deny the Jews admission among us: "I can never look upon a Jew," says he, "however undignified his calling, without a feeling of respect, as the

representative of a race that has conferred such inestimable benefit on the world—that has played so important a part in the world's drama—and from the circumstance that the gentlest, the most lovely, and the purest of ethical teachers—the Redeemer of the world—was born of a Jewish maiden." The true Freemason wishes to see all who really believe in the fatherhood of the Great Architect of the Universe and the brotherhood of the human race, and who prove their belief by consistent practice, united in "the mystic tie," whether it be the Hindoo, humbly striving, in the language of his ancient Verdic hymns, to "appease anger by gentleness, and overcome evil with good;" the disciple of Confucius endeavouring "to act towards others as you would wish them to act towards you;" the Jew, still adhering to the same worship practised in that Temple around which our Masonic legends so lovingly entwine themselves; or the disciples of that Jesus whose sublime Sermon on the Mount is certainly most unfavourable to the bigotry and persecution which never was, never is, and never will be, any portion of genuine Christianity.

The Rev. R. V. Taylor, B.A., now rector of Edlington, near Rotherham, to whom we were already indebted for a very useful addition to the biographies of eminent Yorkshiremen, under the title of "Biographia Leodiensis," has added to our obligations by producing his interesting historical and architectural sketches of the churches of Leeds and its neighbourhood, under the title of "The Ecclesiæ Leodienses." The work, like its predecessor, is well written, full of useful information, and shows great industry and research. In future numbers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE I hope to lay it under contribution for the improvement of Craftsmen.

The rare plant, *Xanthium Spinosum*, supposed to be a native of Australia, has for some few years past been found growing wild about the fellmongers at Kenilworth and in various parts of Gloucestershire. The seeds have probably been accidentally imported along with foreign hides, wool, etc.

The well-known North Yorkshire tradition of a poor girl named Bell Soleby being observed swinging on a field gate near Helmsley, and singing to amuse herself—

"Seea may 't happen an' seea may 't fall
That Ah may be t' lady o' Duncombe Hall,"

and of Charles Slingsby Duncombe, Esq., the owner of Duncombe Park, afterwards making her his wife, has been chosen by Mrs. Macquoid for a love-story now running through *Good Words*, and promises to be very interesting. Of course, names of persons and places are altered, *Helm*sley in the story becoming *Steer*sley, and Duncombe is made into the name of a tenant instead of that of the squire. The whole story will be anxiously looked for by those familiar with the tradition.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

ANSWERS TO DOT'S MASONIC ENIGMA.

(*See the Masonic Magazine for April, page* 560.)

[We publish the following from a very large number of successful replies.]

True, Dot, in every Mason's Lodge we prize
The well-known SQUARE, and he is truly wise
Who regulates the actions of his life,
To country, neighbours, parents, children, wife,
By its Masonic teaching. Act on the Square
Always, and none with Masons can compare.

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

IF Dot seeks a rule which shall act without doubt
In making Freemasons all upright and fair,
He has but to counsel them—"In lodge and out,
Remember your O.B. and act on the SQUARE. W. T.

Please send to me your Annuaire,
If you mean acting on the SQUARE,
For I've your riddle guessed, you see,
Therefore the Calendar belongs to me!

C.J.M.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 48.—Vol. IV. JUNE, 1877. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

—o—

Our Royal Grand Master has returned to us, much benefitted by his short visit to "Foreign Parts," and has since presided with much effect, and amid much loyal enthusiasm, at the Licensed Victuallers' Festival. It does indeed, however, seem a reproach to our age to note that increasing tendency to Mawwormism and Stigginism amongst us, when we can be told that H.R.H. received 200 petitions from friendly fanatics, not to to preside at the gathering of "wicked Licensed Victuallers." Are we reaching reaching a time when religion is to become sentiment, and charity is to evaporate into unreality? when we shall absolutely forget that there is such a thing in this world as the abasement of all intellect, the submission of our reasoning powers to a noisy irreligion? to a mournful fictitiousness of erratic intolerance?

The Annual Festival of Grand Lodge has taken place, with great éclat, and the Craft has been pleased with the appointment of two Royal Grand Wardens. Such an event recalls to Masonic students the time when five Royal Brothers honoured the English Grand Lodge with their genial presence! The appointments of the other officers are very satisfactory, as showing that Masonic services are not overlooked by our Grand Master, nor Masonic work forgotten. We have but little else to report, except the onward prosperous march of English Freemasonry.

In France, the struggle goes on, and though we cannot say that we have much hope, yet there is a faint glimmer just now of a reasonable reaction.

We cannot overlook the seriousness of the contest, especially as regards Freemasonry. But as good always comes out of evil here below, if our worst fears are realized, then amid this "Debâcle" and "Debandade" of French Freemasonry some profit may accrue to numerous English Freemasons in France and Belgium, who are now practically shut out from Freemasonry and Masonic Life.

If Bro. Grimaux is right in his Masonic Jurisprudence, English Masons might now meet without any reference to the Grand Orient of France, but such a position would not naturally accord with our English notions of legality and order. If, however, these two Grand Orients leave, as it were, Universal Freemasonry, in order to carry out some chimeras, or pander to some intolerant rhapsodies of their own, the position of English Freemasons in France and Belgium may perhaps be reconsidered, with a view to give them such "relief" as the circumstances of the case will permit.

We republish another of those most interesting papers on "Operative Masonry," which are from the pen of our gifted Confrère Clifford P. McCalla, editor of the *Keystone*, and which we are happy to see are about to appear in a volume form. We always read the *Keystone* with pleasure and profit.

The Anniversary Festival of the Girls' School, under Lord Suffield's able presidency, has taken place, and nearly £10,000 have been returned by the Stewards.

WONDERS OF OPERATIVE MASONRY.

From the "Keystone."

IV.

We have already pictured to the reader, so far as words can picture, a number of the ancient Abbeys and Cathedrals of Great Britain, and yet we seem to have entered only on the threshold of the subject. Saxon, Norman and Gothic edifices, having the most brilliant architectural features, have been described, and still there are others as yet unnamed that are quite as remarkable. We select from these some in which the reader can scarcely fail to be interested.

Battle Abbey derives its name from the memorable fight at Hastings between William the Conqueror and Harold, and is built upon the spot where the battle was fought, where Harold planted his standard, and his body was found at the close of the conflict. It is in Sussex, in the village of Battle, fifty miles southeast from London. It was founded as a Benedictine Abbey by William the Conqueror, in commemoration of his triumph, and he was present at its consecration. Among the privileges granted to the Abbot was that of pardoning any condemned thief whom he should chance to meet while going to execution. A part of the Abbey (which was mostly rebuilt in the times of the later Henrys) has been altered into a dwelling house, which is occupied by its present proprietor, Sir Augustus Webster. The grand entrance gateway remains, square, with a series of pointed arches and pilasters, and embattled with octagonal turrets. There are also preserved parts of the cloister-arches, and the ruins of the monk's refectory, with a detached hall of large extent, having pointed windows—now used as a barn. Beneath is a crypt, curiously vaulted, with elegant pillars and arches. Here was formerly preserved the famous Roll of Battle Abbey, believed to be a list of the eminent persons who accompanied the Conqueror to England, prepared by the monks, that perpetual prayers might be offered for them. Holinshed and Stow have both printed what purport to be copies of this Roll. Camden, however, doubted its authenticity. The Roll was destroyed by fire, in 1793. The old Church of Battle was built also in Norman times, though subsequently to the Abbey. In its chancel stands a heavy, rich and elaborate marble tomb, on the top of which repose statues of Sir Anthony Browne and his lady, who were the Lord and Lady of Battle Abbey in Henry VIII's time. The former is in armour, and the latter in stately garb, and, barring their broken noses, in excellent preservation. The best pew of the Church is that of the Webster family. It is curtained and carpeted and resembles a parlour more than a pew, and even has a fire-place in it. On the opposite side is the pew of another magnate containing a stove. As Hawthorne remarks, the rest of the parishioners have to keep themselves warm with the fervour of their piety. Although so little of Battle Abbey proper remains (having been built into the mansion of the Websters) there is much to fascinate the antiquary; and every one can enjoy the Monk's Walk, an avenue of old yew trees which meet in the air like a cloistered arch.

Temple Church is situated in the rear of the south side of Fleet street, near Temple Bar—once the extremity of the city limits, westward, and near the Thames between Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges, London. It is the finest of the four round churches still existing in England—the other three being at Cambridge, Northampton, and Maplestead in Essex. It was built by the Knights Templar, after the model of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and dedicated A.D. 1185. The architecture is partly Norman and partly Gothic, the round church (57 feet in diameter) being of the former, and the later extension (87 feet in length, completed A.D. 1240) of the latter. The recumbent cross-legged figures of mail-clad crusaders, on the floor of the circular church, are especially interesting, as is also the western portal, which has clustered receding pillars, with enriched capitals, all excellently preserved. The ornaments in the roof of the nave are, the Lamb—emblem of St. John; the Pegasus—emblem of the Templars; the Beauseant—their battle flag; and a Maltese Cross. The windows are a blaze of gorgeous hues, in a thousand exquisite designs. Among the interesting objects is

the Penitential Cell, only four feet and a half long by two and a half wide. There disobedient Templars were confined, "that their souls might be saved from the eternal prison of hell." Among the eminent persons buried in the Temple Church, were Plowden, the great lawyer of Queen Elizabeth's time; Selden, the noted writer on international law, and Oliver Goldsmith; and there is a monument to Edmund Gibbon. When the Order of the Templars was abolished, in A.D. 1312, by Pope Clement V., King Edward II. granted the Temple to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem (who had their chief house where St. John's Square, Clerkenwell, now is), who afterwards rented it to the lawyers, who have held it ever since. The old ceremony of creating serjeants-at law resembled that used for receiving serving brothers into the Fraternity of the Temple. In 1840 Temple Church was elegantly restored, at a cost of 350,000 dollars.

NETLEY ABBEY, a secluded picturesque and elegant ruin, is situated in Hampshire, three miles east of Southampton, and fifty-five miles south west from London. It was founded by King Henry III., in A.D. 1239, and was cruciform, being 200 feet in length, with transepts of 120 feet. The monks do not appear to have been very learned, for they owned but one book—Cicero's "Treatise on Rhetoric." The Abbey's roofless aisles have now scattered over them fragments sculptured with armorial bearings and other architectural devices, with great trees growing where the pillars of the nave used to stand, while grass and ivy mantle the windows and pointed arches, and wild roses bloom on the very top of one of the walls. The singular natural loveliness of the spot, and the romantic style in which art and nature are exemplified in this ruin, make it one of great interest to the tourist. Poets love to sing of it, and travellers to describe it. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1822, a handsome lithographic engraving of this Abbey may be found. Its revenue at the Dissolution was £160.

Netley is not without its legend. Its roof remained until 1704, when the materials of the Abbey were sold to a carpenter named William Taylor. While negotiating for them he was much troubled by dreams, and saw a phantom of a monk, who foreboded evil to him if he proceeded; and one night he dreamed that a large stone fell upon him and killed him. A friend to whom he related this, advised him to drop the undertaking; but others advising him to go on, he concluded his bargain, which he believed to be a good one. Shortly after, while endeavouring to take some stones from the west wall, the whole of the window fell upon him, and crushed him on the spot. When Hawthorne visited Netley Abbey he said he saw a large mass of conglomerate stone that had fallen from the wall, between the nave and the cloisters, and he thought that perhaps this was the very mass that killed poor Mr. Taylor!

NEWSTEAD ABBEY in Nottinghamshire, 125 miles north-west of London, stands in a legendary neighbourhood, in the heart of Sherwood Forest surrounded by the haunts of Robin Hood. It was founded A.D. 1170, by Henry II. At the Dissolution of the Monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. it was given to Sir John Byron, an ancestor of Lord Byron, and it came into the poet's possession in A.D. 1798. Then, one end of the Abbey remained, with portions of the cloisters. He restored a part of it for a dwelling, and fitted up a quaint library for himself, in which he had two skulls of the old friars grinning at him. Lord Byron sold the Abbey to Col. Wildman, who spent over £80,000 in restoring the venerable pile.

In "Don Juan" Byron wrote, referring to himself and bride:

"To Norman Abbey whirled the noble pair
An old, old, monastery once, and now
Still older mansion—of a rich and rare
Mixed Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal, it lies perhaps a little low,
Because the monks preferred a hill behind
To shelter their devotion from the wind."

There is no better Guide Book to Newstead Abbey than the thirteenth canto of "Don Juan."

Of course the Abbey was haunted. A goblin Friar walked the cloisters by night, and his appearance usually portended evil. The poet claimed to have seen him just before he contracted his ill-starred marriage with Miss Milbanke. Hence he wrote:

"Beware! beware of the Black Friar,
He still retains his sway,
For he is yet the church's heir
Whoever may be the lay.
Amundeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night,
Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
To question that friars right."

In the lake, near the Abbey, some years ago, there was found a brazen Lectern, or reading desk, and inside of it a number of parchment deeds bearing the seals of Edward III. and Henry VIII. One of them was a plenary indulgence for several sins of a sensual and peculiarly unfriar-like character. So the Friars of Newstead were no better than those of Fountains and St. Albans. Byron often wrote of this Abbey. We quote as follows:

"Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle,
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay.
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose which once bloomed in the way.

"Of the mail-covered Barons, who proudly, to battle
Led thy vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every wind rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain."

Visitors to Newstead are shown Byron's bath, a dark, cold hole in the basement; his bedroom—which in monastic times was the Abbot's chamber—now kept precisely as when the poet slept in it; and the famous monk's skull which Byron transformed into a drinking goblet, with silver rim, the naked inner bone receiving the wine, and holding over a pint. Odd as this freak was, it was not so revengeful as the conduct of him, who, Hawthorne tells us, fashioned the skull of his enemy into a spittoon! The old Abbey garden is still laid out in the same fashion as the monks left it, and near by it is the tree on which Byron carved his own name and that of his half-sister, Augusto. It is a tree of twin stems. The names are still legible, although the stem on which they were cut is dead, as though the inscription had proved fatal to it. In front of the Abbey is an oak that Byron planted—now a vigorous tree— and a marble monument which he erected to his Newfoundland dog.

The front of Newstead Abbey is an exceedingly beautiful specimen of Early English. The south aisle of the Church is incorporated into the present mansion, but the western front remains, a picturesque ruin. It was founded by Henry II. as a peace-offering to the Church for having added a martyr to its calendar, in the person of Archbishop Thomas-à-Becket.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, at Gloucester, 106 miles west from London, is built upon the foundation of a Nunnery erected A.D. 681, under patronage of Ethelred King of Mercia. Afterwards it was altered into a Benedictine Abbey, and in A.D. 1541 to a Cathedral. Its income at the Dissolution, was £1,550. The west front was finished A.D. 1437, and the central tower A.D. 1457, which latter is crowned by singularly beautiful pinnacles. The whole exterior is massive, but elegantly adorned. The interior has lofty Norman circular piers, and the prevailing character of the architecture is Norman. The 'Prentice's Bracket, (a Masonic relic) is in the south transept. Among the effigies here is that of Alderman Blackleech, "who was admitted to the glory of eternity 1639," and of John Bower (1615), "who had nyne sones and seaven daughters by his wife, Anne Bower." Above the name of the latter is this inscription: "Vayne, Vanytie. All is but Vayne. Witnesse Solomon." The choir vaulting is one of the richest examples in England. The great East window is the largest in England, containing 2,798 square feet of glass. It was built in the time of Edward III., when it cost only £139, being one shilling a square foot. Over the high Altar are angels in full choir, with every instrument of music used in the 15th century. Among the royal personages commemorated in this Cathedral are; Osric, the founder of the first Nunnery; Edward II. who has a superb altar-tomb, with effigy, and canopied by a mass of exquisite tabernacle work which fills the entire arch. On the step of the Altar is the effigy of Robert, eldest son of William the Conqueror. The Crypt is one of five founded prior to 1085, and is

distinctively Norman. The Cloisters, completed A.D. 1412, are of singular magnificence, with elegantly groined roof, the earliest existing example of the fan-vault, and it has been thought that the Masons who built this Cathedral originated it. The chronicler, Robert of Gloucester, was a monk of this Abbey, and Warburton, the author of the "Divine Legation of Moses," was Bishop of this See (1760-1779). Gloucester Cathedral is 500 feet long, with transepts measuring 128 feet, and central tower 225 feet high.

A TRIP TO DAI-BUTSU.

(*Continued from page* 530.)

Yokoska Dockyard,
Japan,
May 29th, 1873.

THE following quotation is gleaned from A.B. Mitford's "Wanderings in Japan," but not quoted *verbatim et literatim* :—"Ita, one of the ladies at the court of Yoritomo, was entrusted with the last wishes of this great man, who, had he lived, intended raising some such memorial himself. Making a pilgrimage throughout the length and breadth of the land, Ita succeeded in collecting a sum of money which enabled her to build a great wooden Budha, and temple to hold it, which was consecrated in 1228. This temple was blown down soon afterwards, and the image began to rot. Nothing daunted, Ita tried again, and still early in the same century succeeded in erecting the present bronze figure, together with a grand hall and gateway with two guardian gods. In 1495 all the buildings were washed away by an immense tidal wave, the great Budha and pedestal alone remaining. The place became deserted and overgrown, till 200 years later, when a famous priest, Yuten, turned his attention to it, built a temple by the side of it, and collected the ancient relics."

The interior of the immense idol is fitted as a chapel, and contains the family gods of Yoritomo. Here we were undeceived as to the construction of the idol ; on the outside, from its beautiful finish and long exposure to wind and weather, it is difficult to believe it anything but one whole and perfect piece of casting ; but looking upwards, now we can plainly see the joints, and find that the whole is in squares varying from 3 to 4ft. in area, but yet bronzed together so beautifully that a close and careful scrutiny of the outside failed to show us the least trace of joint or crevice. Within the temple the sacred walls are defiled with inscriptions of European and American aspirants for fame, not even the stone is spared on which is graven the prayer—"Namu Amada Butsu" (Save us Eternal Budha). There is an earthy smell within, from the absence of ventilation and light, and so taking a cursory glance at the scores of little images, gilded and silvered, mouldy and fresh, old and new, ugly and passable (none are pretty), we once more pass through the low archway into the purer air without. The idol has a greenish hue, where for centuries nothing save the changes of the atmosphere have played upon its surface. Further down, within reach of the thousands that visit it annually, there are many highly-polished patches of dark brown, especially observable on the thumbs, from the friction of pantaloons and maybe more costly and flowing dresses. I have forgotten to mention that the idol is in the usual Japanese style of sitting (cross-legged, tailor-wise) with the hands clasped—fingers interlocked, and thumbnails meeting—and resting on the lap. Our whole party found ample room to sit on the two thumbs, the only inconvenience experienced being the fiery state of the metal, which had been exposed to an almost tropical sun for several hours. Looking upward from the pedestal, the features are clearly and beautifully defined, showing a most benign and intellectual cast of countenance, whilst the head being slightly bowed down gives a closer and truer view.

We now introduced ourselves to the priest in his own sanctum—a roomy grass-matted apartment—where we had a refreshing wash, notwithstanding the water being the hardest possible to be obtained, after which our host led the

way to a large dining hall, fitted in style half European and half Japanese. This apartment, we understand, was kept by our venerable and sacred friend for the refection of travellers like ourselves. The worthy father also was not slow in acquainting us that he did a small business in the bottled beer line; but as our coolies gave strong evidence that our heavy load of stores would bear any amount of calls for some time to come, we did not trouble him. After dinner we prolonged our rest till the sun should have lost some of its power, amusing ourselves by inspecting a wretched apology for a flower garden, situated at the back of the idol, inscribing our names in the Visitors' Book, and criticising not always "fondly" or "too well" the thousands of signatures therein contained. Before leaving we clambered up the folds of the garment at the lower part of the idol, and seated ourselves (six) on the two thumbs once more, to bid farewell to the great idol.

And now again we are on the road with our faces turned towards the setting sun, for Enoshima lies due west of Dai-Butsu five miles. It is pleasant travelling, for the way is shaded on one side by a thick belt of lofty trees. Passing a native grass-shoe shop, C—— remarked that he had heard they (the shoes) were splendid things to walk in, at the same time fitting a pair on. On the word of a man and a brother, several of us followed suit—took off boots and stockings and fitted ourselves for the small charge of two tempos (about ⅓ of a penny). Passing the straw band between the two first toes, and tying the back strings round the instep, we were equipped. But alas! our toes were not fitted for such a sudden change, and before many hundred yards, the sensation was anything but pleasant. At the next turn we came full upon a sandy beach, along which for about four or five miles, we could see the white-crested waves, breaking, tossing, and tumbling in all their glory. Kicking our new shoes off for the benefit of the coolies, we took our way along the edge of the breakers, and found it very refreshing after the dusty road. Before us lay the lovely island of Enoshima, joined to the pretty little village of Katasé by a narrow strip of sand, the white waves curling up on either side of us, closer and closer as we neared the end of our journey. Half-way across our sandy isthmus we paused to look back at the splendid landscape view of hill and wood and dale. The sun setting behind us shed a glory over all, and not a word was spoken for several minutes. A fragment of paper in my diary contains a few preliminary strokes, which were to have been filled in at leisure into a perfect picture. Alas! it has never seen the light of day since. I give it as it is:—

It was a scene in Japan's sunny land,
So fair, so gorgeous, that I ne'er can hope
To paint it as it was. All around
Were hills clothed with the thickest foliage
Of a thousand ever-varying trees and shrubs;
Whilst in the vales between patches of corn,
Or grassy sward dotted the landscape,
Like fair jewels reposing on the breast
Of Beauty. Here and there a native cot
Half hid in fragrant bow'r, or resting
Higher on some mossy bank, added
Yet one more charm to a picture
Faultless.

But already the sun is dipping into the sea, and our shadows are becoming ominously long on the sands, so we turn to cover the half mile of sand that still lies between us and our goal.

(*To be continued.*)

LECTURES ON "NUMBER ONE AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HIM."

On Friday evening, April 6th, Dr. J. J. Pope, Staff-Surgeon, late Royal Artillery, resumed at Stockwell Institute, Stockwell Green, his course of popular lectures on the laws of "Health."

Concluding from the previous lecture, his remarks upon "clothing," Dr. Pope touched upon the follies of fashion in relation to certain articles of dress; pointing out how injurious it is for the shoemaker to expect "the foot to fit the boot." "Too tight, sir?" remarks the astonished tradesman, "it will be easy in a day or so, as your foot works into it."

Amidst much laughter, Dr. Pope condemned the "high heels" of the present day as most hurtful, and showed that the delicate organization of the foot was injured, whilst the whole line of gravity is upset, and the weight of the body so disarranged, that physical mischief is produced, and often serious affections result.

Dr. Pope pointed out that the Ourang-outang never bring the heels to the ground, but that the true line of support for men and women went directly through the centre of the solid heel of the foot.

Dr. Pope dwelt for a time upon the evils of India Rubber Clothing, and Galoshes particularly as articles of apparel. The only occasion where such material was justifiable as clothing, was when driving, or exposed to wet, whilst remaining quiescent. After a few other suggestions and remarks upon the quantity of clothing most consistent with health; the necessity of airing clothes, especially for children, weak or sickly persons, and old people, Dr. Pope drew attention to the valuable warmth maintaining power of ordinary paper, used either alone or in conjunction with cotton or woollen material.

He described the advantages to the poor of paper quilts, chest protectors, and paper waistcoats.

Dr. Pope then considered "Work and Play" as conducive to health, and in some very pertinent observations forcibly inculcated the view that exercise is absolutely necessary to health, assisting all the functions on which life depends, influencing the respiration, profoundly the circulation, and the formation and destruction of the tissues of the body.

The lecturer insisted on the fact that all exercise should be accompanied with pleasurable feelings, and warned his hearers against painful or permanent exhaustion.

He urged slow, continuous, and systematic training, with ample periods of rest for all young people, advocated regular and thorough physical education for girls as well as boys, and warned young men not to overstrain their powers, by endeavouring to equal and excel in gymnastic feats and arduous tasks older and more fully-developed men.

Dr. Pope pointed out the advantages under which such men as Weston, O'Leary, and Captain Webb, performed their wonderful exertions, and claimed that emulation is out of place, if it lead to improper exertion.

Dr. Pope strongly advised amusement to be combined with exercise, and recommended agreeable company if we desire our walks, rides, or drives to produce all their good effects. Very pertinently he asked, "How many *Girls' Schools* have Playgrounds?"

"Why," said Dr. Pope, "should our boys be the only ones permitted to play, and to enjoy free and healthy exercise and fun? Why should our girls be marched in formal, sometimes almost funeral style, through dull streets and roads—for *their out-door recreation*, and even then accompanied by a starchy severe looking governess.

"We shall owe our future as a nation to the mother's rising-up amongst us, and it is therefore a national duty to see that every means should be enforced to ensure sound and vigorous training for the body as well as the mind of all our girls."

The London School Board must devote some consideration to playgrounds as well as to buildings.

Dr. Pope concluded by drawing attention to the many amusements a girl may with propriety indulge in: Archery, skipping, dancing, swimming, riding, swinging, and especially croquet, and skating. Croquet associates intellect with muscular exertion, and skating not only improves the figure, securing better carriage and style, but also inculcates courage and self-reliance. Both should be open air amusements.

Dr. Pope described his visit to the Marble Skating Rink, in the Clapham Road, and spoke in the highest terms of its size and arrangements, the perfect ventilation, protection from rain, and its freedom from dust and noise—considerations not to be overlooked. The surface of the marble also offers a peculiarly firm grip to the wooden wheels, and thus firmness and safety seem more secured than on wood or asphalte.

"There can be no doubt that Dryden was right when he he said, 'The wise for cure on exercise depend;' but, said the doctor, I think 'prevention is better than cure,' and nothing tends to avert sickness so much as proper exercise and suitable play."

GLEANINGS FROM OLD DOCUMENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

At page 310 of Vol. I. of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, I gave some extracts from "Old Documents," and I continue them to-day. The following is taken from a Fabric Roll the 20th of King Edward I., 1292.

I give it not only for its inherent interest to us, as a record of the Operative Masons, but as recording the names of the workmen themselves, and the amount of their wages. The Latin is so easy that I have not attempted to translate or explain it—it speaks for itself.

Rotulus de Stipendijs Cementar', Cubator, Fabror', Carpentar', Pictor', et alior' Operar' ad Opera Capelle Regis apud Westm' in Septimana proximo post festum Sancti Laurentij. Anno predicto, per 6 dies operabiles.

In Stipendijs Michaeli Apparitoris, per Septiman' 0 3 6

Thome de Morton	Johanni de Venlac
Ricardo de Ulford	Thome de Blechingleye
Rogero de Sweteye	Roberto de Kirkam

Per 6 dies, cuilibet 3s.

Summa 0 18 0

Martino de Shepeye	Ricardo de Hereford
Johanni de la Lawe	Jak le Harpur
Johanni le Harpur	Simoni Spirel
Nicholao de Thorneton	Thome Mareys
Johanni de Wilterton	Johanni de Wellys
Gilberto de Helpeston	Hugoni de Edinham
Johanni de Kockeresond	Thome de Ludham
Henr' de Thenet	Thome de Whytteneye
Ricardo de Sturreye	Daniel de Maydinstan
Waltero de Stittom	Johanni de Stone
Ade de Botyrwik	Johanni de Cheveningtone
Johanni de la Penne	Johanni de Butterham
Waltero de Marewe	Ricardo de Somersete
Willmo' de Ros	Ricardo de Clee
Thome de Landaf	Waltero de Sharnebroc
Willmo' de Cubelington	Ricardo de Shœrne
Johanni de Docton	Henrico de Karwardyn
Willmo' de Donnynton	Johanni de Sweteye
Thome de Northyam	Waltero de Depenhale.
Thome de Walton	

39 Cementar' per 6 dies, cuilibet 2s. 9d.

Summa 5 7 3

Willmo' Bonet, per 6 dies, 3*s.*
Thome de Crondel, per idem tempus, 2*s.* 9*d.*
Ricardo de Madelee, per 3 dies, et di. 1*s.* 7*d.*

Hugoni de Wrotstone
Johanni Koc de Lodelawe
Willmo' de Lindis'
Rogero Greyndor
Theobaldo de Bures
Gilberto de Wyk
Simoni de Langele
Johanni de Otyndone
Ricardo de Weldene
Willmo' de Kenylworth
Madok de Nevyn
Johanni de Derling
Willmo' de Mohun
Willmo' de Ramisseye
Johanni Page
Johanni de Somersete
Edwardo de Corf
Rogero Koc
Johanni de Gardino
Rogero de Bristoll
Willmo' de Foston
Johanni de Hothum
Roberto Levet
Gilberto Thicheswold
Gilberto de Lailham
Roberto de Sheffield
Johanni de Corf
Rogero de Chipenham
Willmo' de Cranebroc
Johanni Grigge
Ricardo de Venlac
Willmo' de Corf
Willmo' de Welden
Hugoni Peny
Henrico de Monte Acuto
Willmo' de Thorneton
Johanni de Weldene
Johanni de Doget
Roberto Peny
Willmo' de Stapelford
Willmo' de Berlistone

41 Cementar', for 6 dies, cuilibet eorum per Septimana ... 0 2 6

Summa £5 2 6

Willmo' de Sheffield, per 5 dies 0 2 1

Hugoni de Corf
Thome de Leuesham
Radulpho Chantrel
Johanni de Seleby
Johanni de Koc
Willmo' Grigge
Thome de Somtinge
Waltero de Cantuar'
Henrico de Stokewell
Alexandro de Hoctone
Ricardo le Porter
Jak de Stoke
Galfrido de Tauuton
Ricardo de Hornleye
Waltero de Milksham
Andrea Shengar
Roberto Hemingborow
Johanni de Narborow
Petro Corf
Rogero de Childestone
Johanni Atte Lofthous
Rogero de Edynham
Diony' de Oleston
Willmo' de Malton
Waltero de Uptone
Petro de Whytem
Roberto Miles
Willmo' de Aslacby
Willmo' de Nacton
Hugoni de Brestok
Willmo' de Hagleye
Johanni de Bokenham
Thome de Brompton
Ricardo de Norwiz
Johanni de Kontevill

35 cementar per sex dies, cuilibet, 2*s.* 3*d.*

Summa 3 18 9

Willono de Lenham
Roberto Atte Gate
Jak de Hayno
Willmo' de Knolle
Willmo' le Fouelere
Hugoni de Stratford
per sex dies 0 12 0

Ricardo de Cheilmarse
per sex dies 0 3 6

Waltero de Mondene

Rogero de Blechyngleye Jak de Merton Ade Cristemasse per sex dies		0	4 6
Summa de 137 Cementar		16	19 0
Cubatores.			
Roberto de Lodere, per 6 dies		0	2 6
Rogero Prat Johanni Est Nicholao le Polisur Ricardo de Heywode Roberto de Malverne Johanni Wronge Willmo' de Stalerne — per 6 dies cuilibet 0 2 3 — Summa		0	15 9
Summa de 8 Cubatores		0	18 3
Fabror'.			
Willmo' de Derham Ricardo de Stebenheth — per Septiman'		0	6 0
Ade de Stokinsbury Ricardo de Wekhamstede Olivero Fabro Henrico de Kateworth Gilberto de Northflete Johanni le Shappe — per Septiman'		0	12 0
Radulpho de Stebenheth Alan' de Leuesham ... ... — per Septiman'		0	4 6
Summa de 11 Fabror'		1	2 6

I may continue these extracts in a subsequent number.

A YEAR AFTER: THE MAIDEN'S STORY.

(Contributed to the Masonic Magazine by Bro. Emra Holmes.)

When we parted long ago,
And your proud eyes spoke so much,
Blessed eyes, whose sweetest language
Needed never word nor touch.

When I loosed your clinging fingers
From their lingering clasp and long,
And your one low word at parting
Echoed in my heart like song.

Oh, I was not sad, beloved,
When you went your lonely way;
Joy was near, for love was stronger
Than the parting pain that day.

It was when the reapers singing,
Carried home their harvest sheaves;
When the forest glowed with crimson,
Ere the falling of the leaves.

We had watched them change together,
Hope was in your joyous tone,
"Autumn hues will still be glorious,
When we meet again, my own."

So my heart sang when you whispered
Words that others weep to hear,
Could I weep, your presence taken
With your precious love still near

Glorious was that lovely autumn;
Darksome trees in mists of gold;
And beyond, the blue hills lying
In a slumbrous shadow fold.

Bright the leaves of brown and crimson
Fluttered gaily down my walk;
Moved the soft air with a murmur,
Like your low and tender talk.

Others heard the autumn voices,
Knew their wild and warning tone,
But for me one echo ever—
"We shall meet again, my own."

Slowly all the glory faded,
Gathered golden mists to rain,
Till the bitter north wind told me
We should never meet again.

Do I blame you, oh! my one love,
Turning back that memory page,
Tracing all its lines of anguish,
And its joy, undimmed by age?

I, who treasured, trusted fully
All those dark eyes used to tell,
With the grasp of those strong fingers,
Which my weakness loved so well.

We, when once we love, love ever,
Love like mine can know no past;
All I gave you that bright autumn,
Will be yours until the last.

Yours, as though you had not listened
To the bitter world's decree,
When it told your young heart calmly
That our love might never be.

You, who were so prized, so gifted,
That I could not deem it strange,
When you took the world's proud favour,
For this one poor love in change.

And earth gave you all it promised,
Other love and brighter bliss;
Through the lonely grief I suffered,
I was glad to think of this.

And I blame my weakness only,
That I could not so forget,
Could not crush my sorrow bravely,
Foolish longing, wild regret.

Now the corn is ripe to harvest,
And the chesnut trees are red;
And o'er all the golden distance
Is the pure blue shadow spread.

But I only see the drearness
That I could not see before;
Hear a voice among the chesnuts,
Sobbing, "Never, never more!"

Never more! oh! leaves of autumn,
Sadly through you shadows fall:
But I wait the distant spring-tide
When will love be first and all.

C. E. W.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

Chapter XI.

"Story, God bless you, I've none to tell, Sir!"
George Canning.

I feel how very truly these still ringing words of the great statesman and poet, (for Canning was a true poet as well as a distinguished statesman), well describe my fitful lucubrations, which for the present are drawing to a close. But ere the curtain falls, and the actors leave the stage, who have played out for good or ill this "Roman d'une heure," I wish to say a few words, by way of friendly Epilogue, to my kind and patient audience.

I fear me that those who have read the "Old, Old Story" from beginning to end will be inclined to say when they have finished their perusal, that it is "Much Ado About Nothing."

Professor Cockroach, who is a great authority on all such matters just now—(though we hope his influence is waning fast), said loftily to his niece Julia McManus, (who had married a zealous Hibernian Freemason, and reads the Masonic Magazine), "I have no opinion of the writer of the 'Old, Old Story,' or of his tale. His unities are defective, his moral is bad, his views are visionary, and his teaching is unphilosophical. It is quite a mistake to suppose that feeling has anything to do with such matters. My opinion is," and here the Professor raised his voice, and looked most sagacious at the same time, "that marriage is more or less a mistake. I hold to the teaching of Professor Malthus and Miss Martineau;

and though I do not suppose that people will not marry, I don't see the necessity myself, and I don't believe in love, much less in humdrum affection. The writer of this Old, Old Story is clearly a man of limited experience and retrograde sensibilities. There is no use in giving us a chronicle of common every-day life, and domestic manners, the insipid philanderings of a sublimated gander and an ethereal goose. We have outlived the time when the rôle of the novel writer was to tell of those who sought 'to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.' I believe in the sensational, the weird, the emotional, and the grotesque. I don't myself credit anything, and therefore I think that all that is left us to realize and to recount, are the reveries of emancipated free thought, the marvels of a lucrative spiritualism, the license of easy manners, and the amiability of accommodating morals! For this "bread and butter" nonsense of unsophisticated nature, simple life, fireside attractions, home virtues and family affection—I despise them, and denounce them one and all!"

Well done Professor Cockroach!

Happily for herself, his niece Julia does "not see it," neither do I. But I mention this "en passant," to show what are the difficulties and views which the homely narrator of to-day has to face and fear. We live in such a sensational age, and are so taken up with excited news of this or that, we so like the marvellous, the unlikely, the unusual, and the novel, that ours is both an unnatural and morbid state of taste and temperament. Unless our heroes are villains, they cease to be heroes to us. Unless our heroines are monsters in petticoats, they hardly interest us at all. If Theodore commits bigamy, forgery, perjury, and runs away at last with another man's wife, Theodore seems to attract rather than to repulse, to please, rather than to offend. As Dr. Bayly says, "Oh, tempora! Oh, mores!" If Emma Mary marries a "ticket of leave," or elopes with a groom-boy, she has done something worthy of note, and our literature to-day, which comes before the young in hopeless profusion and ostentatious presumption, is full of impossible scenes, ridiculous episodes, baneful morals, and pernicious examples. And therefore, when I drew out the outline of the "Old, Old Story," I determined to make it as common-place, as homely, as simple, as realistic as possible. I was anxious that those for whom I was writing might at any rate understand that neither gold nor dross, nor vicious habits, nor bad manners, nor fast life, nor "mariages de convenance," could make any one happy here, but that the real secret of human felicity, especially in matrimony, (if matrimony brings happiness, which some may doubt), was to be sought for in mutual affection, congenial tastes, personal sympathy, and individual devotion.

The characters I have drawn, however feebly, have lived and are living in the flesh. They are those with whom we can hourly converse and pleasantly "cotton." There is nothing unreal and I fear nothing artistic about them. If, like the limner, I have given a touch here and there, if I have filled in foreground, and sky, and shading; if I have put on a little colour, or used a little varnish, it is only because I was anxious that the picture I sought to present to your notice, kindly readers mine, might, if possible, be pleasant to the sight, attractive to lookers on, and good for moral digestion. Beyond that I claim no merit and ask for no praise. And if at the close I venture to say "Plaudite omnes," it is only because, like other mortals, the incense of praise is sweet to one's olfactories, and the pleasant words of a kindly criticism are soothing and satisfactory to one's "amour propre," and one psychological system.

After the last scene at the Cedars, events marched rapidly, and the "Old, Old Story" approached its denouement. Mr. Mainwaring and Lucy took things very quietly, and like sensible people made no fuss, and did not proclaim themselves to the world as a pair of sublunary and engaged "spoons." Nothing is so annoying to me, and, as I think, so "gemein" as to hear or see engaged couples parading themselves before everybody as "fiancés and fiancées." That is a thing which "any fellar" with brains in his head, as young Balasso says, "can understand," and can find out, and does not require Orlando to avow, or Emmelina to proclaim. No, it is part of that unblushing publicity of the day which

supposes that everybody else cares for our words or our doings, when in fact nobody cares one farthing.

The world is a very "insouciant" world on the whole, and has no time to attend to the philandering of Orlando Sniggleton, or the maidenly blushes of Emmelina Bustleton.

I feel in this respect like an ancient crony of mine, who used to say, "When people are engaged, Sir, they are, Sir, and that is quite enough for anybody to know or care for. By Jove, Sir, its bad enough in itself, without telling all the world that two more donkies have shown they belong to the good old breed." I quite agree with my good old friend, and even at this distance of time, I remember his words and reverence his wisdom! It is a very stupid, and I think vulgar habit which makes people fuss about engaged persons and brides. In society, luckily, the custom is going out, and the sooner it is given up the better. I, for one, never am inclined to yield to it, even though my old friend Mrs. McGrubber thinks and says that "I am a very unfeeling and ill-bred elderly gentleman!" Be it so!

Well, when the settlements were signed "pace" the old family lawyer, (who was very slow, and made wonderful mistakes, as family lawyers sometimes will do,) and all the presents were given—Lucy and Mainwaring were duly married at the parish church by an Indian archdeacon, (that is, by an archdeacon who had been in India,) an old and a valued friend of Lucy's father, duly assisted by the rector. Lucy, brilliant in good looks, and radiant in happiness, and Mainwaring supremely rejoicing, seemed, as every one said, "a very handsome and lucky couple."

The curate was not present, (for his feelings, as he said to his rector, were too many for him), though as in three weeks afterwards he married a Miss Jobson with £25,000, and a good deal too good for him, we may fancy that he soon recovered his usual equanimity, and we may well leave him to the happiness of his own fireside, and the full play of his domestic sympathies and elevated tastes.

After the marriage of Lucy Longhurst and Walter Mainwaring, Miss Margerison found the Cedars rather lonely; and so when they returned from their wedding tour, the good old woman asked them to come and "live with her, and bless her daily vision, and close her old eyes when God's time came to her," as it comes in His good Providence to us all here.

Mr. Mainwaring was only too ready to please that kind old soul, and no happier, or more cheery family party can be found than that which gathers together under that hospitable roof at the Cedars. Mr. Carruthers, who married Emily Mouckton, has taken Mainwaring's little bachelor abode, and there is a constant interchange of friendly gatherings. And as the two other Miss Moucktons looked so charming at Lucy's wedding in white and cerise, two very eligible young men proposed nearly simultaneously, much to the delight of Mrs. Mouckton, so that the neighbourhood promises to be a very agreeable one, for those who know each other so well, and like each other so much.

Old Colonel Mackintosh is still to the fore, and may be seen reading his paper daily at the window of the Senior United Service Club. He is still as erect as ever, and as pleasant as ever, though he does not conceal his opinion that the "army is not what it was, Sir," and, "in my day, Sir, we did things differently." Notwithstanding the remarks of that good old boy, and gallant soldier, and true comrade, I am inclined to think, myself, that the English army is essentially unchanged—that you can't spoil it, and that it will be, what it always has been, "second to none."

Indeed, I feel sure that "John Beetle-crusher" will do his duty, as he always has done it, in every hemisphere, and against any odds. But old soldiers like old ladies, and old everybodies sometimes seem to forget that "tempora mutanter nos et mutamur in illis," and that we who complained of our forefathers as "old fogies," when we were young and verdant, must not cry out if the "young uns" will go a-head to-day, and leave us gouty, and grumbling and growling behind.

Lately quite an excitement has been created at the Cedars, by the advent of a little Lucy, who has unceasing charms alike for Miss Margerison and Colonel Mackintosh, to say nothing of Mr. Mainwaring, the servants, and the monthly nurse.

"I don't like babies, Sir," says Colonel Mackintosh to an old friend of his, a general officer, at the United Service,—"I think them nearly the greatest nuisance in creation; but this little girl of ours has Lucy's eyes, and Lucy's hair, and Lucy's dimples, and by Jove, Sir, she does not squall, and promises to be as dear and as good a girl as poor old Longhurst's child has been, ever since I saw her christened at Bangalore, a long, long time ago! Alas! how time does desert us all and break us all up!"

Most true are the words of our good old friend. Yes, indeed, as the Latin has it, "Tempus fugit!" Friends and relations, and hopes and fancies, and green leaves and summer breezes flit away, leaving us in that desolate moorland of life, on which the whistling winds alone proclaim the decay of earth's best gifts, the passing away of each fond and fairy dream!

And so the curtain falls!

Oh! kindly readers who have had the patience and perseverance to wade to the end of the "Old, Old Story," I trust that you will give the writer credit for having kept his faith with you, one and all. But I hope you will not say to yourselves when you lay the magazine down, "What an ancient bore the writer is, and what a lot of rubbish he has put together."

FAREWELL!

NOTES ON THE OLD MINUTE BOOKS OF THE BRITISH UNION LODGE, NO 114, IPSWICH. A.D. 1762.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES, 31°.

P.M., P.Z., 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* 578.)

IN the course of these notes we have regretted that there has been no record kept of the various avocations of the brethren, so as to give some notion of the status of the Lodge and the social position of its members.

We are enabled, however, at this date, Sept. 1811, to give the trades and professions of the whole of the brotherhood; and we think it will be of interest to our Suffolk brethren to know what sort of a Lodge the British Union was at this date, a Lodge which at the present moment is certainly the *Premier* Lodge in the Province as regards its exclusiveness and the social standing of its members.

We often hear old Masons declaim upon the class of men who are now admitted to our Order—speaking as though Masonry is not now what it was in their younger days, when social status and moral excellence were thought so much of, and when such men were not admitted as are frequently seen now within the portals of the Lodge. We never have believed in the *nil admirari* School, and we have often doubted when some aged Mason has talked of the olden times of harmony and concord, the wonderful way in which the Lodge was worked, and so forth, and bewailed the great falling off in these days from the times that are now alas no more.

Well, we suppose the British Union was a fair type of the Lodges of the time just before the Union of the two Grand Lodges in 1813, and if so, then undoubtedly Masonry has advanced rather than retrograded.

The record of the Minutes is often at this period ungrammatical, the spelling bad, and the writing execrable, which speaks for the educational acquirements of the Secretary, who was or who ought to have been the *Clerk* or learned person of the Lodge; and the record of the trades to which the members belonged at this time shows that candidates for our mysteries, in the first decade of the century at all events and before that time, were chiefly drawn from what we should call the lower middle-class, if not from the working classes themselves. They were in fact such men as now form the bulk of the members of such benefit societies as the Odd Fellows, Foresters, and the like; and there is little doubt that the raising of the fee for admission generally, and the free use of the ballot, has nearly eliminated the working class element, and done much

to raise the position of the Craft in public estimation.

In 1811 then the British Union Lodge boasted of a grocer, a tallow chandler, an innkeeper, and seven innholders (what was the difference?), a basket-maker, a baker, three captains, probably master mariners, a mariner, a watchmaker, a plumber and glazier, and painter and glazier, three cordwainers, otherwise shoemakers, two bricklayers (who no doubt were h(odd) men), one wheelwright, a doctor, a merchant, two butchers, a hairdresser, two shipwrights, three carpenters, one ironfounder, an appraiser, a dyer (did he come in of dire necessity?), a hatter (but no matter), an engineer, a waiter, and a messmaster. The last probably attached to some regiment stationed at Ipswich. We find afterwards a record of an excise officer, a blacksmith, a joiner, a shopkeeper (rather vague), and a draper, amongst the list of members.

At the October Lodge meeting in 1811, a shoemaker and a painter were initiated, and relief was allowed to two brothers, one belonging to the Scotland Lodge, No. 545, and the other to the Swansea Lodge, No. 333.

Under date December 3rd, 1811, we find Mr. George Wilson, tailor, at Stratford, was proposed by Bro. Levett, seconded by Bro. Cook, and *thirded* by Bro. Plaintain. No wonder he was unanimously elected. It seems to have been quite the fashion at this period for candidates to be *thirded*.

At the St. John's Festival following we find the brethren "adjourned at three "o'clock to a good dinner which was "plentifully supplied, and of which 36 "brothers partook off." It is stated also that Bro. Churchman "presented to the "Lodge three greater lights or *Illuminaries*."

We also note that "Bro. Birrell of the "Theatrical Lodge visited our Lodge, "and from the handsome address made to "the R.W.M. Officers and Brothers by "him in Bro. Hines behalf, a play was "ordered by the *Body of the Lodge*, called "the 'Honeymoon,' with the Farce of "'Darkness Visible,' as on Wednesday "next being New Year's Day."

A foot note is appended that next Lodge Meeting is Wednesday, 1st January, 1812, at 5 o'clock, so no doubt the brethren went straight from the Lodge in their regalia to attend the Theatre. That this was so is evident from the Minutes of the next Lodge, where it is stated that the undermentioned officers and brethren —numbering 50 in all—attended the *Possession* (sic) to the Theatre.

In the following Month's Minutes we find it recorded that "Bro. B. Plaintain proposed that a hearing should take place between Bro. Blasby, a member of this Lodge, and Bro. Kendell, who has been made and passed at the Theatrical Lodge relative to his being proposed a candidate at this Lodge. An investigation took place, and the business was overlooked."

We gather from this that the Theatrical Company at the Theatre—which was we believe in what was called the Norwich Circuit at that time—had a Lodge attached to it, but under what authority it worked we do not know.

At the May Meeting a member of the Faithful Lodge, No. 99, Norwich, was relieved, and we find that there were literary Masons amongst us in the provinces even in those days, for it is noted that: "A circulating (sic) letter was received from Bro. P. Pulling, of the Brotherly Love Lodge, No. 617, held at the George Inn, Martock, Somersetshire, who most earnestly recommended his publication called Masonic Essays, price half-a-crown."

We don't find that the brethren ordered Bro. Pulling's book, probably they were like a good many of our brethren now-a-days, and were fond of dogmatising about what they knew little about, never seeking for that knowledge which they are urged to acquire in our time honoured charges, but giving Masonic Literature the *cold shoulder*, preferring to go elsewhere for the *hot joint*. The worthy brethren no doubt preferred to remain in darkness, and to let Masonic literature take care of itself, as too many of our brethren do now-a-days, we are ashamed to say,—for we find it simply stated as a fit conclusion to the proceedings (Bro. Pulling's letter having evidently been set aside and ignored) that:

"St. John the Baptist being now at hand it was agreed to meet at 2 o'clock on that day, and to dine at 4 o'clock, every member present to pay for his dinner, and

one bottle of wine, and all absent members to subject themselves to the code of laws." Our excellent brethren evidently thought more of their stomachs than their brains.

This closes our record of the old Minute Books. The following year, 1813, the memorable event took place—the Union of the two Grand Lodges of Ancients and Moderns under the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, and since that time the British Union has shared those vicissitudes which Lodges, like families, mostly experience even in the course of sixty or seventy years; but its career though uneventful, has been generally prosperous, and it holds now a deservedly distinguished position amongst the Lodges of East Anglia, being without doubt the leading Lodge in its own province of Suffolk.

In 1816 it appears to have been moved from the Golden Lion to the Bear and Crown, afterwards known as the Suffolk Hotel. In 1840 it removed to the New Assembly Rooms, where it remained till 1849, when it was held at the Great White Horse Hotel (immortalised by Dickens in Pickwick), where, with the exception of a short break in 1853, it remained till 1866. In 1867 it was removed to the new and elegant Masonic Hall, the property of a Company, where it now remains—and where it may long flourish. Its original number was, we believe, 270, and about 1777 became 214. In 1781 it was numbered 173, in 1792 it was numbered 147, and so remained till the Union in 1813, when it was numbered 180. In 1832 it became 131, and in 1863 it attained its present number through the extinction of older Lodges of 114.

The Lodge celebrated its centenary 21st January, 1862, when both the Prov. Gr. Master Sir Shafto Adair (now Lord Wavency) and the D.P.G.M. were present. No application was made however for permission to wear a centenary jewel (the brethren being no doubt satisfied with their private Lodge jewel, a silver star very much like that worn by the Knights Templar, but having Masonic emblems instead of the Latin cross in the centre) till 1872, when the Most Worshipful Grand Master granted a warrant empowering all subscribing members to wear the authorised centenary jewel, all other private Lodge jewels being illegal.

Amongst the most important occasions when the Lodge appeared in public, may be mentioned the laying of the foundation stone of the handsome new Custom-House, built in the Italian style of architecture in 1843, when Bro. E. Bullen, D.P.G.M., in the joint names of the three Lodges—the British Union, the Perfect Friendship, and the St. Lukes, presented the then Mayor with the silver trowel used on the occasion.

The brethren were also present at the laying the foundation of Melton Church, near Woodbridge, in 1866, and subsequently also when the same ceremony was performed at the new Town Hall, Ipswich, a very handsome structure, and of which the Ipswich people are justly proud.

In 1873 a list was published for the information of the members of the names, titles, Masonic rank and profession of the brethren, from which we gleam some interesting information as to the status of the Lodge 111 years after it was consecrated.

Thus we find that of the 48 members who formed the Lodge at the date mentioned, three are of no profession, or in popular phraseology, gentlemen; six are clergymen; three are surgeons; one an Army, another a Navy, doctor; another a physician; the Army is also represented by an officer in the Dragoons, another in the Rifles, and a third in the Royal Artillery. We have besides a member of the Civil Service, a secretary of legation—since become a M.P.—a barrister, a retired distinguished member of the Indian Civil Service, a bank cashier, a bachelor of music, a doctor of philosophy and well-known scientist, an architect, and civil engineer. Two members are well-known peers of the realm, one a lord of the treasury, the other an A.D.C. to the Queen, two more are solicitors, one of them the town clerk of London. The rest are jewellers, estate agents, farmers, accountants, merchants, &c.

Taking their Masonic rank, no less than 22 are Past Masters, 14 hold Provincial rank, one is the popular Provincial Grand Master of Suffolk, Lord Waveney, a second is D.P.G.M. of Suffolk (now alas no more), another is a P.P.G.M. of Western India. three are members of Grand Lodge, one being President of the Board of General

Purposes, another Vice-President, and a third a P.G. Chaplain (and now Dep. Prov. Gr. Master, Suffolk).

Several changes have taken place even in so short a time as 4 years, and whilst one or two have resigned or died, 15 have joined in that period, of whom five are gentlemen of no profession, 2 are doctors of medicine, 1 is a surgeon, 1 a solicitor. There is also a Staff-Commander, R.N.; a clergyman, who is, by the way, a well-known Suffolk antiquary; and a merchant. Comparing the present with the past, therefore, one may fairly say the British Union has advanced, and not retrograded; and if every Lodge were as careful in the admission of members, Masonry would soon take a proud position in this country, and cease to be regarded as it is by a good many very decent people, *both inside and outside the Masonic circle*, we are sorry to say, as little better than a Benefit Society, a sort of superior unity of Odd Fellows, Ancient Druids, or Free Gardeners.

Verbum Sap. We recommend to our brethren generally, and to those in Suffolk particularly, the thoughts which have occurred to us in the perusal of the old Minute Books of this old Lodge.

The history of our centenary Lodges has yet to be written, but there is little doubt much may be learned therefrom. If we have added but one link to the chain of Masonic knowledge, by the publication of these articles, we are well content.

(Conclusion.)

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

No. IX.—Charity.

"Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."

There is a great deal of misery in the world—there always has been and there always will be; but yet there is a great deal more than there is any necessity for, if people would only bestir themselves from their apathetic self-contentment and bestow a thought upon the well-being of those less favoured than themselves. Misery, however, there is; the misery of bereavement, the misery of witnessing the suffering of those dear to us, the misery of sickness borne by ourselves; but add to these or any of them the concentrated wretchedness of penury, and there is exhibited misery indeed. We lose the ones we love; yet with the means of changing the scene and diverting our thoughts from our sorrow, the sense of past bereavement grows dull and dim, until at last it barely remains beyond a mere recollection of a joy that has been and gone. Our friends may pine and suffer, or we may ourselves be cast upon the bed of sickness and of suffering; still with the means of obtaining every luxury and obtaining every needful thing for our comfort, the affliction loses half its sting. But take away from a man the kindred spirit that has shared his load of sorrow, and leave him naught save a blank and empty void in which his soul may gnaw but on itself; let him see wife or child hungry or athirst, perchance with an added fever-fire, and be able to afford no help; let him be cast on the dying couch, and that a couch of want, with no hand to aid, to lie, to die, forgotten and alone,—and there is misery, nay despair. Well, indeed, might we ask, is there a God? if this be so, did we not remember His own direct assertion, that "The poor shall never cease out of the land."

Seeing then that this misery is God-intended, we might well further ask with what object is this allowed? When we receive the immediate reply—to afford us our proper sphere of labour, doing true work, in which we shall reap an abundant reward and find the poor, what God has described them, "Our eternal inheritance."

But simply recognizing the fact that "Ye have the poor with you always" will earn us no reward; so let us betake ourselves to the consideration of active means for the alleviation of as much as possible of this misery.

We have said that the Almighty has willed a difference of condition in life, and it does not require a very profound knowledge of Political Economy to see

that this difference must and ought to exist. Without it the resources of the world would never be developed; for if every man possessed sufficient for his needs there would be no work, no interchange of commodities, and therefore no carrying far and wide of civilization; all would pass through a dreamy eventless existence, like the South Sea Islanders, who, finding everything to their hand, take it, and develop nothing, but from generation to generation remain just where they always have been, and would be, were it not for the wave of civilization carried to their shores by the tide of commercial enterprise.

These differences of social station and extent of possessions being a recognised fact, it follows that, to say nothing of those who are unfortunate in the scramble for wealth, or of those who by reckless speculation or improvident extravagance fall from a position of plenty to that of indigence, there must always be a large number of people, whose time being fully occupied in working for others, can lay by little or nothing for themselves.

This is not, of course, the case with all; for some have, by dint of extra intelligence, or perseverance in some fortunately chosen path of labour, reversed the above-mentioned process, and risen from poverty to affluence; but the number of such cases is so small, that it need not be taken into calculation in the consideration of that part of the subject with which we are now dealing, namely, all those classes without capital.

Now it is obvious that, at some period or other, the great mass of the best and most industrious of the class we have just spoken of, must necessarily, from sheer inability to work longer, if not at an earlier period from illness, be reduced to that dead level of poverty, reaching which they can no longer support themselves, but must instead be supported by those who in time gone by have been maintained or even enriched by the fruits of their labour; how they are to be supported we may now briefly consider.

Our present system known as the "Poor Laws," is, for every conceivable reason, probably as bad as could by any possibility be devised; it is degrading and wanting in the principles of common humanity, besides being, as we humbly conceive, thoroughly ineffectual. Witness the sad revelations so frequently dragged into light at Coroners' Inquests, of the man or woman poor, aye even to the death, but self-respectful even to self-destruction. Witness the starvation of many a poor fellow-creature, who perishes rather than submit to the degradation of the conditional pittance doled out to them by our "Law." Why many a poor man, not too particular with which *brand* of the "Law" he shall be marked, prefers the comparative luxury of the felon's cell to the oft-times brutal meagreness of the Workhouse Ward. *Work*-house, indeed; for a poor old creature whose body is already bent double with work, and whose mind is well-nigh as crooked by reason of ceaseless toil? Can it be that in this vaunted land of Christian charity the *Work*-house is your sole haven of *rest?* Too true, alas! it is that this is in most cases the only relief allotted to those who have spent lives of toil in our behoof, and to those who, less fortunate than ourselves, early falling out of the race, have unwillingly become pensioners on our charity. But there is Out-door Relief, says one of our gentle readers, to whom we reply: "Did you ever in your hour of sorest need apply to an officer, who—

"Dressed in a little brief authority
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep"——?

Try it, friend, and tell us whether, if even you should be sufficiently fortunate to obtain the miserable dole, it be not so seasoned with a sense of infamy that you would not rather almost perish than again court such an ordeal. But in many places you will not get it at all, but you will be offered the "House-test," with which precious invention our sapient *Guardians-of-the-Poor* have determined to sift out now, and make a clean sweep in the future of, pauperism altogether, for

——— "Statesmen, they
Who are so restless in their wisdom, they
Who have a broom still ready in their hands
To rid the world of nuisances . . . have them pronounc'd
A burden of the earth,"——

which, like "Poor Jo," must be moved on"—*where*, it matters not.

Matters not?—

"Can we reflect unmoved upon the round
Of smooth and solemnized complacencies
By which, on Christian lands, from age to age,
Profession mocks performance. Earth is sick,
And Heaven is weary of the hollow words
Which States and Kingdoms utter when they talk
Of Charity."——

Let us then look pityingly upon our poorer brother and—

"Deem him not,
A burden of the earth,"—

but—

"In him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity
Else unremembered."——

And here let us at once be understood to be pleading only the cause of the really poor. For those lazy rascals, who never have worked and never will, the treadmill is the best and indeed the only provision to be made; but, for the old, the sick, and the unfortunate, we hold it to be not only a religious, but even a political, duty to make provision.

Legislate! Of course we must legislate, but it must be with a view to the mitigation of human misery, not that crushing down and burying out of sight and out of mind of its miserable victims, that we so vainly attempt at present. The English heart is soft enough to be touched by the urgent need of pocket-handkerchiefs and flannel nightcaps, felt by the inhabitants of "Borria-bhoolah-gah," but for the starving fellow at his doorstep? Well, hear our truly English poetess—

"We are busy in helping the far-away slave,—
We must cherish the Pole, for he's foreign and brave;
Our almsgiving record is widely unrolled—
To the east and the west we send mercy and gold;
But methinks there are those in our own famous land,
Whose thin cheeks might be fattened by Charity's hand;
And when John Bull is dealing his generous shares,
Let him 'Trouble his head with his own affairs!'"

When then we have quite "strained out the gnats" let us just give a look to "the camels," and try whether we cannot alleviate some of the fearful misery that exists amongst us, and let us manage to do it without robbing the recipients of their self-respect, or placarding their names as malefactors against the public weal as a certain so-called "Charitable" Company, with apparently a *very* limited liability (*i.e.*, of doing good) has just been doing—the best motto of which said Company would probably be the disagreeable answer of the canvassed miser:—"What I give, sir, is Nothing to Nobody!"

What we would advocate would be Almshouses for the aged, which might be established, or rather re-established, for they used to exist in every parish; in which poor old couples might spend their declining days in the peaceful enjoyment of each other's company without ever making the sad, but alas! now too frequent, discovery that "Those whom God hath joined together" their law-appointed "*Guardians*" ruthlessly "put asunder." For the sick, have an Infirmary in connexion with these Almhouses. And to those in temporary distress afford temporary relief, without that enforced breaking up of their homes, and despoiling of their household goods, which effectually prevents the recipients of parish-relief from ever again starting in life, and transforms them into life-long paupers.

Orphans and deserted children should be boarded out in families where they would be well treated, and there is doubtless many a childless couple who would gladly take to their bosoms one of those poor waifs of humanity, that are kept like caged birds till all childishness, if it ever existed, is gone for ever, and there is engendered instead of independence, a slavish tolerance of restraint, which but too surely, sooner or later, brings back to the workhouse board those who have been workhouse bred.

All these institutions could be as well supported by the rates as the existing ones, whilst they would be ten thousand times better managed by neighbours resident in the place, than by a central "Board" chosen, but too often solely for their *board*-like qualities.

On the question of privately bestowed alms we dare hardly venture to lay down a rule, for we have known an instance where the reception by "a tramp" of a casually bestowed coin was the very last action performed in this world by the poor dying wretch who sought and obtained it. If, however, we dare not venture to give advice of ourselves, we may quote the words of one far wiser than ourselves—

"Never turn thy face from any poor man; and then the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee."

Nor let the mite be despised, for—

"Blessed are they who from great gain
Give thousands with a reasoning brain,
But holier still shall be his part
Who gives one coin with pitying heart."

Nor need we, for our lack of resources wherewith to carry out our charity, despair of recognition and reward; for if not *here*, we shall *there*, where intentions, not results, are weighed, find that—

"Having done good by stealth
We shall rise to find it fame."

So much for relieving the wants of our poorer neighbours, which we but too often consider not as a, but the, Charity demanded of us by our Universal Father. No! charity has a wider scope than this, great though this be—

"The Heart, the Heart! Oh! let it spare
A sigh for other's pain;
The breath that sooths a brother's care
Is never spent in vain."

Indeed, it matters little what task is taken up by our neighbourly hand, for any and every action intended to benefit our neighbour is a manifestation of that reflexion in our own souls of the greatest attribute of our Almighty Father, who Himself is Love. Jeremy Taylor says—

"He who gives alms to the poor takes Jesus by the hand; he who patiently endures insult and injury, helps Him to bear His Cross; he who comforts his brother in affliction gives a kiss of peace to Jesus; he who bathes his own and his neighbour's sins in tears of penitence and piety, washes his Master's feet. We enter into his heart when we express Him in our actions."

In this way, then, should every talent committed to us be pressed into this gentle service and, hand as heart, brain as breast, pen as purse, be utilised in the great cause of Charity. In this way, and to this end, have these few papers been written, and we trust that our brethren will see that every subject that can possibly concern us here can, equally with the few that have been thus slightly touched upon, be viewed from the Masonic standpoint of Moderation and Charity. Let every Mason then, as time and opportunity offers, apply himself to the humanizing task, remembering the injunction to the Craft—

"If man's warm passions you can guide and bind,
And plant the virtues in the wayward mind;
If you can wake to Christian-love the heart,—
In mercy, something of your powers impart."

Should seeming failures at first attend our efforts for good, let us not be disheartened, but examining ourselves, prove "what manner of spirit we are of:" calling to mind the beautiful picture of progression in the work of Love, presented to us by Eliza Cook in her "Address to the Freemasons," (delivered at the festival of the Royal Benevolent Institution, 1848) where she shows us the striving of a man, rich but good, to enter Paradise—

"His wealth was ready, and his hand was kind,
When friends might sue, or rigid duty bind.
* * * * * *
And coldly good, he measured out his span,
An honest, moral, true, and prudent man."

But this was not enough, and he was bidden—

"Good as thou art, go back to human dust;
Man, to be Godlike, must be *more* than *just*."

To earth he returned, and commencing his work anew, he found—

"His love *began* with mother, wife, child, friend;
But there he found affection must not *end*,
His gentle sympathy now turned to heed
The stranger's sorrow and the stranger's need.
* * * * * *
He burst the bonds of Duty's narrow thrall;
His soul grew wider, and he felt for *all*."

Again he tried to enter Paradise, but this time with far more humility than before; but he was not long in doubt, for—

"Fear not, the Angel-warder cried, I see
The plume that now will waft thee on to me:
Thy wings have now the feather that alone
Lifts the created to the Father's throne.
'Tis Mercy, bounteous Mercy, warm and wide,
That brings the mortal to the Maker's side;
'Tis dove-eyed Mercy defies the dust—
Man, to be God-like, must be *more* than *just*."

Onwards, then, brethren, ever onwards and upwards: up the rounds of our glorious ladder, whose foot is firmly planted on the Almighty Architect's unchanging law; whose rounds are a succession of every moral and social virtue; progressing from Faith, onwards through Hope, upwards to Charity; forming what our laureate calls—

"The great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God."

Brethren, our task is done. Briefly we have endeavoured to show that in every social question, there is a point of view from which every Mason should regard—be it a matter of dispute between class and class, a point of moderation, where both sides, having left their animosities behind, can meet to adjust in an amicable manner their differences—be it a question of class-misery, a point of vantage, whence that misery can be traced to its true cause, and that cause removed. Then just as we have briefly endeavoured to show that there is such a point, have we, with all diffidence, ventured to intimate whereabouts that point lies, and wherein it consists: and yet once again we venture, whilst laying down our pen, to reiterate that that "whereabouts" is Brotherly-Love, and that that "wherein" is Charity.

That this may be the spirit in which these our efforts are received is our sole final request, for—

"Should this our work, our leisure's best resource,
When through the world it steals its secret course,
Revive but once a generous wish suppress,
Chase but a sigh, or charm a care to rest;
In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,
Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy;
Blest were our lines, tho' limited their sphere,
Tho' short their date, as theirs who traced them here."

"Finis Coronat Opus."

"THE DYING GLADIATOR."

BY BRO. T. BURDETT YEOMAN.

Recitative.

For Roman pleasure and duty's call
In deadly combat I fight and fall,
Thus vanquished by the sword of strife,
Behold! ye gods I give up Life.

Song.

Hush! hush! see in the circus there,
Gladiators with deadly glare,
Whose glitt'ring blades mid loud applause,
Comes thudding blows and then a pause.
They parry, fall, and rise again
With precious blood, the ground they stain,
Quick as light'ning, their sword it flies
Whilst echoing plaudits fill the skies.
With gaping wounds, a gory sight,
Again I stand and thrust and fight,
Mid deafening shouts of savage men
At last I fall for ever then;
No sorrow marks the madd'ned throng,
The Victor's cheer'd both loud and long;
My head it droops, and with a sigh,
My life it ends, I die, I die.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(*Continued from page* 595.)

Paris, July 16, 1790.

THE two events which were most dreaded in this country and have caused for some time the anxious suspence of Europe, have passed, and like a dream have not left a consequence behind.

The Duke of Orleans arrived on the Sunday morning, and made his *debut* in the Assembly. He was much applauded by the Enragés, and as he spoke low, an Aristocrat, who cried out *plus haut*, was silenced.

I send you his speech and the justification of his conduct, which was published some few days before his return to sound the inclinations of the people. They have seen his return with indifference, convinced that the fetters of the Militia are not to be broken, but all the higher orders of society, all the Bougoisie are loud in their execrations. The Aristocrates, from real principles their opponents, because they hope by calling aloud for the punishment of a puppet, which is now become useless to prove that although they have received the profit they have not participated in the guilt.

Without the walls of the Assembly he met with many insults. The sentinel at the Palace at first refused him admittance, the Guards cried out *aux armes* as he passed, and *Serrez vos Rangs*. The King was not yet returned from a Review of the Paris Militia; a M. de Colmas, an officer of the Marine, on seeing him enter the apartment, went up to him, and turning him round with a twist of the elbow, said que fait ce Jean—ici.

He is now quiet in Paris, and causes no more sensation than if he had remained in London.

The King received him in his closet with M. de Montmorin, but did not speak to him in publick. The Queen was more gracious. Monsieur very cold, and the criminal himself so awkward that he was happy to speak even to the Grooms of the Chamber.

The next event, that of the 14th, passed as quietly as those who had the most to fear could wish. I refer you to the papers for the particulars of the ceremony. This Act, like some poisons, has produced a contrary effect, and, instead of destroying for ever the hopes of the Aristocratic Party, has, on the contrary, revived every expectation.

I dared not venture to the long confinement of the Champs de Mars, altho' I had a ticket for the places reserved for the Nat. Assembly. I went to see pass the Procession, which was by no means brilliant. A vast number of undisciplined Militia and shabby looking people in black, could by no arrangement make a fine procession. The musick played, and some few sung a bad vaudeville with the chorus of "ci'a irra." The veterans of the troops, for all the Deputies of the Army deserved that title, looked mournfull and disconsolate, the far greatest part amongst them were without their *swords*, or arms of any kind, and had more the appearance of prisoners than the participators of a triumph. The Garde du Corps of the King, Monsieur, and le Comte d'Artois, marched in the center, and were applauded by all but the people, and even by some of those.

I must not forget that M. de la Fayette rode between the two ranks, but had no fixed place in the procession, he was much applauded. I should strive in vain to give an idea of the affected humility and *suave* complacency which reigned in his countenance, how low he bowed to every window, how gratefull for every burst of applause, how many friendly nods, how many smiles of thanks he returned to every blackguard whom he passed. I beg you to take down your Shakespere and turn to Richard the second, and read the account of the entry and conduct of Bolingbroke, as also the account he afterwards gives of his conduct to Henry the fifth.

Mons. Bailly affected the pompous dignity of a Roman Consul, but his figure is not consular, his dress is not Roman, his bows are not gracefull, and he received no more applause than so bad an actor deserved.

In the evening I went to the Thuilleries to see the King return, but arrived just too late. I, however, met M.M. de Caraman, who had accompanied the Royal Family by invitation; for all that yet remains of nobility in this country,

male or female, and who are attached to the good cause, were invited to accompany their majesties. They told me, that since the event was to take place, and that there was no escape, everything had passed as well as they could wish. That the King had been royally received and royally *placed*. That himself and the Queen were received with the loudest acclamations, that feeble attempts were made to cry vive la Nation et l'assemblé nationale, but without success.

However, on this head accounts are various, and perhaps all equally true, for so large was the theatre, so vast the space, that the eye could not distinguish, or the ear determine from one end of the amphitheatre to the other. Certain it was that all that surrounded or approached the royal quarter were as loud as they were unanimous. The enragés are desperate, and the humiliations they intended are returned upon themselves. You may be assured it was a long time debated whether the arm chair in which the President was seated should be *above*, equal, or below the Throne; at last the fear of giving greater offence to the Deputies from the Provinces prevailed, and the arm chair was placed a step lower. The same reason obliged them to alter the colour to blue from violet as at first intended. The King was as fine as gold, embroidery and diamonds could make him. I blame him for not putting on his hat. He took the oath on his throne and pronounced it in a very audible voice, but as Modéne says such oaths are only binding while one has not force to break them, and he took at his *Sacre* an oath more sacred, more religious, and more binding because it was voluntary.

The Aristocrates are convinced, and I believe in great measure they are right, that the Deputies of the Provinces are shocked at the conduct and acts of the assembly, that they demand the plenitude of the executive power should be restored to the King, and that they are, above all, scandalized at the indecent intemperance within the assembly, and the violence with which all those whose opinion does not coincide with that of the majority are silenced.

No act ot condescension which could awaken loyalty or excite affection has been wanting. I send you the address which was presented on Tuesday, when the Deputies passed in Review, and the answer which is much admired.

The general purport *only* was given by the Garde des Sceaux, the paragraphs were arranged by the king himself.

The Deputies of Brittany have wounded in the most sensible manner their comrades of the assembly, who have been the firmest supporters of Democracy. They arrived last Monday to the number of 500, and had chosen for their commander an officer of the regular troops, who accompanied them, and whose age and loyalty alike inspired their confidance. They passed thro' the Thuilleries and asked to see the King and Queen, who appeared at the window; not content with that, the commander asked if it was impossible he should be introduced to the King. His Majesty immediately descended to the garden, the instant the veteran saw him approach, he took off his sword, flung himself at the King's feet and said: "Sire, Je viens aux noms de mes camarades vous dire que nous sommes venus pour jurer une fidelité eternelle à notre roi, et de *n'obéir qu'a lui.*"

Altho' openly, the enragés dare not avow doubts of the King's hearty concurrence, he and all that are attached to him are constantly watched. In an unguarded moment an expression escaped him, when none but his surgeon and the Queen were present. This expression, which I believe was the one I sent you last week, was soon after known, and as it could only be by one quarter, the King was violent in his indignation. In vain did the surgeon protest he had not opened his lips on the subject. On his return home, he accused a sister who has passed her life with him, and from whom he conceals nothing, of having betrayed him. She maintained her innocence, but recollected that while he was speaking a servant, who had lived with them some time, passed thro' the apartment. Partly by prayers and menaces he confessed that he received, (but would not give up his patron), 200 livres a month to relate daily everything which passed in the family. This surgeon is much in the King's confidance, is dailey with them, and called on Madame de Vaudémont to tell her his history and to caution her against her servants.

The Prince de Condé and the other great houses have plastered over the arms which were on the gates of their hotels, so that they look like little sentinel boxes.

As the Queen was getting into the carriage, Wednesday, the Poissardes said "notre Reine vous nous regardez pas de bonne Avril." She turned round and smiled. She was perfectly mistress of herself, the whole day was uncommonly fine, and looked very cheerfull, the propos of the Poissardes must therefore have been determined before hand.

As my whole letter has been chit-chat, I cannot conclude it better than with a bon mot of Madame, which you may perhaps not have heard. The first time the King saw her after the titles were abolished, he said "Bon jour, Capét," she immediately answered, "*Bon jour Capot.*"

THE OCEAN.

BY BRO. J. A. R.

Some of the early philosophers referred all things to water, and not without reason. It is the agent of all terrestrial activity, the universal percolator and solvent, the transferer of atoms from body to body, of soils from place to place, and of land itself into the silent bosom of its own depths. Its tides and currents, its evaporations, its circuits, as clouds, rain, and mists, and its subservience to heat and atmospheric pressure, render it the universal fertilizer.

The tides are constantly flowing and ebbing, ebbing and flowing—never at rest. Once in every thirteen hours the tide taps at the door of every wharfinger on the Thames and other rivers, and asks, "Is there anything to go up, or is there anything to go down the river to-day? for I am just ready to take it." So punctual a servant is the tide that we may place implicit reliance on its return at a proper time. It is necessary, however, to watch its movements, for, unless kept within bounds, it will take unbounded liberties, and not only tap at the door, but sometimes enter the premises, and perhaps destroy the contents, if it does not carry them away. Some people attribute the changeable character of the tide to its having formed an intimate connection with the Moon, for when the Moon is in its infancy, or when it is full grown, the tides are always the most rampant, and are called springs; and they are especially so at the time of the equinoxes in March and September. When the Moon is at either her first or third quarter, then the tides are least active and are called neaps.

The ocean rises and falls alternately, and its depth is observed to be greatest at any given place a certain time after the Moon has passed the meridian of that place; after which it decreases until it reaches a certain point, when it again gradually rises. As there are two tides in each lunar day, and as the Moon comes to the meridian later each day, so the tides are on an average fifty-two minutes later each day, the interval fluctuating at different times of the year.

At the London Docks the spring tides rise about 24 feet from low water; the neap tides about 18 feet. At Chepstow, in the Bristol Channel, the tide sometimes rises 50 feet. At the Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia, 60 or 70 feet. At Anapolis, 100 or 120 feet. In the middle of large oceans the tides are much less. The spring tides in the middle of the Pacific only rise four or five feet, and the neaps two or two and a half feet.

In the Mediterranean the tides are scarcely observable in consequence of the entrance being too contracted to admit of sufficient influx and reflux from the Atlantic to materially alter the level, excepting for a limited distance within the Strait of Gibraltar. The same cause operates with regard to the Baltic and also with lakes.

There is an upper current constantly flowing into the Mediterranean through the Strait of Gibraltar, and in all probability an under current flows out.

Contrary currents passing along, side by side, are not uncommon. In the Cattegat, or northern current, it flows out of the Baltic along the coast of Sweden, while a southern one enters the Baltic along the coast of Denmark. When two opposite currents of about equal force meet one another, they sometimes, especially in

narrow channels, turn upon a centre and assume a spiral form, giving rise to eddies or whirlpools, such as the Maëlstrom off the coast of Norway, and others of a like nature.

Towards the close of the 15th century, before Europeans were acquainted with the existence of America, two bodies belonging to an unknown race were cast by the Gulf Stream on the coast of the Azores, and pieces of bamboo were brought by the same current to the shore of the small island of Porto Santo. By these circumstances, Columbus is said to have been strengthened in his conjectures with respect to the existence of a western continent.

The surface of the sea is estimated at 150 millions of square miles, the whole surface of the globe at 197 millions, and its greatest depth is supposed to be equal to that of the highest mountains, or about four miles.

Seas and lakes in warm latitudes contain more salt than those in cold latitudes. It is assumed that excessive evaporation tends to make the proportion of contained salt more considerable, since it is only the water that is carried off by the process of conversion into vapour.

The degree of saltness in particular parts of the sea varies from temporary causes. The violent tropical rains have an effect in diminishing it, especially near the coasts, where an increased volume of fresh water is brought down by the rivers. The Baltic is at all times less salt than the ocean, and when a strong east wind keeps out the North Sea, its waters are said to become almost fit for domestic uses.

The bitterness which exists in sea-water, from the surface to a certain depth, is considered to be owing to the vegetable and animal matter held there in a state of decomposition.

The luminosity of the ocean, which at times gives it the appearance of liquid fire, arises entirely from the presence of small insects.

The temperature of the sea, owing to water being a bad conductor of heat, changes much less suddenly than that of the atmosphere, and is therefore not subject to such extremes. In fact the temperature of the sea never, under any latitude exceeds 85 or 86 degrees Fahrenheit. The freezing point of salt water is 28½ degrees, fresh water, 32 degrees.

The Dead Sea is exceedingly cold, and is said to contain no living creature. The aspect of the mountains, the terrible ravines, the romantic forms of the jagged rocks, all prove that the surrounding country has been the scene of some terrible convulsion of nature, and that the sea, which occupies the sites of Sodom and Gomorrah, Adan, Seboim, and Segor covers the crater of a volcano. This lake has no visible outlet, notwithstanding the River Jordan pours into it six millions and ninety thousand tons of water daily.

The sea generally is of a bluish-green colour. The Arctic Sea is ultramarine and transparent blue to olive-green or opaque, in stripes caused by animalculæ and medusæ in countless myriads. In the Gulf of Guinea the water is white, and round the Maldives, black. In other places it is red and purple.

Objects may be seen in the Arctic and West Indian Seas at a depth of 150 feet.

The most curious phenomenon of all is that of springs of fresh water rising up in the midst of the sea. Humbolt mentions that in the Bay of Xagua, on the southern coast of Cuba, springs of this kind gush up with great force at the distance of two or three miles from the land, and in the south of the Persian Gulf there are many others of the same kind.

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

BY BRO. J. H. GABALL.

(*Continued from page* 552.)

In 1814, the members of the Grand Orient of France, invested with the 33rd degree, asserted their right to constitute a Supreme Council, seeing that Count Muraire himself acknowledged that the members of the old Council were dispersed. He claimed that their rights had been preserved by the Supreme Council of America, but he completely ignored the Constitutions of the Rite. It was not lawful to have in

any kingdom but one Supreme Council, and Count Muraire himself had repulsed the claim of the American brethren, who desired to be acknowledged by the Supreme Council of France.

Since it is certain that the Supreme Council of France was dispersed and its functions had ceased, and that the Sovereign Grand Inspectors had themselves reconstituted, in the midst of the Grand Orient of France, the question is decided. We see, however, that the Supreme Council of America would have maintained the rights of the Supreme Council of France. It had been established by Bro. de Grasse Tilley, in virtue of his constituent power for the French Windward and Leeward Islands, and this brother was constituted Grand Commander for life. When he resigned his position as Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of France in favour of Prince Cambacérés, he retained that of Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of America, and it was in that capacity, on his return to France, after his captivity in England, that he resumed the direction of the work of this Masonic authority, which now had no active existence on the Continent.

How, then, could Count Muraire, speaking in the name of the Supreme Council of France, maintain that a Supreme Council whose jurisdiction was limited to the American Islands, had maintained the rights of those whose jurisdiction was exercised in another country, and which had there asserted its authority.

We see from these facts how the French Supreme Council was administered and what it did.

In the month of June, 1816, the Supreme Council of America presided over by Count de Grasse Tilley, held in the locality of the Prado, an assembly-general for the celebration of the fête of the Order and the inauguration of a statue of Louis XVIII., but the Grand Commander being compelled to leave Paris to avoid claims for the payment of debts contracted during his captivity, the government of the Supreme Council of America devolved upon upon Bro. de la Hogue, Lieutenant-Grand Commander.

Under the direction of this brother the scandals were such, and the traffic in the degrees were so shamefully carried on, that out of his retirement Bro. de Grasse Tilley thought proper to revoke his appointment and to place in the position Bro. the Count de Fernig. This fact abundantly proves that the functions of the Supreme Council had ceased, for the Constitutions do not give to the Grand Commander the power to depose his lieutenant. Thus a faction, under the direction of Bro. Maghellen, separated itself and founded the second Supreme Council of America.

Bro. de Grasse Tilly fulminated against the dissentients, who decided to submit to his authority, paying his debts, and enabled him to resume his titles.

The peace was not of long duration. Maghellan's faction attracted to its side Count General Allemand, and the turmoil began. Count de Grasse Tilley removed the head quarters of the Supreme Council to Pompei, while the dissentients maintained their position at Prado.

There now existed for the second time two Supreme Councils of America located in Paris, of which one was called the Supreme Council of Pompei, and the other the Supreme Council of Prado; the discussion between these two Supreme Councils was most courteous. In a circular of the 15th August, 1818, Bro. de Grasse Tilley declared the Supreme Council located at Prado to be schismatic, and to give more authority to the faction which directed it, he did what he had already done for the Supreme Council of France, he gave in his resignation, and nominated as his successor the Count de Cazes, Minister-General of Police, and favourite of Louis XVIII.

The Supreme Council of America established at Prado, on its part passed judgment on the Sovereign Grand Commander Count de Grasse Tilley, and on the 17th September, 1818, declared him to be deprived of his title; degraded him from the title of Mason; signalized him as a traitor to the Order; interdicted his entrance into the lodges of the Scottish Rite; and ordered that the sentence should be printed and circulated to the number of 7,000 copies.

On the 24th October, following, it denounced more traitors to the order in the persons of Bros. Fernig, Quezada, and Beaumont; degraded them from their rank and titles, and ordered that their

names should be burned between the two columns by the serving brother.

This is what the Supreme Council called maintaining and feeding the sacred fire of Scottish Rite Masonry.

In 1819 the Grand Orient endeavoured to stay this shameful persecution and these Masonic scandals; overtures were made to the Supreme Council of Pompei, in the interest of all; the propositions of the Grand Orient were more than reasonable, and they can be read in their entirety in the "History of the Three Grand Lodges," by Rebold; but the Supreme Council, relying, in its illegal existence, upon the protection of the Minister of Police, rejected every proposition for yielding the supremacy which appertained to it in virtue of the sublime knowledge of which it was the depository.

It was in consequence of this refusal that the Grand Orient thought proper to publish the important circular of the 31st March, 1819, by which it declared irregular every Masonic association, and all Masons, except those of the Grand Orient, and decreed that no lodge under its jurisdiction should either admit them or hold communication with them.

From this time the two portions of the Supreme Council ceased almost simultaneously their union, and the Supreme Council established by the Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General, in the midst of the Grand Orient of France, remained the only regular authority. Besides the Supreme Council of America had no reason for its existence in Paris, for the reconciliation, since 1815, had opened to them the means of return to their homes.

The proof of the truth of the facts which we have just recounted, and the error of Count Muraire, who pretended that the Supreme Council of America had been the continuation of the Supreme Council of France, is, that when the dissentient members who had taken part in the latter, desired to retrace their steps, it was done under the presidency of Count Valence, Lieutenant Grand Commander, and not under that of the Count de Cazes, who was afterwards nominated Sovereign Grand Commander of both factions by the Supreme Council of America.

It was not till after the demission of Prince Cambacérès that the Count de Valence could be nominated Sovereign Grand Commander, and after a dormancy of seven years. So far from acknowledging that the Supreme Council of America had been its successor, the Supreme Council of France, in 1821, deigned to receive it, appreciating the disinterested and truly Masonic sentiments which, in soliciting its reunion, the Supreme Council had given such honourable evidence.

How, then, does the Supreme Council explain what Rebold calls an interregnum of seven years, Clavel a putting in dormancy, Findel an illegality, and Count Muraire a dispersion.

By its return, says the latter, the Supreme Council recovered its position, its rights, and with them its ancient possessions. It would be more just to say that by its return the Supreme Council recovered the position by the Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General, who, not having been dispersed, had preserved and unfurled the flag of the Scottish Rite in the midst of the Grand Orient of France, which was not at all incompatible.

It was in violation of the Charter of Constitution that the dispersed Grand Inspectors-General reunited themselves and erected a second Supreme Council, side by side with that which was at that time duly performing its functions, and raised, illegally, altar against altar.

The consequence of this action resulted in the Grand Constitutions of 1786, which the Supreme Council, reunited in 1876, at Lausanne, have considered as the Constitutional Charter of their origin, and which they invoked to repulse, notably, the Supreme Council of Louisiana.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DENIED HIM MASONIC BURIAL.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

(From the "Masonic Jewel.")

[In Galesburg, Ill., Dec. 22, 1875, Dr. J. M. Morse, an old and esteemed citizen, was stricken with apoplexy, and died be-

fore assistance could be called. Sunday, Dec. 26, 1875, the First church of Galesburg refused the use of its tabernacle for the performance of Masonic services over his remains.]

We all remember the actor who died—
A man who had lived an upright life—
How his corpse was turned out of a gilded church
In the face of a stricken, heart-broken wife;
His trade was a sham, so the preacher said,
And his profession should bury its dead.

Only last week a physician fell
While trying to answer a sick man's call—
Died in his path, with no lips to tell
How the cares of others weighted his fall;
His years had been spent for the sick here and there,
But the church refused the poor sick man a prayer.

He sat, it is urged, in a Mason's Lodge—
An order as old as the church itself;
A brotherhood bound in fraternal love,
With no room for sectarian creed or self:
A Mason whose ritual grew from the Word
Of God as it came through the blessed Lord;

An order that teaches good will to man,
Regardless of colour, opinion or race—
Inculcating Charity, Faith and Hope,
And help never measured by time nor place;
That comes between widows and orphans and want,
And maketh no show of religion or cant.

Its lessons are taught within sacred walls,
Good for the street, the home and the store;
Lessons of faith to be wrought every day—
God asks nothing and wants nothing more;
Where obscurity bows with men of renown,
And the wealth of the pew is unknown.

Within these walls our buried brother sat;
We fancy we see where his feet have trod;
Here, where we know of the life he lived,
He made his bargain with man and with God.
He helped the sick and gave to the poor,
But a Christian church turned his corpse from its door.

He died at the merry Christmas time,
When the church had set up its typical tree,
Bringing good cheer on Christ's natal day,
Who said, "Suffer all to come unto me."
On a broken branch hung a badge all grim,
With the words, "A Mason—no Christ for him."

In the dead man's home St. Nicholas came,
With these words on a wreath of immortelles,
"A brother who lived for his fellow men
Has gone to his reward. Ring out the bells!
There is no church nor creed," the legend said,
"Nor sect, where God awakes the blessed dead."

The grave is but the entrance, and the paths
Adown the dark and shadowy way
May lead through church or Mason's Lodge, or both,
If we sow seeds for heaven day by day;
And, if the harvest yields the promised crown,
It must be formed from actions all our own.

He sleeps on the edge of the town he served,
And there, in May, the flowers will come—
And Nature's incense and the tuneful bird
Will ask no church what prayers to hum;
And the stars that look from the silent sky
Will bless the prayers that never die.

A TERRIBLE CATALOGUE.

Our contemporary, the *Standard*, in its issue of March 30, contained a very striking communication on the subject of Adulteration under the above head,—and as some of our readers may not see the *Standard*, and as the subject itself is a most important one, being one of our great social evils, we think it well to reproduce its most sapient portions, for the information and edification of those who peruse the Masonic Magazine.

As the *Standard* puts it, let us now "accompany the hapless victim of adulteration through twelve hours of his life, bearing in mind the warnings that have been extended by doctors and analytical chemists, and we shall see what profound gratitude a man ought to feel for being in existence at the end of that time."

Some of us "talk of the perils of travel and the dangers of war, and the gentlemen of England who live at home at ease have been twitted with their condition as opposed to that of the sailor; but the said gentlemen, if we are to believe analysts and sanitary authorities, are in much greater danger every hour of their lives than those who go to sea."

Let us now attend to the warnings of this able writer in the *Standard*:—

"His bed-room, besides not allowing him the proper cubic space requisite for one man, has properly no ventilation at all, and what with the gas burning the night before, and his own consumption of oxygen, the air has become very impure, and the sooner he gets out of it the better."

Let us begin with his breakfast:—

"He takes tea in the morning, and what does he imbibe under that name—a decoction of sycamore, horse-chesnut, plum, and sloe leaves, sand and starch, coloured and faced with plumbago, Prussian blue, gypsum and Chinese yellow, and flavoured with sulphate of iron, catechu, and arsenite of copper. He pours milk into it, but that is worse and worse, for it contains water (and we shall see what water is presently), treacle, sugar, salt, annatto, chalk, white carrots, dextrine, and sometimes even cerebal matter. Annatto, by the way, which is also used to sophisticate cheese, is itself adulterated with Venetian red, sulphate of lime, lead, and copper; but that is a mere matter of detail. This mixture—can the reader call it tea now?—is sweetened with sugar, which, if it be not loaf, contains sporules of fungus, grit, and woody fibre, and a pleasing insect, the *acarus sacchari*, of the same family as that which causes the Caledonian to bestow a benediction on the Duke of Argyll. A sausage is on the table, into the composition of which we would rather not enter, unless it were purchased at a shop which can be depended upon, or, better still, made at home; the subject would be too painful. Then there is bread and butter. The bread may contain mashed potatoes, alum, plaster of Paris, and bone dust, while the butter is compounded of water, animal fat, and curd. An anchovy toast may be suggested as a relish, and if made of the paste, our friend may possibly contentedly enjoy all sorts of fish other than anchovies, coloured with Bole Armenian and Venetian red. Here we may leave breakfast, merely noting that it is possible to reach a lower depth of nastiness in certain potted meats, and that even cocoa is adulterated also. Starting as cheerily forth as may be after such a breakfast, our victim sallies out to work or to play as the case may be.

"The victim of misplaced confidence has now arrived at the hour of lunch. For that meal the cook has provided what looks like an appetising curry; but let the taster beware. The curry powder probably contains ground rice, potato, flour, and red lead and salt, while the Cayenne pepper used to render it more pungent is a charming compound of mustard-husk, deal sawdust, red lead, and bisulphuret of mercury. The pickles, too, with which he stimulates his jaded appetite contain sulphate of copper, and the vinegar with which they have been made, may gain colour from burnt sugar and piquancy from sulphuric acid and corrosive sublimate. With lunch he indulges in a glass or so of malt liquor. His beer may gain its bitter from quassia, wormwood, camomile, and even strychnia, and age from alum, carbonate of lime, and sulphate of iron. Should he venture on stout or porter, he imbibes liquorice, treacle, opium, cocculus indicus (possess-

ing a highly poisonous alkaloid, called picrotoxin), tobacco, grains of Paradise, capsicum, sulphuric acid, and cream of tartar; so that, on the whole, he had better put aside the tankard. When we add that a light custard may conclude the meal, the powder from which it is often prepared containing turmeric and chromate of lead, we may leave him to digest his luncheon if he can.

"As the hours wear on towards dinner he possibly indulges in a cigar. In doing so, strange to say, he will probably be safe. In fact, the time consumed in smoking a weed will probably be the only "unadulterated" spot in his day. For, despite common rumours concerning cabbage leaves and the like, cigars are rarely adulterated. They may be, and often are, very bad tobacco, with refuse leaves and sweepings inside them, but they are ordinarily tobacco of some kind or another. Nor, by the way, do Manillas, as is popularly supposed, contain opium. But supposing a pipe is preferred to a cigar, the adulterator has the smoker on the hip in the case of cut and roll tobacco, which may and does often contain leaves of dock, cabbage, coltsfoot, endive, elm, oak, rhubarb, peat, seaweed, and potato, which are further improved by liquorice, logwood, treacle, oakum, oatmeal, bran, beetroot, dregs, nitre, Glauber and Epsom Salts, potash, lime, Fuller's earth, Venetian red, and sand. It is just possible that with the weed our victim may bethink himself of a "brandy and soda." The thought is a rash one. Soda water, in nine cases out of ten, contains no soda at all, but is simply water into which carbonic acid gas has been pumped, the said water being primarily unfit to drink, and from various causes impregnated with lead, copper, tin or zinc. The brandy he puts into the "split soda" he shares with a fellow sufferer is very often a spirit obtained from either corn, sugar, molasses, beetroot, or potatoes, with oak dust and tincture of grape stones to give the taste of old spirit, and improved by cherry laurel water and grains of Paradise. And as all the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten Lady Macbeth's naughty fingers, so no amount of effervescence will ever render "two brandies and a split soda" wholesome. They ought rather to be termed "two headaches and a split indigestion." Nor is the unhappy man any more fortunate if he is a teetotaler, and, forswearing wines, and spirits clings to water. Water, as we are told on good authority, may contain the *materies morbi*, the germs of the disease itself. It is commonly polluted with sewage water, decomposing organic matter, is impregnated with sewage gas and lead, and is a fertile source of typhoid fever, dysentery, and cholera. That being the case, the living organisms revealed in it by the microscope, the merry microzymes and annelidæ, may be looked upon as trifles light as air, and the man would be absurdly particular who would object to swallow the Cyclops quadricornis, or Lynceus longirostris, or to drink the fluid wherein the Daphnia quadrangula or water-flea roamed at its own sweet will.

"It is time, however, for the warrior who has to face such perils as these to go home to dinner. To dinner! If he knew what the words portended he would as soon as order a "small and early funeral," and notify to his friends that he desired their attendance at his obsequies. The danger lurks, it must be said, not so much in what he eats as in what he imbibes. He may possibly escape if he only eats the plainest food and does not touch *entrées* and dishes with sauces in them. But he may fall a victim to tinned oysters, to preserved peas, rendered tasteful by copper, to pickles and other similar delicacies, while he may be pleased to hear that his cheese is likely to contain animal fat, bean meal, Venetian red, and sulphate of copper, and arsenic in the rind, while the much-prized mould is a fungus. As to the wines, we have spoken of sherry, and others are no better. Champagne is often made of the juice of rhubarb, gooseberries, apples, and pears, while port is sophisticated with brown sugar and raw spirit, elderberries, logwood, beetroot, litmus, and rhatany root; has flavour given to it by sawdust of oak, as containing tannin, and bouquet by sweetbriar and laurel water, while it also contains carbonates of soda, potash, and lead. After dinner a cup of coffee is *de rigueur*, and that is probably worse than anything taken previously, for coffee is adulterated with roasted wheat, potato, beans, mangel-wurtzel, acorns, burnt sugar, baked horse

and bullock's liver, and lastly and mostly by chicory, which in its turn is adulterated with (in addition to the foregoing pleasant adjuncts) sawdust, carrots, ferruginous earths, Venetian red and umber, and burnt blood. At dessert, by the way, if bottled fruit has been partaken of, the acetate of copper has probably been enjoyed; and as to coloured confectionary, sometimes seen on the table with the fruit, it contains Prussian blue, arsenite of copper, chromate of lead, and a variety of other things forming a very long catalogue. In the evening a glass of spirits and water may be "indicated," as the doctors say, and the victim has a choice of brandy or of whiskey, rum or gin. Of the first we have spoken. Whiskey commonly contains fusel oil, two drachms of which killed a rabbit in two hours, while as much as an ounce of it disposed of one in four minutes. Rum—the liquor of our sailors—often contains cayenne, cocculus indicus, and lead, while gin is made tasty by alum, sulphuric acid, which makes weak gin "bead" on the glass and seem stronger, acetate of lead, tincture of capsicum, white vitriol and laurel water and almond cake, which contain Prussic acid. On the whole, therefore, the tumbler had perhaps better be avoided. We have now brought our bewildered Briton to the end of his day, and it may be asked will he not feel very unwell after all the impurities he has taken into his system, and if so, is it not in the power of medicine to restore him? No doubt it might be, but alas, how is he to obtain pure physic wherewith to repair his shattered constitution. The drugs are there, but they are adulterated like everything else. Supposing he takes a little quinine, it is made more bulky by salicine, gum, starch, chalk, sulphate of barytes, siliceous matter, stearine, and sulphates of magnesia and soda. Magnesia again contains lime, kaolin, and barytes, while opium is mixed with starch water, liquorice, gums, clay sand, and gravel. Or supposing he takes a pill. His colocynth is deprived of its strength by wheat flower and chalk, and his calomel, which ought to take rank with trial by jury as the palladium of the British constitution—using the word in a physical sense—is rendered partially inoperative by chalk, white lead, fine pipeclay, and sulphate of lime. We have only named one or two drugs, but those are sufficient to show that if we are rendered ill by the adulterator the doctor who attempts to put us right will find his skill baffled by the impurities of the drugs he prescribes. Our friend, then, had better go to bed trusting to the healing power of nature, and not take any physic at all.

"We have now conducted the victim of adulteration through his day, judging it from the standpoint of the analytical chemist, and the only wonder is that the end of the twelve hours' journey does not find him reposing beneath a monument which shall tell of its virtues, and at the same time expose the roguery which brought him to so untimely an end. According to the authorities on adulteration the question is not "What to eat, drink, and avoid," but everything ought apparently to be avoided. The list we have given is by no means an exhaustive one. We have only lingered on the outskirts of the great field of adulteration which lies before the inquirer, and those who choose to enter it armed with test-tube, retort, and microscope, will find ample work for investigation. At the same time we cannot help having a feeling that all our comestibles and potables are not quite so black as they are painted. It is still possible, we are glad to say, to find places where unadulterated articles can be bought, and even those tradesmen who still cling to their evil habits are gradually beginning to find out that honesty is after all the best policy, and that adulteration has its penalties as well as its profits. The reader may therefore enjoy his modest modicum of food, and drink without fearing a nightmare scenically arranged under the superintendence of Dr. Hassall. But he will do well to forget that and other ingenious analysts at meals altogether, for according to them—

"Life can little else supply,
Than just to swallow poison and to die."

Whether we may all agree or not entirely with this grave indictment, we must all feel that there is a great deal of truth in this amusing description of a Briton's daily food, and that many of us will gladly give up so-called political reforms, for those social improvements,

those radical changes of our control and arrangement of the food supply—of our people,—which would give us wholesome and genuine articles of consumption, and do away with the curse—for it is a curse to all classes alike, and especially the humblest—of adulteration.

FREEMASONRY—ITS PERSISTENCE AND WORK.

BY BRO. JAMES LAIRD, GRAND ORATOR OF NEBRASKA.

From the "Keystone."

To the Grand army, halted before the glittering minarets of famed Cairo, and speaking from the shadow of the gigantic pyramids of ancient Egypt, Napoleon, pointing to those lofty antiquities, exclaimed: "Soldiers, from those summits forty centuries contemplate your actions." So we as Masons, may exclaim, standing within this temple dedicated to the living arts, not forty, but fifty and eight centuries look down upon us. Thus standing in this unseen audience of the ages, do we come to the discussion of the element of persistency of Masonry, which makes possible the grandiloquent assertion of its antiquity, and gives thereto the firmness of truth. According to accepted chronology, we are in the five-thousand eight hundred and seventy-six year of Masonic light.

To me as a Mason, this length of life is full of great meaning. Remember, we are not speaking of the endurance of a name, of a style of architecture, of a school of art, of a system of mythologies, but of an idea, of a moral substance, so perpetual in its nature, and so uplifted in its living breathing life, that it casts a shadow which continents and ages can neither obstruct nor efface. It is "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," the influence of a great force, which, while it may have given birth to heroes and martyrs, to reformations and civilizations, has never been too high to stoop to the unfortunate; but year on year, and age on age, in the name of Brotherhood, has bowed itself to uplift those trodden under foot of men.

The fact of years in stones and monuments, excites an idle curiosity—but what shall express the awe and reverence with which we *feel*, not hear, but *feel*, the presence in our minds and lives of a series of principles, whose embodiment amounts to the realization of the universal idea of moral grandeur, and which were originally formed in the rugged battles of fate where strength was born, and which by virtue of their own sovereign power, called to their council men whose adherence to the grand and simple faith of Brotherhood, has given to the awakened mind of all ages universal formulas of right, and founded in every Lodge at once a temple and an empire. It is not strange to the thinking man or Mason that the principles of Masonry should have arisen almost with the dawn of time and intellect. But to those who have read its history, and the history of the world, it is a matter of wonderment that it, or any other institution dedicated exclusively to humanity, should have survived the buffetings of the dark ages, the preceding superstitions and idolatrous ones, and the succeeding persecutions of priests and kings, that pursued it for centuries with a brutal and deadly hate. Truly, no bantling order, cast upon the rocks of antiquity, and mothered like those fabled Roman kings, by the she-wolf's care, and often fostered, if at all, by men wild as the hawk and fox, could have power to have run the race of centuries, and hold as its own eternal patrimony, principles so soft and gentle, so grand and true, that they may have served to lead by the hand, mailed and embruted man, out from the clamorous age of iron into the calm one of peace.

Time, that destroys the vouchers of most systems, by the indomitable persistency of our ancient brethren, has been forced to spare those of ours. The belief of to-day becomes the tradition of to-morrow, and in another day, that tradition once so sacred to man, has drifted clear of earth and hangs a mist of clouds in the far heavens of antiquity, where crowned mythology guards her million gods, whose once substantial realms of faith and belief have vanished into fable.

Again and again the tempest of restless mind has swept the fields of opinion, and blown away doctrine and creed, and church, and state, and law, like chaff. But, from this chaos, Masonry has always arisen, holding in its lion's grip the guarantees of a better life for all, to come from the adoption of and adherence to its immortal principles, full of aspiration, trust, hope, and the relentless purposes of good. These it has for ever persistently maintained, sanctioned, and made venerable to all men. And these it renews and re-creates perpetually, and by these its principles, impartial as the sunshine and the sweetly falling rain, and its untiring devotees, is, and has been, itself always maintained, high above ignominious fall, eternal amid its true arts and worshippers, without other change than that of exalted progress.

The spirit of tragedy, strong in men, delights in the flow of blood. The mind tires of the invisible combats between time and principle, between permanence and the powers of change, between persistency and the demons of decay, and clamours for the sounding strife and the crimson blood, with which all the old faiths are baptized. Be it so? From Masonry's riven breast has flowed the rich red tides that bear her ancient peaceful glories on, unto the many-voiced, unfathomed time. So long as this Craft was content to toil, smoothing with incessant labour the rugged brow of primæval time, its history runs on in calm and ever strengthened tides; but no sooner does it lift its bowed head, than at once against it are aimed the bulls of popes and the edicts of kings. For nearly a hundred years the mad skies of Europe shook with the thundering maledictions of the Romish church, launched against our Order; and the inquisition, and the rack, fattened the soil of Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria, and the other nations of Europe, with Masonic blood; and throughout the whole world, save only modern England, grandest of all the sceptered States, on every side, rose against this knightly Order of the square and cross, the dark walls of superstition. But from that epic age of this society, as from that of all others, the spirit of a sublime resistance sprang from out the horrors of persecutions as might a bright and purple flower from the midst of a pool of blood. The cumulative and persistent force of principles embodied in this Fraternity, gave it, even in those times of violence, a force that broke upon the hollow edicts of kings and priests with resistless power. In the ebb and flow of the vast forces of civilization then at work, the narrowness of those times was broken up and destroyed, even as pleasure boats upon a summer sea, overtaken by the tempests, are rent in pieces, and their painted fragments given to clothe the nakedness of the rocks. The blow that was to have struck Freemasonry dead, and left it a lifeless relic upon the shores of history, but served to start the great Craft from its inertia, and open for it an era equal to that of the whole earth, where to-day it walks amid the desolation of its enemies, and from their ancient thrones proclaims no more ignorant judgments of madness, but the high and mighty council affirmed by our ancient brethren and reaffirmed by the immortal God: "As you would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them."

The triumphant endurance and extension of Freemasonry demonstrates that intelligence is not opposed to bigotry as bodies to bodies; ten little bigotries are not stronger than one great intelligence; intelligence and bigotry is a thing of the mind, and minds are opposed to minds in a highly different manner; one man that has a higher wisdom, a hitherto unknown truth, is stronger, not then ten men that have it not, or ten thousand, but than all men that have it not, and such an one, or such an institution, stands among men and nations armed with an ethereal power, as with a sword out of heaven's own armoury, sky-tempered, and which no buckler and no tower of brass can withstand.

We are talking of persistency as a quality. All truth is Masonic. Let history speak: The Barons persisted, and the great charter was proclaimed; Luther persisted, and the Reformation arose; Washington persisted, and America was free; our Masonic brethren of old persisted, and we stand to-night in the conscious train of their great days and victories behind. The majesty of unnamed

martyrs fills the imagination with glory; the past sheds its light on our advancing order, and we are henceforth attended by an invisible escort of heroes.

In discussing the Work of Freemasonry, we stand upon the solid earth. Before our path has lain among abstractions and memories and ideals—not unlovely, but high and sometimes distant and difficult of analysis. Principles of morality, qualities of brotherly love, powers of endurance, appeal to our imagination and awaken the slumbering poetic sense, as might the first sight of stars and planets, that, in the great nights, go sailing down the soft blue seas of Heaven, like celestial ships upon its bosom, bearing their freight of burning beauty on to the unnamed ports of an unknown eternity. But we are no longer workers in dreams, but stern and angular realities. The path of our ancient renown runs backwards, and our faces are fixed towards the rising sun. The bed of our past glory affords no repose for the aggressive spirit of to-day. We, of the Nineteenth Century, have fallen heir to an immense estate—wide as the millenium. The legacy of HARD WORK is ours; and this that might be counted the adversity of the weak, is in truth the triumph of the strong.

And now, what is modern Freemasonry? A statement of its objects will be the best argument of its work. Masonry is a moral principle working through an organization of Lodges for the realization of the God-thought of peace on earth and good will to men. It is the combination in one Order of three sovereignties—that of right over force; of intelligence over prejudice; of brotherhood over self-hood. It is the gospel of social rights; a charter of manhood, a religion of to-day, a charter of humanity. "It aims to efface from among men the prejudice of caste; the conventional distinctions of colour, origin, opinion, and nationality; to extirpate private and public discord; to mitigate the rigours of life, and to arrive by free and pacific progress at one formula of eternal and universal right, according to which every human being shall be free to develope every faculty with which he may be endowed, and to concur, with all the fulness of his strength, in the bestowment of happiness upon all, and thus to make of the whole human race one family of Brothers united by affection, wisdom, and labour."

(To be continued.)

COUSIN WILL.

BY PHILIP MORSE.

From "Scribner's American Monthly."

I STROLLED last night in musing mood,
Reflecting on my lonely state;
Till, wearied out at last, I paused
And leaned upon a garden gate.
The old moon's mellow radiance hung
In golden mists among the trees,
Faint odours, borne from distant flowers,
Ebbed idly on the evening breeze.

As thus I stood, absorbed in thought,
I pressed against the gate too hard,
It opened with a sudden jerk,—
I found myself within the yard.
A form came gliding down the walk;—
Soft arms embraced me, as, perplexed,
I stood one blissful moment, while
A sweet voice soothed my ear; the next
It rose into a shriek, then sobbed:
"Oh sir, how could you keep so still!
When all the time I *knew* you knew
I thought you were my cousin Will."

* * * * *

These stars are moons, or rather months;
Just five have flitted since that night,
And two of these have calmly shone
Upon our wedded life. It quite
Surprises me to think of it.
And she is queenly, tall and fair,
With lustrous eyes, and such a wealth
Of—well we call it auburn hair.

* * * * *

"So late" I've just come from the club;
My wife sits silent, but a light,
Unseen before, lurks in her eye.
Once more I muse on that calm night
When first she met me at the gate,
And wonder, while her eyes flame still,
If ever I, in days to come,
Shall wish it *had* been cousin Will.

THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

From the "Michigan Freemson."

(Continued from page 602.)

On the morrow Brother H——, the tall old man with the white hair and beard, at whom the reader had a passing glance in the Lodge, surrounded by his brethren took his seat in the morning express train eastward. By his side was seated the little Eda Arthur; no entreaties, dissuasions, injunctions or commands could move her from her purpose of "going to her father," as she said she was in accompanying Brother H——. Hands were shaken, blessings were pronounced, adieus were exchanged, the bell was rung, the cars were off, and soon out of sight and hearing.

A few days passed. In the valley of the Shenandoah lay the belligerent forces of the Federal and Confederate armies. A battle was inevitable. It had been expected from day to day for more than a week. The forces on either side had been massing for a decisive blow. The day had at last arrived for the fearful collision of arms. The order of attack had been given, and Stonewall Jackson was advancing upon the left wing of the federal line. His line of battle was well formed and bristled with arms. The stout infantry stood shoulder to shoulder within musket range of their enemy. A battery in the rear of the line had already opened its thunder of fierce defiance. A low hum of whispered voices arose from the serried ranks like the growl of a beast of prey. Stonewall Jackson dashed swiftly along the front of his line, while the huzzas of twenty thousand soldiers arose like a fierce battle-cry. He turned the left wing of his line, and, guiding his fleet charger to the rear, took position near its centre, surrounded by his staff. A moment more and the whole line is to receive the order which will precipitate the whole mass of armed warriors upon the masses of the federal line, there to grapple in the death struggle.

At this juncture a new feature was added to the fierce aspect of war. From a group of copse-wood lying directly between the belligerent forces, appeared the tall, straight figure of Brother H——, leading little Eda Arthur by the hand. She was draped in snowy white. Brother H—— was clothed in white gloves and apron. In his left hand he carried his hat, while with his right hand he held the little hand of Eda. His white hair and flowing beard glistened like silver in the noonday sun. Like the angel of peace he slowly approached the confederate ranks. How grand was the effect upon the rude soldiery of both armies! How stood the genius of peace and war in juxtaposition—venerable age and innocent childhood had joined hands and had interposed between weapons of death! How beautiful the effect. The ingenious fancy could fill up the procession with invisible angels as these two advanced amid the surroundings of war and the appointments of death! The heads of the rough soldiers were uncovered and bowed in deep homage as Brother H—— and Eda approached the centre of the line. The dense column silently opened. Bro. H—— and Eda passed through, and it as silently closed again. After they had gained the rear, they directed their steps to where General Jackson sat upon his panting steed in the midst of his staff. He dismounted and advanced a few paces to meet Brother H—— and Eda. The rough soldier extended his hand in friendly greeting to Brother H——.

"Brother, what brings one like you here at such a fearful moment as this?" inquired the war-worn general.

"Humanity," replied Brother H——.

"What can I do for you?" asked General Jackson.

"Now, Eda, do your errand," said Brother H——, turning to the child at his side.

"Is my father still living?" inquired Eda. His name is Captain George Arthur."

"Yes, my child, he is still living," replied the soldier, in a voice as gentle as a child. "He is likely to live, although severely wounded. By my order my own surgeon has given him especial care and attention. A brother of the mystic tie never appealed to me in vain."

"I came," rejoined Eda, "to take my father home to mother. You will let me, won't you?"

"Yes, my sweet child, you shall take your father home, and may God protect you both!" He called an orderly, and, hastily writing on a small piece of paper which he handed to him, said:

"Here, detail the men, procure an ambulance, take George Arthur, a prisoner in the hospital, and Captain of Company A, Seventh Regiment —— Infantry Volunteers, deliver him and this old man and child under a flag of truce within the federal lines. That is your passport."

As Brother H—— and Eda moved to follow the serjeant, General Jackson advanced to Eda and said:

"Little angel, let an old soldier kiss your hand." Eda extended her hand. The rough old man knelt upon his right knee, and raising her hand in reverence toward his lips, Eda suddenly withdrew it, and, clasping her arms around the neck of the brawny and sun-tanned old man, kissed his rough cheek, burst into tears, and wept upon his shoulder. Stonewall Jackson wept. He remained kneeling with his head bowed several minutes after Eda had separated from him, while every one of his staff turned away in respect to his emotion. Within an hour after this touching incident the din of arms, the smoke of war, the confusion of battle, mingled with the gush of blood and the shriek of death, swept over this sacred spot, where peace and war, childhood and age had met in holy embrace. Whatever may have been the faults or political errors of that war-worn soldier, this incident of gentle tenderness drapes his memory in a white-robed sanctity. Angels bowed their heads in reverence above him while he thus knelt upon that battle-field, encircling innocent childhood with his war-clad arms.

It was a joyous day when Charity Lodge marched in procession to the depot of S——, to receive and welcome Brother H——, Eda, and Captain Arthur home.

"You will not blame father for being a Freemason any more, will you, mother?" whispered Eda to Mrs. Arthur, as she embraced her child after an absence of twelve days.

Our Archæological Corner.

ANCIENT COINS AND THEIR USES.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

From the "Masonic Journal."



AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

THERE is his portrait. That is exactly the way he looked. If anything in the antique world *is* genuine it is these coin-portraits. For in those distant days when a new emperor was inaugurated, the first thing was to put his face upon the money of the empire, and stamp it by millions and millions and send it out broad-cast through the land. Not only so, but every year as the emperor got older his portrait upon the coins was changed to correspond with his looks. Not as the English do, who stamp the likeness of their queen upon the money of 1877 as she looked in 1837—a thing that would make a Roman mint-master laugh.

Observe the simplicity with which his portrait is arranged. There is no crown or coronet upon him; he is not even bearded; his hair is bushy and natural; but let me tell you, good reader, that head you see there was *level*. Augustus Cæsar took charge of Rome when it had been exhausted by fifty years of civil wars; exhausted in finances; devastated by an unruly soldiery, and its great men exiled and butchered,—he took it with a strong hand and made it strong. He found it *brick* and made it *marble*. He gathered round him some of the greatest poets and historians the world ever saw. I need only name a Virgil, a Horace, an Ovid,—so that to this day his reign is styled "The Augustan Age" for its literary celebrity.

The incription is, S.P.Q.R. CAESARI AVGVSTO. That is Senatus Populusque Romanus Cæsar Augusto—"The Senate and Roman People to Cæsar Augustus." This intimates that the coin was struck by command of the senate, and is therefore of copper (bronze). Gold and silver money was always struck under the direct authority of the emperors, but the copper (bronze) money by the senate.

This was the man who was emperor at the birth of Jesus. Crowned B.C. 31, he continued to reign until his death, A.D. 14—a period of 45 years. It was his decree "that all the world should be taxed," which brought Joseph and Mary from Nazareth to Bethlehem, so that the future Redeemer was born, according to the prophecy, "at Bethlehem of Judah."

On the other side of the coin appears a soldier with helmet and armour bedight, bearing in his left hand a staff. The attitude of the hero is superb. With his right hand he sustains a cavalry standard, styled in Latin a *vexillum*.

The legend or motto will appear to the reader a little complicated. But let us lay it *straight* on paper:

VOT P SVSC PRO SAL ET RED IOM SACR.

Now to fill out the abbreviations:

VOTA PUBLICU SUSCEPTA PRO SALUTE ET REDITU JOVI OPTIMO MAXIMO SACRUM.

Tune that into newspaper American, and it means, "The public vows made for his safety and return, to Jupiter the Greatest and Best."

We learn from Pliny that it was the custom of the people to address prayers to the deities for the safety of their rulers and, when they were absent, for their return. The safety of the emperor, it was thought, involved the safety of the nation.

That Augustus made himself popular by his wonderful power of government cannot be doubted. The prosperity of the vast empire, its rest from civil commotions, the enormous increase of population, the spread of knowledge, may all be attributed to the work of the man of Actium, and when next the reader hears "Julius Cæsar" played at the theatre, and observes with what contempt Cassius styles him "Young Octavius," and underrates him in comparison with Mark Anthony, he will see how little judgment of character was displayed by Cassius. "Young Octavius," who afterwards took the name of his uncle "Cæsar" and was styled "Augustus" by an obsequious senate, became in fact the founder of the Imperial System under which Rome subsisted for four hundred years.

Look once more upon the lineaments of Augustus Cæsar, and wonder at the skill with which an engraver 1,900 years since transferred them to enduring metal, as you see in my specimen.

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 is said that a hundred and fifty tons of horse-shoe nails are made weekly in the United Kingdom; or seven thousand eight hundred tons a year. The exports are about two thousand five hundred tons a year.

Some of our local luminaries have made the wonderful discovery that "whenever a distinguished visitor from Russia comes to this country the weather is quite in keeping with that which prevails upon the banks of the Neva." Do those enlightened editors really believe that "a distinguished visitor from Russia" has any effect upon the weather here when he "comes to this country?" If so, they should try to induce our government to procure a visit from some distinguished Russians in the sultriest days of any unusually hot summer, and beg of them all to remain "upon the banks of the Neva" when the weather is cold enough without them. But if said enlightened editors really do not believe that the Russian visitors bring the cold weather from the banks of the Neva with them, it is too bad of them to try to persuade their

readers so, seeing that those readers buy the papers to read truth and not superstition and falsehood—to be enlightened, not misled.

It is said that fifteen millions of steel pens are manufactured weekly in Birmingham, for which fifteen tons of steel are required every week. From the ironstone in the mine, to the pen in the hand of the writer, what glorious triumphs of mind over matter!

At a late meeting of the Linnean Society, a communication was read "On Deep Sea Anemones (*Actinaria*) dredged from on Board the Challenger; with a Description of certain Pelagic Surface-swimming species," by Mr. H. N. Moseley. "The occurrence," says the *Athenæum*, "at great depths of representatives of ordinary shallow water forms of actinia is of profound interest. A species of Edwardsia, from 600 fathoms, has undergone but trifling modification from the littoral form. The Cerianthus, from 2,750 fathoms is dwarfed, but uncommonly like its shore brethren. Thus, it appears, one kind is found in shallow water at the Philippines, under the full glare of the tropical sun, while another species of the same genus exists at three miles' depth, where solar rays never penetrate, and the water keeps at freezing point. The fact of the deep-sea anemones retaining vivid colouring in their dark watery abode is a point of special value as connected with certain other generalizations. The new genus Corallimorphus likewise possesses interest."

What a rich satire on England in the Nineteenth Century the future historian may compile from the advertisements inserted in our leading periodicals! A photographer advertises, that "having succeeded in gaining the information from Madame Rachael of how to make all beautiful for ever, and he being determined to use it even under the most unfavourable circumstances, no person may be afraid of not securing good Photos under his manipulations," at five shillings a dozen! Dog cheap, if only the article could be relied on. Hundreds of knavish shopkeepers are unblushingly announcing their own as *the* very cheapest house in the kingdom. Patent medicine-mongers inform a credulous public that, for a mere pecuniary acknowledgment, they will cure all possible complaints under the sun. But these are all modesty itself compared to the blatant blowing of their own trumpets now practised by some of the anonymous "gentlemen (?) of the press," in asking for fresh engagements for their prostituted pens. For myself, I wish that it was compulsory on every writer, like the printer, to append his name to all his published pieces, or otherwise to adopt some registered signature, and to stick to it, by which public opinion might help to hold him in check. Honest authorship would have all to gain, and nothing to lose, by such a course. Verily, ours is an age of shams!

I am glad to see that Mr. William Molyneux, F.G.S., in his interesting little book on "Burton-on-Trent, its History, its Waters, and its Breweries," does not fall into the vulgar error of supposing that the few principal military ways, of which the routes are given by Antonius, etc., were the whole of the Roman Roads in Britain. Every careful antiquary will be able to give proof of some, perhaps secondary, roads of undoubtedly Roman origin at least—but more probably old British ways, adopted and repaired by the Romans—not to be found in the Itineraries. "I cannot but think," writes Mr. Molyneux, "that considering the enormous aggregate population of Britain during the principal part of the time it was under the Roman rule, there must have been in its more prosperous condition, a vast number of towns, villages, and other places of ordinary occupation to contain it, of which there is no existing historical, or even traditional, record to denote the rite. In the present day every village in Britain has its highway, and there can be no question, that in this respect at least, we are not so much in advance of the Romans to be justified in assigning to them a different condition in respect to the means of communication between the various places in their occupation, whatever may have been the character of such places, or their position in the country. Probably the prevalent opinion which restricts the Roman Roads to the great trunk or military ways of the more important cities and stations, established by them for military purposes, is due to Antonius and others having ignored all save these great permanent ways and the

stations connected with them, in their '*Iters*,' which were written by them at different times, and assumed to be semi-official descriptions or tables of the Roman military power in Britain; but between the lines of these great roads lay extensive tracts of country, which, from the frequent finding therein of Roman remains, were doubtless thickly peopled, although probably by a mixed population, occupied more in agricultural than in mechanical pursuits, and dwelling in villages nestling round Roman villas or camps, and readily accessible by regularly constructed roads, stretching outwards from the great thoroughfares which intersected Romanized Britain from one end to the other." This rational view of the subject, I readily endorse. The fact is, the Roman occupation of Britain, and its effect on the subsequent civilization of the island, are even yet very imperfectly understood: nay, by the mass of the people, not understood at all.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

BRO. J. H. JEWELL, P.M. NO. 1223.

In faith, the Architect designs
The temple that he fain would raise,
Help'd by the Mason's mystic rites.
Though Cowans stand aloof and gaze,
Admiring brethren all approve,
As one by one the columns rise,
'Till the grand structure stands complete
High towering upward to the skies.
In Hope, the craftsman takes in hand
The work requiring ornate skill;
He decks the Temple with high art,
Adorning all with right good will,
And ever as the work proceeds,
Dictated by the Master mind,
The Bible, Compasses, and Square,
In love and truth are all combined.
In Charity the Brethren join,
And lend a willing helping hand
To every upright perfect work,
The worthy Master doth command.
Thus by united strength and skill,
In true proportions raised on high,
We see the temple wherein dwells
Bright faith, fond Hope, and Charity.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REFERENCE TO THE DELIVERANCE OF NOAH FROM THE ARK.

(*Continued from page* 599.)

It was the chief intention of Almighty wisdom and justice to purge the world of its moral corruptions by the destruction of the main agent which produced them. And hence arose the doctrine so much insisted on in the heathen mysteries, of purification by water. It was received as orthodox by every people under heaven, and "sacra non tractanda illotis manibus" was a maxim that could not be violated with impunity. The multitude of usages which sprung out of this doctrine are almost as ancient as the Deluge itself. Various legal purifications by water were enjoined on the Jews by divine authority, and repeated ablutions amongst the heathen were equally necessary before initiation could be conferred. Thus Menippus, in Lucian, when he was initiated into the mysteries of Zoroaster, says, "Ad Tigridem me fluvium duceus, purgavit simul atque abstersit faceque Lustravit και σκιλλη," meaning that he was purged with water and the juice of a sea onion; and a festival was holden in Sicily called Σκιλλων Εορτη.

The Egyptians, says Herodotus, were in like manner enjoined after their initiation to purify themselves with water twice every day and night for a prescribed period of time, in reference to the Deluge, and hence this element was esteemed to contain some portion of divinity, and was regarded with the most extravagant adoration, and not only the Nile and the Ganges but in other countries—Britain, for instance—all running streams, particularly those which took a direction from west to east, were accounted sacred. And they taught in the Spurious Freemasonry that these ablutions were enjoined to commemorate the awful destruction of the

earth and all that it contained, as a punishment for the sins of its inhabitants.

To render the divine purpose complete, it was requisite that all means of escape should be cut off, which would be effected when the waters rose a few feet above the summit of the most lofty mountains, and beyond this it was unnecessary that the machinery should extend. The waters therefore gradually advanced till they attained the elevation of more than 20 feet above the highest hills. By whatever cause this accumulation was occasioned, the consequence would be the breaking up of the fountains of the deep. The water contained in the atmosphere being left without support, would descend in impetuous rains; while the waters of the ocean, those from which fountains originate, and those contained in the solid earth itself, would rise from the very centre and meet the waters which descended from above. Thus the breaking up of the fountains of the deep and opening the windows of heaven would accompany each other, as Moses tells us they actually did, for, according to him, they both happened on the same day. In this manner the Flood would come on quietly and gradually, without the violence to the globe which some theorists are obliged to suppose."*

Mr. Tytler says, "we are persuaded that any person who will try the experiment how much water a given quantity of earth contains, and from that experiment will make calculations with regard to the whole quantity contained in the bowels of the earth, must be abundantly satisfied that, though all the water of the Deluge had been thence derived, the diminution of the general store would, comparatively speaking, have been next to nothing. But it was not from the bowels of the earth only that the waters were discharged, but also from the air; for we are assured by Moses that it rained forty days and forty nights.

By this arrangement not only were men and animals totally destroyed, but sufficient depth was allowed for the Ark to float in safety, free from all obstructions, even supposing it to have *drawn* half its height, or fifteen cubits of water. Nor can we reasonably believe that it exceeded this point, for, after the waters had gradually progressed until the proposed result was obtained, they remained stationery until the destruction was complete, and then decreased with equal steadiness and precision.

Count Bjornstjerna has advanced the startling hypothesis that all mankind were not destroyed at this period. He says: *"It does not appear to agree either with the statements of Scripture, or history, or geology, that the human race, with the exception of the Noachidæ, has been extirpated by that cataclysm, since the Scripture makes mention of the cities of Babel and Ninevah already existing in the third generation of Noah; the building and peopling of which, though never so small, could not possibly have been accomplished in the short space of three generations, if there were no other men upon the earth than the posterity of the eight persons who were saved. The olive leaf brought by the dove also proves that the flood did not reach the heights on which the olive tree grows, because the latter, in this case, in the long space of 150 days, during which the Deluge prevailed, must necessarily have been destroyed. Thus men might also have saved themselves upon heights which were not reached by the flood."

This is but the revival of an old opinion, that all the hills were not covered. Cardinal Cajetan entertained an idea that one of the mountains of Paradise was not overflowed. Bellarmine was persuaded that those mountains only were overflown where the wicked dwelt; and Nicholas Damascenus affirms, as we are informed by Josephus, that the hill Baris in Armenia, saved many who fled thither for succour. But these conjectures are at variance with Holy Scripture, and therefore cannot be entertained.

It will be unnecessary to cite Plautus, or Horace, or Macrobius, or Virgil, Martial, Statius, Pliny, or any other ancient author, heathen, or Christian, to prove the origin of the Roman custom of ablutions; a single quotation from the great Latin epic poet Virgil, will be sufficient to my purpose:

———corpusque recenti
Spargit aquâ;

because it refers to the bathings actually used when Eneas was initiated into the

* Encyc. Perth v. Deluge.

* Theog. of the Hindoos, p. 153.

Spurious Freemasonry. In the caverns of initiation, water was indispensable, and was used in the utmost profusion. Indeed, the Mithratic cavern was denominated κατ εξοχην, the cave of the Naiads, or water nymphs; and it was intersected in every direction with copius streams of the purifying element, to shadow out the lustration of the earth by a general deluge.

A striking emblem of the ark of Noah was a Cup; and it referred by implication, to the deluge. With this in view, the Baotians made libations to Cabiri during their mysterious orgies; whence the Cup of the Sphere is placed on the back of a serpent, because this important ceremony succeeded the regeneration. Amongst the Greeks, the Cup was dedicated to Bacchus (who was the same as Noah), the patron of the Dionysian mysteries. The symbol was so highly esteemed as to have a separate degree attached to it, called "The Rite of the Scyphus." In Egypt the Cup was an emblem of purification, and its sacred character probably originated in the Cup of Joseph, to which a spirit of prophesy appears to have been attached. Lucian ridicules the Egyptians for making ποτηριον, a cup, or the ark, into a god.

It is by no means clear that the trees of the forest were overwhelmed and destroyed; indeed the most probable supposition is that they were not. For if vegetable life had sustained a total annihilation during this extraordinary convulsion of nature, how do we account for the branch of olive which the dove brought to the ark on its second excursion? It was not gathered from a decayed tree which floated on the waters, because this would have been no criterion that they had subsided; and might have been acquired at the bird's first mission as well as at the second. Nor could it have been plucked from a tree lying prostrate on the ground, because, in the first place the waters prevailed for a whole year, during which time all vegetable life would have been extinct, if plucked up by the roots and cast forth on the face of the liquid element; and consequently, a green olive leaf could not have been found; and again, admitting that the earth had been reduced to the soft pulp already mentioned, the specific gravity of the timber would have sunk it far beneath the surface. The branch was evidently fresh from the living tree; and therefore Noah had presumptive evidence that the waters were rapidly subsiding, because the tops of the trees shot above the surface, and seven days previous the dove "found no rest for the sole of her foot." He therefore waited other seven days; and the same experiment proved that the waters had entirely receded, leaving the surface of the earth dry.

The dove was an universal symbol in every institution, whether of true or spurious Freemasonry which existed in the world, and signified *a divine token*, on which account it was figured to be the bearer of ambrosia to the celestial deities;* and it was adopted by Semiramis as the insignia of Assyria and Babylon. In the true system this emblem holds a conspicuous place.

Peace adds to olive boughs entwin'd
An emblematic dove;
As stamped upon the Mason's mind,
Are unity and love.

In a degree called "the Ark and the Dove," this event is explained as follows: "Masonic tradition informs us that the circumstances which originated this degree, occurred at a period immediately antecedent to Noah's leaving the ark. To ascertain whether the waters had subsided, and the earth was in a proper state to receive him, Noah sent forth a dove, under the idea that it might be a means of ascertaining whether the soil had resumed the exercise of its prolific powers. The dove left the ark and did not immediately return; but one day as Noah was standing near the window of the ark, from which nothing but the heavens was visible, he saw some object in motion at as great a distance as his eye could reach; and as it drew nearer to the ark he discovered it to be the dove bearing in her mouth the branch of an olive tree. In joy and gladness he exclaimed, *Lo she cometh!* and stretched out his hand to receive her into the ark.

The Mosaic record contains no hint of the destruction of vegetable life. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the solid state of the ground in which trees and plants were rooted, had not been materially im-

* Hom. Od. xii. 63.

paired in that part of the globe; and if one region escaped, it is not improbable that others might also remain unchanged during this awful visitation, even should it be true, which it is far from my intention to assert, that the foundations of the earth were shaken by the resistless operation of eternal fires, its axis changed, and its highest mountains forced up from the depths of the sea.

"Such a dissolution," says Berrington,* "is actually, in fact, inconsistent with the present state of the earth, which shows us that such a disssolution was not made. It is granted that there were vast alterations caused in the earth by that inundation; the very breaks in the rocks, and parts of the mountains overturned by its force, demonstrate that there were great convulsions in many parts of the earth, yet the present situation of those fragments and breaks convinces us that they were not all dissolved, but only altered in their local position."

De la Pryme's theory is that, "the antediluvian world had an external sea as well as land, with mountains, rivers, etc., and the deluge was effected by breaking the subterranean caverns and pillars thereof by dreadful earthquakes, and causing the same to be, for the most part, if not wholly, absorbed, swallowed up, and covered by the seas we now have. This earth of ours arose out of the bottom of the antediluvian sea; and in its room, just as many islands are swallowed down, and others thrust up in their stead."

Count Bjoinstjerna doubts the correctness of this theory. "I admit with Cuvier," says he, "that the surface of the earth has been the subject of a great and sudden revolution, the date of which cannot go much farther back than five or six thousand years; but I question the very possibility that this revolution has sunk or caused to disappear all those lands which were then inhabited by man, made dry the former bottom of the sea, and formed of this, the land which is now inhabited. On the contrary I think that the last great deluge overflowed the present parts of the world, and not a continent was sunk to the bottom of the sea."†

When Noah emerged from the Ark, or exchanged darkness for light, as was imitated in both the true and the spurious Freemasonry, as it rested upon the summit of Ararat, a constellation of symbols, preserved in the mysteries, were displayed to sanctify the oath of the Almighty,* that the earth never more be destroyed by a flood. The dove and olive branch, the rainbow, and the cubical altar, were signs which the Noachidœ and their posterity always held sacred, and preserved them with great care in their secret institutions. The respect paid to these emblems by the first postdiluvian race of men, was so devoted that when a new institution was substituted by the Cabiri, at the construction of the tower of Babel, and perhaps at a still earlier period, they were not lost sight of, but transmitted with such fidelity that they existed in the Spurious Freemasonry of every nation under heaven; and still flourish as invaluable appendages to the true system, with a lustre that time will not be able to abate.

In the Spurious Freemasonry the ark of Noah was symbolized by a bull, depicted with horns like a crescent, and on his back a dove. It is remarkable that in our own country, the candidate who had been admitted to the highest degree, was denominated the Bull, as a title of distinction; because he was now esteemed, like that animal, to be consecrated to the sun. And the Druids hallowed every thirtieth year, when Saturn entered into the sign of Taurus. In Egypt, during the month Athyr, when the Sun was in Scorpio, the priests, amidst the celebrations, decorated a golden image of a Bull, and covered it with a robe of sable linen, in commemoration of the mourning of Isis for the loss of Osiris; or in other words, of Noah enclosed in the Ark;† and it must be borne in mind that as the symbol of Osiris was a Bull, so that of Isis was a Cow or heifer. In a word every ancient nation esteemed the bull or cow sacred in reference to the escape of Noah in the Ark.

Faber says that the moon and the ark were worshipped in conjunction during the initiations; a kind of idolatry which he thinks arose out of the circumstances

* Creaton p. 401.

† Theog. of the Hindoos p. 146.

* The oath of Jupiter, by Styx, and those of heathen nations by their sacred rivers, may all be traced to this awful prototype, the oath of God when the Ark rested on Ararat.

† Plut. Isid. et Osir. p. 366.

before us: "When the two great superstitions were united, and when Noah began to be adored along with the sun, the Chaldean astronomers having observed the resemblance of a crescent to a boat, thought that the waning moon was no unapt symbol of the Ark. Hence they were reverenced conjointly; and hence we find that the very same goddess was sometimes a personification of the one, and sometimes of the other. This I apprehend to be the only key that can unlock the hidden meaning of the mysterious polytheism of the ancients. The mysteries are in fact nothing more than a mythological account of these events; and they will be found throughout to refer at once to the catastrophe of the deluge, and the impious rites of that Sabianism which was united by Nimrod with the irkite superstition."*

(To be Continued.)

THE WAKENING.

How many thousands are wakening now!
Some to the songs from the forest bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds through the tumult her path of *pride*.

And some—oh, well may *their* hearts rejoice!—
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice:
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the hearth 'tis gone.

And some, in the camp, to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must ere night be won.

And some in the gloomy convict cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die
When the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to the din from the city borne,
And some to the rolling of torrent floods,
Far 'midst old mountains and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this checker'd earth:
Each unto light hath a daily birth;
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
Are the voices which first our up-springing meet.

But *one* must the sound be, and *one* the call,
Which from the dust shall awaken us all:
One!—but to sever'd and distant dooms,
How shall the sleepers arise from the tombs?

A LONDON ADVENTURE:

OR, THE TRUE STORY OF THE INGENUOUS ENGLISHMAN, THE FRIENDLY GERMAN, AND THE CONFIDING AMERICAN.

From "Scribner's American Monthly."

As an honest traveller is bound to relate all that befalls him, illustrative of the manners and morals of the people among whom he sojourns, even though he himself does not appear to the best advantage in the narrative, my conscience will not permit me to withold from my reader the following bit of adventure, though the simplicity of John Bull, about which I have had something to say, may not be made so apparent by it as the credulity of Jonathan.

It was an attempt on the part of two sharpers to play upon me an old London confidence game, which gave me my only chance to see John Bull as a rogue. In this character he proved no bungler, but a most consummate actor. Indeed, the circumstance revealed to me more clearly than almost anything else, how much we have got to learn of this people, and how "mellow" and considerate John can be even in the character of a London highwayman.

For some reason or other, the confidence-men have always taken a shine to me. About the first time I went to New York,

* Eab. Cab. vol. i. p. 16.

Peter Funk sold me a watch, though I saw what he had done in a few moments afterward, and went into the next place where watches were being slaughtered, and advised the *innocent bidders* standing about (!) not to purchase, as things were not what they seemed, and privately showed some of them my own timekeeper! And in very recent years, during a half-hour's walk on Broadway, I have had at least three long-forgotten acquaintances rush up to me with extended hand and hearty exclamations of surprise and delight. But on these occasions I have always been able to command Bret Hart's famous smile, which I have found as effective as a policeman's badge.

The London confidence-man found me one night at a public place of amusement, and, of course, knew me at a glance. He was a German (my visor always goes up when I see a German), and was a curious spectator of things in and about London, like myself, and expected soon to visit America. I hardly know how we got acquainted. I think some incident in the crowd, as we stood near each other in the area, caused us to exchange glances and then remarks. He evidently "took to me at once. Travellers are quick to know travellers, and always find themselves in sympathy; they are in one boat, while the stay-at-home world is in another. We were soon exchanging notes about London and other matters, and after the performance was over, walked out of the theatre together. We were a good deal jostled by the crowd, but an empty pocket is never afraid of being picked, and the frail creature who did her share of the jostling, and who declared we looked enough alike to be brothers, played her part well but to little purpose. We did not separate till we had exchanged cards, and my delightful German had made some inquiries about my hotel, he was not suited where he was, and was on the lookout for a chance to improve his quarters, and as he had an especial liking for Americans—"they were so much more like Germans than the English were,"—and had many questions to ask about that country, he should be delighted to stop beneath the same roof with me, if the locality suited him, etc. etc.

Accordingly, next day, at 12 m, he called around. We had lunch together, and much interesting conversation. He proved extremely well-informed about England and the English, and was extremely entertaining. He had much to say about a London friend of his, a banker, who had lived in America, and whom I ought to know. After an hour spent in this way, he proposed a walk, and said, if I wished it, he would present me to his friend.

To this, after some hesitation, I assented, and we set out for King's Cross, a part of town I had not yet visited. After walking about half an hour, during which time my companion beguiled the way with a very lively account of a steeple-chase he had recently taken part in through his friend the banker, at his suggestion we stopped at one of the numerous ale-houses for some refreshment. It was not a very inviting looking place, and I felt disposed to take our ale standing at the bar, American fashion, and pass on; but my German was not going to be so coolly matter-of-fact as that, and led the way to the coffee room, which, however, we found locked; but one of the bar-maids handed him the key, and we went in. It was a dingy, unused-looking room, with leather-cushioned benches around the sides, and tables in front of them. It struck me that there was some incongruity in our being in such a place. It seemed better adapted to some secret nocturnal revel. The two windows were high, shutting out all view of the street, and admitting but a scanty light. I sat down on a chair near the door, feeling a little constrained; but my companion passed over to the further corner of the room, and set down with such a hearty, masterly air that I followed him, and had soon aimed a blow at my lamentable reserve in a bumper of ale. While I was engaged in looking over some admirable Berlin photographs which my friend handed me, he made an excuse to go out. Not long thereafter there entered the room a man who drew my attention by his bewildered, excited manner. He took off his hat, mopped his brow with his handkerchief, and rushing around the room, gave each of the three bell-hangers a violent jerk.

"The worst part of town I've been in yet," said he, seating himself on my side

of the room. "Can't even get a little Scotch whiskey 'ere. I went into a place just below 'ere, and, because I very naturally mistook the landlord for the waiter, I was insulted. 'Ow should I know?" said the injured unsophisticated Englishman. "I saw a man standing there with an hapron on, and says I, 'Waiter, bring me some Scotch whiskey and 'ot water, and he swelled up and said, 'I'm not the waiter; I'll 'ave you to know I'm not the waiter; I'm the landlord!'"

"'All the same,' said I. 'I thought you was, and I want some whiskey.'

"'But you can 'ave no whiskey 'ere; I'll not be called a waiter in my own 'ouse.' So I told him to go to the devil and left the room;" and the ingenuous creature appealed to me if it was not a shame and an outrage, and I replied that it most assuredly was.

"I wonder if they know 'ow to treat strangers any better 'ere," he said, looking about the room.

Just then a waiter appeared, and the beloved "'ot Scotch" was soon before him.

He was a fine specimen of a young Englishman, with a round, fresh face, bright eyes, full rosy lips, a beard that had wanted the razor for three or four days, and withal an expression singularly boyish and ingenuous. He was well dressed in gray cheviot clothes, and wore the inevitable stove-pipe hat.

"It's the first time I've been up to London, and I 'ope it's the last," he continued. "I've seen enough of it."

Just here the German re-appeared, and was presently as interested as I was in the new arrival upon the scene, whom the Scotch whiskey was making more and more garrulous and confidential.

With the utmost naïveté he went on to complain how queerly he had been treated in London.

"I did not get through my business till day before yesterday, when I thought before I left town, and as my case in court had come out so well that I would go out and 'ave a little jollification. Mr. So-and-so, our lawyer, made me give him most of my money before I went out; but I kept back a few bank notes that he did'nt know I'ad. As I was walking on the Strand a lady came rushing up to me and said:

"'Ow hare you, Mr. Jones?'

"'Pretty near it,' said I. 'My name is not Jones, but it's Johnson. All the same; no harm done, Miss,' and was going on, when she said:

"'Is that the way you leave a lady?'

"'Leave a lady?' said I, a deal surprised at her manner.

"'Yes,' said she, 'leave a lady; that is not the way Mr. Jones would do.'

"'Pray, how would Mr. Jones do?' said I.

"'Why, he would have taken me in and treated me to a bottle of wine.'

"'Oh; if that's all, you shall 'ave two bottles,' said I. 'Come on.'

"'So we went into a place there, and blow me if she did'nt drink nearly two bottles of wine. I was amazed; I never saw a lady drink so, and they charged me outrageously for the wine,—a guinea for the two bottles. Why, our wine at 'ome don't cost us half that.

"Then she asked me to take her to some rooms. I forget the name; it began with ha,—Hargyle Rooms; that's it, and as I did'nt mind having a little fun and not to refuse a lady, said I, 'Come on,' and away we went.

"Gentlemen," said the innocent creature, "you are strangers to me, but I trust you'll never mention what I am now telling you; I would'nt have my sister Mary know it for a hundred pound."

We assured him he need have no fear of us, and urged him to proceed.

"While at the Hargyle," resumed he, "the girl (for I am convinced she was not a lady) wanted me to dance with her, but I could not dance, so she danced with two or three other gentlemen, and then came to me and asked me to get her a pair of gloves. I thought this a little hodd, but offered 'er 'alf a crown, and told 'er to get them 'erself. This she refused; said she never paid less than a crown for her gloves; would'nt be seen with a pair that cost only 'alf a crown; and, as I did not like to appear mean, I said, 'Come out with me, you shall 'ave the gloves.' I gave her a sovereign, and she told me to wait outside while she went in the shop and got the gloves. I paced up and down in front of the place for 'alf an hour, and then went in to see what 'ad become of her, and get my change. The shop-girl

laughed, and said she'd been gone 'alf an hour; so I see I 'ad been sold, and went straight back to my 'otel.

"Luckily," he continued, "I got a note changed when I paid for the wine, or I should 'ave given her a five-poun' note, and so lost it all."

The tone and manner in which this narrative was delivered were irresistibly mirth-provoking, and we laughed immoderately at the poor fellow's greenness.

"Here," said I to myself, "is a specimen of my unsophisticated Englishman of the very first water. He is as fresh as a new-blown rose and never ought to let go the apron-string of his sister Mary."

My German said something about the danger of going about London with much money in one's pocket.

"I'm not afraid," said the verdant "and I always carry my money right here too," taking out from the breast pocket of his coat a loose package of Bank of England notes. "'Ow am I going to lose that with my coat buttoned so?"

But my friend assured him he might easily lose it; that he had better have left it with his lawyer or his banker; that he himself never carried but a few pounds about him, and no prudent traveller ever did—and, on appealing to me, I added my testimony to the same effect, declaring that I seldom left my hotel with as much as a five pound-note in my pocket.

"But I 'ave enough more," said the complacent idiot, "if I lose this. You see, me and my sister Mary have just come into a little property,—about £17,000,—that is what brought me up to London; it's an unpleasant subject, a family quarrel, but right is right, and what the law gives one, that he may call his own, mayn't he? Well, the law has just given me and me sister Mary, me father's estate, which me elder brother George had held since me father's and mother's death. This is 'ow it 'appened. The old family nurse, when she came to die, let it out that me brother George was born out of wedlock,—that is before me father and mother were married, and so was not the legal heir of the property. The old doctor was referred to, his dates were looked up and compared with the parish records, and the nurse's story was confirmed. So we went to law about it, and the case has just been decided in our favour in the Court of Queen's Bench. It makes bad blood, but I shall not treat me brother George as he has treated me and sister Mary. After he has had time to cool off and think it over, I shall go to 'im and say, ''Ere George, you are me brother, I cannot forget that,—'ere take this sum and set yourself up in business.'"

We both applauded this good resolution and urged him by all means to carry it into effect.

"But George did not do just right with the property," he went on; "you see, part of it came from uncle William, and uncle William in his will provided that £500 of it should be disbursed among the poor, not the Hinglish poor only, but the poor of different nations. This brother George did not do. But this I shall do without delay, and to get this £500 well off my 'ands, according to my huncle's will is now my chief concern. Hof course, I cannot go around looking up the poor, —the needy cases,—and must mostly depend upon others to do it for me. I shall spend £100 of it among the poor of my own town and neighbourhood, and shall 'ope to meet trustworthy gentlemen now and then, whom I can rely upon to distribute a portion of it among the poor of their countries. I gave £50 of it yesterday to a gentleman of my 'otel, from Glasgow, to spend among his poor."

"A stranger to you?" said I, with reproof and astonishment in my look.

"Oh, yes; but then he showed me that he had money of his own and did not need mine; that was all I required him to do."

The German and I exchanged glances as we finished our second ale, when the former said, speaking my own thought:

"Well, you'll have little trouble in finding people to take your money on such terms. I, myself, would very gladly be charitable at some one else's expense, and the late war has made many poor people in my country."

"Very well," said the confiding stranger, "show me that you have £100 of your own, and I will give you another hundred to disburse among your poor and take your receipt for it, requiring you only to insert an advertisement in *The Times* giving the names and dates, etc. All I want is

to be able to show that my uncle's will has been complied with, and that I 'aven't spent money that did'nt belong to me."

How the bait took! Whose benevolence would not have snapped at it? Is it in human nature on its travels to let such golden opportunities slip? And would it not instantly occur to one that if this fool and his money must part so soon, that it was the duty of an honest man to see to it that the money went into the proper channels?

"And I too," said I, not without a feeling of shame, as if I was about to be in some way a party to the robbery of this simpleton; "I, too, will bear your alms to some of the poor of my country, and see that they are judiciously bestowed."

"What poor have you in your country?" said he.

"Plenty of them," said I,—"the freedmen, for instance, whom I see much of, and who are much in need of help."

"All right," said he. "Satisfy me that you have money of your own and do not need mine, and you shall have a hundred pounds."

"I carry no money with me," I replied, "and you will have to come round to my hotel."

"Neither have I a hundred pounds," said my companion, "but I have some, I hardly know how much," and he proceeded to take out and unroll some Bank of England notes.

"Show him what you have," said he to me, significantly; "don't let him think you are penniless."

"Oh, I have only a little change," I said, "not more than two guineas in all," and with embarrassment I produced it in my open palm.

"Put up your money, gentlemen," said the verdant. "I have no doubt you are both responsible men, and can easily satisfy me that you are fit persons to act as my agents in this matter."

"Come to my hotel," said the German, and I can show you five times the amount, or to my banker, whose place is near here."

"Yes," I joined in, "meet us this afternoon or this evening at my hotel, and we will show you that we are all right."

"No, I must leave town to-night; me sister Mary will be expecting me."

"Then," suggested the German, "let's arrange it now. Where do you need to go," he inquired of me, "to get the money."

"To my hotel and to my bankers, both," I said.

"Where is your banker?"

"On Lombard Street."

"Well, that will suit me, too, as I know a banker there, and can get all the money I need."

The Englishman would pledge us in another glass before we started, though I barely tasted my ale, the two glasses I had already imbibed having had a very strange effect upon me.

"Here is a sovereign," he said, "to pay for the cab; this is to accomodate me, and I insist upon paying."

The German took the gold, called a cab, and we were off, it being agreed that the Englishman should wait there till we returned.

"It is the most astonishing performance I ever heard of," said I. "Can it be possible that such a fool can be at large twenty-four hours in London without being robbed?"

"He runs a great risk," said my companion," "and we had better keep an eye on him till he starts for home, or else telegraph to Mary to come and look after him."

I found my banker, a man who had known me long and intimately in this country, in his private office, and I spread out my adventure before him in the most animated style. I felt it necessary to do this because I wanted to ask the loan of £50 for a few hours, but before I had got to that point, he said he could let me have the money if I did not happen to have it by me; it was by all means my duty to accept the offer the stranger had made, etc., etc. He called his partner, a native Londoner, and related the singular circumstance to him; he opened his eyes very wide but said little. As I was leaving, my banker said:

"You don't suppose this an attempt to rob you, do you!"

"Oh, no," said I, "that is out of the question."

When I regained the cab, my companion was not there; I supposed he had not

returned from his banker's yet; but I presently saw him emerging from behind a near cab, whence it instantly occurred to me that he had been watching my movements. We got in and drove toward my hotel. Presently a feeling came over me precisely like a bucket of cold water, that there was a skilfully played game to rob me. But no; it could not be; the thought was too ugly; I put it from me, —I was not going to give up that hundred pounds so easily. But the feeling would come back in spite of me, and gradually the scales fell from my eyes. With what a rude shock I came down from the seventh heaven of delight, whither the drugged ale and the benevolent impulse had sent me, to the unpalatable reality. I suddenly noticed it was raining and that London looked its dismalest. I glanced at my companion, and quickly understood a peculiar look about the eyes he had had all that day—a sort of strained, furtive, half-excited look, such as one might have when playing a risky and desperate game. I recalled, too, how he had approached from behind that cab, and remembered that I had seen his legs beneath it as I came out of the bank. I recalled, also, with what caution and skill the Englishman had played his part, and the many little touches he had given it, such as only a real artist would think of. Well, said I to myself, this is my simple, pastoral Britisher, is it? But how well he knows his business! What a master workman, and how juicy and human!

My companion talked gayly, but evidently noticed a change in me. When we reached the hotel, he invited himself up to my room, to see my quarters, etc. As I was moving about, under one pretence or another, I caught his eye in the glass intently watching me. Having taken the bank notes from my trunk, that I had come up for, we went down. I lingered in the hall long enough to tell the porter —a stout, soldierly looking fellow—that I wanted his services about an hour, and that I wished him to take a cab and follow us, and when we alighted to alight also and enter, but a few moments later. I was determined to see the play out, but I did not want to be alone in that room again with those two men.

As we rode along my thoughts were busy. What should be done? Did I want to cause the arrest of these men, and have myself detained as a witness? I thought not—that would spoil the farce; it would not be the least bit of an artistic finish. I was in their toils, but did not want to break out too rudely. I would give them a good hint, which I knew such artists would appreciate more than a kick, so, turning to my companion, I said:

"Do you know, I believe this a plan to rob us?"

"It can't be, can it?" he replied, with an alarmed look.

"Yes," said I, "it is; that fellow has accomplices, and he means to get our money. Do you go armed?" I continued.

"No, said he, "do you?"

"Always; an American carries a pistol as much as he carries a jack-knife, and he isn't afraid to use it either."

"So I have heard," said the German, looking wistfully out of the carriage.

"But *you* wouldn't shoot a man, would you?" he inquired.

"Let him try to rob me," said I, "and you will see whether I will or not."

Just then the cab stopped at our destination. As we got out I saw another cab stop about half a square from us. My companion made an excuse to step across the street, and I passed into the hall. Our simpleton was still there, apparently mellower than ever over his "'ot Scotch." He asked where my friend was, and as he did not immediately appear, said he would step out and hurry him up. The porter had by this time entered the room, though the bar-maid had tried to stop him, and ordered some ale. He glanced at me significantly as the Englishman went out, and I felt pretty sure the play was over. We sipped our ale and waited, but no one returned. I went out and looked, but could see nothing of either of them.

In about twenty minutes a large man opened the door, looked in as if he expected to find some one (I knew at a glance that it was the "banker" friend of the German, who had come to play his part), and then hastily withdrew. We tarried some time longer, but it became apparent that my two confiding friends had unceremoniously deserted me, or had gone off and divided the poor fund between them.