THE

MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Digest of

FREEMASONRY

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

(SUPPLEMENTAL TO "THE FREEMASON.")

VOL. V.

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.

1877-8.

PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

WE have arrived at our Fifth Volume, and a few words of Preface are customary and needful. Not, indeed, that we have very much to say. We betray no secrets, and we reveal no mysteries, when we mention once again that were Masonic Literature to be supported alone by the patronage of our Craft, we fear that the result would be a very limited "outcome" indeed,—very far from a "strong order." If our good Publisher only measured the "*Supply*" he so liberally provides for the "pabulum mentis Latomicæ" by the "*Demand*," which hails and encourages his sacrifices, we are inclined to fancy, though it is only our own private opinion, "quantum valet," that the status of Masonic Literature amongst us would be neither very promising nor flattering;—nay its very appearances, "like angels' visits," must be "few and far between."

Despite our excellent friend Bro. Hubert's complimentary estimate of English Masonic Literature, we feel bound honestly to admit that there is a "little" room for an improved taste and more extensive patronage! But yet we do not wish to seem to write in a spirit of complaint or fault, especially at the conclusion of our Fifth Volume! For with such a fact before us, we must really beg to congratulate our Order on gallant efforts, resolutely made, to diffuse amongst our Craft a sound, sensible, readable, healthy Masonic Literature. We think we may fairly say this of the only English Masonic Magazine, and which we owe to the discernment and determination alone of our fraternal Publisher. Perseverance, we all know, is a great virtue, and as it has been our Publisher's motto in all his extensive and flourishing business transactions, so are we inclined to hope that it will reward one day his cheery expectations and his unselfish exertions for Masonic Literature.

The Christmas Number for 1877 was a great success, and we hope to make the Christmas Number of 1878, as a separate and special publication, a still greater one. We have no fear but that the Sixth Volume will show a steady improvement in all respects.

Publisher and Editor beg once more to thank their kind contributors for many able Papers, as well as sympathetic subscribers for their unwearied support. They beg to commend Vol. V. to the notice of the intelligent and educated of their great Brotherhood, just as they venture to bespeak for Vol. VI. literary assistance and fraternal patronage.

198, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.,
June 1, 1878.

INDEX.

PAGE

A Chapter on Oaks 283, 361
A Christmas Greeting 241
A Day's Pleasure 371
A Modern Novel Somewhat Undervalued . 300
A Trip to Dai-Butsu 67
Adventures of Don Pasquale, The—13, 59, 110, 156, 200, 281, 344, 393, 446, 491, 537, 587
Alexander Puschkin 459
Amabel Vaughan 316, 367, 406, 457, 506, 546, 599
An Hermetic Work . 386, 434, 484, 530, 578
Ancient Libraries 419
Architectural Jottings . . . 116, 183
Arrivals, Survivals, and Revivals . . 254

Bro. Capt. Nathaniel G. Philips, S.G.D. . 242
Bro. Jas. Newton's Sketch of the Concord Royal Arch Chapter, No. 57, Bolton . 35

Christmas Greeting, A 241
Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society . 208
Cole's List of Lodges, 1763 244
Contemporary Letters of the French Revolution 128, 185, 209
Country Churchyard Epitaphs, On . . 87

Day's Pleasure, A 371
Devonshire Lodges Prior to the "Union" of December, 1813 103
Dietetics 363
Discovery of Roman Remains at Temple-borough 565
Dr. Moon's Works for the Blind . . . 550

Early Freemasonry in Ireland . . . 487
Embossed Books for the Blind . . . 74
Extracts from the Minute Books of the Carmarthen Lodge 448
Extracts from the Records of an Old Assembly of Knights Templar Meeting at Bolton 298

Forgotten Stories . 47, 85, 139, 177, 227

PAGE

Freemasonry in England, the True History of—351, 404
Freemasonry in France 54
Friendship and Brotherhood . . . 296
From Lisbon to Belem 276

Harry Watson; or, the Secrets of Freemasonry—28, 73
Hermetic Work, An . 386, 434, 484, 530, 578
History of Education, The . . . 26
History of the "Prince of Wales Lodge" . 2
How Mr. Joss failed to be made a Mason . 314

Important Circular 481
Inconclusiveness and Aberration of Scientific Teachers, The 330
In Memoriam 529
In Memoriam. Bro. George Frank Gouley 24
Is it a Promise or a Declaration . . 552

Jimmy Jackson an' his Bad Wife. . . 374

Lost and Saved; or, Nellie Powers the Missionary's Daughter 210, 323, 376, 425, 473, 568, 618
Love and Masonry 607
Masonic Language of Flowers, The . . 164

Masonry; its Past and Future . . . 290
Map of Europe in 1877, The . . . 327
Modern Novel somewhat undervalued, A . 300
Monthly Masonic Summary—1, 49, 97, 145, 193, 337, 385, 433, 577
Mrs. Fernbrake's "Lucky Bird" . . 261
My Lord, The King . . . 118, 166, 236
My Mother-in-law 82

Notes on Literature, Science and Art—44, 93, 141, 190, 233, 332, 382, 429, 477, 527, 575, 622

Oaks, A Chapter on 283, 361
Objects, Advantages and Pleasures of Science—50, 98, 148, 195

INDEX.

PAGE

On Country Churchyard Epitaphs . . 87
On Selecting the Best Charity . . . 604
On the Testing and Strength of Railway Materials, 466, 515, 560, 620
Origin and References of the Hermesian Spurious Freemasonry, The—79, 186, 194, 338, 422, 463, 557, 615
Our Archæological Corner . 40, 125, 176

Papers on the Great Pyramid 438, 493, 534, 581
Poetic Interpretation of Nature, The . . 309
Pope and Mediæval Freemasons, The . . 69
Prince Consort, The Late 346
Proposed Spelling Reform, The . . 303

POETRY—
A Birthday 152
Absent Friends 36
A Christmas Memory, 1877 . . 323
A Farewell Address to the Minerva Royal Arch Chapter, No. 250, Hull 564
A Freemason's Christmas Thoughts . 334
After the Last Scientific Lecture . 131
A Good Honest Heart 329
An Old Fashioned Love Song . . 113
A Portrait 280
A Story of Chinese Love . . . *430*
A Tale of Love 260
Bide a Wee and Dinna Fret . . 539
Cabinet of Masonic Curiosities . . 302
Cara Imago 27
Christmas Eve 267
Dear Heart Mine 227
Double Acrostic 144, 240
Education 72
Every Year 30
Flowers 61
For ever and for ever 177
Forgive and Forget 354
Four-leaved Clover 84
Freemasons' Wives 465
Fritz and I 96
Hail and Farewell 556
Her Little Shoe 233
How little we know of each other. . 89
Identity 79
In Memoriam 497
Installation Ode 414
Invocatio 54
I wish he would make up his mind . 567
Jilted 514
"Kick him Down" 586
Let there be Light 192
Let us be kind 253
Light 240
Maimoune 173, 214

POETRY—*continued.* PAGE
Masonic Hymn 549
Masonic Ode 156
Misery 288
Mr. Sprechelheimer's mistake . . 144
Not Knowing 350
O Lady Fair 403
Only a Rose 124
Reconciled 392
Shakespeare: Sonnets . . 30, 384
Solomon 66
Sonnet . . 1, 97, 169, 210, 298, 433
Summer 12
The Chamber of Imagery . . . 490
„ Death of Alexander . . . 102
„ Other side 203
„ Shadows of Evening . . . 199
„ Three Great Lights of Masonry . 432
„ True Freemason 20
„ True Mason 163, 505
„ Tryst 127
Time's Flight 370
To Brother S. B. Ellis, W.M., Sheffield 145
To our next Happy Meeting . . 428
Upbraid me not 109
What Matter? 445
Winter 366
Women's Rights and Women's Work . 603
Work of the Craft 193
Wounded 450
Yearnings 49
1877 and 1878 340

Reaching after the Unattainable . . 305
Reviews . . . 41, 90, 217, 306, 415, 611

Scot Abroad, The 554
Shirts and Collars 37
Some Original Letters 220
St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter, Boston, U.S.A. 341

T. Ch. Baron Zedlitz 596
The Adventures of Don Pasquale— 13, 59, 110, 156, 200, 281, 344, 393, 446, 491, 537, 587
„ Bible, its Authority 146
„ History of Education 26
„ Inconclusiveness and Aberrations of Scientific Teachers . . . 330
„ Late Prince Consort 346
„ Map of Europe in 1877 . . . 327
„ Masonic Language of Flowers . . 164
„ Origin and References of the Hermesian Spurious Freemasonry—79, 186, 194, 338, 422, 463, 557, 615
„ Poetic Interpretation of Nature . . 309
„ Pope and Mediæval Freemasons . . 69

PAGE

The Proposed Spelling Reform . . . 303
„ Scot Abroad 554
„ True History of Freemasonry in England 351, 404, 470, 525
„ Vista of Life 136
„ Work of Nature in the Months—31, 62, 159, 203, 269, 355, 398, 451, 498, 540, 589
„ Zend Avesta and Masonry . . . 170
Time and Patience 58, 106
Tom Hood 21, 75, 132, 171
Tramcars and Omnibuses 16
Trip to Dai-Butsu, A 67

Uncle Charles's Story 293

"Vale Pontifex Maxime!" 510
Vista of Life, The 136

What is the Good of Freemasonry? . . 114
Wonders of Operative Masonry . 18, 56, 152
Work of Nature in the Months, The—31, 62, 106, 159, 203, 269, 355, 398, 451, 498, 540, 589

PAGE

Ye Historie of ye Orygynal Knyght of ye Goose wyth hys Deedes of Darynge and Fayre Rewarde by ye Kyng Rufus . 322

Zend Avesta and Masonry 170

ENGRAVINGS:

Shirts and Collars . . 38, 39, 40
A Trip to Dai-Butsu 68, 69
Contemporary Letters on the French Revolution 128, 130
Hall of the Brotherhood of the Holy Trinity—176
Capt. N. G. Philips, S.G.D. . . 241
Old Buildings in Fleet Street . . 243
Cloisters of Monastry of Santa Maria Belem—277
Cloisters of Belem Monastry . . 278
Belem Castle 279
Reaching after the Unattainable . . 305
An Hermetic Work 386, 387, 390, 391
Silver Jewel of the Shamrock Lodge . 439

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

FREEMASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

No. 49.—Vol. V. JULY, 1877. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

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We have little to report, or to note, except that the last Quarterly Communication was one of the most interesting we have had for some time. All our brethren will be pleased to peruse the admirable remarks of Lord Donoughmore, and the important details of Bro. J. M. Clabon's seasonable address.

Our Lodges are rapidly increasing; we are close upon, if we have not already exceeded, 1,700; and, if the present rate continues, the end of 1877 will behold us rapidly nearing to 1,800.

We do not take the alarmist views of some good brethren in respect of this great increase, (but then Bro. Peter Grievous likes to air always his jeremiades,) and we are neither optimists nor pessimists. Like Mr. Samuel Weller we "likes to eat our melting pears," we "asks no names," and we "gets on pretty well." The true philosophy, be it observed, of human life!

Some of our brethren seem fond of going before the law courts just now, and we hope that they will attend to the sage and seasonable reproof of Mr. Justice Field. It is becoming a great disgrace to us all, and a complete burlesque on our Masonic professions.—See the *Freemason* of June 23. In the *Monde Maçonnique*, for June, there is a very remarkable letter from a French Brother in London, which also appeared in the *Freemason* for June 23, and which confirms entirely our view of the insane struggle into which French Freemasonry has been plunged by an intolerant minority, and of the abnormal position it will inevitably be placed in, if this revolution and this "Coup des libres penseurs" are permitted to get the upper hand.

We still cling to the hope that the good sense of the majority of French Freemasons will refuse to allow Freemasonry to be drawn behind the car of irreligion and revolution.

Freemasonry has nothing to do with politics or religious contests, and the sooner the French and Belgian Freemasons well learn this fundamental truth of all cosmopolitan and true Freemasonry, the better it will be for Masonry in General, and the French and Belgian Lodges in particular.

SONNET.

ON OUR "LITERARY NEW YEAR," JULY, 1877.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

COMMENCING WITH THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE "MASONIC MAGAZINE."

In ev'ry scene, from vale to mountain-glen,
Now flow'rs and blossoms, full of promise, glow—
As fair as flow'rs—for glad July doth show
The brightness of her flushing features, when
With this month's hues of beauty smiles again
Our literary new year—to all, not so—
For "Lodges"—are there not?—alas! too slow,
Who "all too dear," our monthly "Maga's" pen
At "sixpence" hold;—some, if I ween aright,
Who ne'er have learn'd intelligently t'explore
Its monthly lucubrations with delight?—
Nor heed Masonic Bounty's gen'ral store
Be 'pov'rish'd by a miserable mite,
Monthly reserv'd to aid Masonic lore.

HISTORY OF THE "PRINCE OF WALES LODGE."

ROYALTY AND FREEMASONRY.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

From the "Voice of Masonry."

AUGUST 20th, 1787, a warrant was granted to the Rt. Hon. Colonel Samuel Hulse as W.M.; the Hon. H. T. R. Stanhope, as S.W.; Colonel G. Lake, as J.W.; and Bartholomew Ruspini and the Rev. W. Peters, to hold a Lodge, to be called "The Prince of Wales Lodge," to consist wholly of those "who were honoured with appointments under His Royal Highness, or men firmly attached to his person and interests." The members to whom the dispensation was granted (dated early in the same year), assembled on the 16th April for Masonic business, and ranked as follows: Lewis Weltze, Chevalier Ruspini, Rev. W. Peters (first Secretary), James Farmer, and James Bottomley. The list of members, however, commences with the name of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, accepted as a joining member on the same day. On July 12th Colonel Hulse was elected a joining member, and the two Wardens on August 28th. The first meeting of the Lodge subsequent to the real warrant, was called on December 17th, for the initiation of Sir W. Addington, Bart., upwards of twenty-eight years a magistrate at Bow Street, London. Under such distinguished patronage, it will readily be supposed, the Lodge prospered very rapidly and permanently. No history, however, of its proceedings has been written until now, when the energetic Secretary, Bro. Thomas Fenn, P.M., etc., has issued an account of its chief transactions for nearly a century, in a handsome and most interesting form. Being published *privately*, few beyond the threshold of the Lodge will be any wiser as to its internal history, unless some one (favoured with a copy and possessing peculiar facilities for the work), reproduces its special features in a widely-circulated Masonic magazine. We are enabled to discharge this duty, and enjoying as we do the valued assistance of the author, having also access to many documents rarely accessible to the Masonic student, we hope to succeed in our self-imposed labours.

First, a word as to Bro. Fenn. As Master of the Prince of Wales Lodge for 1868 and 1869, and Assistant Grand Director of Ceremonies in the Grand Lodge of England from 1864 to 1869, few brethren are better known, and none so competent to deal with its history, by reason of his acquaintance with its records, and personal knowledge of its members. Before leaving this part of our subject, we must not forget to state that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was graciously pleased to appoint Bro. Fenn to the rank of Past Senior Grand Deacon of Grand Lodge, in recognition of his most competent services as Assistant G. Director of Ceremonies on his Royal Highness' installation as M.W.G.M., at the Royal Albert Hall, on the 28th April, 1875.

The proceedings of the Lodge furnish a very direct denial to the charge that Freemasonry is of a revolutionary and irreligious character, for unless we suppose that "Princes of the Blood Royal" would conspire together to dethrone themselves, and clergymen assemble to promote opposition to Christianity, or religion generally, the records prove that Freemasonry is loyal and charitable, and numbers on its rolls many brethren of the classes we have named as its most distinguished and honoured members. We will just glance at the princes who have been or are connected with the Society in England:—

1.—Frederick Lewis, XXII., Prince of Wales, and Heir Apparent of King George II. (created P. of W. 8th Jan., 1729), was initiated and passed on the 5th Nov., 1737, at an occasional Lodge convened for the purpose at the Palace of Kew, the learned Dr. Desaguliers, F.R.S., etc., officiating as W.M., and at another assembly under similar auspices, was raised to the Third Degree. The second edition of the "Book of Constitutions" was dedicated to H.R.H. by the Rev. James Anderson, D.D. Beyond that we fail to trace aught noteworthy in H.R.H.'s Masonic career, which, alas, was soon terminated by the iron hand of death!

2.—The author of "Multa Paucis" states that his Royal Brother William, Duke of Cumberland, was likewise initiated

in 1743. If correct, the fact was overlooked by Preston.

3.—An "occasional lodge" was formed at the Horn Tavern, Westminster, in which H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester was initiated on the 16th February, 1766, Lord Blaney, M.W.G.M., being the W.M. who presided, and who was most active in the discharge of his duties.

4.—H.R.H. the Duke of York was admitted into the mysteries and privileges of Freemasonry while abroad during the same year (1766), but exactly when and how we cannot find in our notes.

5.—In 1767, H.R.H. Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, was received as a member of our ancient and honourable Society, at an emergent Lodge convened at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James Street, London, under the Mastership (pro tempore) of Colonel Salter, the then Deputy Grand Master of England. H.R.H. was Grand Master from 1782 to 1790. (In consequence of these three princes, brothers of His Majesty George III., becoming Freemasons, it was resolved by the members of the Grand Lodge on the 15th April, 1767, "That each of their Royal Highnesses be presented with an apron, lined with blue silk, and that in all future processions they do rank as Past Grand Masters, next to the Grand Officers, for the time being.")

6.—H.R.H. William Henry, Duke of Clarence, when Lord High Admiral, was initiated in the "Prince George Lodge," since defunct, at Plymouth, on the 9th March, 1786, whilst sojourning in that neighbourhood. By the decease of George IV., His Royal Highness became His Majesty William IV., in 1830, and before then acted as Deputy Grand Master of England.

7.—On the 6th February, 1787, H.R.H. George Augustus Frederick, XXII., Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), was was made a Mason at still another occasional Lodge, convened at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall, under the auspices of H.R.H. Duke of Cumberland, M.W.G.M., who acted as W.M.; H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was Grand Master in succession to H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, from 1791 to 1812, when on assuming the dignity of Regent, the office was considered vacant, and H.R.H. became Patron. As George IV. His Majesty accepted the title of Grand Patron from 1820, and a similar honour was conferred upon the Fraternity by His Majesty William IV. graciously continuing the same title, as also did H.R.H. Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales, until his election as M.W.G.M., in 1874.

8.—The Brittanic Lodge (now No. 33), is the only Lodge which has had the honour of initiating two members of the Royal Family into Freemasonry. H.R.H. Frederick Duke of York was admitted in due form therein on the 21st November, 1787, and at the Grand Lodge held on the 28th of the same month, the pleasing event was communicated to the Craft, when a similar presentation and position were conferred on H.R.H. to those already noted, and likewise on the following Princes, most of whom joined the "Prince of Wales" Lodge.

9.—On the 10th February, 1790, it was stated in Grand Lodge that H.R.H. Edward, Duke of Kent, had been regularly initiated into Masonry, in the Union Lodge at Geneva. Few Princes have done more for the Craft than this Royal Brother, for to him, as M.W.G.M., of the "ancients" (for the month of December only, 1813), we are much indebted for the blessed union of the two Grand Lodges, but especially so to our next royal notice.

10.—H.R.H. Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, was admitted a member of the "mystic tie" in a Lodge at Berlin, 1790—probably 1798—and certainly for appreciation of the principles of Freemasonry, a ruler of the Craft, and for many years its most distinguished exponent, H.R.H. was the Prince of Masonic Princes. As Deputy Grand Master in 1812, and M.W.G.M. from 1813 to 1842, it is simply impossible to adequately describe a tithe of the numerous fraternal deeds of that truly Royal Brother.

11.—H. R. H. William, Duke of Gloucester, "first saw the light" before the Pedestal of the W.M. of the Brittanic Lodge, on the 12th of May, 1795; the Earl of Moira (afterwards the Marquis of Hastings), acting Grand Master, being the holder of the gavel on that occasion.

12.—The King of Hanover (then Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland) was the

last member of the "House of Hanover" who joined the Craft during the last century, viz., 1796.

13.—H.R.H. Albert Edward, XXIII. Prince of Wales, was initiated at Stockholm by His Majesty the King of Sweden, in the year 1868, and subsequently joined the various degrees of what is known as the "Swedish Rite;" thus making the third Prince of Wales, within a century and a half, who has been content for a time to "figuratively represent a seeming state of poverty," and learn the lesson of charity so aptly taught in our Masonic ceremonies. In 1870 the rank of Past Grand Master was conferred —according to custom—on His Royal Highness; and on the 28th of April, 1875 (as we all rejoice to remember, who took part in that grand assembly), the "Heir Apparent" to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland was installed, in the Royal Albert Hall, London, by the Pro-Grand Master, the Earl of Carnarvon, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England, the oldest and largest Grand Lodge in the world! After all, what could possibly have been better for the real interests of the Fraternity than the resignation of the Marquis of Ripon, as M.W.G.M.—much as we regretted the event—and the succession of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales? We merely stop now to say that H.R.H. as W.M. of the "Apollo University Lodge," Oxford, the "Royal Alpha Lodge," and, lastly, of the "Prince of Wales Lodge" from 1874 (and we hope for many years to come), has exhibited, in a marked degree, his preference for the science and art of Freemasonry. Long may the Craft flourish under his Royal sway!

14.—H.R.H. Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, was received as an Entered Apprentice, under the Mastership of his brother, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in the Lodge of the "Prince of Wales," on March 24th, 1874, and in the presence of the M.W.G.M. the Marquis of Ripon, and other Grand Officers. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught received the Second Degree on the 28th of April in the same year, and became a Master Mason a year afterwards (27th of April).

15.—H.R.H. Leopold George Duncan Albert (Prince Leopold), the youngest Prince of the United Kingdom, became a student of Freemasonry on entering the "Apollo University Lodge," Oxford, on the 1st of May, 1874, and subsequently as W.M. of that Lodge (1876), and now as Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire, has taken a lively interest in the welfare of the Craft, subject, alas, to occasional drawbacks from weakness of health.

For "fifteen Princes" of Great Britain and Ireland, from 1737 to 1874, to have been candidates for the mysteries and privileges of Antient Free and Accepted Freemasonry, and, what is more, to have generally taken an active part in the official and ceremonial observances of the Craft, renders any further attempt to defend our time-honoured Society from the attacks of bigots and fanatics wholly superfluous.

H.R.H. George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George the IV.), was Master of the Prince of Wales Lodge from 1787 until 1820, the Deputy Master throughout that period being Sir Samuel Hulse. The "Constitutions" provide that, on a Prince of the Royal blood becoming the W.M. of a Lodge, a Deputy Master shall be appointed who can officiate as W.M., and when out of office has all the privileges of a P.M. The same law prevails in England with respect to the Pro-Grand Master, who is appointed whenever a Royal brother is elected M.W.G.M. The title formerly was Acting Grand Master. Colonel the Right Hon. Samuel Hulse, who was subsequently made a Knight, entered the Foot Guards in 1761, commanded the 1st battalion of his regiment at the siege of Valenciennes, and served during the rebellion in Ireland. In 1789 he received the rank of Lieutenant General, and in 1803 that of General. He was engaged in the expedition to the Helder, and in 1820 became Governor of Chelsea Hospital. Seven years before his decease he was promoted to the rank of Field Marshal, and during his eventful career held various offices in the Royal Household. Our distinguished brother was Provincial Grand Master of Surrey, and apparently, also, of Kent (in 1815), and a warm supporter of the Prince of Wales Lodge, of which he was first D.M. The Chevalier Bartholomew Ruspini, Dentist to the Prince of Wales, was most remarkable for his generosity and benevolence,

and to him we are indebted for the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls in the year 1788. Bro Fenn thinks it probable that the Lodge was formed by his suggestion—at all events, he was its firm friend, having been Treasurer until his death, in 1814, a period of twenty-seven years. He was appointed Grand Sword Bearer in 1791, and reappointed until 1813, and of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter Bro. Ruspini was Third Grand Principal in 1778, and one of its chief adherents. The first secretary of the Lodge was the Rev. William Peters, who was the first and only brother who held the office of Grand Portrait Painter of the Grand Lodge from the 23d of November, 1783 to 1813. The creation of the office was due to the Duke of Manchester, at whose request the honor was conferred on the Rev. William Peters, "in testimony of the services which he had rendered to the society by his elegant present of the portrait of Lord Petre" * (a distinguished Past Grand Master, and Roman Catholic). Bro. Peters was also Provincial Grand Master of Lincolnshire, the Grand Sword Bearer of the Grand Lodge from 1778 to 1785, and 1788—90. Bro. James Bottomley was another of the original members, and a well known member in the Grand Lodge. Colonel Lake, who served his country many years most faithfully as a soldier, joined the Lodge August 28th, 1787, whilst under a dispensation. Bro. Fenn tells us, in a racy sketch of his career, that "Viscount Lake, born in 1744, served in Germany during the seven years' war; in 1771 he was in America, under Lord Cornwallis, where he signalized himself at the siege of New York, and in 1793 he went to Holland with the Duke of York, to command the 1st brigade of Guards, and was in several engagements. In 1798, having attained the rank of General, he had the chief command in Ireland during the rebellion, and in 1800 was nominated Commander-in-chief of the British forces in India. In September, 1803, he gained the victory over Scindiah, the Maharatta chief, and the French General Perron, on the Plain of Delhi." He was created Viscount Lake in 1807, and died the year afterward. He was the first J.W. of the Prince of Wales Lodge.

* "Preston's Illustrations," Spencer's Edition, 1861, p. 229.

Thomas Dunckerley joined Feb. 18th, 1788, and though not one of the first batch of members, we cannot forbear presenting a short sketch of his career, strange and eventful as it was. Although for a time in most humble circumstances, and serving in the navy as a common sailor, on the death of his mother it transpired that he was the natural son of George the Second, and was acknowledged accordingly by His Majesty George III., who assigned to him a pension and apartments in Hampton Court Palace. He was a most enthusiastic Mason, and his most valuable services on behalf of the ritual and lectures received recognition from the M.W.G.M. in an unusual manner, having been appointed to the rank and privilege of a Past Senior Grand Warden, without serving the office, and he subsequently held the position of Provincial Grand Master for the counties of Hampshire, Essex and five others. In Royal Arch Masonry he was a most energetic companion, and was superintendent of these Provinces and others as also "Past Grand Master Z." of the Grand Chapter. He died at Portsmouth, 1795,

H.R.H. Frederick, Duke of York, joined April 20th, 1789, "on the proposition of the W.M. (his brother), seconded by the whole Lodge, and admitted with three huzzas." H.R.H. was W.M. of the Lodge from 1820 to 1827. The Deputy Masters for that period were Sir Harry Verelst Darrell (1821), Lord Dundas (afterwards Earl of Zetland and Pro. Grand Master), Sir Frederick Fowke, and two others.

H.R.H. William Henry, Duke of Clarence, joined May 30th, 1789, and was J.W. 1792. In 1827 he was elected W.M. and continued in that office until 1830.

H.R.H. Duke of Sussex, succeeded and acted as W.M. from 1830 to 1843, having a brilliant galaxy of Deputy Masters from year to year to assist him in the duties of the Lodge, during which period he was also M.W.G.M. In 1837 to 1839, the Hon. Thomas Dundas, afterwards Earl of Zetland, was Deputy Master, and succeeded H.R.H., as M.W.G.M. of England. His Lordship was also for many years Provincial Grand Master of the Province of North and East Yorkshire, and was succeeded on his decease by the present Earl of Zetland, who is also a member of the

Lodge. Sir David Pollock, D.M., 1833–4, was S.G.W. of England in 1834, and in 1846 was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Bombay. Thomas Field Savory, who was a Grand Deacon, acted as D.M. the two years following. From 1839 to 1840, Kenyon Stephens Parker was D.M., and was a S.G.D. of the G.L. in 1840. Philip Hardwick, R.A., F.R.S., etc., was the last Deputy Master having served for 1842—3. He was a Vice-President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and in many respects a remarkable man and Mason. The Freemasons' Girls' School was built from his design, and he was also Grand Superintendent of Works for the Grand Lodge. Bro. Fenn states that his principal works are the Hall of the Goldsmith's Company and the entrance of the Euston Square Station. Then follows an interregnum (so to speak) of 33 years, during which there were no Deputy Masters, the W.M.'s not being "Princes of the blood royal."

The first W.M. after the decease of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, M.W.G.M. (the W.M.), was L. C. Humphrey, J.G.W. of the G.L. in 1846, and Prov. Grand Master of Kent. The second W.M. was Thomas Henry Hall, who joined in 1842, and was Grand Registrar of the G.L. in the same year. Bro. Hall was Provincial Grand Master of Cambridgeshire for very many years, and was much respected. The W.M. of 1849 was the well known Dr. Henry Beaumont Leeson, who was the Grand Commander of the "Ancient and Accepted Rite" for England and Wales until recently, and had scarcely an equal in his time for a general knowledge of the "hautes grades." He was in fact the Albert Pike of Great Britain, and a favorite with all classes. We remember him well, having received several degrees of that Rite from him at a special convocation.

William Cubit, who followed Dr. Leeson as W.M. was Lord Mayor of London, 1860 and 1861. The next year William F. Beadon, one of the stipendiary magistrates of Middlesex, occupied the chair. He joined in 1845, and was J.G.W. of the G.L. in 1849. Frederick Dundas, M.P., who succeeded, was S.G.W. in 1849, and Thomas Jones, Q.C., the W.M. in the two following years, viz., 1854-55, was S.G.D. in 1856. The W.M. for the years 1857 and 1858 was Robert Warner Wheeler, J.G.D. of the G.L. in 1860, and James Merryweather, who was elected as Master in 1859 and 1860, was appointed to the same office in Grand Lodge as his predecessor, in 1865. William Simpson occupied the chair of K.S. in 1862 and 1863, and was J.G.D. for the year 1863; similar honors being conferred upon Edward Barker Sutton by the Lodge in 1864 and 1865, and by the Grand Lodge in 1870. The present Treasurer, Francis Robinson, was W.M. in 1866 and 1867, and the present Secretary as we have already stated, was W.M. in the two succeeding years. Brother Fenn having occupied the chair when several distinguished Masons became joining members, such as Lord Lindsay, the ardent astronomer, S.G.W. of G.L. in 1871; Rev. Arthur Bruce Frazer, Grand Chaplain (1872); the present Earl of Zetland, Prov. G.M., Yorkshire, N. and E.; James Ashbury, M.P.; the Hon. Henry Lowry Corry, Lord de Clifford, and Colonel the Hon. Somerset J. Gough Calthorpe. George Plumcknett, the last W.M. (as a commoner) was S.G.D. in 1864.

H.R.H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales on assuming the Mastership, and having been installed by the Right Hon. the Earl of Limerick (Prov. G.M. of Bristol), was presented with an address by the Lodge, signed by the Master and Wardens, wherein the facts of the history of the Prince of Wales Lodge, under the patronage of Royalty, were graphically described, no less than four Princes having occupied the chair in times gone by, and it was also stated in the same document that "Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, has herself given public proof of her confidence in the principles of the Craft by extending to it the prestige of her name as patron of one of those flourishing educational institutions, of which the Freemasons of England are justly proud." The Prince of Wales in reply, made quite a long speech, the gist of it being as follows, viz., that "He quite agreed with that portion of the address which referred to the close connection between the Throne and the Craft, and felt assured that as long as Freemasonry remained true to the principles of religion, and loyal to the throne, so long would it continue to flourish, which he sincerely hoped would be for ever."

H.R.H. appointed Robert Gray as his Deputy Master in 1874 and 1875, who was invested as J.G.D. in 1875.

We must remark here that it should be remembered that these Deputy Masters, or W.M's., have generally served as W.M. of one or more lodges before assuming the chair of the Prince of Wales Lodge, there being no limit to the number of lodges a brother may join and subscribe to, and it is usual for long service, in younger or less distinguished lodges, to be the *sine qua non* for admission, even as a joining member in the old and especially select lodges of London, membership of such proving a reward for the attention to Masonic studies and labours on behalf of our charities, the Mastership or Deputy Mastership being the crowning appreciative act of the Lodge, when members have particularly signalized themselves in the ceremonies and duties of the Craft.

On January 20th, 1791, General William Augustus Bowles, chief of the Creek Nation, was elected an honorary member of the Lodge. It seems he was one of the leaders of the Creek Indians, and commanded the Creeks when they assisted the British at Pensacola, in 1780. After a roving life, subsequently, he visited England in 1790-1, and on his return to to America, he became commander-in-chief of the tribe. He ended his days, however, in prison, having been captured by the Spaniards. In the Calendar for 1793, we find that this noted American was then acting as Provincial Grand Master of the Creek, Cherokee, Chickasaw, and Choctaw Nations, on behalf of the Grand Lodge of England.

General Sir John Doyle, Bart., G.C.B., who was D.M. in 1822-4, was an enthusiastic Mason and Provincial Grand Master of Guernsey, Jersey, etc., and one of the founders of a lodge in those islands. He served with distinction throughout the "American War," and afterwards on the Continent under H.R.H. the Duke of York, and in Egypt, not escaping, however, without severe wounds, "though covered with glory." George Corry, who joined in 1797, was J.G.W. of the G.L. in 1795, and on February 21st, 1800, the Lodge received as a member General Paoli, the celebrated Corsican Patriot. The Earl of Wigtown joined on July 16th (1800), at which meeting H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex was present, and the latter joined at the following meeting, in accordance with the By-Law, which provided that any brother must visit the Lodge once prior to his election as a member. A similar rule prevailed as to the candidates for initiation, but we presume the latter must have referred simply to an introduction to the members in the ante-room. The visitation, however, was compulsory, and the minutes in some cases actually record such instances. It is a good practical common sense law, which requires the attendance of a member of the Fraternity at the Lodge as a visitor, prior to his being proposed as a joining member, for it enables the brethren to judge of his character, appearance, etc., for themselves.

The Lodge elected the Earl of Mountnorris, a joining member on June 19th, 1800. His Lordship was Provincial Grand Master for Huntingdonshire. The office of Prov. Grand Master in Great Britain and Ireland is somewhat on a par with that of a District Deputy Grand Master in the United States, only that the former appoints a series of officers in his Province, and within his jurisdiction has nearly all the privileges of a M. W.G.M. The office ranks immediately after D.G.M. Edward David Batson, who joined at the next meeting, was S.G.W. of England during the same year. Waller Rodwell Wright, elected as a joining member during the same evening, was one of the most zealous Freemasons of about three quarters of a century ago, and was especially distinguished as one of the most prominent members of the Red Cross of Rome and Constantine, subsequently presided over by H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex. He was also Provincial Grand Master of the Ionian Isles, and the Grand Chapter of England voted £300 for the purchase of plate in testimony of his worth, prior to his leaving England. During the Mastership of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, a valedictory address was voted to Bro. Waller Rodwell Wright, who had been the working Master of the Lodge for some years, in which the following passage occurs: "We know not where to look for your equal in the united character of a poet and a Mason." This was on March 18th, 1814, and was doubtless presented

in consequence of his leaving for abroad. John Hunter, who joined during the same year (1810), was S.G.W. in 1797. George Cory became a member Feb. 17th, 1797, and was the J.G.W. two years earlier. Arthur Gore joined some six years later, and was S.G.W. the same year that Bro. Hunter received his Grand Lodge honours.

In 1805 (March 15th), the Rev. Lucius Coghlan, D.D., joined the Lodge, H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, M.W.G.M., being in the chair. Dr. Coghlan's name is never likely to die out in Freemasonry, as he was the acting Grand Chaplain at the Union of the "Moderns" and "Ancients" (or the Regular and Seceding Masons) in Dec. 1813, having been Grand Chaplain in the Regular Grand Lodge previously. At this period (1805) there were forty-three members on the lodge-roll; sixty-four was the maximum number allowed by the By-Laws.

Herbert Compton, elected a joining member, Jan. 17th, 1806, was a Grand Warden in 1809, apparently in succession to one of the Grand Wardens who had died in office. "At this meeting the Prince of Wales was declared to be ever presiding as Master." In addition to a Deputy Master, an Acting Master and acting Wardens were appointed, the S.W. and J.W. respectively being H.R.H. the Duke of York, and H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence (King William IV.) Prince Marsico, better known as the Prince of Moliterno, was accepted a joining member Jan. 16th, 1807. Bro. Fenn states of him that "He fought in the Austrian army against the French with great distinction." He failed to free his country from the French yoke, and died 1840. Sir William Beechy, a portrait painter of celebrity, joined Nov. 20th of the same year. "His first portrait exhibited at the Royal Academy, was that of the Chevalier Ruspini. He painted the large portrait composition of George the Third, with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, reviewing the 5th and 10th Dragoons, which is now in Hampton Court Palace, and is esteemed one of his best works. He became R.A. in 1797, and was knighted the same year." The Rev. George Henry Glasse was initiated in the Lodge May 20th, 1808. He was a classical scholar of repute, and Chaplain to the Duke of Cambridge. "He died by his own hand in 1809." Charles Mathews was elected June 17th, 1808 (Hon. member Second Class). He was the son of a bookseller, and was educated at Merchant Tailors' School, subsequently apprenticed to his father's business. The stage, however, proving more attractive, he joined a provincial company for a time, but the great versatility of his talent soon placed him at the head of his profession. For the last sixteen years of his life he entertained large audiences by his single efforts in "Mathews at Home." Charles James Mathews joined Feb. 15th, 1833. He married Madame Vestris in 1838, and became with her joint lessee of the Olympic Theatre He is the author of many successful pieces chiefly adapted from the French. He can perform as fluently in the French language as in the English, and has appeared on many occasions in the theatres of Paris. On April 19th, 1833, Charles Mathews (the elder) and Charles James Mathews were present together in the Lodge. Lord Roebeck and William Henry White, were elected members in 1809 (March 17th), the former being initiated then. Bro. White was for many years Grand Secretary in succession to his father, William White, and officiated in that capacity at the "Union" of 1813. Sir Alexander Johnstone (Chief Justice of Ceylon) was initiated April 13th, 1810.

There were but few initiations in the Lodge, the members accepted being in reality, in most cases, brethren well known and respected in the Craft years prior to such election. The Chief Justice, in fact, making but the twenty-eighth initiate since the constitution of the Lodge, although upwards of eighty joining members were received during the same period.

George Canning, Prime Minister of England, 1827 (Foreign Secretary under the Duke of Portland, 1807, and Earl of Liverpool, 1812), was elected a joining member at the same meeting as the brother previously noticed. "He became a member of the Lodge the year after his duel with Lord Castlereagh, in which he was wounded in the thigh." George Canning was initiated in the Somerset Lodge, according to Dr. Oliver, in 1810, by the Earl of Mountnorris, W.M., who had pro-

posed him. Lord Hawke and Colonel O'Kelly joined June 21st, 1811. Sir Frederick Gustavus Fowke was initiated February 9th, 1813. He was the J.G.D. in 1816, and the S.G.W. in 1821. He was also President of the first Board of Grand Stewards (appointed May 29th, 1815) of the "United Grand Lodge." *The Gentleman's Magazine* thus describes him: "Naturally generous and social, possessing more than a fair share of talents and accomplishments, a humourist, a musician, a ready rhymster, handsome in face and in person, affable, courteous, and prepossessing in demeanour, young Frederick Fowke became a universal favourite. His sobriquet of "Fred Fun," given to him by the Prince Regent, best expresses the idea his associates formed of him. He was Provincial Grand Master of Leicestershire from 1851 to 1856.

Captain Frederick Andre, who was initiated and passed May 19th, 1814, was raised the following day. This is the only instance of such rapid advancement, in the records, and was doubtless, due to most exceptionable circumstances. Soon afterwards, however, it was made illegal so to do, and we do not at the present time, know of a Grand Lodge that would tolerate such hasty work, save Scotland. March 18th, 1815, it was resolved that the Lodge should meet in the afternoons, earlier than usual, "for the purpose of being instructed in Masonry, under the orders of the Grand Lodge." This resolution was in consequence of the "Lodge of Reconciliation," which was formed to secure uniformity of working in the United Grand Lodge, and a most excellent plan it was.

The Lodge was constituted a "Red Apron Lodge," by order of the M.W.G.M. the Duke of Sussex, and Bro. Linley was the first Grand Steward (joined December 18th, 1807). There were peculiar privileges attached to the office of Grand Steward. Apart from the "Red" Clothing, because of which it was termed by that title, Grand Stewards had the sole privilege of joining the Grand Stewards' Lodge, chartered in 1735, which is placed at the head of the Roll of Lodges without a number, but does no Masonic work, save as to charity, etc. From the Grand Stewards formerly, the Grand Officers were selected. Before the "Union," the regular Grand Lodge appointed, through the twelve Lodges selected for the purpose, twelve Stewards. The number in 1816 was increased to eighteen Lodges and eighteen Stewards, hence the addition, and the choice of the Prince of Wales Lodge, it not having been previously so distinguished. Some have thought there were no "Red Apron Lodges," prior to the "Union of 1813," but that is a mistake, as we have a list of such in 1798, copied from "Browne's Master Key" of that year, as follows:

(Now)	No.		
4	2	Somerset House Lodge,	3 G. Stewards
21	12	Lodge of Emulation,	1 „
23	14	Globe Lodge,	1 „
28	21	Old King's Arms,	1 „
29	22	St. Alban's Lodge,	1 „
Extinct	26	Corner Lodge,	1 „
91	117	Lodge of Regularity,	1 „
108	142	London,	1 „

The Rev. Samuel S. Colman, Prov. G.M. of Norfolk, was elected a member of the Lodge, May 17th; Sir Henry Wrighte Wilson May 22nd; Major-General Campbell Callander, December 20th; as also Colonel the Honourable Henry Caulfield, in the year 1816, and Sir Henry V. Darell, Bart., Sir George Alderson (Sheriff of London), and Sir Henry Thompson, were admitted directly afterwards. Sir John Scott Lillie, C.B., who served in the Peninsular war under the Duke of Wellington, and distinguished himself at Salamanca, joined the Lodge January 17th, 1823, and Sir George Naylor, Garter (Grand Director of Ceremonies at the Union of the two Grand Lodges) was accepted in May of this same year. Whilst noting the admission of this distinguished "King of Arms," we may as well also record the fact that the present "Garter King of Arms," Sir Albert William Woods, an old and universally respected member of the Craft, joined the Lodge April 18th, 1874. "Bro Sir Albert Woods" (as he is so well known in Masonic circles), is one of the most prominent Masons in the Grand Lodge, and has been Grand Director of Ceremonies in succession to his father for many years. His services have been so important on behalf of the Craft that at the installation of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as M.W.G.M., Bro. Woods was appointed to the rank of a Past Grand Warden, for upon him and Bro.

Fenn the chief burden of the arrangements in the Albert Hall had fallen, and nobly was the duty discharged. John Nelson, who died in 1872, joined the Lodge June 20th, 1823, and was Treasurer for a period of thirty years. He was the S.G. Deacon of the Grand Lodge in 1849, and well deserved the honour. Edwards Harper, who joined Jan. 16th, 1824, was joint Grand Secretary of the United Grand Lodge, with Bro. William Henry White. He also acted as Secretary of this Lodge, and formerly was connected with the "Athol Grand Lodge." His attention to his duties as Grand Secretary did not equal his partner, Bro. White. Sir William Rawlins, who was elected a joining member in 1825 (Jan 21st), was the S. Grand Warden in 1802, and during the same evening Augustus Bozzi Granville, M.D. (P.G.D. of England), was also elected. The latter was the Physician in Ordinary to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, (the W.M. from 1827 to 1830), and only "departed in peace" in the year 1872, though born at Milan in 1783. After his death was published, "The Autobiography of A.B. Granville, M.D., F.R.S.; being 88 years of the life of a physician who practiced his profession in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Spain, Portugal, the West Indies, Russia, Germany, France, and England." The former "Master in Chancery of the Supreme Court of Calcutta" (Edmund McNaghten) joined April 15th, 1825, and Lord Yarborough on May 20th, when the number was limited to sixty-four members. At the reception of two members June 17th, H.R.H. the Duke of York presided, and H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, M.W.G.M., was present, and a similar attendance was registered a few month's later. John Williams, the oldest member at present of the Lodge, joined Jan. 20th, 1826. He was made an honorary member in 1839, and now resides at Debden Hall, Essex. May he long "wear his honours." At the next meeting Philip Joseph Salamons was elected a joining member. He was a Grand Sword Bearer of England, an office which has rarely fallen to any but the most zealous Masons. Godfrey Higgins, the celebrated author of the "Anacalypsis," became a member Dec. 21st, 1827, and it was probably owing to his connection with this Lodge, and seeing more than usual of the M.W.G.M., that he was led to deliver certain MSS. into the care of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, which once belonged to the extinct "Grand Lodge of all England held at York." Some of these MSS. have since been returned to York by the Earl of Zetland as the M.W.G.M. During 1829, Colonel C. S. Fagan, C.B., and John P. Larkins, Prov. G.M. of Bengal, joined, and on March 16th, 1832, Lord Henry John Spencer Churchill (Junior Grand Warden) was elected as a joining member. The Rt. Hon. Lord Monson, Major Graham, and General Caulfield, C.B., were elected during the same year with several other brethren as joining members; Lord Saltoun and Abernethy being elected to that honour the year afterwards. The Earl of Yarborough, Deputy Grand Master 1846 to 1857 (previously Lord Worsley), was initiated Feb. 17th, 1837, and was Prov. G.M. of the Isle of Wight. The Rev. John Vane was also similarly received at the following meeting, and subsequently served in Grand Lodge as Grand Chaplain. The Grand Registrar of 1840, William Harrison, Q.C., joined as a member Jan. 19th, 1838; one year later the Lord Charles Fitzroy, M.P., was initiated, and on May 17th, the Hon John Charles Dundas, M.P., was likewise initiated. Frederick Dundas, also was initiated June 21st, 1844; was S.G.W. 1849. The Rev. Joseph Bowles, D.D., was initiated June 21st, 1844, and subsequently was appointed Prov. Grand Master of Hereford. Two months before this the Rev. John Charles Ridley joined the Lodge, who was Prov. Grand Master of Oxfordshire. Edward Hodges Bailey, R.A., who joined April 18th, 1845, was a pupil of Flaxman's. "His Eve at the Fountain was produced at the age of twenty-five, and was considered a work of unrivalled grace and beauty. The statue of the Duke of Sussex, in Freemasons' Hall, and the colossal statue of Nelson in Trafalgar Square, are also his works. Lord Francis Egerton (Earl of Ellesmere in 1846, became connected with the Lodge during the same year. "His lordship was Prov. G.M. of East Lancashire, was a Knight of the Garter, President of the Asiatic Society, and author of several works of merit. His gallery of pictures was considered the finest

private collection in the Kingdom." During the same year Sir William Napier, Baronet, and the Most Noble Henry, Duke of Beaufort, were elected joining members.

In the succeeding two years several members were added to the Roll, amongst whom we might mention Lord Rendlesham (an initiate), Lord Calthorpe and Sir Charles Fergusson Forbes, M.D., Lord Worsley (afterwards Earl of Yarborough), was initiated March 27th, 1860.

On March 24th, 1863, H.H. the Maharajah Duleep Singh, was elected as a member, and was passed and raised in this Lodge. This distinguished brother was appointed a P.S.G.W. of the Grand Lodge, A.D. 1864. Archibald Alexander Spiers, M.P., who was initiated in the Lodge on May 24th, was J.G.W. in 1867. He was Provincial Grand Master of Glasgow a little while before his decease in 1868, and much beloved. John Anthony Rucker, an energetic member of the "Mystic Tie," joined on April 29th, 1867, and was S.G.D. in 1874. Lord Lindsay joined Jan 28th, 1868. He was S.G.W. of England in 1871, and is still Provincial G.M. of Aberdeenshire West. At the same Lodge the Rev. Arthur Bruce Frazer was elected (Grand Chaplain in 1872). On May 25th, the Hon. Henry Lowry Corry and Baron de Clifford were initiated, and on May 24th of the following year Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild was permitted to "see the light" in the body of the Prince of Wales Lodge. Sir George Elliot, Baronet, M.P., joined April 25th, 1871, who is the newly appointed Provincial Grand Master of South Wales (E.D.), in succession to the lamented Bro. T. M. Talbot, and was formerly Deputy Prov. G.M. of Middlesex. At the same meeting Joseph Charles Parkinson (J.G.D. in 1874) was also elected a joining member.

The year 1872 (Jan. 29th), was rendered remarkable in the annals of the Lodge by the election of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as a member, when an address was presented to H.R.H. through the Earl of Zetland, then M.W.G.M., on the happy occasion of his recovery from a severe illness. During the same year the membership of the Lodge was added to by the election of Rear Admiral Selwyn, Lord Balfour, of Burleigh (S.G.W. in 1873), and others.

The year 1874 was rendered a "red letter" period, not only from the initiation of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, but also from the brilliant assemblage on that interesting occasion. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales occupied the chair, and was supported by the M.W.G.M. the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Carnarvon (the present Pro. Grand Master), the Grand Wardens, Grand Chaplain and other Grand Officers. The Marquis of Ripon soon afterwards resigned his connection with the Craft, and was succeeded by the Prince of Wales, Heir Apparent to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, so the only loser by the exchange has been the Marquis himself.

April 28th, 1874, the Earl of Onslow and Sir Albert William Woods, Garter, were elected joining members; and thus concludes our record of the distinguished Masons who grace the Lodge Roll.

We should like to have presented a few more extracts from Bro. Fenn's excellent work, but already our paper has extended beyond the ordinary limits, and our own additions to the various quotations from the work have occupied no inconsiderable space.

The frontispiece to the work is a reproduction by the heliotype process of an engraving of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (A.D. 1800), by the brother of the artist. Bro. Fenn states in a private letter to us, that the original was a water-colour painting by a Bro. Scott, artist of Brighton, and represents H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as M.W.G.M., sitting in open Lodge, "invested with the insignia of that ancient and honourable Order." We notice that on Nov. 19th, "a portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was presented to the Lodge by Bro. Corry." This may have been a copy of the same engraving, but the one herein alluded to is the property of Bro. Fenn.

Various presentations made to the Lodge from time to time, we have had to pass over, as also numerous addresses, ending with the last of the latter, which apparently concludes the history, viz., the address to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, on his happy return from India.

The members have had the permission

of the M.W.G.M. from the institution of the Lodge, to wear a "royal medal, having the Prince of Wales' plume and motto, 'Ich Dien,' within a garter, containing another well known motto, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,'" and from February 23rd, 1875, with the addition thereto "of a representation of the coronet of the Prince of Wales," which rests on the jewel proper. The numbers of the Lodge have been as follows: At its constitutions in 1787, it was 503. In A.D. 1792, it became 412. At the Union of A.D. 1813, it was altered to 493. In A.D. 1832, it was 324, and from A.D. 1863, it has been 259.

SUMMER.

BY BRO. JOHN SAFFERY.

In summer-time the songs of many birds,
Rejoicing loudly with their heartfelt joy,
Are borne upon the gentle gale, and fill
With pleasant sounds the perfume-laden air.
How sweet it is
To wander forth upon a summer's day
At early dawn, and looking to the *East*
From breezy downs with an expanding view
Of boundless sea and sky, behold the sun
Emerge from the horizon's depths and shed
A flood of orient light o'er all the scene.
How straight and short reflection's path
Across the rosy rippling sea doth seem;
'Tis but a fancied span from shore to sun.
The golden gates of heaven are centred in
The radiant orb methinks, and open wide
At dawn, to light and cheer the world, with rays
Celestial from the Mighty Throne of God.
The transient pictures made by passing ships,
That "Sailing o'er a summer's sea" like birds
With wings outstretched, give to the scene a touch,
A grace, enhanced by fleeting fleece-like clouds.
The sea-girt rocks along the coast complete
With rugged grandeur, clothed with verdant shrubs,
Delight the eye, and lead the observing mind
To contemplate with reverential awe
The splendid majesty of created things.
It is sublime, at noon, to climb the steep
And drink the senses full of soul-inspiring sights.
Below, in field and mead, the lowing herd
Refresh and feed among luxuriant grass,
And others, satisfied, have sought the hedge
To rest, and chew the cud, in grateful shade.
Away, far over dell and forest glade,
And range of distant hills, the sweet repose
Of hamlet, house, and cot, is undisturbed.
The scintillating river winds and flows,
And bears upon its silv'ry shining breast
The swan-like yachts, for pleasure sailing to
The ocean's path; all animated things
Discernible, appear to harmonize
And mingle with the landscape's perfect calm.
To gaze on such a scene, resplendent made
By solar light and warmth enquickening,
With joyous rapture fills the human heart.
And sweet it is
To stroll at eventide where wild flowers bloom
And scatter fragrant odours all around;
To watch the sun sink in the Western Deeps,
And tint with aureate red the white-flecked sky.
'Tis then the glory of departing day
A sense of sadness gives—foreshadowing
A Time when setting suns shall rise no more.
Fair Nature's charms, by land and sea and sky,
Exalt the soul, and to the "Still small voice"
Of man, e'en seem to say, "Prepare thyself
"By faith and Holy Love, for better things—
"The glory of a brighter world to come."
The balmy summer air with ozone charged,
Is life and health and happiness to us;
We breathe and live, and should have thankful hearts
For blessings well bestowed—Divinely given.
This is a world of joy, and wisely made,

With precious gifts endowed for sinful man,
That, living purely, he may pass this life
Bereft of care, contented with his lot.
The world, create, is perfect in each part,
And human misery but self-imposed.
The good and Godly praise their Heavenly King,
Extol His Works; and ever 'tis to them,
In summer-time, at morn, or noon, or night,
That earth and heav'n are one with glory bright.

Sheerness-on-Sea.

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THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER I.

"Ich traum als Kind mich zurücke,
Und schüttle mein greises Haupt!
Wie sucht ihr mich heim, ihr Bilder,
Die lang ich vergessen geglaubt?"

CHAMISSO.

As autobiography is, so to say, the "idea" of the hour, which seems most to interest the mind and affect the imagination, which appears most to "pay," I think it well to give to the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE some very remarkable personal papers, in the autobiographical line, which have lately fallen into my hands, for purely autobiographical purposes. Indeed, just now, everybody seems to wish to live over again "in print." What "our Thomas" did, and what our "Ellen" said, appear to interest greatly that "profanum vulgus," which revels in scandals and delights in mysteries; though why the lives and fortunes of Thomas Higginbotham and Ellen, (his lawful wife,) can concern any one, I cannot understand, as one should have been inclined to think "à priori," that they could hardly have a "scintilla" of interest, pleasure, or importance for any mortal being.

But in so saying or in so thinking, we should be undoubtedly quite wrong, as at this moment nothing is read so much, or is so lucrative "per se," as autobiography, whether of the great or humble. Whether it is we like—

"To be iniquitously just,
And rake up the ashes of the guilty dust,"

or whether it is only that we desire "pour passer le temps," to moralize over the weaknesses, and littlenesses, and "bassesse," even of our friend, is a moot question. Yes, I think it is a very difficult problem to solve, whether we desire most to "testify," or "take the high moral line," to strip off the "iron mask," or to penetrate into the "aporreta" of domes tic life,whenwe thus give up our "days and nights" to the study of "autobiography."

It is, in my opinion, a very vicious taste at the best, and one that will not last very long. But here it is, and my readers and myself must yield to it for the nonce, as it would never do to be "out of the fashion."

Perhaps, if one seeks, as one always should do, to take a philosophical view of things, much of this love of the "autobiographical line" may be traced to a desire for historical accuracy and statistical information. These are highly commendable characteristics, and are pleasurable in themselves, let us believe, to young, middle-aged, and old; to ladies in the decline of life, to our matronly and young married women; to old maids and blooming maidens, and, above all, to that "gang" of aged boys, mature youths, and verdant young men,—who cackle just now rather like affected and dissolute ganders, than even the shrillest "swans of Meandér."

A poet has well described the philosophical and striking love, not of "lying," but of biography, which is always to be commended:—

"I've often thought biography the neatest
And most instructive kind of composition,
Especially if written (as is meetest)
By literary people of condition.
I never liked the records (though completest)
Of kingdoms, battles, wars, wounds, ammunition:
Preferring Plutarch, Charles the Twelfth, Munchausen,
Robinson Crusoe, Valentine and Orson.

"I own, too, that I like a little scandal;
I like to know what heroes thought and said;
I like to hear how Pitt put out his candle;
What time, exactly, Fox got into bed;
And whether Burke preferred Mozart or Handel;
What kind of nightcap wrapt Lord Nelson's head.
One loves to see all these important facts,
Elucidated by authentic tracts."

But biography is not autobiography, and while I praise the one, I denounce the other. Yet it is just possible, that reasons like these I have recently quoted animated the author of this autobiography, (in his usual kindly consideration for the frailties and feelings of others), when he prepared his papers so carefully for public perusal, and we will therefore proceed with them.

That he is a man of uncommon parts, the following chapters will show I think clearly, that he is a person of thorough veracity and reliability there need, I apprehend, be no question. His words speak for themselves. I have taken the liberty for obvious reasons, to suppress the egotistical assertion of the first person all through the chapters, and if the words of this striking autobiography may lose a little in forcibility of individual utterance, they yet gain I make bold to think, in lucidity and terseness of expression.

I may be wrong in this, as in all other matters, (for no one is infallible here,) but the fact can, after all, only be decided by the suffrages of my readers, and I leave the question, for the present, in the fullest confidence in the hands of a critical and impartial jury!

Benedito Paesiello was the real name of my hero, (the writer of this autobiography,) which I have ventured to reproduce and adapt for my readers—though he was generally called "Don Pasquale." It is often very difficult to know the actual reason of this or that nickname, which sticks to a man—aye, and to a woman, for the matter of that—for life. Sometimes there is a cause, sometimes no cause at all. It arises, as much as anything, often, from the perversity of us all alike, who like to invest the ridiculous and the passing with the attributes of the permanent and the serious!

Some little incident, some ludicrous "contretemps," some human infirmity, some sense of the ridiculous confers upon the individual a "soubriquet" which he or she never loses.

Benedito Paesiello, Italian as he was, was very fond of the opera, and was noted for his attendance at the performance of the masterpieces of the old and new Italian schools, and, in fact, any school at all,—though Wagner then had not burst on the astonished world in the plenitude and harmony of the "coming man." So, whether it was that he was attracted by the "songs of sirens," the energy of the orchestra, or the smiles of the prima donna, must remain a mystery. Some facetious acquaintance, in an hour of exuberant mirth, and harmonious "furore," dubbed him "Don Pasquale," and "Don Pasquale" he has ever since remained to friend or foe.

Now our "Benedito," as I have said before, was an Italian. He was a native of a little independent principality, the name of which matters nothing, which, partly by its own insignificance, politically speaking, and partly by the happy arrangements of its rulers, hymeneally considered, had preserved its independence through many vicissitudes and through changing years!

It was quite a bijou principality after all, with its little capital and its little court, and so peaceable were the inhabitants, that it was comfortably governed by ten "sbirri," (Italian for a policemen,) and one Superintendent, one Inspector, and two detectives. Its army contingent consisted of twenty-five men, one lieutenant, and one captain—a retired major was its commander-in-chief; and its navy was composed of one gunboat and the royal yacht.

But this Court had its officials and its little struggles nevertheless. Benedito's father was the grand Arquebusier (unpaid), and a proprietor of some acres and a "lang pedigree!" He was a very important person in that slender coterie.

He was a man, too, of singular clearness of vision and decision of character. When the Prince, who had taken the "grand tour," and returned home to the long galleries and orange groves of his palace, found everything so humdrum and quiet, he determined on a great innovation,

—a radical reform in his peaceable and conservative principality.

He summoned the officers of his Court together, (the Board of Pink Cloth,) he determined to hold and did hold, in the ancient language of the legal documents, (borrowed, apparently, like a new fashion from Paris,) "a bed of justice," and propounded his intention of dressing all his Courtiers in nankeen small-clothes. He had seen nankeen for the first time in London, and took a wonderful fancy to it. This was henceforth to be the dress "de rigueur" for the Court. The old nobility and the "gens de la Cour," loudly objected. Some of them were old, some of them were thin; some of them were fat, some of them were knock-kneed; some disliked change, many suspected foreign interests; while not a few even went so far as to say that the Jesuits had a "finger in the pie." And thus began that famous feud which convulsed the little Court and principality for many months. Parties were formed, and chiefs elected. There were three parties mainly. The young and ardent, (if not verdant,) who went gallantly for the "small clothes;" the timid and the old who suggested "en pantalon;" while the "great middle class," of the independent and the educated, asked both for liberty of conscience and fulness of trousers.

It was then that "Gaetano Paesiello," our hero's father, threw his great weight into the scale of the "via media," and declared for the unfettered rights of the country and people—in the full, free, comfortable, easy-going, neatly-fitting, nankeen trousers. And such a moderate and sensible view of course prevailed, and for a long time such was the normal regulation of that Court and Principality. Probably, in the changes of Italy, that little free spot has been swept away and absorbed, (that is the correct word,) and those old customs with it; but, at any rate, numerous tracts are extant—in the British Museum, and the Library of the Vatican—to demonstrate the vivacity and bitterness of the contest, the eloquence of opposing patriots, the unanswerable arguments of the pamphleteers, and the greatness of the question, and of the victory!

Benedito was happy in having an educated woman for his mother, who encouraged him in his studies, and lauded his acquirements. For Benedito was always a lover of books, and under that sunny clime, and amid scented orange groves, surrounded by the songs of birds and the perfume of flowers, he mastered the great principles of a serene and practical philosophy, which he never lost, which he never forgot, amid the trials of later years, in the "tourbillon" of earthly society. He often used to say to himself and to his intimate friends in later times, "I never can forget what I owe to an interest which never ceased, to an intellect which was ever active, to a wit which was ever pleasant, and to a sympathy which was ever abounding!"

We hardly often here realize, it appears to me, what we owe to the mother's influence, to woman's directing will, or intellect, or cleverness—her ceaseless kindness, sympathy, and love! For woman, strange in her psychology, and differing vastly from man, is, no doubt, in the good Providence of God, mindful when man is oblivious; careful when man is reckless; pitying when man is contemptuous; just when man is hasty; loving when man is indifferent; and conscientious when man is lax.

Some of our greatest heroes, many of the human "idols" of admiring generations, owe the very "contour," so to say, of their characters, the great "primum mobile" in them of all that is good, true, admirable, heroic, to the tender nurture, the true heart, the wise aphorisms of the mother, or the female! Yes, the female, often doubted, not unfrequently condemned, but still, as God ordained, is man's helpmeet ever here, a truth we sometimes lose sight of, and around her innate tenderness, truth, faith, and love, circle, if I may so say, all the virtues of life, all the visions of the good, the beautiful, and the true!

Poor Benedito lost his father through an attack of malaria, and his mother, after a few years peaceful widowhood passed away, too, amid the tears and regrets of her son, leaving him just twenty-one, friendless, to wage life's war comparatively all alone, for his relatives were sparse, and his acquaintances were few. Thus often ends the dream of life, when all seems fairest and brightest now. The blue sky becomes overclouded in a moment, the sea rises,

the billows roar, and the fragile craft goes down entombed in the pitiless main.

Paesiello thought he had lost all happiness, when he bade farewell to his best and truest friends, but Time, which heals most wounds here, partly healed his.

He never forgot the past, or dear faces of loving friends, indeed they were with him year by year, day by day, hour by hour.

But he had duties to perform, and work to do; and he sought reverently and submissively to carry out the one and accomplish the other. Luckily for him, he ever was a firm believer in Providence, and so, unlike some, he looked on through all things here, to bright days beyond the "clouds and thick darkness" now, to to a peaceful time when the journey was over, and the rest was won!

But he was just twenty-one, with a comfortable competence, a château on the hills, a house in town, a plenteous store of "golden ducats," high health, good looks, and fine youth; and so he determined to see a little of "men and manners," to judge for himself in many things about which he felt doubts and hesitations, and perfectly to realize, if he could do so, alike his true position, and his real mission in the world!

And who can blame him? You won't, I know, kindly reader, and I cannot; so let us give him credit, alike for goodness of heart, clearness of vision, and calmness of will.

It is, then, his wanderings and adventures, which from his own authentic MSS. I have prepared for an indulgent audience; and having finished my prologue, (probably much to your satisfaction), I will, in the next chapter in the next month's Magazine, draw up the curtain, and range my "Fantoccini" on the stage!

Until then, I offer you my best thanks for your past, and I ask for the continuance of your future toleration.

(To be Continued.)

TRAM-CARS AND OMNIBUSES.

The following forms part of the opening address of the President, Bro. R. M. Bancroft, before the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, 7, Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, the subject being a very interesting one to the public:—

Conveyance by tram or 'bus now forms such an important part of Metropolitan and Provincial life, that a few remarks taken from the proceedings of this Society may be interesting.

The weight of cars, of course, vary according to their loads and the gradients for which they are used. In Leeds some one-horse cars carry 18 passengers and weigh 34 cwt. empty, and cars to carry 20 passengers, empty 47 cwt., and fully loaded 4 tons. The weight of a London Street-Tramway Company's Car, empty, to carry 36 passengers, is from 2 to 2¼ tons at the outside, its cost is £200, and the duration of these cars it is expected will be from 12 to 14 years. The North Metropolitan Tramway Cars to carry 46 passengers (22 inside and 24 outside), weigh about 2 tons 5 cwt. empty, and over 5 tons 7 cwt. when fully loaded, and costs £220. The life of tramway cars vary so much with the quality of materials and workmanship, size, shape, mileage, work, whether they have roof seats or not, that it is rather difficult to give an average. Cars have been in use on the North Metropolitan Tramway Company nearly seven years, and are in very good condition, while others used for a less time are worn out. This Company find an American firm supply the most durable, and therefore the most economical, and they are estimated to last 14 years. The three Metropolitan tramway companies conveyed about 48,000,000 passengers last year. The rapid growth of this particular branch of industry is remarkable, and foreign manufacturers find it to their interest to have agents established in our midst.

The weight of an average London omnibus is about 24 cwt. empty, and over 3 tons with a full load of passengers, and its cost is £140. Its life, if well built—as the London Omnibus Company make them at their own works—should be from ten to twelve years, but if badly built only seven or eight years. The London General Omnibus Company owns very nearly 8,000 horses, and in addition to its own vehicles supplies horse power to some of the tramways, and carried in 1876 51,158,946 passengers.

The cost of London tramway car and omnibus horses is from £39 10s. to £43. The age when horses for this kind of traffic are considered capable of doing their work is rising five years, and with proper care and dieting of say 30lbs. of food, and running fifteen miles per day all the year round, they will be good for their work in London or our large provincial towns for an average of five years, although on a level tramway and no Sunday work they may last for twelve years. The London General Omnibus Company send about 1,000 annually to the slaughterers, besides selling by auction 600 to 700 at £9 or £10 each. Horses which do not die of disease, get worn and strained about their feet and legs, and have to be sold as unequal to do this kind of work, and then used for purposes where pace is not required. The chief maladies they suffer from are similar to ordinary draught-horses, such as colds, injuries, cracked heels, sand cracks, springs at their knees, and quitters, which latter is a hard round swelling upon the coronet, between the heel and the quarter.

The foregoing remarks serve in a manner to show the cost and wear and tear going on with both live and rolling stock, and anything that engineers or patentees can do to reduce this to a minimum should be done.

While so many schemes are being tried to introduce other motive power than horses, it would appear that until very lately the idea has not been entertained of storing up that power used in breaking and stopping the cars, so as to utilise it for starting and propelling. This is now being tried by Mr. A. Squire, of Howland Street, Tottenham Court Road, with some prospects of success. He proposes to apply it to both omnibuses and tram-cars, and it is surprising to think that such a simple contrivance has not been used before; it is only a pair of ordinary laminated carriage springs, such as are used in every light carriage, being straightened out by means of a chain winding round a clutch box on the axle, thus braking the wheels and throwing out of gear, when the driver wishes to start the car, thereby assisting to propel it, and saving much strain upon the horses—a subject well worthy the support of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the more so when we know that from 1,600 to 1,700 London General Omnibus Company's horses are broken down every year.

Steam will, no doubt, supersede horse power for this work, at some future time; and we all must wish our respected fellow-member, Mr. Perrett, every success he may desire in his endeavours to perfect the steam tram-car he kindly showed the members and friends of this Society in the last session.

American Tramways.

Age of Horses.—It is not considered judicious to put a horse at tramway work at less than six years of age. A horse is at his prime at about eight years old, and a good selection of horses will average a service of four years, though many horses do better. Formerly three to three-and-a-half years was considered the average service of horses, but improvements in the lightness and easy running of tram-cars has become relief to horses.

Injury to Horses.—The feet of horses suffer from the constant travel on the stone pavements, and the limbs from the strain in starting the car, enhanced with us by the extreme loads carried.

Sickness.—Horses are also affected with various diseases caused by the bad ventilation of their stables.

Weight of Cars.—The "Imperials," or top-seat cars, which Messrs. John Stephenson and Co., of New York, send to Europe, weigh 4,800 to 5,000 lbs. The "Two-horse" cars, used in New York, of their make, weigh 4,300 to 4,800 lbs.; but they make cars of the same seating capacity, weighing 3,700 to 4,300 lbs. These latter are used in South America and in some of the continental cities of Europe. Weight of passengers added, about 150lbs. each, therefore the car with top seats, seating 44 persons, aggregates about 11,600 lbs. The New York practise is for cars 4,800 lbs., and eighty passengers at 150lbs. each, equals 16,800 lbs. The difference in the efficiency of the horses is largely caused by the form of the tram rail, the English practise being a groove rail, which causes almost unceasing contact of the wheel flange, while the American form of rail being open at one side, per-

mits freedom of flange, reducing resistance about one-third.

Life of Tram-cars.—We have no data as to the life of American top-seat cars, as cars of that kind are not used there; but the cars of this character used on the tramways of Great Britain, of "home make," have performed service of five years. We also understand the cars sent by Messrs. J. Stephenson and Co. to Liverpool and London, for the opening of those tramways in 1869, are yet in good condition and likely to do many years' service. The American cars are calculated good for twenty-five to thirty years of such service as we have named. The cars referred to are on a tramway connecting the business centre of New York with the Grand Central Depot, from which radiate the great railway lines running east, north, and west, therefore the tram-cars at "train-time" are subject to the most excessive loads. These cars have been in such service for nearly twenty years, the platforms, hoods, and ventilators have been modernised, and they are now said to be good for twelve to fifteen years more.

Cost of Horses.—Average about 150 dollars (£31 5s. English). This sum will now buy the best class. It is the custom in America for the horse merchant to furnish his tramway company with horses at a price agreed upon, and the tramway officer will pick from each new drove of horses such as he fancies; and should a few days develope inefficiency in a horse, it may be returned to the dealer as often as desirable until a satisfactory horse is obtained. After horses become unfit for tram service, they are sold at reduced prices to farmers or others.

Cost of Cars.—The best top-seat cars cost on an average about 1,100 dollars (£229 English), and the cost of cars as used in New York is about 1,000 dollars (£201 6s. English) each. The lighter cars cost less.

The car bodies, with its appertenances, constitute the most durable part of the car. The wheel, costing 6 dollars each (25s. English money), performs an average service of about 30,000 miles; the axles 200,000 to 300,000 miles.

The best wheels for tramway cars are cast-iron wave-plate wheels; this allows the outside rim to cool while the centre portion is not placed in tension. Car wheels wear much longer in America than in England, on account of the form of rail spoken of above.

The original street car manufactured in 1831 by John Stephenson, New York, shows in the drawing that leather springs were then used, and was in appearance much like the old coaches before the advent of railways.

WONDERS OF OPERATIVE MASONRY.

V.

We continue our description of leading Abbeys and Cathedrals in Great Britain and Ireland, premising that in another and final article we shall conclude the series with an account of the exact connection of the Freemasons of the middle ages with the construction of these important edifices.

Salisbury Cathedral, on the river Avon, 81 miles south-west from London, is a splendid Gothic structure, in the form of a Greek Cross, 419 feet long, with transepts of 232 and 172 feet respectively: It was erected in the reign of Henry III., A.D., 1220, about the same time as Westminster Abbey, with which alone it can be compared in grandeur. The west front is a beautifully enriched specimen of pointed architecture, and has niches filled with many statues. The tower, with spire, is exceedingly lofty, the whole height from the pavement to the top of the cross being 400 feet. The following lines convey a popular description of the interior of this cathedral:

"As many days as in one year there be,
So many windows in this church we see;
As many marble pillars here appear,
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year;
As many gates as moons one year does view—
Strange tale to tell, yet not more strange than true."

Its front, with tall spire and multitudinous pinnacles and towers, is as beautiful as that of York Minster. Among the ancient tombs in the aisles is that of

Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, and son of Fair Rosamond, in chain mail; another of a Crusader, indicated by an effigy with legs crossed; and on one tomb there is a recumbent skeleton. The noses of several of the statues, strange to say, are unbroken. The Chapter House is remarkable. Its roof is sustained by a single great central pillar, which at the ceiling gushes out with a beauty that overflows all the walls—as if the pillar had been a petrified fountain.

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL is in Staffordshire, 119 miles north-west from London, and was founded by Oswy, King of Mercia, in A.D. 656. The present edifice was erected A.D. 1128, and exhibits a combination of Norman and Pointed architecture. The west front is eminently beautiful, rich in tabernacled statues, and having three tall, shapely and highly ornamented spires. Twenty-four kings are represented on the front, in effigy, wearing regal crowns. The central spire is after a design by Bro. Sir Christopher Wren, intended originally for Westminster Abbey. In the interior the clustered columns of the naves have foliated capitals, each differing from the others, supporting the pointed arches and a vaulted roof, which is curiously and elegantly embossed.

> "Like a cluster of rods,
> Bound with leaf-garlands tender,
> The great massive pillars
> Rise stately and slender;
> Rise and bend and embrace
> Until each owns a brother,
> As down the long aisles
> They stand linked to each other.
> Unity! Mystery!
> Majesty! Grace!
> Stone upon stone;
> And each stone in its place."

BOLTON PRIORY is in Yorkshire, on the river Wharfe, 46 miles west of York, and 222 miles north from London. This Priory was founded A.D. 1121, at Embassay, two miles from Bolton, but in 1154 was removed to Bolton, as a memorial from a mother,—the wife of Wm. Fitz Duncan, of a son, who was drowned. It was a magnificent monastic establishment, of which there are now picturesque remains. It was dissolved in A.D. 1540, when its revenues were £444. Its transepts and choir are in ruins, but part of the nave is used as a parish Church. One of the gate houses has been converted into a dwelling house, and is the occasional residence of the Duke of Devonshire. Opposite to the east window, the river on which it is situated strikes a high rock, from the top of which there descends a fine water-fall. It was long a tradition, that after the dissolution of Bolton Priory a white doe at divine service made a pilgrimage to the adjacent churchyard. Upon this story Wordsworth founded his romantic poem of "The White Doe of Rylstone." Wordsworth thus refers to the present Chapel in his "White Doe:"

> "In the shattered fabric's heart
> Remaineth one protected part—
> A rural chapel neatly dressed,
> In covert like a little nest;
> And thither young and old repair
> On Sabbath-day for praise and prayer."

One of the most marked features of this structure is the western tower, begun by the last Prior before the Dissolution, but never completed. It contains a fine receding arch, and is embellished with shields, statues, and a window of exquisite tracery.

WELLS CATHEDRAL is 121 miles south-west from London, at Wells, an ancient city, that owes its name to three springs or wells that are near the east end of the Cathedral. The west front is 235 feet in length, and one of the grandest in England, being of the purest Early English architecture. It is full of niches, which contain over 300 statues, 150 of which are of life size, or colossal, being effigies of kings, queens, bishops, knights, and princessess. The effect of these is remarkable. Some of the statues are quite quaint. For example, Noah is represented in a working dress, with a cap on his head, and the flaps tied under his chin. This west front, however, is a sculptured page of biblical, ecclesiastical and political history, and a masterpiece of art, without a parallel in England, and only equalled at Rheims and Chartres, in France. The central tower is 160 feet high (completed in A.D. 1321), and the Cathedral is 371 feet in length, with transepts of 135 feet. As compared with other buildings of a like character, the interior of Wells Cathedral is not especially remarkable for

grandeur, but its west front, composed of three decorated towers, all rich in niches, pedestals, statues, and canopies, is of unsurpassed elegance, and an architectural wonder.

GLASGOW, or ST. MUNGO CATHEDRAL, Glasgow, is one of the most venerable edifices in Scotland that has been preserved in its completed state. St. Mungo, its founder, was contemporary with St. Columbo, Abbot of Iona. He was a son of the King of the Scots, by a daughter of the King of the Picts, and died A.D. 601. The first church was destroyed, but afterwards restored in the twelfth century by King David I., and finished A.D. 1136. It was burnt and rebuilt A.D. 1197. Subsequent bishops and patrons extended it greatly, some in the fifteenth century. At the period of the Reformation the Cathedral was in its present state, and escaped the destruction dealt out by the populace to most of the monastic edifices of that epoch. Oliver Cromwell, after his victory over the Presbyterians at Dunbar, made a formal procession to the Cathedral and attended service. The minister, Rev. Zachary Boyd, preached and boldly inveighed against Cromwell and the Independents. "Shall I pistol the scoundrel?" whispered the Secretary to his master. "No," said the General, "we will manage him in another way;" and having asked him to sup with him, Cromwell concluded the meal with a prayer of some hours' duration, so that they did not separate till three o'clock in the morning, which so pleased the minister that he declared Cromwell to be one of the "elect."

Glasgow Cathedral is architecturally, a fine example of undecorated Gothic. John Morrow, who built Melrose Abbey, was its architect. Its length is 319 feet, its interior height 90 feet, and it has a spire of 225 feet. In the Church and crypts there are 147 clustered columns and 159 windows. While cruciform in shape, its transepts are short, projecting but little beyond the side aisles. The Lady Chapel is very rich, with clustered columns having beautiful foliated capitals. The crypts of this cathedral excite equally the admiration of the architect, the antiquary and ordinary visitor. In extent, construction and ornamentation they are without an equal. Joceline's Crypt is 127 feet long, by 60 feet wide. Bro. Sir Walter Scott graphically described it in his "Rob Roy," and it is the alleged meeting place of Rob Roy and Francis Osbaldistone. The stained glass throughout the Cathedral is very rich.

For some years Glasgow St. Mungo Lodge of Freemasons statedly assembled in a room in St. Mungo Cathedral, and we have seen one of its Lodge notices containing at its head a fine engraving of this ancient edifice. In this notice the members of the Lodge were summoned "to harmonize in the Light"—a phraseology that is peculiarly Masonic.

THE TRUE FREEMASON.

BY BRO. W. CORBETT.

Mariner's Lodge, 249, *Liverpool.*

WHO is the true Freemason? He
Who speaks the truth, disdains to slander;
Who scorns deceit, hypocrisy,
And will not into bye-laws wander;
Who keeps his word; who keeps his place;
Is true and trusty in his dealing,
Has honesty upon his face,
And is a man of tender feeling.

He is a Mason good and true
Who neither wily is nor double,
And who is very best will do
To help a worthy man in trouble;
Who owns a modest, moral mind;
A hand that firmly grasps another,
A heart that kindly feels inclined
Ev'n to the failings of a Brother.

A Mason good and true is he
Who lives by plumb-rule, square and skirrit,
What e'er his sphere of life may be
His is the true Masonic spirit!
Within due bounds with all he lives,
And travels on his path of duty—
A path which many a vista gives
Of sweetest scenes of moral beauty!

TOM HOOD.

"He sang the Song of the Shirt."

A Lecture by Bro. Emra Holmes, delivered at Ipswich, Colchester, and Saxmundham, and rewritten for the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

THE subject of my present lecture was a living proof of the truth of the Latin axiom, "Poeta nascitur non fit." Nature stamped him as a genius—as a poet—when the world would have it he was only a comic writer, a mere punster, who could make you laugh and nothing more.

Robert Chambers, in his "Encyclopædia of English Literature," says Thomas Hood appeared before the public chiefly as a comic poet and humorist, but several of his compositions showed that he was also capable of excelling in the grave, pathetic, and sentimental. He had thought "too deep for tears," and rich, imaginative dreams and fancies, which were at times embodied in continuous strains of pure and exquisite poetry, but more frequently thrown in like momentary shadows among his light and fantastic effusions.

His daughter, in the "Memorials of Thomas Hood," which she compiled, and which her brother (the late talented editor of *Fun*, and of the new series of *Hood's Comic Annual*, which delights the lieges at Christmas), prefaced—thus opens the story of his life, in the interesting book which I have quoted, and to which I have gone for most of the matter in this brief sketch of a great man:—

"The public record of Thomas Hood has been long before the world—either in the quaint jests and witty conceits that enlivened many a Christmas fireside, or in the poems which were his last and best legacy to his country. All that remains is the history of his private life—that 'long disease'—as it was truly called—so long and so severe, that it was only wonderful that the sensitive mind and frail body had not given way before.

"From his earliest years, with the exception of a few bright but transient gleams, it was a hand-to-hand struggle with straitened means and adverse circumstances. It was a practical illustration of Longfellow's noble lines:—

> "'How sublime a thing it is
> To suffer and be strong!'

He possessed the most refined taste and appreciation for all the little luxuries and comforts that make up so much of the enjoyments of life; and the cares and annoyances that would be scarcely perceptible to a stronger and rougher organization, fell with a double weight on the mind overtasked by such constant and harassing occupation. He literally fulfilled his own words, and was one of the "master minds at journey work; moral magistrates greatly underpaid; immortals without a living; menders of the human heart breaking their own; mighty intellects without their mite.

"The income his works now produce to his children might then have prolonged his life for many years; although when we looked on the calm, happy face after death," she says, "free, at last, from the painful expression that had almost become habitual to it, we dared not regret the rest so long prayed for and hardly won." His life like that of most modern literary men, was very barren of incident; there is, therefore, little to relate save the ebb and flow of health and strength—

> "As in his breast the wave of life
> Kept heaving to and fro."

With the distinct and even minute foreknowledge of organic and mortal disease, liable at any moment to a fatal and sudden termination, it must, indeed, have been a brave spirit to bear so cheerfully and courageously as he did that life, which was one long sickness. He knew that those dearest to him were dependent on his exertions, and his mental powers were cramped and tied down by pecuniary necessity; while his bodily frame was enfeebled by nervousness and exhaustion.

Of Hood's birth and parentage we can glean but few particulars. His own joking account was that as his grandmother was a Miss Armstrong, he was descended from two notorious thieves, *i.e.*, Robin Hood and Johnnie Armstrong; which reminds one of the gentleman who said he was named John after his Aunt Sarah.

His father's name, however, is mentioned in "Illustrations of the Literary History of the 18th Century," by J. B. Nicholls, F.S.A., as having died at Islington, of a malignant fever. He was a bookseller of the Poultry, and Mr. Nicholls says he was a native of Scotland, and came to London to seek his fortune, where he was in a humble position for four or five years. Mr. Hood was one of the associated booksellers who selected old books for reprinting. The firm consisted of Messrs. Vernon, Hood, and Sharpe, and they were the publishers of "The Beauties of England and Wales," "The Mirror," Bloomfield's (the Suffolk poet) poems, and those of Kirke White.

Mr. Hood married a Miss Sands, sister to the engraver of that name, to whom his famous son was afterwards articled. At his house in the Poultry on the 23rd May, 1799, Tom Hood was born.

The elder Mr. Hood was a man of cultivated taste and literary inclinations, and was the author of two novels, which attained some popularity in their day, although now their very names are forgotten. No doubt his favourite pursuits and his business avocations influenced in no small degree the amusements and inclinations of his children; and for those days they must have been a very fairly intellectual family.

As I have before stated, Tom Hood was articled to his uncle as an engraver, preferring the drudgery of an engraver's desk to encroaching upon the small family store, and he was subsequently transferred to one of the Le Keux. His elder brother James died early, a victim to consumption, which ultimately carried off his mother and two sisters.

His father had died rather suddenly, and the widow and children—there were six in all—were rather slenderly provided for.

He was a most devoted and excellent son to his mother, and the last days of her widowhood and decline were soothed by his tender care and affection. Many of the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE will remember the sweet verses he wrote, "To a Child Embracing his Mother."

The lines entitled the "Death-Bed," in the *Englishman's Magazine*, were written at the time of her death. The poem has been frequently quoted without the name of the author, and so with several other of Hood's poems, is not generally known to be his. Shortly after his death it appears that a Latin translation of the "Deathbed" appeared in the *Times*.

An opening that offered more congenial employment presented itself at last, when he was about twenty-one. By the death of Mr. John Scott, the editor of the *London Magazine*, who was killed in a duel, that periodical passed into other hands, and became the property of Hood's friends, Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, who soon sent for him, and he became a sort of sub-editor of the magazine.

Mr. Hessey describes him when young as a singular child, silent and retired, with much quiet humour, and apparently delicate in health.

He was educated at a school at Clapham or Camberwell; and it appears whilst there was the hero of many schoolboy tricks and adventures, which might go among the *exempla minora* to prove the rule, "the child is father of the man."

He was articled at fifteen or sixteen to his uncle, but the confinement not suiting him, and his health beginning thus early to suffer, the engagement was put an end to; he was sent to a relative in Scotland —at Dundee, I believe—and it was here that his first literary productions appeared in the *Dundee Advertizer*. His first introduction to the literary world, however, was no doubt the *London Magazine*, and here he amused himself by concocting humorous notices and answers to correspondents in the Lion's Head. The "Echo" in Hood's magazine was a continuation of this idea, and some of them are very quaint and amusing. I cannot do better than quote one or two :—

VERITY.—It is better to have an enlarged heart than a contracted one, and even such a hemorrhage as mine, than a spitting of spite.

A CHAPTER ON BUSTLES is under consideration for one of our *back* numbers.

N.N.—The most characteristic Mysteries of of London are those which have lately prevailed on the land and the river, attended by collisions of vessels, robberies, assaults, accidents, and other features of Metropolitan interest. If N.N. be ambitious of competing with the writer whom he names, let him try his hand at a genuine, solid yellow, November fog. It is dirty, dangerous, smoky, stinking, obscure, unwholesome, and favourable to vice and violence.

This was evidently aimed at "Reynold's Miscellany," the "Mysteries of London," and other like publications.

His first original paper came out—"Verses to Hope"—in July, 1821, and in the November number, the humorous "Ode to Dr. Kitchener" appeared. From that time he became a regular contributor, and some twenty-four papers were published, the last coming out in June, 1823; since which he wrote no more in that paper.

His connection with the Magazine led to his introduction to Mr. Reynolds (son of the Head Writing-Master of Christ's Hospital), whose sister he afterwards married, and also to the other contributors to the work, amongst whom we notice the names of Charles Lamb (the gentle Elia), Allan Cunningham, Hazlett, Horace Smith (author of "Rejected Addresses"), Justice Talfourd, Barry Cornwall (the poet); Thomas De Quincey, one of the most polished writers of English England has ever known; Hartley Coleridge, one of a gifted family—and others.

One of the most humorous of his poems, known, no doubt, to many of the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, appeared in June, 1822, in the magazine—"Faithless Sally Brown."

Amongst others of his graver and more charming pieces is a picture which most mothers—I fancy, and many fathers—will think exquisite: "To a Sleeping Child." It was published, I think, in the magazine for 1822.

Perhaps, as a descriptive poem, the "Romance of Cologne" is as effective a piece of versification, in its way, as anything of the kind in the English language. I wonder it is not oftener introduced into Public Readings, etc. You must judge for yourselves as to its merits.

Mr. Hood's brother-in-law, Mr. Reynolds, himself wrote in the *London Magazine*, and it was in the pleasant spring tide of their friendship, and with the old partiality for the writings of each other, which prevailed in those days, that many pleasant versified encounters took place.

This may be instanced by the following verses which were inserted in the *Athenæum*. When Miss Fanny Kemble took leave of the stage, at her farewell performance she took off her wreath and threw it into the body of the house. The following verses were written by Tom Hood, as from a young farmer in the country:—

MISS FANNY'S FAREWELL FLOWERS.

I came to town a happy man,
I need not now dissemble
Why I return so sad at heart,
It's all through Fanny Kemble.
Ah, when she threw her flowers away—
What urged the tragic slut on
To weave in such a wreath as that,
Ah me!—a bachelor's button!

None fought so hard, none fought so well
As I to gain some token,
When all the pit rose up in arms,
And heads and hearts were broken;
Huzza! said I, I'll have a flower,
As sure as my name's Dutton.
I made a snatch—I got a catch—
By Jove! a bachelor's button!

I've lost my watch, my hat is smashed,
My clothes declare the racket;
I went there in a full dress coat,
And came home in a jacket.
My nose is swell'd, my eye is black,
My lip I've got a cut on;
Odd buds! and what a bud to get—
The deuce! a bachelor's button!

My chest's in pain; I really fear
I've somewhat hurt my bellows,
By pokes and punches in the ribs
From those herb-strewing fellows.
I miss two teeth in my front row,
My corn has had a fut on;
And all this pain I've had to gain
This cursed bachelor's button!

Had I but won a rose—a bud—
A pansy—or a daisy—
A periwinkle—anything
But this—it drives me crazy!
My very sherry tastes like squills,
I can't enjoy my mutton;
And when I sleep I dream of it—
Still, still—a bachelor's button!

My place is booked per coach to-night,
But oh! my spirit trembles
To think how country friends will ask
Of Knowleses and of Kembles.
If they should breathe about the wreath,
When I go back to Sutton,
I shall not care to show my share,
That all! a bachelor's button!

My luck in life was never good,
But this my fate will harden;
I ne'er shall like my farming more,
I know I shan't the garden.
The turnips all may have the fly,
The wheat may have the smut on;
I care not, I've a blight at heart—
Ah, me! a bachelor's button!

To this Mr. Reynolds replied in the following :—

LINES TO MISS F. KEMBLE,

ON THA FLOWER SCUFFLE ET COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Well, this flower strewing I must say is sweet,
And I long, Miss Kemble, to throw myself considerably at your feet;
For you've made me a happy man in the scuffle, when you jerk'd about the daisies,
And ever since the night you kissed your hand to me and the rest of the pit, I've been chuck full of your praises!

I'm no hand at writing, though I can say several things that's handsome;
But that ignorance, thank my stars, got me off when I was tried for forgery upon Ransome.
I didn't try to get the flowers, which so many of your ardent admirers were eager to snatch;
But I got a very good going chronometer, and for your sake I'll never part with the watch!

I've several relics from those who got your relics—a snuff-box, a gold snap,
A silver guard and trimmings, from a very eager young chap;
Two coat-flaps with linings, from a youth, who, defying blows
And oaths, and shovings, was snatching at—and I am sorry to say missing—the front rose!

One aspiring young man from the country, rushed at the wreath like a glutton,
But retired out of the conflict with only a bachelor's button!
Another in a frenzy fought for the flowers like anything crazy,
But I've got his shirt pin, and he only got two black eyes and a daisy.

The thought of you makes me rich; oh, you're a real friend to free trade;
You agitate 'em so, and take their attention off. If you keep farewelling my fortune'd be made.
Oh, how I shall hate to make white soup of the silver, or part with anything, for your sake!
I'll wear the country gentleman's brooch, on your account, it's so very pretty a make!

I didn't get a bud; indeed, I was at that moment busy about other things;
I wish you'd allow me to show you a choice assortment of rings.
You understand the allusion; but I'm in earnest, that's what I am;
And though I'm famous a little, domestic happiness is better than all fame!

Well, you're going over the water (it may be my turn one of these days);
Never heed what them foreigners the Americans says!
But hoard your heart up till you come back, and if I luckily can
Scrape up enough, you shall find me yours, and a very altered young man.

(To be Continued.)

IN MEMORIAM — BRO. GEORGE FRANK GOULEY.

"We mourn, in common with the entire Craft in the United States, and indeed throughout the Masonic world, the sad and tragic death of Bro. George Frank Gouley. He was one of the first victims of the terrible conflagration at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., on April 10th."

Such are the words with which our contemporary, the *Keystone* commences its obituary of Bro. Gouley, and we think it well to reproduce them here, as a suitable "In Memoriam" of an able confrère and a zealous Mason.

"Conflicting accounts have appeared of the disaster, but the following we have reason to believe is correct :—

"The body of Bro. Gouley was found on the sidewalk of the Walnut Street front of the hotel, with skull fractured, chest crushed, and one arm and one leg broken. It was soon taken in charge of by friends. Bro. Gouley had dressed and found it impossible to make his escape through the house, full of smoke and flame. He then returned to his room, and raising the window, waived his arms and called to the then scattering people in the street below. An attempt even to throw water to reach him was useless. One or two of his acquaintances who happened to be there and knew his room recognized him. All other means of escape being cut off, it was evidently his purpose to attract the attention of the fire department to his situation and possibly get a ladder raised for his release. But the ladders were too late coming. Bro. Gouley was driven to the window for air, and finally becoming suffocated, lost consciousness and fell out of the window into the street. His watch which he had put on was still running when the body was recovered by his friends. In his pocket were his port-monnaie which contained some pills and a leather match-box nearly full of matches, which had been exploded by the concussion of the fall, while the wood remained unconsumed.

"Bro. George Frank Gouley was a man of more than ordinary capacity and attainments. He was born in Wilmington, Del., February 15, 1832, and was forty-five years of age. He received a good academic

education, studied law in the office of Senator James A. Bayard, and was admitted to the bar. Soon after he went to Washington and filled a position in the land department from 1858 to 1860. He was for a time private secretary to Stephen A. Douglas, and became well acquainted with the public men of the country and national politics. About 1861 he went West, and was a short time in Nebraska on business connected with public lands. Returning thence to St. Louis he engaged in the commission business, after which he entered the service of Messrs. Berthold, Smith & Co., as book-keeper.

"Bro. Gouley was made a Mason during his residence in Washington. Soon after settling in St. Louis he became a member of Missouri Lodge, No. 1; St. Louis R. A. Chapter, No. 8, and St. Louis Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar. In 1864 he became the assistant of Bro. Anthony O'Sullivan, Grand Secretary of the Grand Masonic bodies of Missouri, and immediately after Bro. O'Sullivan's death in 1866, Bro. Gouley was chosen Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, A.F. and A.M. of Missouri, to which position he has been annually elected ever since. He also succeeded to the office of Grand Secretary and Grand Recorder of all the other Masonic bodies of the York Rite; and was appointed chairman of the various committees on foreign correspondence, year after year, for eleven successive years. Bro. Gouley was also Past Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Missouri. He filled all his Masonic offices with marked ability and honour, and performed all his Masonic duties with zeal and fidelity. He was an acknowledged power in the Masonic fraternity of Missouri, and won a national reputation as a Masonic writer. For several years he edited and published the St. Louis *Freemason*, a Masonic Journal, which gained a wide circulation and influence among the Craft. This Magazine was merged into the *Voice of Masonry*, of which Bro. Gouley became a regular editorial contributor. Last fall he had a severe attack of illness, and for a time his life hung in the balance, but he had fully recovered from this and was again enjoying robust health.

"Bro. Gouley had an original and active mind—was a Master of Masonic law, a fluent speaker, and an able writer. He was of an essentially charitable nature, and no appeal for aid was ever made to him in vain. Figuratively speaking his heart was larger than his body. Bro. George Frank Gouley was in the prime of life and usefulness, and his tragic death will be mourned by the Masonic Fraternity everywhere. It is reported that he had his life insured for 20,000 dols. in favour of his wife. He had made provision for his funeral, directing that the services be conducted by Missouri Lodge, No. 1., of which he was Past Master.

"Bro. Xenophon Ryland, of Lexington, Grand Master of Masons of Missouri, arrived in St. Louis shortly after Bro. Gouley's death, to make preparations for the funeral and vest the office of Grand Secretary in suitable hands until the next session of the Grand Lodge in October.

"Bro. Gouley's wife escaped unhurt, and owes her safety to her coolness and presence of mind in the hour of her imminent peril. She and Bro. Gouley had spent the evening pleasantly together, laying plans for trips and excursions, and visiting new places next summer. Mrs. Gouley was awakened by the smoke. She aroused Bro. Gouley, and the two began to make preparations to leave in case of danger. Both were calm and collected, and apparently in equal readiness to leave. The smoke became suffocating. Mrs. Gouley saturated a towel with water, and placed it over her head and face, told her husband to do the same and follow her. She left the room, supposing he was following her. It was totally dark, but she found the head of the stairs, which was near at hand, and began her descent. At the first landing she called to Bro. Gouley to come on, and a voice further down said "Come." She supposed it was that of her husband, who had passed her in the darkness. She went on and was met by Mr. Miles, manager of a Cincinnati theatre, who commenced hurrying her along out of danger. She would have gone back for her husband, but the strong man who had taken charge of her would not permit her to throw away her life by returning. She was finally told that Bro. Gouley was safe outside, and thus hoodwinked was got into the street, and escaped without bodily

harm. Mrs. Gouley was taken to the residence of Bro. Wm. C. Defriez, a long time friend of Bro. Gouley and family. Here the deeply stricken widow, unable to realize the terrible situation, received every attention that friendship and sympathy could suggest. Bro. Gouley was childless. They had one child, a daughter, who died years ago. They were a most harmonious couple, and were greatly loved by all their friends.

"There are several theories of Bro. Gouley's fate. It seems somewhat strange that his wife should have been able to escape while he was not. Bro. George Frank Gouley was a fearless and generous man. Some who knew him best supposed that, not knowing the danger to be so imminent, and seeing his wife in a fair way to escape unharmed, he delayed following her in order to help some friends who were in distress on the same floor, and stayed too long. Others think that he may have made an effort to save some papers or other property in the room, and coming out was stifled and bewildered, and had to return to the room as his only refuge, to wait for ladders that never came. Whatever the cause, we mourn in Bro. Gouley's death the loss of an ardent, learned and noble Freemason—one who made friends wherever he went, and whose works will live after him to testify to his worth. He was a model Masonic editor and writer, and a noble man. Peace to his ashes.

"Bro. Gouley's body was taken after the accident, to the Masonic Hall, where it was laid in state from Friday until the burial on Sunday. It was placed in a handsome casket mounted upon a catafalque, and surrounded with flowers arranged as Masonic emblems. The coffin lid bore the inscription: "George Frank Gouley, Past Master Missouri Lodge, No, 1, R.W. Grand Secretary, M.W. Grand Lodge, of Missouri, A.F. and A.M. Died April 11, 1877. Aged 45 years."

"A guard of honour of Knights Templar was in attendance, detailed from St. Louis Commandery, No 1; Ivanhoe, No. 8; Ascalon, No. 16, and St. Aldemar, No. 18. Missouri Lodge conducted the services at the hall. A Lodge was opened at 1 p.m., and the members escorted to the large room under escort of the Grand Commandery of Missouri.

"The following was the order of the funeral exercises:

"Prayer. Hymn. Address by M. W. Xenophon Ryland, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Missouri. Address by W. Bro. John Goodin, P.M. of Missouri Lodge, No. 1.

"Missouri Lodge, No. 1, having the place of honour, then took the casket in charge, and the funeral procession formed with the Knights Templar in front of the hearse and pall bearers, followed by the Master Masons. The procession was a very large one. The body was taken to Bellefontaine Cemetry and placed in a vault, where it is to remain for ten days, when it will be brought East, and finally interred in Wilmington, Delaware."

THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

MR. OSCAR BROWNING delivered on Friday evening, June 1st, a discourse at the Royal Institution, choosing for his subject the "History of Education." We read in the *Times* of the 4th:—

"He gave an interesting description of the young Phædrus or Theatetes in the Greek gymnasium, who in the intervals of running or the bath walked under the cool shades of trees to answer and learn from the rapid questions of the philosophers. Plato was the first writer upon education, and was the author of three theories on the subject. Quintilian's essay, the next step, differed from his predecessor's work, as the Roman official and general, sparing neither himself nor others, defending his client in the forum, or exploring unknown countries at the head of an army to annihilate the enemies of Rome, differed from the Greek, quick in argument and feeling, enjoying the things of this life, but elevated by the constant seeking for the highest ideal. In the Middle Ages the monkish schools and the training of the young knight maintained a similar autonomy. Harshly disciplined, looking upon woman as the deadliest foe, the student of the monkish schools trod

the seven years' path of the trivium and quadrivium; grammar, dialectics, rhetoric; music, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy. The young knight, who looked to the lady of the castle as his patroness, learnt to ride, to shoot the bow, to swim, box, hawk, play chess, and make Provençal songs. A colony of men in the Northern Netherlands made the first improvements in education. At Deventer and elsewhere they had large schools. Gerhard Groote (who flourished in 1360), might be named among them. In the brighter light of the Italian Renaissance, however, they came to be called obscurantists. Luther carried education into the cottage. John Sturm, of Strasburg, the diplomatist and schoolmaster, founded the methods which were preserved in English public schools till within living memory. Unlike Erasmus, who was content with "lingua franca," he stickled for "Ciceronian" Latin. All the great teachers were Protestants till the Jesuits turned their attention to education and produced editions of the classics which are still used. Their aim was to satisfy the demand for knowledge by amusing it, not to stimulate research. In discipline, they exercised the minutest surveillance. Montaigne protested in favour of freedom and the French language. A hundred years later Locke followed in the same direction as Montaigne. Busby's date was 1606, and Milton's 1608. Milton drew a fascinating picture of a college in which everything was studied, and yet the scholars rode out in companies to see all famous and fair things in the land. Speaking to the teacher, he said, "this is not a bow for every man to shoot with." While Milton was writing, the Jansensists realized his ideal at Port Royal. It was their "garden of Greek roots" which taught Gibbon Greek. The Jesuits prevailed, although Fénélon and Rollin owed much to Port Royal. Rousseau's Emile was a great epoch. Even Kant departed from his regular habits to read this wonderful book. Emile, the hero of it, was not to see a book until he was twelve. It was enough if he could read at fifteen. He was to be strong and hardy, a good judge of distances, a natural boy, not knowing obedience, but only good comradeship. The ideas were easily seized and acted on, and the first generation of Emiles were thirty when there happened the French Revolution. Goethe's theories on education were to be found in the second part of "Wilhelm Meister;" we were indebted to James Mill for a valuable essay on the subject. Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Bain had studied it in our own time; but we still preserved in our schools methods which all educational reformers had scouted for the last 200 years. Education must be followed as a science of observation, and teachers wanted the same kind of organization that members of the medical profession have."

Without endorsing all the views, or accepting all the facts of the Lecturer, we think his words worthy of note. To say the truth, some of his contentions appear to be somewhat rash, his "reforms" are a little empirical. It is so easy to pull down, but so very difficult to build up.

CARA IMAGO.

I DREAM, but, alas! my dreaming
Is nought but a fading gleam,
Of a face most bright in its seeming,
A soft shadow on Life's dark stream;
For I look and listen in sadness,
As the vision flits away,
And that little glimpse of gladness,
Dims with the duller day.

Dear face of departed hours,
Thou seem'st to be smiling now;
No frown on thy forehead low'rs,
No cloud on that calm brow;
But with all of compassion beaming
Thy sunny face appears,
And though it be only dreaming,
'Tis a dream of pleasant years.

Methinks we are standing together,
And o'erlooking yon far champaign,
Mid fair and boisterous weather,
Through pleasure and through pain;
Oh, truest of mates I greet thee,
As I greeted thee once of yore;
But, alas! thy shadow leaves me,
Thy dear presence charms no more.

Yet even now on this hazy scene,
Thy bright face seems to shine,
And on the trust which once has been,
Thy glad smile beams benign!
So that neither desolate nor forlorn,
When hope is fled and vain,
I still look on to a radiant morn,
When I shall see thee again.

No longer only a vision
In shadowy form supreme,
No more in sad transition
Thou art only a fading dream;
But full of thy fond affection
Which lightened each hope of dust,
Beyond fear and dark dejection,
Thou livest for love and trust!

NEMO.

HARRY WATSON;

OR, THE SECRETS OF FREEMASONRY.

BY H. A. M. HENDERSON.

From the "Kentucky Freemason."

"AND are you going to join the Masons and have secrets you cannot tell your wife?" said Mrs. Watson to her young husband, as he got up from the tea-table and informed her of his purpose to unite with the Lodge that night. The question was put in a pouting way, and loaded with that tone of remonstrance which women know so well how to use, and which is more powerful than the words employed. Let a woman put her heart into her speech, and words seem to take on fresh forms as they fall from her ruby lips, and even common ideas are transformed into poetic fancies as they pass through the alembic of her mind.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson had been married but a year, and during this time he had told his wife all his troubles and plans, and entrusted to her keeping everything he knew, or felt, or learned. She, therefore, could not well bear the thought of his coming into possession of facts or principles that he could not disclose to her. Then he had never left her sight after nightfall, but had lingered to listen to her voice translate to his enchanted ear the grand conceptions of the old bards sublime, or to hear her own tuneful measures in song thrill his soul with the sweetest accents. Should he join the Lodge, he would go to its meetings and she would be deprived of her audience, and the lonely hours would hang heavy on her hands. Then, too, her pastor was violently opposed to all secret societies, and she feared his saintly frown when it was known that Mr. Watson had plighted faith and entered into covenant with a society deemed by his reverence as sacriligious. All these things were gently gone over in a trembling tone that seemed to be pathos itself, and each sentence was punctuated with a bright, sparkling tear, while the liquid eyes gazed pleadingly into those of the husband.

Harry Watson felt sorry that he had applied for admission, and could he have withdrawn his petition that moment he would doubtless have done so, but he had been balloted for and elected, and the Craft had congratulated him on the clear ballot he had received, and a special meeting had been appointed for his initiation, and an expert in conducting the ritual exercises had been invited from abroad, and to parley then with hesitation seemed to him unworthy of a resolute man, and treachery to those who had honoured him with their votes and provided the very best conditions for his introduction to the venerable Order. So mustering up courage, he engaged in the first argument with his wife, and said: "Darling, my father was a Mason, and for many years engaged in the benevolent labours of this ancient Craft, having a most exalted opinion of the nature, design and works of the institution. Many times have I heard him detail it labours of mercy. When he died he requested that I should take his place in the Lodge. He was borne to burial by his brethren, and from the hour I turned from his grave, I have had a purpose to unite with the Order he loved so well in life, and that had laid him in his grave with such tender fraternal hands when dead.

"It is selfish for a man to live for himself, and exhaust his heart upon his family, It is true that 'Charity begins at home,' but it should not end there. All vital

forces work from the centre outward. 'None liveth unto himself and none dieth unto himself.' I feel that I should unite with my fellows in effort to ennoble manhood and to mitigate human suffering, and, as for secrets, I understand the Masons have none except the drama of the Order and passwords, grips and signs, by which its members may know each other, and thus be protected from imposture."

Mrs. Watson did not reply, but kissing her husband good-bye, turned with a heavy heart to the cradle of her babe and spent a full hour humming the lullaby:

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently fall upon thy head."

There was a rap at the door, and the servant announced the Rev. John Peeksnif, her pastor. She trembled like a reed shaken in the wind, for she had a presentment that the venerable clergyman had been made acquainted with the fact of her husband's intention to unite with the Masons, and had come to read the church riot act to the family. He had a very grave visage when his feelings were the brightest, but on this occasion he wore his most funeral expression. His salutation was in a deep, sepulchral tone, suggesting by its coarse, gutteral accent:

"*Hark! from the tombs, a doleful sound.*"

His step was measured, befitting the solemn tread that accompanied the dead march in his soul. His very breath seemed reeking with sulphurous fume. Now, while Protestants theoretically ridicule the Roman Catholic confessional, and affect contempt for the papal anathemas, there is a large class of timid people who are as much under the domination of their own preachers as were ever the most priest-ridden people of Southern Europe. Many there are who dare not think or act, without first inquiring what the minister will say. Mrs. Watson had been brought up a Presbyterian of the strictest sect. Her memory run not back to the time when she could not answer every question in the shorter catechism. Parson Peeksnif had baptized her, buried her mother, married her to her husband, and baptized her child. No wonder that she held the venerable gospeller in the profoundest esteem, and dreaded to offend him, or to have her husband provoke his ire. He began to inquire for Mr. Watson, and she, with faltering accent and quailing heart, blundered out, in broken syllables and hysterical sentences, the awful fact that at that very moment he was in the dreadful toils and secret den of the sacriligious Masons. The groan that escaped the thin lips of the clergyman seemed as if it might have been an echo of the sigh which nature gave when at first she yielded the sign that all was lost. The parson announced his regret and the startling penalty that Harry Watson would have to renounce Masonry or be expelled the communion of the church. To Mrs. Watson this was equivalent to social degradation and eternal woe, and, so burying her face in her hands, she burst into a flood of grief, in the midst of which her husband returned from the Lodge. Imagine the *tableau*—a sleeping babe, a weeping woman, a stern old clergyman, and an Entered Apprentice Mason—looking none the worse for his first goat ride.

The first impulse of Harry Watson was to sternly rebuke the old divine who had intruded his unwelcome presence upon his wife at this unusual hour, and added to her disquietude of mind by informing her of the dire penalty to be visited on him for having joined the Masons, but an imploring look from his wife who seemed intuitively to read his heart, enabled him to restrain his purpose and choke back the words that had nearly reached and became vocal on his lips. After Mr. Peeksnif had expressed his disapprobation and his purpose to inflict a severe ecclesiastical punishment, Harry told him that at an early stage of the initiation he had been assured, by men of the strictest probity of character, whose truthfulness and honour were well known to him, that nothing would be imposed upon him as a matter of either faith or practice that would in anywise conflict with his relations or duties to God, his country, his neighbours or his family, and that, should he find anything which his conscience protested, he could at any stage withdraw. Thus assured, he had completed the first step in Masonry. He had not seen or heard anything but

what was calculated to refine thought, sublimate feeling, enoble affection, and, indeed, broaden both a man's mind and heart. He had seen present only men of the strictest morality, and whom he was accustomed to respect in all the relations of life, and all the miscellaneous subjects he had heard talked of were in connection with the relief of the poor, the education of the orphaned, the watching of the sick, and the comfort of the widowed. He had met men of the opposite party to himself in politics, representatives of all the churches, for whom he had had always kindly feelings, and was glad to meet them on some common, fraternal platform, where relationship would not be disturbed by the rivalries of business, the rancour of partisan strife, and the hostility engendered of sectarian bigotry. He said "I revere the Church as Christ instituted it. Masonry is neither a rival nor a substitute for it. All she asks of the Church is a kindly recognition of her works of mercy, and an humble seat upon her footstool. But rather than yield to the dictation of unreasoning prejudice, or the passion of bigotry, and thus surrender my private right of judgment, I will adhere to Masonry and be expelled from your congregation. Understand, however, that I draw a clear distinction between Christ's free Church and *your* narrow Church. Besides, Presbyterianism is too liberal to propose to measure all men with a two-foot rule. Her's is no Procrustean policy. Your individual hostility to Masonry, the product of ignorance of the characteristics and ends of the Order, is not regarded by me as an exponent of the great catholic Presbyterian church—many of whose ablest and most pious ministers are ardent supporters and active members of our institution. I would appeal from your dictation and the session's action to the Presbytery."

The old parson was surprised at the vigorous response of his young parishioner, and, as he was a promising young lawyer, and bade fair to achieve distinction in his profession, and erelong to become a pillar of the Church, he concluded to let the matter drop.

(To be Continued.)

EVERY YEAR.

BY BRO. ALBERT PIKE.

The Spring has less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do Summer's flowers quicken,
Nor Autumn's fruitage thicken
As they once did, for we sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year,
As the heart and soul grow older
Every year.
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the joys of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until time to death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Oh! how sad to look before us
Every year,
While the cloud grows darker o'er us
Every year!
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garments braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year;
Come no new ones in their places
Every year.
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;"
"You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;"
"You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Thank God! no clouds are shifting
Every year,
O'er the land to which we're drifting
Every year;
No losses there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leave us,
Nor death of friends bereave us,
Every year.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

I.—JULY.

To Masons, whose delight equally with their duty it is to explore "the hidden mysteries of nature and of science," the pages of the Eternal Architect's great world-book are never open in vain. Of its study we cannot tire, for its daily lessons are ever over-flowing with freshly varied beauties. In its domain there is a place for every student, superficial or profound; food, light or solid, for every mental appetite; charms to suit every varying mood,

> "From grave to gay,
> From pensive to serene."

Ever since the Great Architect laid out in symbol the plan of man's life, with its varied hours of work and rest, labour and refreshment, mental as well as bodily, in the very acts of creation, have His appointed teachers gone to the great storehouse there provided for texts whereon to found their lessons, for threads and pearls alike wherewith to string the chaplets of His jewelled lore. From the first recorded object-sermon—Jotham's Parable of the Trees that went forth to anoint a king,—to those of Our One and Only Perfect Master, every imaginable subject that can affect the creature has been symbolized and shadowed forth in that the Creator's eloquent, though seemingly silent, kingdom. True, its objects may be to outward seeming dumb, but if one but possesses, as every Brother should in his heart possess, the key, there will be evidently revealed what our own great poet saw and understood—

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Nature's lessons, then, as deep as perfect, are good for profit, but are they too for pleasure? What says our poet yet?—

> ——"This life more sweet
> Than that of painted pomp.
> * * * * * * * *
> I would not change it."

Yet once again, its security and happiness insure alike for mind as body—

> "Are not these woods
> More free from peril than the envious court?
> Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
> The season's difference, as the icy fang
> And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
> Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
> Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
> 'This is no flattery; these are counsellors
> That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
> Sweet— * * * * * *
> ——this our life exempt from public haunt."

We must not, however, dwell too long on these moral lessons taught us by nature of that nature's God, for our purpose now is rather to cull some of the myriad sweets from her bounteous lap—we say "cull" advisedly, for touch we ever so lightly, we cannot in the space and time now at our command, mention one thousandth part of her varied gifts; nor can we look at any of them from even a slightly scientific point of view; the forms and structures of plants, the natures and habits of the insect world, the species and instincts of the animal kingdom, we must pass over, or, at best, touch on but lightly, for our present purpose is rather to briefly indicate what is most commonly to be observed in a summer-day's ramble, than to teach with the minuteness that requires the space of the many-paged volume to describe, and the long hours of patient study to acquire.

Our way, then, lies just now through the leafy woods, of whose blossoms we can say but little, for but few are in their greatest state of beauty now; one tree, however, demands our attention if only for the exquisite perfume exhaled by its sweetly-scented flowers, we mean the Lime or Linden, whose yellow bloom-clusters are always alive with the music of the multi-

tudinous insects attracted by their rich store of honey. First and foremost of these, we find the Honey-Bee, whilst amongst the more brilliant, if less useful frequenters of the plant, we find the Lime-Hawk-Moth, the Kentish Glory, the large Emerald, the Buff-tip, the Lobster Moth, Orange Moth, Dagger Moth, Brindled Beauty, and many others too numerous to mention. The Lime is a tree that in Britain we rarely see except as a cultivated favourite, ranged in trim avenues or belting those sacred spots where—

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

There is, however, a small kind abundant in a wild state, especially in Sussex and Essex; but, if we would see this tree in surpassing luxuriance, we must seek such specimens as those at Moor Park, in Hertfordshire, or that well-known example at Knowle Park, in Kent, which might well be designated the British Banian. This unique specimen sends out luxuriant branches, which, bearing hard upon the ground at their extremities, have rooted and sent up daughter stems; these stems have again branched out and rooted like the parent stock, until this single tree, together with children and grandchildren, covers ground of well-nigh a fourth of an acre in extent. As the denizens of this tree are numerous, so too are its uses to man, both useful and ornamental; for turnery and toys it is invaluable, so too it is for sounding-boards of pianofortes and for carriage-panelling; whilst to its soft, smooth-grained and light wood, we are indebted for the exquisite carvings of Grinlling Gibbons, which, though executed two hundred years ago, are still to be seen at St. Paul's and Canterbury Cathedrals, Windsor Castle, and Chatsworth, as delicate, as sharp, and as beautiful as when they left that master's hand. Humbler uses too the tree deigns to serve—the bastmatting of the gardener and the packer is prepared from its inner bark, whilst its blossoms yielded to our grandmothers one of those simples, which, if they were not useful for the purpose well-enough intended, still did perhaps but little harm, a quality that we cannot as readily accord to many of the nostrums of this our vastly more learned age.

The Tamarisk we can hardly call a tree, perhaps, but it will be well to notice here its waving feathery boughs and spikes of small white flowers, as it will lend us a step downwards towards the humbler shrubs.

Many a hedgerow now, especially if the season be late, is thickly adorned with the Honeysuckle, whose perfume is as sweet as its flowers are lovely, whilst, if the soil be chalky, we shall find hanging in profusion the sweet white flowers of the Traveller's Joy or Clematis: this plant is one of those boons of vegetation which render every season beautiful—its clusters of trailing light green foliage in the spring, its abundant perfumed flowers in summer, its silver-haired fruit, earning for it its rural name of Old-man's-beard in autumn whilst in winter its stem-tracery is a marvellous study of nature's handywork. Nor is another sense, and that by no means an unimportant one, left ungratified, for we can readily find the grateful fruit of some of the bramble-tribe, the Wild Raspberry, and others, whose berries, if small, possess a flavour often sought in vain at the hands, or rather of the branches, of their more favoured garden rivals. Nor must we forget the Queen's or Cloud-Berry, which, if its fruit affords us but small gratification directly, does so indirectly, for it is the favourite food of that royal bird, the grouse. Talking of this right-royal bird, at once brings to mind the Ling or Heather which, now makes many a hill-side of the far North extremely beautiful: where, too,

"Still keeps the Ling its darksome green,
Thick set with little flowers."

We shall find, too, especially if the ground be marshy, the large rose-coloured blooms and prettily cut foliage of the Dwarf Red Rattle, which, by the way, is found throughout almost the whole of Europe, and is as plentiful in the moist grounds of Siberia as those of our own land. Here, too, we find the aromatic Wild Thyme, that prime favourite of "Ann Page."

Downwards again to the less aspiring, but not less beautiful, family the Bind-weeds. With this wild convolvulus every hedgerow is now ablaze, and the stalks of corn in nearly every cornfield firmly bound together to the farmer's no small disgust.

If now the sickle has not already taught

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its lesson of the brevity of our existence in this beautiful world, as bright as brief for us, we shall gather a splendid nosegay of summer flowers, than which no product of green-house or conservatory can be more lovely, if even it be more proudly grand. Here is the upright stem and the crown of bloom of the deep red Corn-cockle, close by stands the bright Blue-bottle and hard by the glowing yellow heads of the Corn-Marigold; here, too (and, indeed, almost everywhere), we may learn weather-wisdom of the Shepherd's Warning, or Scarlet Pimpenell, whose property of keeping close in damp weather was noticed by Sir Francis Bacon; nor is it by any means a bad clock, for it opens and closes most punctually, although it does shut up shop somewhat early in the day, being never more than a minute or two past two-o'clock. Another brilliant addition to our posy is the blue Succory, a variety of which plant affords the Chicory, which is such a decided addition (pardon! not improvement) to our matutinal Coffee. Would we add next a lilac flower to our bunch, there are the little tufts of Field Madder; whilst of all the crimson blossoms none can equal for intensity the Adonis or Pheasant's eye. Another handsome lilac flower is the Knautia, whilst a deeper purple is afforded by the Knapweed; one more to give sweet perfume, so we pluck the Marjoram, and, leaving the cornfield, take to the lane, whose banks and waste-places are positively covered with such a profusion of flowering plants, that we can do little more than mention a few by name. There is the Red Dead Nettle, as well as its white sister, of which Bishop Mant has spoken—

"And there with whorls encircling graced,
Of white and purple-tinted red,
The harmless Nettle's helmet head;
Less apt with fragrance to delight
The smell, than please the curious sight."

There, too, is the Trailing Tansy or Silver Weed, the Sowthistle's yellow bloom, the bright golden Avens, the climbing Tufted Vetch, the primrose-coloured Cow-wheat, the Black Horehound with its purple buds, with Wild Parsnep, fragrant Basil Thyme, the heat-resisting Yellow Bed-straw or Cheese Rennet, the Musk Thistle, the Burdock, the dingy cream-coloured and evidently dangerous Henbane, the equally fatal but surpassingly beautiful and variously-coloured Foxglove, and the suspicious green-flowered Dog Mercury; here too, we find the dingy-yellow Ploughman's Spikenard, with the wrinkled Wood Germander or Garlic Sage, the pale Nipple-Wort, and the splendid Mallow—there living apparently on nothing is the Biting Stonecrop or Wall Pepper, and here the *acrid but delicately beautiful Wood Sorrel;* next to our hand rises the Viper's Bugloss, whilst hard by is the once vaunted simple blue Common Agrimony; but little less precious in the herbalist's catalogue is the Yarrow or Nose-bleed, whilst no less valued in the butler's list comes the blue-spangled Borage; another pretty purple-blossomed plant is the Hedge Wound-wort, whilst close to us is the Soap-wort, with its delicate, rose-coloured petals—do we want a charm, here is Vervain; do we seek beauty, even in a seeming freak of nature, here is the Bee Orchis; whilst, if we want bringing back from the flights of fancy to the realities of our mundane existence, here is a reminder ready to our hand in the formidable shape of the Great Nettle. A peep over this hedge, in which the *profuse white blossoms of the Guelder* Rose or Snowball Tree have given place to those handsome clusters of berries, which though now green, will soon ripen into a vivid crimson, and we shall see in the adjoining clover-field one of the most extraordinary objects that Dame Nature presents to us in her vegetable kingdom. We have but few native parasitic plants, but here is one of the most singular. The seed of the Broom Rape or Strangle Vetch, frequently lies dormant in the earth for years, until some plant favourable to its growth springs up near it, when it germinates, and striking its suckers into the root points of its neighbour, quickly establishes that most profitable of all partnerships, a participation in profits without sinking capital in the working machinery. Clover is the favourite stock upon which this parasite battens, and it may be easily seen, for the stem even of the lesser variety is generally more than a foot high. It presents a strange withered appearance, being leafless, but having on its stem scales of a dull, reddish brown colour: its blossoms are of a dingy purple cast, mixed with yellow.

If our collection is not complete, let us

seek the meadow, but pause one moment and gather the clustering fruit of the Wild Cherry, decidedly more pleasing to the sight than gratifying to the taste. Amongst the grass, then, we may pluck the Yellow Goat's Beard and the pale blue Flax, the purple Self Heal, and the deceptive green Wild Mignonette; if we are in luck's way, we shall find the Deptford Pink and the golden Ragwort, the Hawkweed Picris and the curious Sundew; whilst near the water's edge we are sure of finding the glorious Willow-weed—the Bird's-foot Trefoil will reward our search with its ladies'-slippers, or pattens-and-clogs, of our childhood's day's; the yellow Vetchling is here in force with its neighbour, the Woad-waxen or Dyer's Greenweed; next come the Meadow weed, the Hemp Agrimony, and the magnificent purple Loosestrife; we must not forget that general favourite, the turquoise Forget-me-not, with its touching story, dear to lovers' hearts—

"Then the blossoms blue to the bank he threw
Ere he sank in the eddying tide;
And 'Lady, I'm gone, thine own knight true,
Forget-me-not,' he cried.

"The farewell pledge the lady caught,
And hence, as legends say,
The flower is a sign to awaken thought
Of friends who are far away."

In the water itself we observe the conspicuous Water-plaintain; close under its lofty stems nestles the handsome patches, resembling miniature Water-lilies, of the white blossomed Frogbit; whilst, last but by no means least important, we cull for our *al-fresco* luncheon, the cool delicious Water-cress.

Time will not serve us to describe the handsome flags and rushes, or enter into the study of the myriad grasses, and so we must linger only to add to our list of insect friends fluttering over the grassy mead—the Tortoise-shell Butterflies (larger and smaller), the gorgeous Purple Emperor, the White Admiral, and the Painted Lady; whilst to our Moths we add the Tiger, the Oakeggar, and the Dark Crimson Underwing. Of birds, their eggs, and nests, we must this month say little more than that most of them, having started successfully one family into the world, are busily engaged attending to the wants of a second brood.

As we glance across the stream, however, and our sight falls upon the ivy-mantled tower of the church, our eyes are attracted by a singular spectacle. On every projection and every cornice, and indeed on every point that will afford a lodgement, cluster numberless Swallows and Martens, getting ready for their long, long journey, whither? we know not, save that the wide salt sea is no bar to their progress, for the rigging of many a ship has afforded a temporary resting place to the birds in the midst of their long journey, upon which they will enter towards the latter end of the month.

The day is now rapidly closing in, and the honey-laden bees are wending their way hive-wards for the last time 'ere nightfall, and we can but hope that our day's work in culling the sweets of knowledge may prove as productive as the labour of those tiny workers; truly do they commend themselves to our respect, and bid us follow the example of their ceaseless industry; but whilst we render them every possible honour for this estimable quality, we cannot forget that there is one very disagreeable trait in their character which takes an exceedingly practical turn in the last week of the month, we mean their great selfishness, turning everything and everybody of their acquaintance into profit, and as soon as they have made all they can out of it, getting rid of the object to which they have paid hitherto such scrupulous, but we fear hypocritical, attion. Need we say that we mean the dreadful murder of the husbands by those lady-bees, who have turned their talents into other than maternal directions. We often compare our own busy country to a hive of bees, but it would be rather hard lines for some of us if the simile were to be carried out in its entirety; the "shrieking sisterhood" are there, and their instincts are doubtless somewhat allied to those of these bloodthirsty "neuter" bees, woe betide us poor "drones," as they consider us, if they should ever get the upper-hand. However, this hive of ours is not yet altogether converted to the faith that the greatest talkers are invariably the greatest doers, and so we may wend our peaceful way homewards for a little longer

yet, our solitary walk brightened still by one of Nature's tiny marvels, for—

"Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem, and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night."

BRO. JAMES NEWTON'S SKETCH OF THE CONCORD ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, No. 37, BOLTON.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

If any brethren a few years since considered that Bros. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., D. Murray Lyon and ourselves were mistaken in the belief that there was yet a mine of Masonic wealth to be found in our Lodge and Chapter Records, their doubts must have long ere this, have fled. Month after month we hear of fresh discoveries, and important links being prepared for our universal History of Freemasonry, and should the rapid progress be maintained, we may soon hope for material sufficient being accumulated whereupon to base the work.

Bro. Newton, P.M., 37, of Bolton, is another labourer in the field, and we give him a most hearty welcome as a competent writer and accurate scribe, for he has done his work well for the Records of the Concord Chapter, and deserves the thanks of his numerous readers.

The first note we have of the "Anchor and Hope" Lodge *by name* is of 1777, and it also occurs in the Grand Lodge Calendar for 1784. The Chapter it appears, met under the wing of the Lodge, for being under a separate charter of the "Moderns," it could not be held directly by its authority. Its number was 45. From 1823 to 1863 it has been subject to three changes of numeration in connection with the Lodge, to which, after the Union of the Grand Chapters on 18th March, 1817, it became attached, viz., Nos. 51 (1823), 44 (1832), and 37 from 1863. In 1823 there were in all 38 chapters for the Royal Arch, meeting in the whole of Lancashire, and three at Bolton—viz., 51, 242, and 386.

The Lodge itself met in a private room A.D. 1734, and has for years happily returned to such suitable associations.

We should much like to know who Bro. Michael James Boyle was (a companion and "Mason of the world"), and we expect our Bros. Newton and Ellis would also be glad to be aware as to his Masonic history. The seal mentioned by Bro. Newton (page 515) was in all probability, used by the said Bro. Boyle, who was likely enough a member of the "Royal Arch Union Lodge," No. 211, Grand Lodge of Scotland. This Lodge was constituted in 1785 (Feb. 7), and was held in the 3rd Regiment of Dragoons, its number being subsequently altered from 211 to 159. The Lodge has been for some time *dormant*; but we should say that if the records are preserved, it will be found to have been with the Regiment at Bolton or neighbourhood, at the period in question, and possibly Bro. Boyle was connected with these Dragoons. The seal evidently was that of the Lodge; and though the Grand Lodge of Scotland has never recognized the Arch, and in fact not any degrees save the three first and the "*Mark*," yet at the time stated a very free use was made of the Lodge warrant, and it was generally considered that the presence of such a document made all the proceedings regular, for which reason the warrants were often *lent* for a few hours, when meetings were held in the Mark and Royal Arch degrees.

The "Super Excellent Masonry" spoken of, was evidently something additional to the ordinary "Royal Arch degree," and was what is termed the "higher order." As the warrant of No. 45 did not authorize the working of "Super Excellent Masonry," it is just possible that Bro. Michael James Boyle was the medium of authority, as his name frequently occurs as some one of consequence in the Records of the Chapter at Bolton, as also at Sheffield. The title of the "Moderns" Grand Chapter was the imposing one of "*The Grand and Royal Chapter of Jerusalem.*" Its constitutions or regulations were issued in 1778 (A.L. 5872) and 1782 (A.L. 5786), and, as we have seen, it united with the "Ancients" soon after

the union of the two Grand Lodges in 1813. Since then there have been issued those of 1817, 1823, 1843. 1852, 1864, and 1875.

The three officers who signed the Records 30th November, 1787, with simply the letters P., A., and E., attached, we take to mean Principal Sojourner (*i.e.* P.), Assistant Sojourner (or A.), and Scribe E. (or E.) These names are in accordance with the titles of the various officers.

The By-laws as quoted by Brother Newton, are valuable and curious, and form an interesting feature of his entertaining sketch.

The "H.R.A. of the Earl of Antrim" (page 565), it will be as well to note, refers to brethren of the "*Ancient*" constitution, or seceders, who on joining the Chapter of the "Moderns," disobeyed their own Laws as promulgated, A.D., 1801. However, such was frequently done.

We hope that Bro. Newton's sketch will form the herald of many subsequent histories of our old Lodges and Chapters.

We append a list of country Chapters in existence, A.D., 1792, under "*The Grand and Royal Chapter of Jerusalem*" *aforesaid*:—

3 *Friendship*, Portsmouth.
4 *Nativity*, Burnley.
5 *First Miracle*, Colne.
6 Manchester.
7 *Unanimity*, Bury.
8 Swansea.
9 *Charity*, Bristol.
12 *Unity*, Colchester.
13 *Concord*, Southampton.
14 Liverpool.
17 *Union*, York.
20 *Harmony*, Salisbury.
21 *Amity*, Poole.
22 *Durnovarian*, Dorchester.
23 *Unity*, Plymouth.
24 St. Michael, Chester.
25 *Benevolence*, Plymouth.
27 Fortitude, 1st. Reg. Dragoons.
28 *Cumberland*, Bath.
29 *Resolution*, Exeter.
30 Friendship, Dartmouth.
31 Science, Salisbury.
32 Britannia, Whitby.
33 Fortitude, Birmingham.
34 Weymouth.
35 *Minerva*, Hull.
*39 *Industrious*, Hull.
36 *Mount Moriah*, Chatham.
38 *Concord*, Canterbury.
41 *Prudence*, Ipswich.
43 *Rectitude*, Boking.
45 *Concord*, Bolton-le-Moor.
46 *Harmony*, Kingston.
47 *Union*, Bridgwater.
49 *Hope*, Deptford.
51 *Concord*, Durham.
52 *Land of Cakes*, Eyemouth.
53 *Goodwill*, Braintree.
56 Fortitude, Darlington.
60 Union, Gateshead.

"ABSENT FRIENDS."

THE clans are met! The yearly feast
Upon the board is spread;
The holly and the mistletoe
Hang mingled overhead.

For 'tis our birthday gathering,
Looked forward to each year;
And, save with here and there a blank,
We all of us are here.

From granddad with his silver head,
Who fourscore years hath seen;
To fair-haired Dora, who hath reigned
For just four years our queen.

Ring out sweet childhood's trebles shrill,
And joyous is the sound;
And elders smile as the red wine
Goes moderately round.

Hushed for a moment is the mirth,
Grave for awhile the gay;
As, glass in hand, old grandsire gives,
"The dear ones far away!"

There's dark-eyed Frank in India's clime,
Bluff Walter on the sea;
And Nell, who married in the spring,
Another home hath she!

We'll pledge the dear ones, each and all,
Although no answering hand
Can press our own, no answering voice
Can join our joyous band.

Full many a "toast" we'll drink to-night
Ere our blithe gathering ends;
But none so sweet, and none so dear,
As that of "Absent Friends!"

* Sic.

SHIRTS AND COLLARS.

(From the "Keystone.")

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY IN MY OWN BEHALF FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE OF THE OPPRESSED RACE USUALLY CALLED MAN.

[WE take this amusing skit from our excellent contemporary, to whom we are often indebted.—ED.]

HAVE you ever had any trouble with your linen, dear reader? I say dear reader, after the style of religious writers, for who knows but that many otherwise pious men have been made to exclaim, "Darn the shirt and collar!"

If ever man was afflicted with shirts and collars, so that he would forget his own identity, and have to call on his mother-in-law to tell him his wife's maiden name, I am he; *yes*, I am HE. Let me give you a few of my many experiences:

I was once stopping at a hotel in Richmond. Having arrived late on Saturday night, and being vary tired, I slept in my only shirt. I might here say that I had a half-dozen different sizes of collars with me, not knowing whether my neck would contract or expand in that warm climate.

After a LIVELY night's rest (I was *amused* most of the time with some kind of a bird that insisted on calling me cousin) I arose and prepared for breakfast. Looking into the mirror before me, what a *sight!* I had forgotten to remove the tobacco from my mouth on retiring, consequently the bosom of my shirt presented a forlorn appearance. I immediately rang the bell for a servant; one appeared shortly. First asking him his name (he called himself the *late* Judge Frisby) I said:

"Can you buy me a shirt?"

"Oh, yes, Boss, get you a nice one for five dollars."

Handing him the money, and telling him to hurry up, I waited patiently for his return. He arrived shortly and said:

"Boss, dis am de nicest shirt out, *sure*. No trouble to put it over de head; but buttons all down de side."

Putting it on, the *Late* Judge asked me if it was large enough.

"Well, I should think it was, most; I didn't ask you to buy me a whole suit. Take this back and get me another."

He returned in a few minutes, saying the store was closed, and the boss had gone to church. I put the shirt on again, determined to do the best I could under the circumstances.

Just at this moment, I noticed a stir among my collars, and a suppressed laugh of the late Judge, whom I kept in torture for a half-hour, breaking all his fingernails in trying to fasten the back button. Having accomplished this, I told him to button the front. Now, if you have never heard a coloured judge deliver an opinion, you ought to have been present.

"Boss, this shirt am a cutaway, and the collars are six inches too short, *sure*!"

My patience becoming exhausted, I ordered him to sew two of the collars together, and bring my breakfast to my room, determining not to be made fun of by the other guests.

On my return home I sent the shirt to a charitable institution, the matron of which, in acknowledging the donation, said she had made one dozen nice sheets and a linen table-cloth out of it. She thanked me kindly on behalf of the Board of Directors, and of the little children of the Institution.

Being one of the proprietors of the *Commercial List* (the *only* paper devoted to the commercial interests of Philadelphia), I received as part of my dividend an order on a Gents' Furnishing Store, and with this I hastened to get measured for one-half-dozen shirts of the latest style.

When the shirts came home, my wife remarked, "Why did you get shirts with collars on them, when you know you must have a clean collar each day?" "I did not order them so, my dear; but guess this must be the new style. I will wear one to-day, and see how I like them." My wife (always wishing me to look nice) said, "My dear, I would, but remember, do not spit on your bosom."

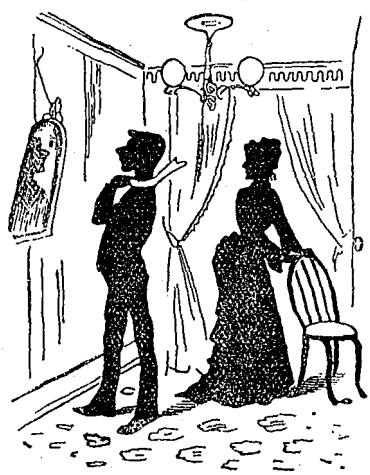
I had not proceeded far from the house, when the boys commenced to yell "Look at that sport!" "Jakey!" "New York!" and such like expressions: and not wishing to be made sport of, I returned home to see what was the matter with the shirt. On examination, my wife found that the man

who made the shirt had drawn too much muslin up in the neck, to the detriment of the lower end. Without getting angry however, I took off the shirt and put on an old one—sending the fashionable ones back to be altered to the old style.

In a few days they were returned to me, cut bias in the back and gored. "Now," said I to my wife "I think they are all right," putting on one which fitted splendidly.

But, alas, my trouble ended not here, as I had forgotten to order collars with the shirts—not knowing that every collar ought to fit a shirt, and every shirt fit a collar. Nevertheless, I thought myself equal to the emergency, having collars of all sizes on hand.

I went to the drawer, took out a half-dozen collars—thinking one of them would fit. I first tried the "Captain"—my favourite, but it was no use, for as fast as I would button in front, it would come off behind. I next tried "Lord Byron," the old standby, but it would not fit; then I tried the "Grant," but it was frayed out on the edges, from long usuage, and refused to be tacked on a new administration. My patience becoming almost exhausted, I determined to nail the next one fast, and had already secured the back, and was with my left hand fastening the front part, when my wife came to me and said, "Deary, won't you take me to the opera to-night?" when away went the collar!



"Now, my dear, don't bother me when I am putting on a collar. *You know it makes me mad.*"

"Well, I have never been to the opera in my life."

"Wade Hampton and Florida Water! don't bother me!"

My wife seeing me get angry, said, "Deary, perhaps I can fix it for you."

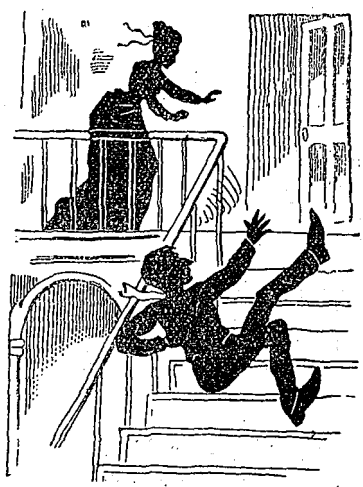
"Eh! will you go to bed, or do something?—*anything*, but don't annoy me."

My wife now began to get mad too.

"Why don't you go to a decent place and get your shirts and collars? I don't make them."

"Did I *say* you made them? I will go to another room where I can put my collar on in peace."

I went at once, and after walking up and down the room for half an hour, twisting and screwing at my collar, and scarce knowing what I was about, I heedlessly walked out of the open door, and this was the result:



Some people may think this is a funny picture. I don't. After lying there for half an hour, I was asked by my wife if I had broken anything on the way down, and, almost in the same breath, the servant girl came in and told me that the black hen wanted to set. I immediately replied:

"Give her thirteen —— collars!" (I would add, that the old hen is still setting without avail).

All this time my wife was bathing my head and calling me kind and endearing names. Such as:

"Oh, you old simpleton! I hope you are satisfied now!" etc. (I *was* more than satisfied.)

After listening to all this, I started up stairs to get another collar, when to my utter horror, some thirty or forty collars seemed to be dancing and wriggling about, putting themselves into all manner of shapes, evidently rejoicing over my annoyance.

Talk about your "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals"—if I had just at that moment been the happy possessor of "Jerry McSweeny's Centennial bull dog," I would have set him on the collars, bureau and all, so exasperated was I.

After the collars got quieted down, I picked up one and said, "Perhaps you would like to go down town to-day." It making no particular objection, I dipped the band in water, so that my neck might not be worn through before night, and then I started down the Street, feeling in about as good a humour as a man can after enduring so much torture, when happening to think I had my cane instead of my umbrella, and it was then raining hard, I turned back hurriedly, when I beheld—



but no, I won't tell you, look for yourself.

Talk about corruption in high places; *woman* at the bottom of it; here was the "old fellow" himself and all his bookkeepers, tormenting me beyond all human —yes, even spiritual endurance.

I returned home utterly demoralized, when my wife came to my rescue once more. Said she, "Come hear, dear, I bet I will fix that collar so it will stay on, I will sew it fast."

I answered by running my hand down my back, and pulling collar, shirt, and all off, and then said, "Take it, do what you please with it," and I fell back on the bed exhausted. Presently, I fell asleep, when I dreamed of a new country.

There I saw about one hundred millions of collars, trying to fit themselves on to one man, each offering money for the privilege of being tried on first. I thought I saw a man, and he was lame, who had a very thin neck, and who was being tormented with a very large collar, which looked to be about eight hundred feet wide. I drew his picture on the spot just as he emerged from one of those estab-



lishments, which if taken at flood tide, leads on to destruction. I looked again, and lo! the sign was changed, and in its stead I saw this figure, and below were the words,

"In Memoriam."



I asked the Spectre what he was looking at, said he, "Behold! young man, a supero-lateral view of a crushed cranium, and interior part of the body. My pectoral bone appears as a sagittiform plate with thin edges, and rounded, lateral angles. A thin, median prolongation, the greater part of the border of my collar, is distinct and displays the continuity of the supra-temporal regions. (I thought he said infernal).

"Its *ramus mandibuli* is longer than my neck proper, the number of frayes on the edges of the collar cannot be determined, but they are rather large, and traces of them extend all around the neck.

"The length of the anterior *mandibuli* in the back part of the collar is 7 mm., and the diameter is at the base 47 mm.—diameter of base of superior maxillary, 00 mm,—the approximate length of the *mandibular ramus* is 37 miles longer than a Mississippi freshet. The one angle of the collar projects and gives a surface somewhat ribbed rather than of a continuous character." At this point the spectre disappeared, and I awoke, finding my wife standing over me, bathing me with a mixture of South Carolina and Louisiana water, and holding blue glass to my nose.

She said, "My dear, you have been dreaming and talking in your sleep." Well, said I, "I think I have." Said my wife, "Take my handkerchief and wipe the perspiration off your face!" "What! a handkerchief, did you say? better bring a bucket and see that it is large."

At this point an alarm of fire was sounded. I rushed to the door and asked a boy who was proceeding to the scene of conflagration what was on fire, he replied it is "Longshortness's Collar Factory." Then, I am happy, said I.

Revenge! Revenge!! Revenge!!!

Our Archæological Corner.

ST. KATHARINE'S GILD AT COVENTRY,

Thomas de Schynton, Nicholas Pake, William de Tuttebury, William de Overton Clerk, Peter Percy, Richard de Darkese, Simon Wareyn, John Vincent, and John de Pakynton, gave a fine to the king for a license to found in the seventeenth year of King Edward III. a gild in Coventry to the honour of St. Katharine, but this shortly afterwards, says the author of "Ancient Reliques," became united to those of the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, and St. John the Baptist. There was, and still is, a beautiful Gild Hall at Coventry.

The oath which the Master of the Gild took on coming into office, was as follows:—

"That I shall be good and true to the Brethren and Sistern of the Trinity Gild, St. Mary, St. John, and St. Katharine, of Coventrie, and all lawful points and ordinances of this place, afore this time ordeyned, truly to keepe to my power, and in especiall all the ordinances that been or shall be the general days ordayned truly keep and observe. Also I shall truly re-

ceive and truly accompt, yield as well of me receipts as of all other things that longen to the master of this gild; and arrerage of my accompt, if any be, truly pay, or I depart from my accompt; and all other things truly doe that longen to the office of the said master: So help me God and All Saints. Also I shall once before Candlemas next coming, with six or four brethren of this Gild, oversee all the tenements of the same Gild."

We have mentioned the Trinity Gild. This was also founded in the thirty-eighth year of King Edward III. by Henry de Kele, and Thomas Orme, of Coventry; but in the sixteenth year of Richard II. united to that of St. John the Baptist and Our Lady, and henceforth to bear the conjoint name.

It is very important to collect and preserve all these "bene notanda" of the old Gild life of England.

ED.

A Review.

A Selection of Masonic Songs. By Bro. E. P. Philpots. Poole: Tilsed, High Street.

There are many collections of Masonic Songs, and all more or less interesting to the Freemasons, as witnesses of that love of melody and harmony which has ever been a characteristic of our Order. Without at all entering into the question of that somewhat florid style, and excess perhaps of sociality, which marked Masonic gatherings like the world generally, say fifty years ago, we think all reasonable persons will admit that Masonic songs are welcome adjuncts to the friendly gathering, to the inner circle of the Lodge. Bro. Philpots is an effective writer of Masonic songs,—his words are sensible and his rhythm is good. We think it therefore well to make a few selections from his recent brochure, which merits the patronage and perusal of our readers.

We take Song No. IV. as a good example of reality and harmony of verbiage:—

Air—"I'll fill my pipe again."—SYDNEY.

"Come, brothers, ere to-night we part,
In perfect harmony,
Let's sing success to every heart,
That keeps our precepts three.
The Chisel, Mallet, Guage I sing,
And other emblems rare;
You know we prize the truth they bring,
With Compasses and Square.

Chorus—With Compasses and Square,
With Compasses and Square,
We cannot err when guided by
The Compasses and Square.

"The Gauge it tells of passing time,
Going never to return;
It teaches us a truth sublime,
Our lamps let's brightly burn.
And as we pass along the road
So let us all prepare
Our minds to learn the maxims good,
Of Compasses and Square.

"The Gavel, too, instruct the mind,
To purify and free
Of thoughts that none of us can find
Deduced from Masonry.
Thus may we wiser each one grow,
That happiness to share,
That's taught us as we try to know
The Compasses and Square.

"The Chisel shows us how the power
Of conscience should us rule;
And mighty is the Mason's power,
Who uses well that tool.
As better men and Masons too,
To be we would prepare;
Let's try what can the Chisel do,
With Compasses and Square.

"From all the three we learn to know
How Knowledge, Truth, and Light,
Guide Masons wheresoe'er they go,
If they would use such might.
As on the Level we have met,
As Brothers true and fair,
So let us keep the precepts yet,
Of Compasses and Square."

We also take the sentiment of Song VII.:—

Air—"My Native Highland Home."

"I sing the song of hearts as true
As ere were in our land;
Who always keep one aim in view,
Fast to their vows to stand.

And faithful to the Craft they own,
Their actions bright we see:
No brighter virtues ever shone,
Than those of Masonry.

Chorus—Let heart and hand united stand,
whilst firm and free,
With Square and Compass, *too;*
We pull together; none like we
Can be so just and true.

"When cares oppress, and 'gainst the stream
The vessel labours hard,
Masonic Light shall brightly gleam
And have its own reward.
The Sacred Law shall help us on,
Life's journey wand'ring through,
To cheer us as the night comes on,
A Compass sure and true.

"And when the lamp of age grows dim,
And life seems ebbing fast,
We shall not fear death's shadows grim,
If Masons to the last.
For bright shall shine the beams of love
To those, who just and fair,
Look upward to the Lodge above,
And act upon the Square."

We all shall appreciate, we think, the truly Masonic sentiment of Song XI.:—

Air—"Jock O' Hazeldean."

Let's sing the well-known theme of old,
That Masons love to hear;
That's many a time and oft been told,
To those assembled here.
'Tis "Prosper well our noble Art,"
Far o'er the earth and sea;
For dear to every faithful heart,
Is good Freemasonry.

"The wisest king that ever reigned,
Has firmly laid the stone,
That true for ages has remained,
From which our Craft has grown.
And though The Temple is no more,
By heathen's base decree,
The Art that built it 's as before,
And called Freemasonry.

"Then glory to the Architect,
Whose rule for ever stands,
Whose Name the Craft with awe respect,
And all our praise demands.
And may He, ruling from On High,
Still present with us be,
Whene'er we square our actions by
The rules of Masonry."

All loyal Freemasons amongst us, and we are all loyal, will greet warmly the words of Song XIV.:—

Air—"God Bless the Prince of Wales."

"We're met once more together,
To join in social throng,
And praise the Art that can impart
A bond of union strong.
Then let us all, as Brothers,
Upon the Level part,
As on the Square we love to meet,
With true Masonic heart.

Chorus—From pole to pole resounding,
Let nations all incline,
To learn the Art we love so well,
Freemasonry divine.

"Our secrets are a wonder
To those who will not learn;
Our virtues all are noble,
Bright as the sun they burn.
Our Craftsmen work together,
A Temple high they raise,
And all unite with powerful might,
To celebrate its praise.

"Our Lodge is consecrated,
It stands on Holy Ground;
And favour in His perfect eyes,
Freemasonry has found.
Built on the Truth so stedfast,
Kept by the Craft secure,
To endless ages distant far
Our work shall aye endure."

Song XIX. is very animated and pleasant, and we shall equally approve of Song XXI.

SONG XIX.

Air—"Le Petit Tambour."

"No matter where I chance to go,
No place has charms for me,
When I can to a Lodge repair,
Of Masons true and free.
Then I can learn of virtues rare
That brightly ever glow;
No sect with Masons can compare,
So to the Lodge I'll go.

Chorus—Then to the Lodge we'll go,
Then to the Lodge we'll go;
{And to the Lodge of——,
{And to Lodge number——,
We often like to go.

"There is a sort of sacred tie,
Together us to bind;
We cannot sever, though we try,
However we're inclined.
A band of brothers happily
We journey on, and know
The truth will always present be,
So to the Lodge we'll go.

"We like to view the times gone by,
When first the Craft so free,
Was built, since when it's firmly stood,
And boasts antiquity.
The wisest King that ever reigned,
Devised it long ago;
And since the structure's firm remained,
So to the Lodge we'll go.

"Then prosper well the Art so free,
And prosper every man,
Whose mind is set on Masonry,
Who loves its depth to scan.
And may our Lodge in strength increase,
And never fail to grow;
Masonic virtue ne'er can cease,
So to the Lodge we'll go."

SONG XXI.

(The Tyler's Song.)

Air—"Believe me will all those endearing young charms;" or "The spring-time is coming."

"'Tis the toast of the Tyler, my Brothers, we'll sing,
'Tis a theme well befitting a song;
Some our Craft are adorning, who fortune may bring
Nought to cheer them or help them along.
Let's wish them success in their pathway of care,
May their sorrows and griefs be but few,
And may the Great Architect for them prepare
A road smoothly levelled anew.

Chorus—"Let's wish them," &c.

"'Tis the toast of the Tyler, the poor and oppressed,
Who've wandered away far from home;
May they find from their sorrow a sweet time to rest,
And back to their Fatherland come.
We'll welcome them all, for they're Brothers we know,
We'll soothe the afflictions they bear;
Our friendship Masonic shall full overflow,
And we'll help them to banish their care.

Chorus—We'll welcome them, &c.

"'Tis the toast of the Tyler in silence so deep,
We'll drink ere refreshment time's o'er;
Our poor and distressed in our minds we will keep,
And we'll welcome them back to their shore.
Let's think of the pledge we have vowed we will keep,
And the hand of a Brother firm hold;
That a friendship may grow as the ocean as deep,
And our virtues once more may be told.

Chorus—Let's think, &c."

We cannot pass over Song XXVII. which is very effective:—

Air—"It goes against the grain."

"As we go through this world of strife,
No matter what our station,
We ought to act to all men fair,
To Brother Masons on the Square.
Our Art should be Freemasonry,
Our greatest admiration,
To higher still ascend the hill,
And mind the golden rule.

Chorus—The ties we cannot sever,
Freemasons we are ever;
Forsake the Craft we'll never,
Accepted, Fair, and True.

"Should sickness, grief, or poverty,
Be cast upon a Brother,
A friend sincere he's sure to find,
To sympathy the Craft's inclined.
For love, relief and truth, our grief
Shall soften for each other;
And ties thus sure shall long endure
Within the Circle true.

"Then, Brothers all, unite with me,
In daily celebration,
Of all the virtues we possess,
None equal them that we profess.

As Masons true, we'll keep in view
The Craft's perpetuation,
Until we see Freemasonry
By every one adored."

We also greatly approve of Song XXXII.:—

Air—"Free and easy."

"Through the world my journey taking,
Many "ups and downs" I've seen;
Luck was often me forsaking,
Yet contented have I been.
Taking one time with another,
Well with others I compare,
For I aimed to be a Brother
Who would act upon the Square.

Chorus—True to the Craft I'll remain till the end,
Whilst every Brother's a Mason and a friend;
Always ready, sure and steady,
Mason's virtues know no end.

"If the wind is fairly blowing,
And *my* vessel journeys on;
Many a Brother's grief is showing
Fortune on him never shone.
Could I pass him by in trouble?
No,—my help is at his call;
I may be rewarded double,
Though my help may be but small.

"Though my riches are not many,
Still I have a mite to spare
For the man who has not any,
If a Mason on the Square.
Those among us whose position
We may envy, from renown,
Soon may change their high condition,
And be suddenly cast down.

"Let united every Brother,
By the ties of Masonry,
Seek new virtues to discover,
As a Fellow-Craftsman free.
Aiming as a good Freemason,
Thus to act, to live, to die;
So that he can take his station
After in eternity."

We conclude, as we think, not inaptly, with Song XLV., as it is a very good resumé both of Masonic teaching and Masonic duty:—

Air—"Men of Harlech."

"Brothers all of every nation,
High or lowly be your station,
Drink success to every Mason,
Prosper well the Art.
Noble minds the work engages,
Founded long ago by sages,
It shall last for many ages,
And a joy impart;
Mighty men declaring,
That it's good they're sharing,
Brighter far than morning star,
With Orders none comparing,
Virtues high to beautify,
With other Arts it well can vie,
Masonry can never die,—
Then prosper well the Art.

"Let the ties which firmly bind us,
Of our solemn vows remind us,
Let the world as Masons find us,
"Acting on the Square."
Thus to live we are contented,
To be faithful we've consented,
None of us have ere repented
That the badge we wear.
Virtues high attend us,
And our deeds commend us,
Whilst we "act upon the Square,"
Brothers shall defend us.
High we'll see Freemasonry,
Shall bear us towards eternity,
So our motto still shall be,
To "act upon the Square."

We cannot close our short extracts without commending Bro. Philpotts' production to the notice of all Masons, who are interested in Masonic harmony, or appreciate Masonic sentiments.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Author of Shakspere, his Times, and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and the Vicinage," "The Visitors' Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn-by-the-Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

MR. Robert E. Brown, an experienced factor and estate agent, in his able *Book of the Landed Estate*, remarks, that "taking farmers as a class, there are few, in comparison to their numbers, who have made rapid strides in the improvement of their farms, and who occupy, consequently, a high standing in their line of life. This is no doubt owing to the want of proper

training and education, whereby their minds can be made to comprehend the advantages arising from superior modes of culture; partly to the want of sufficient capital to enable them to carry out farming on better principles; and, perhaps, partly to the fact that, generally speaking, the beef, mutton, and grain belonging to the man who rears them in the ordinary way, meet with as ready a demand in the market as these commodities do when reared and sold by the improver, the difference in the profits lying more in the quantity than in the quality—of course, all other points being equal." But he adds, "Generally speaking, and with some exceptions, even where farmers are inferior in intelligence, and possessed of but small capital, if they are liberally dealt with, and under the direction of liberal landlords, and judicious agents, they may be made to carry out and follow such a system of cultivation on their respective farms as will be found highly conducive to the interests and prosperity of both landlord and tenant."

An eminent classical scholar and antiquary, the Rev. John Kenrick, M.A., F.S.A., has just passed away, at his residence, No. 38, Monkgate, York, in his ninetieth year; dying of natural decay, and remaining in full possession of his fine intellectual faculties to the very last. He was a native of Exeter, took the degree of M.A. at Glasgow, and afterwards studied at the universities of Gottingen and Berlin. In 1810, he went to York, as professor of classics in the unitarian college which had been removed to that ancient city from Manchester, and there married the daughter of the principal, the Rev. Charles Wellbeloved, the eminent antiquary, whose *Eboracum* is the best account of York under the Romans known to our literature. On the removal of the college back to Manchester, in 1840, Mr. Kenrick continued his connection with it for a few years, but never gave up his residence in the Yorkshire capital. On the 4th of February, 1858, he was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London, to which he was formally admitted, and contributed several valuable papers. He was one of the founders of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, of which he was vice-president and curator of antiquities; but, in his latter years, the Rev. Canon Raine, I believe, has really done the greater part of the labour of the curatorship. Mr. Kenrick was the author of two octavo volumes on *Ancient Egypt under the Pharoahs;* of one, with maps and illustrative plates, on *Phœnicia;* of a small work on *Roman Sepulchral Inscriptions, their relations to Archæology, Language, and Religion*; and of an interesting *Selection of Papers on Subjects of Archæology and History, communicated to the Yorkshire Philosophical Society;* the latter of which opens with the best treatise I have seen on "The Rise, Extension, and Suppression of the Order of Knights Templar in Yorkshire;" from which we learn that the Templars had possessions at Allerthorp near Bedale, Ampleforth, Appleton-wisk, Alverthorp near Wakefield, Bagby, "Baggaflete," Barton St. Mary's near Croft, Brotton, Brough near Catterick, "Burnebam," Burrell near Bedale, "Calvertune," Carlton near Arncliff, Carlton near Stanwick, Cattal, Catton, Cliff, Cold Kirby, Copmanthorp, Cowthorp, Coxwold, Craik Hall near Bedale, Drewton, Etton near Beverley, Faxfleet, Fenwick near Campsall, Great Langton, Hawskwell near Leyburn, Hayton in the East Riding, Hunsingore, Hunton near Patrick Brompton, Ilkley, Ingleby, "Jernewic," Kellington, Kildale, Kirby Fleetham, "Kirdintane," Leeming Bridge, Leyburn, "Lindebi," Lund in the parish of Hawes, Newbiggin (near Temple Newsome), North Cave, North Ferriby, Nunnington, Oldfield near Studley, Osgodby near Thirsk, Patrick Brompton, Penhill, Ribston, Richmond, Riplingham near South Cave, Scawton, Scruton, Skelton near Temple Newsome, Sowerby near Thirsk, Stamford Bridge, Stanghow near Gisbro', Startforth, Stonegrave, Temple Cowton, Temple Hurst, Thimbleby, Thirsk, Thornton Watlass, Thorp near Burniston, Waldby, Westerdale, Wetherby, Whitkirk, Whitley, Willetoft near Bubwith, Wilton, Wimbleton near Harum, Winmore, Yarm, and York. "Mount St. John near Thirsk," says Mr. Kenrick, "has sometimes been reckoned among their possessions, but it seems from the first to have belonged to the Hospitallers." I have taken the trouble to arrange the names of the places in alphabetical order, because they are thus easier of reference; and where the modern name is certain, I have

given it. Of those where the ancient name is retained, marked by being given in inverted commas, I will be glad of any assistance to fix their exact locality; but I must mention that Mr. Kenrick conjectured "Burnebam" to be Burniston; "Calvertune," to be Cawton near Gilling; "Jernewic," to be Gervic near Skelton in the North Riding; "Kirdintane," to be Kirklington near Sinderby; and "Lindebi," to be Lindrick near Ripon; but with "Baggaflete," he seems to have been fairly baffled. The whole article is full of information on the Templars, and written with great fairness. "The Templars," says he, "had not even the consolation of dying with arms in their hands; they were the victims of treachery and chicane." And, having shown the gross cruelty and injustice of confessions made under torture, and the rapacity of their persecutors, he remarks: "The proceedings against the Templars were so contrary to all principles of jurisprudence, that in a purely judicial point of view the evidence against them is worthless. As a question of historical probability, their partial guilt or entire innocence is not so easily settled." Mr. Kenrick was interred in the York Cemetery on Saturday, May 12th, and besides great numbers of the religious body with which he had been through life connected, Canon Raine and many members of the York Institute were present; but perhaps the most touching part of the whole ceremony of paying the last token of respect to a worthy man and scholar, was when the pupils from the Wilberforce School for the Blind, of which he was vice-president, dropped their floral offerings on his coffin. Though kindly invited by the aged antiquary to pay him a visit in the event of my again going to York, I had not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, but his kind correspondence I found to be useful to a humbler labourer in that great field of usefulness where there is room alike for the man of one talent and the man of ten. I ought perhaps to mention that, besides contributing to the publications of his own denomination, he was a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, to the *Philosophical Magazine*, and to the *Cambridge Philological Museum*, then edited by the late Bishop Thirlwall. Mr. Kenrick (for though he bore the title of Reverend, he never officiated as a minister) is one more proof that *study* is not injurious to longevity.

"It is America," remarked a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a few years ago, "that we may reasonably look to for a new type in architecture—the type that will be generated by the necessity of accomodating immense masses of people under one enclosure for purposes of political discussion, of religious service, of legislative debate, or of the administration of justice—a type more majestic than that of the Roman Basilica, and capable of the highest embellishment by sculpture and painting." I sincerely hope the performance may be equal to the promise. England has certainly seen a wonderful revival in her architecture of late years, but still we seem only capable at best of imitating the Ancients, and that too often at a great distance. Though I have never had the least desire to see our noble Craft return from its fine speculative Masonry to that of a mere trade guild, I have long felt that we, of all men, ought not merely to cultivate all the liberal arts and sciences that lay within the compass of our cable-tow, but a knowledge and love of architecture in particular: else the valued ceremony of laying the foundation-stones of public buildings with Masonic honours is a privilege to which we are no more entitled than our excellent sister organizations, the various Orders of Oddfellows, Foresters, Druids, Free Gardiners, Ancient Shepherds, and such-like. Had the Craft been true to its history and traditions, the ugly ecclesiastical edifices, for instance, would never have risen under Anne and the Georges, when, "to prevent starving," as George Alexander Stevens humourously expresses it, in his *Lecture on Heads*, "Architecture hired herself as a bricklayer's labourer." Many of our recently-erected Masonic Halls are positively disgraceful to the tastes of the brethren of the Lodges that erected them, being eclipsed in beauty of design by the adjoining schools and meeting-houses. Every Freemason ought to feel with the German critic, Frederick von Schlegel: "To me the sight of a splendid edifice or a lovely country is an ever-springing source of pleasure: I feel its grandeur more, and love its beauty better, the more frequently I behold it; and, in the same manner, the

continual contemplation of a fine building unconsciously elevates a susceptible mind, and maintains it in a fit frame for appreciating the beauty of other works of art, whilst a taste for architecture seems indeed to form the basis of every other artistic taste."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley, Yorkshire.

Forgotten Stories.

THE BOGLE OF ANNESLIE.

OR, THE THREE-CORNERED HAT.

[We take this pleasant little tale, which will be quite new to most of our readers, from a forgotten work of much merit.]

"An' ye winna believe i' the Bogle?" said a pretty young lassie to her sweetheart, as they sat in the door of her father's cottage one fine autumn evening. "Do you hear that, mither, Andrew 'll no believe i' the Bogle?"

"Gude be wi' us, Effie!" exclaimed Andrew—a slender and delicate youth of about two-and-twenty—"a bonny time I wad hae o't, gin I were to heed every auld wife's clatter."

The words "auld wife" had a manifest effect on Effie, and she bit her lips in silence. Her mother immediately opened a battery upon the young man's prejudices, narrating how that on Anneslie Heath, at ten o'clock at night, a certain apparition was wont to appear, in the form of a maiden above the usual size, with a wide three-cornered hat. Sundry other particulars were mentioned, but Andrew was still incredulous. "He'll rue that, dearly will he rue't!" said Effie, as he departed.

Many days, however, passed away, and Effie was evidently much disappointed to find that the scepticism of her lover gathered strength. Nay, he had the audacity to insult, by gibes and jests, the the true believers, and to call upon them for the reasons of their faith. Effie was in a terrible passion.

At last, however, her prophecy was fulfilled. Andrew was passing over the moor while the clock struck ten; for it was his usual practice to walk at that hour, in order to mock the fears of his future bride. He was just winding round the thicket which opened to him a view of the cottage where Effie dwelt, when he heard a light step behind him, and, in an instant his feet were tripped up, and he was laid prostrate on the turf. Upon looking up he beheld a tall muscular man standing over him, who, in no courteous manner desired to see the contents of his pocket. "Deil be on ye," exclaimed the young forester, "I hae but ae coin i' the warld." "That coin maun I hae," said his assailant. "Faith! I'se show ye play for't then," said Andrew, and sprung upon his feet.

Andrew was esteemed the best cudgel-player for twenty miles round, so that in brief space he cooled the ardour of his antagonist, and dealt such visitations upon his skull as might have made a much firmer head ache for a fortnight. The man stepped back, and, pausing in his assault, raised his hand to his forehead, and buried it among his dark locks. It returned covered with blood. "Thou hast cracked my crown," he said, "but yet ye sha' na gang scatheless;" and, flinging down his cudgel, he flew on his young foe, and, grasping his body before he was aware of the attack, whirled him to the earth with an appalling impetus. "The Lord hae mercy on me!" said Andrew, "I'm a dead man."

He was not far from it, for his rude foe was preparing to put the finishing stroke to his victory. Suddenly something stirred in the bushes, and the conqueror, turning away from his victim, cried out, "The bogle! the bogle!" and fled precipitately. Andrew ventured to look up. He saw the figure which had been described to him approaching; it came nearer and nearer; its face was very pale, and its step was not heard on the grass. At last it stood by his side, and looked down upon him. Andrew buried his face in his cloak: presently the apparition spoke—indistinctly, indeed, for its teeth seemed to chatter with cold—"This is a cauld an' an eerie night to be sae late on Anneslie Muir!" and immediately it glided away. Andrew lay a few minutes in a trance; and then arising from his cold bed, ran hastily towards the

cottage of his mistress. His hair stood on end, and the vapours of the night sunk chill upon his brow as he lifted up the latch, and flung himself upon an oaken seat.

"Preserve us!" cried the old woman. "Why, ye are mair than aneugh to frighten a body out o' her wits! To come in wi' sic a flaunt and a fling, baresconced, and the red bluid spatter'd a' o'er your new leather jerkin! Shame on you, Andrew! in what mishanter has thou broken that fule's head o' thine?"

"Peace, mither!" said the young man, taking breath, "I hae seen the bogle!"

The old lady had a long line of reproaches, drawn up in the order of march, between her lips, but the mention of the bogle was the signal for disbanding them. A thousand questions poured in, in rapid succession.—"How old was she? How was she dressed? Who was she like? What did she say?"

"She was a tall thin woman, about seven feet high!"

"Oh, Andrew!" cried Effie.

"As ugly as sin!"

"Other people tell a different story," said Effie.

"True, on my Bible oath! and then her beard ——"

"A beard, Andrew!" shrieked Effie, "a woman with a beard! for shame, Andrew!"

"Nay, I'll swear it upon my soul's salvation! She had seen saxty winters and mair, afore e'er she died to trouble us!"

"I'll wager my best new goun," said the maiden, "that saxteen would be nearer the mark."

"But wha was she like, Andrew?" said the old woman. "Was she like auld Janet that was drowned in the burn forenaint? or that auld witch that your maister hanged for stealing his pet lamb? or was she like—"

"Are you sure she was na like *me*, Andrew?" said Effie, looking archly in his face.

"You—Pshaw! Faith, guid mither, she was like to naebody that I ken, unless it be auld Elspeth, the cobbler's wife, that was blamed for a' the mischief or misfortunes o' the kintra roun', and was drowned at last for having sense aboon the lave."

"And how was she dressed, Andrew?"

"In that horrible three-cornered hat, which may I be blinded if ever I seek to look upon again! an' in a lang blue apron."

"Green, Andrew!" cried Effie, twisting her own green apron round her thumb.

"How you like to tease ane!" said the lover. Poor Andrew did not at all enter into his mistress's pleasantry, for he laboured under great depression of spirits, and never lifted his eyes from the ground.

"But ye hae na told us what she said, lad!" said the old woman, assuming an air of deep mystery, as each question was put and answered in its turn.

"Lord! what signifies it whether she said this or that? Haud your tongue, and get me some comfort; for, to speak the truth, I'm vera cauld."

"Weel mayest thou be sae," cried Effie, "for indeed," she continued, in a feigned voice, "*it was a cauld an' an eerie night to be sae late on Anneslie Muir!*"

Andrew started, and a doubt seemed to pass over his mind. He looked up at the damsel, and perceived, for the first time, that her large blue eyes were laughing at him from under the shade of a huge three-cornered hat. The next moment he hung over her in an ecstacy of gratitude, and smothered with his kisses the ridicule which she forced upon him as the penalty of his preservation.

"Seven feet high, Andrew!"

"My dear Effie!"—

"As ugly as sin!"—

"My darling lassie!"—

"And a beard!"—

"Na; na! now you carry the jest o'er far!"

"And saxty winters!"

"Saxteen springs; Effie! dear, delightfu', smiling springs!"

"And Elspeth, the cobbler's wife! oh! Andrew, Andrew, I never can forgie you for the cobbler's wife!—and what say you now, Andrew! is their nae bogle on the muir?"

"My dear Effie, for your sake I'll believe in a' the bogles in Christendie!"

"That is," said Effie, at the conclusion of a long and vehement fit of risibility, "that is, in a' that wear 'three-cornered hats.'"

A. M'F.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 50.—Vol. V. AUGUST, 1877. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

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We have but little to report this month, except the wonderful returns at the Boys' School Festival, which reached £13,400, and will probably be still increased. It is a gratifying reflexion for Freemasons to remember and to realize, that over £35,000 have been raised in 1877 for our three great metropolitan charities, and it is a fact which reflects the greatest credit on the zeal and liberality of our good old Order.

May English Freemasonry thus ever show itself before the world—liberal and large-hearted, true to its own great principles, and alive to its distinct mission.

Eschewing the follies of erratic Freemasons, and avoiding the pitfalls of political or theological discussions, may it ever keep before it its great end and object—a noble and disinterested charity.

It is impossible but, as English Freemasons, we must feel some pride in our excellent Fraternity. While some jurisdictions are convulsed with insane controversies, while others are taken up with sterile disputes, we are setting an example to the Masonic world of Unity and discipline, of benevolence and Brotherly love.

"So mote it be" for the future, as in this happy and prosperous present. May no divisions creep in amongst us; may no disputes weaken our sacred phalanx; but marching on, under our Royal Grand Master, with "loyalty and charity" inscribed upon our banners, we may continue to command alike the admiration of our cosmopolitan Brotherhood, and the respect of the world at large!

We have not yet heard the result of the appeal to the French Lodges, but we augur little good from the statement that in consequence of their participation in the politics of the hour, several of the lodges offending have been "closed by authority."

The Lodge "Orion" de Gaillac, already suspended for disobedience to the Grand Orient, has amused itself, by passing a resolution, purely political, blaming the Government of the day.

It has been forbidden to assemble, and who can blame the central authority which so punishes disobedience to the laws of the land and the constitutions of Freemasonry itself?

Just let our Brethren realize the absurdity of an English Masonic Lodge passing a resolution of confidence in this or that Government, this or that political party, and they will see at once the regretable position into which French Freemasonry has been cast by a painful perversity and by an ill-advised agitation!

YEARNINGS.

Brothers, when o'er my head,
The silent dust is spread,
And this poor heart its quiverings shall forbear,
Where'er my body stray,
Though far the grave away,
I would, dear brothers, be remembered *here!*

Brothers, when tender sighs
Around me shall arise
And speak of what I did, or fain would do,
Such honest, truthful words,
As Mason's tongue affords,
I would, dear brothers, have rehearsed by *you!*

OBJECTS, ADVANTAGES, AND PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

INTRODUCTION.

In order fully to understand the advantages and the pleasures which are derived from an acquaintance with any Science, it is necessary to become acquainted with that Science; and it would therefore be impossible to convey a complete knowledge of the benefits conferred by a study of the various Sciences which have hitherto been cultivated by philosophers, without teaching all the branches of them. But a very distinct idea may be given of those benefits, by explaining the nature and objects of the different Sciences: it may be shown, by examples, how much use and gratification there is in learning a part of any one branch of knowledge; and it may thence be inferred, how great reason there is to learn the whole.

It may easily be demonstrated that there is an advantage in learning, both for the usefulness and the pleasure of it. There is something positively agreeable to all men, to all at least whose nature is not most grovelling and base, in gaining knowledge for its own sake. When you see anything for the first time, you at once derive some gratification from the sight being new; your attention is awakened, and you desire to know more about it. If it is a piece of workmanship, as an instrument, a machine of any kind, you wish to know how it is made, how it works, and what use it is of. If it is an animal, you desire to know where it comes from; how it lives; what are its dispositions, and, generally, its nature and habits. You feel this desire, too, without at all considering that the machine or the animal may ever be of the least use to yourself practically; for, in all probability, you may never see them again. But you have a curiosity to learn all about them, because they are new and unknown. You accordingly make inquiries; you feel a gratification in getting answers to your questions, that is, in receiving information, and in knowing more—in being better informed than you were before. If you happen again to see the same instrument or animal, you find it agreeable to recollect having seen it formerly, and to think that you know something about it. If you see another instrument or animal, in some respects like, but differing in other particulars, you find it pleasing to compare them together, and to note in what they agree, and in what they differ. Now, all this kind of gratification is of a pure and disinterested nature, and has no reference to any of the common purposes of life; yet it is a pleasure—an enjoyment. You are nothing the richer for it; you do not gratify your palate or any other bodily appetite; and yet it is so pleasing, that you would give something out of your pocket to obtain it, and would forego some bodily enjoyment for its sake. The pleasure derived from Science is exactly of the like nature, or, rather, it is the very same. For what has just been spoken of is, in fact, Science, which in its most comprehensive sense only means *Knowledge*, and in its ordinary sense means *Knowledge reduced to a System*; that is, arranged in a regular order, so as to be conveniently taught, easily remembered, and readily applied.

The practical uses of any science or branch of knowledge are undoubtedly of the highest importance; and there is hardly any man who may not gain some positive advantage in his worldly wealth and comforts, by increasing his stock of information. The mere gratification of curiosity; the knowing more to-day than we knew yesterday; the understanding clearly what before seemed obscure and puzzling; the contemplation of general truths, and the comparing together of different things,—is an agreeable occupation of the mind; and, beside the present enjoyment, elevates the faculties above low pursuits, purifies and refines the passions, and helps our reason to assuage their violence.

The Sciences may be divided into three great classes: those which relate to *Number and Quantity*—those which relate to *Matter*—and those which relate to *Mind*. The first are called the *Mathematics*, and teach the properties of numbers and of figures; the second are called *Natural Philosophy*, and teach the properties of the various bodies which we are acquainted with by means of our senses; the third are called *Intellectual* or *Moral Philosophy*, and teach the nature of the mind, of the existence of which we have the most

perfect evidence in our own reflections; or in other words, they teach the moral nature of man, both as an individual and as a member of society. Connected with all the Sciences, and subservient to them, though not one of their number, is *History*, or the record of facts relating to all kinds of knowledge.

I. Mathematical Science.

The two great branches of the *Mathematics*, or the two mathematical sciences, are *Arithmetic*, the science of number, from the Greek word signifying *number*; and *Geometry*, the science of figure, from the Greek words signifying *measure of the earth*—land-measuring having first turned men's attention to it.

When we say that 2 and 2 make 4, we state an arithmetical proposition, very simple indeed, but connected with many others of a more difficult and complicated kind. Thus, it is another proposition, somewhat less simple, but still very obvious, that 5 multiplied by 10, and divided by 2 is equal to, or makes the same number with, 100 divided by 4—both results being equal to 25. So, to find how many farthings there are in £1000, and how many minutes in a year, are questions of arithmetic which we learn to work by being taught the principles of the science one after another, or, as they are commonly called, the *rules* of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Arithmetic may be said to be the most simple, though among the most useful of the sciences; but it teaches only the properties of particular and known numbers, and it only enables us to add, subtract, multiply, and divide those numbers. But suppose we wish to add, subtract, multiply or divide numbers which we have not yet ascertained, and in all respects to deal with them as if they were known, for the purpose of arriving at certain conclusions respecting them, and, among other things, of discovering what they are; or, suppose we would examine properties belonging to all numbers; this must be performed by a peculiar kind of arithmetic, called *Universal* arithmetic, or *Algebra**. The common arithmetic, you will presently perceive, carries the seeds of this most important science in its bosom. Thus, suppose we inquire what is the number which multiplied by 5 makes 10? This is found if we divide 10 by 5—it is 2; but suppose that, before finding this number 2, and before knowing what it is, we would add it, whatever it may turn out, to some other number; this can only be done by putting some mark, such as a letter of the alphabet, to stand for the unknown number, and adding that letter as if it were a known number. Thus, suppose we want to find two numbers which, added together, make 9, and multiplied by one another, make 20. There are many which, added together, make 9; as 1 and 8; 2 and 7; 3 and 6; and so on. We have, therefore, occasion to use the second condition, that multiplied by one another thay should make 20, and to work upon this condition before we have discovered the particular numbers. We must, therefore suppose the numbers to be found, and put letters for them, and by reasoning upon those letters, according to both the two conditions of adding and multiplying, we find what they must each of them be in figures, in order to fulfil or answer the conditions. Algebra teaches the rules for conducting this reasoning, and obtaining this result successfully; and by means of it we are enabled to find out numbers which are unknown, and of which we only know that they stand in certain relations to known numbers, or to one another. The instance now taken is any easy one; and you could, by considering the question a little, answer it readily enough; that is, by trying different numbers, and seeing which suited the conditions, for you plainly see that 5 and 4 are the two numbers sought; but you see this by no certain or general rule applicable to all cases, and therefore you could never work more difficult questions in the same way, and even questions of a moderate degree of difficulty would take an endless number of trials or guesses to answer. Thus a shepherd sold his flock for £80; and if he had sold four sheep more for the same money, he would have received one pound less for each sheep. To find out from this, how many the flock consisted of, is a very easy question in algebra, but would require a vast many guesses, and a long time to hit

* Algebra, from the Arabic words signifying the *reduction of fractions*; the Arabs having brought the knowledge of it into Europe.

upon by common arithmetic.* And questions infinitely more difficult can easily be solved by the rules of algebra. In like manner, by arithmetic you can tell the properties of particular numbers; as, for instance, that the number 348 is divided by three exactly, so as to leave nothing over; but algebra teaches us that it is only one of an infinite variety of numbers, all divisble by 3, and any one of which you can tell the moment you see it; for they all have the remarkable property, that if you add together the figures they consist of, the sum total is divisible by 3. You can easily perceive this in any one case, as in the number mentioned, for 3 added to 4 and that to 8 make 15, which is plainly divisible by 3; and if you divide 348 by 3, you find the quotient to be 116, with nothing over. But this does not at all prove that any number, the sum of whose figures is divisible by 3, will itself also be found divisible by 3, as 741; for you must actually perform the division here, and in every other case, before you can know that it leaves nothing over. Algebra, on the contrary, both enables you to discover such general properties, and to prove them in all their generality.†

Geometry teaches the properties of figure, or particular portions of space, and distances of points from each other. Thus, when you see a triangle, or three-sided figure, one of whose sides is perpendicular to another side, you find, by means of geometrical reasoning respecting this kind of triangle, that if squares be drawn on its three sides, the large square upon the slanting side opposite the two perpendiculars, is exactly equal to the two smaller squares upon the perpendiculars, taken together; and this is absolutely true, whatever be the size of the triangle, or the proportions of its sides to each other. Therefore, you can always find the length of any one of the three sides by knowing the lengths of the other two. Suppose one perpendicular side to be 3 feet long, the other 4, and you want to know the length of the third side opposide to the perpendicular; you have only to find a number such, that if, multiplied by itself, it shall be equal to 3 times 3, together with 4 times 4, that is 25. (This number is 5).

Now only observe the great advantage of knowing this property of the triangle, or of perpendicular lines. If you want to measure a line passing over ground which you cannot reach—to know, for instance, the length of one side covered with water of a field, or the distance of one point on a lake or bay from another point on the opposite side—you can easily find it by measuring two lines perpendicular to one another on the dry land, and running through the two points; for the line wished to be measured, and which runs through the water, is the third side of a perpendicular-sided triangle, the other two sides of which are ascertained. But there are other properties of triangles, which enable us to know the length of two sides of any triangle, whether it has perpendicular sides or not, by measuring one side, and also measuring the inclinations of the other two sides to this side, or what is called the two *angles* made by those sides with the measured side. Therefore you can easily find the perpendicular line drawn, or supposed to be drawn, from the top of a mountain through it to the bottom, that is the height of the mountain, for you can measure a line on level ground, and also the inclination of two lines, supposing them drawn in the air, and reaching from the two ends of the measured line to the mountain's top; and having thus found the length of the one of those lines next the mountain, and its inclination to the ground, you can at once find the perpendicular, though you cannot possibly get near it. In the same way, by measuring lines and angles on the ground, and near, you can find the length of lines at a great distance, and which you cannot approach: for instance, the length and

* *It is 16.*

† Another class of numbers divisable by 3 is discovered in like manner by algebra. Every number of three places, the figures (or digits) composing which are in arithmetical progression (or rise above each other by equal differences), is divisible by 3—as, 123, 798, 357, 159, and so on. The same is true of numbers of any amount of places, provided they are composed of 3, 6, 9, &c., numbers rising above each other by equal differences, as 289, 299, 309, or 148, 214, 280, or 307142085345648276198756, which number of 24 places is divisible by 3, being composed of 6 numbers in a series whose common difference is 1137. This property, too, is only a particular case of a much more general one.

breadth of a field on the opposite side of a lake or sea; the distance of two islands, or the space between the tops of two mountains.

Again, there are *curve-lined* figures as well as straight, and geometry teaches the properties of these also. The best known of all the curves is the *circle*, or a figure made by drawing a string round one end which is fixed, and marking where its other end traces, so that every part of the circle is equally distant from the fixed point or centre. From this fundamental property, an infinite variety of others follow by steps of reasoning more or less numerous, but all necessarily arising one out of another. To give an instance: it is proved by geometrical reasoning, that if from the two ends of any diameter of the circle you draw two lines to meet in any one point of the circle whatever, those lines are perpendicular to each other.

Another property, and a most useful one, is, that the sizes or areas of all circles whatever, from the greatest to the smallest, from the sun to a watch-dial-plate, are in exact proportion to the squares of their distances from the centre; that is, the squares of the strings they are drawn with — so that if you draw a circle with a string 5 feet long, and another with a string 10 feet long, the large circle is four times the size of the small one, as far as the space or area inclosed is concerned; the square of 10 or 100 being four times the square of 5 or 25. But it is also true, that the lengths of the circumferences themselves, the number of feet over which the ends of the strings move, are in proportion to the lengths of the strings; so that the curve of the larger circle is only twice the length of the curve of the lesser.

But the circle is only one of an infinite variety of curves, all having a regular formation and fixed properties. The *oval* or *ellipse* is, perhaps, next to the circle, the most familiar to us, although we more frequently see another curve, the line formed by the notion of bodies thrown forward. When you drop a stone, or throw it straight up, it goes in a straight line; when you throw it forward, it goes in a curve line till it reaches the ground as you may see by the figure in which water runs when forced out of a pump, or from a fire-pipe, or from the spout of a kettle or tea-pot. The line it moves in is called a *parabola*, every point of which bears a certain fixed relation to a certain point within it, as the circle does to its centre. Geometry teaches various properties of this curve: for example, if the direction in which the stone is thrown, or the bullet fired, or the water spouted, be half the perpendicular to the ground, that is, half-way between being level with the ground and being upright, the curve will come to the ground at a greater distance than if any other direction whatever were given, with the same force. So that to make the gun carry farthest, or the fire-pipe play to the greatest distance, they must be pointed, not, as you might suppose, level or point blank, but about half way between that direction and the perpendicular. If the air did not resist, and so somewhat disturb the calculation, the direction to give the longest range ought to be exactly half perpendicular.

The *oval* or *ellipse* is drawn by taking a string of any certain length, and fixing, not one end as in drawing the circle, but both ends to different points, and then carrying a point round inside the string, always keeping it stretched as far as possible. It is plain that this figure is as regularly drawn as the circle, though it is very different from it, and you perceive that every point of its curve must be so placed, that the straight lines drawn from it to the two points where the string was fixed, are when added together, always the same, for they make together the length of the string.

Among various properties belonging to this curve, in relation to the staaight lines drawn within it, is one which gives rise to the construction of the *trammels*, or elliptic compasses, used for making figures and ornaments of this form, and also to the construction of lathes for turning oval frames, and the like.

If you wish at once to see these three curves, take a pointed sugar-loaf, and cut it any where clean through in a direction parallel to its base or bottom; the outline or edge of the loaf where it is cut will be a *circle*. If the cut is made so as to slant, and not be parallel to the base of the loaf, the outline is an *ellipse*, provided the cut goes quite through the sides of the loaf all round, or is in such a direction

that it would pass through the sides of the loaf where they extended; but if it goes slanting and parallel to the line of the loaf's side, the outline is a *parabola*; and if you cut in any direction, not through the sides all round, but through one side and the base, and not parallel to the line of the side, being nearer the perpendicular, the outline will be another curve, of which we have not yet spoken, but which is called an *hyperbola*. You will see another instance of it, if you take two plates of glass, and lay them on one another, then put their edge in water, holding them upright and pressing them together, the water, which, to make it more plain, you may colour with a few drops of ink or strong tea, rises to a certain height, and its outline is this curve; which, however much it may seem to differ in form from a circle or ellipse, is found by mathematicians to resemble them very closely in many of its most remarkable properties.

These are the curve lines best known and most frequently discussed; but there are an infinite number of others all related to straight lines and other curve lines by certain fixed rules: for example, the course which any point in the circumference of a circle, as a nail in the felly of a wheel rolling along, takes through the air, is a curve called the *cycloid*, which has many remarkable properties; and among others, this, that it is, of all lines possible, the one in which any body, not falling perpendicularly, will descend from one point to another the most quickly. Another curve often seen is that in which a rope or chain hangs when supported at both ends; it is called the *Catenary*, from the Latin for chain, and in this form some arches are built. The form of a sail filled with the wind is the same curve.

(*To be Continued.*)

INVOCATIO!

Come from a distant hour!
Come from the far away!
Draw near in mystic pow'r,
To cheer and bless to-day;

Once more in olden grace
Light up this lonely room,
With the brightness of thy face
Dispel its growing gloom.

Kind Fairy of the past,
Thy loving visage seems
A radiance to cast
Over all darker dreams;
Thy glad smile has imparted,
As in the vanish'd years,
A life to joys departed,
A tenderness to tears.

How pleasant still thou art
As once thou wert of old,
When to my trusting heart
Thou did'st in grace unfold,
Thy loyalty and truth,
Thy gifts so rich and rare,
The glories of thy youth,
Soft promises and fair.

Oh, pleasant, pleasant dream,
Thy face again I see,
If a fair fantastic gleam,
Yet all of happiness to me;
But, alas! that loving vision
Has softly, swiftly fled,
To tell in its dark transition,
Of hopes buried with the dead!

Come, then, and linger still
By my weary side to-day,
Banish each grief and ill,
Bid doubt to haste away;
Under thy sway benign,
Under thy gentle spell,
Mine is a Presence half Divine,
A Trust no tongue can tell.

NEMO.

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

BY BRO. J. H. GABALL.

(*Concluded.*)

We have now only to notice in few words, the course pursued by this new Supreme Council, which was founded in 1821, contrary to all the laws of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

In a report made in 1820, on the oc-

casion of the new negociations between the Grand Orient and the Supreme Council, Bro. Dupin ventured to remark that "the proof of the Masonic power remains with the Grand Orient . . . . that is that which it has assumed." We should be justified on every ground in rejecting an argument which proves nothing.

The Grand Orient has acquired by regular treaties, the Philosophic Scottish Rite, the Right of Heredom, and the Rite of Kilwinning. It acquired in 1804, by a regular treaty and a money payment, the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. Forced to yield, by a schism in 1805, it reclaimed its rights in 1814, because in the terms of its Constitutions, which are the foundation of the Scottish Rite, the Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General, at the time in Paris, possessed the power and the right to establish a Supreme Council wherever one no longer existed.

If, then, in 1821 some discontented Grand Inspectors-General desired to resume their interrupted work, they could only join the Supreme Council, already in existence, and not create a new one without arrogating to themselves, a power which they had illegally assumed, for there could be but one Supreme Council in each kingdom.

There is another illegality which we must point out, and to which to the present time no one has defended.

The Rite of Perfection, to which Bro. F. Pyron acknowledged to be the Primitive Rite, of the A. and A. Scottish Rite, had never put forward its pretensions in the Symbolic Lodges.

Without desiring to enter into further discussions, we have proved that in 1806, in its Decree of the 27th November, the Supreme Council acknowledged the jurisdiction of the Grand Orient over all the lodges and all the chapters, up to and comprising the Eighteenth Degree.

By the Decree of the 19th January, 1811, the Supreme Council declared that it resumed the jurisdiction of the Masonic bodies superior to the 18th degree, since 1804 over Symbolical Lodges or Rose-Croix Chapters. The proof is, that in 1821, when it instituted the "Loge de la Grand Commanderie," it came next in rotation to the "Grand Loge Centrale," and gave it the Number 1.

In establishing itself the Supreme Council committed an irregularity, but in constituting lodges it usurped the rights of the Grand Orient; it did that which the ancient Inspectors-General never ventured to do, and it was certainly a true remark, that "if the power is vested in the Supreme Council it is . . . . . that it has taken it from the Grand Orient." It has taken it contrary to the Grand Constitutions; contrary to its undertaking; contrary to its treaties.

It was in 1821 that it assumed this illegal authority, and there cannot be found in the archives of the Supreme Council any proof of an earlier exercise of such authority.

We cannot close this declaration of the rights of the Grand Orient of France over the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, without repeating that in 1825, in 1835, and again in 1841, this Masonic power made, always in the interests of order, new overtures of fusion and alliance which were invariably repulsed. Even when, in 1841, it proclaimed that the Lodges of the Grand Orient might receive as visitors the brethren of the Lodges of the Supreme Council, and that the brethren of the Grand Orient would be permitted to visit the Masons of the Supreme Council, the latter replied in a circular, addressed to the lodges in correspondence with it, couched in the following terms:—

"Remember well that nothing is changed in our jurisdiction, our Constitution, or our Rite. The Ancient and Accepted Rite remains entirely without alteration. When you shall be "en rapport," whether with the Lodges or the Masons under the jurisdiction of the Grand Orient of France, you will continue to associate with them with all sentiments of concord, of union, and of fraternity, that Masonry imposes upon the children of the light. Yet remember that the degrees of which it may be composed gives them a claim for honours possessed only by Masons invested under the authority of the Supreme Council."

And now again, in 1876, although the Grand Orient has expunged from its statutes and regulations all difference between the two jurisdictions in deciding that active Masons can affiliate themselves in Lodges of the Supreme Council, the

latter responded by the following declaration :—

"We do not concede to the Grand Orients the right to confer any but the first three degrees, and those above the grade of Master Mason, which they have conferred, or will in future confer, are declared void and irregular. Provisionally, each Supreme Council is authorized, for the country over which it has jurisdiction, and for the brethren belonging to those countries, to *tolerate* admission in the lodges of its jurisdiction visiting brethren raised to superior grades by other powers of the same country already existing. But this toleration is permissive, and can never be claimed as a right by a visitor who does belong to one of the confederated Supreme Councils. It depends upon the good will of the lodge visited, or of its presiding officer, who can, if he so think fit, require the visitor to remove all insignia above the rank of Master Mason. This tolerance even does not apply in foreign countries, and will be rigorously observed : that is to say, a brother not belonging to one of the confederated Supreme Councils, and not having been raised by one or the other to the supreme degrees of which he wears the insignia, cannot be admitted into a lodge of the Supreme Councils except as a Master Mason ; neither can he be admitted as visitor in a Chapter or Council, because he will be considered as not being regularly possessed of the 18th to 30th degrees."

After a similar declaration of principles made by the confederated Congress of Councils at Lausanne, we do not think that there exists a single Mason of the Grand Orient of France so little sensible of his dignity to knock at the door of the temple, depending for admission upon the goodwill of a Lodge or its President. But in the face of these pretensions and unmasonic follies it was necessary to establish, in the face of all, the incontestible rights of the Grand Orient of France, the government of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite ; seeing that in 1814 the Supreme Council became dormant, and the Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General, who formed part of the Grand Orient, alone continued the Scottish Rite, and not the Supreme Council of America, who had no jurisdiction in continental France.

It is clear, therefore, that the Supreme Council of 1821 is a usurper against the body which with every just claim had exercised jurisdiction since 1814, and which reclaimed rights possessed from 1804, therefore when the Grand Orient resolves in its Grand College of Rites to create Lodges of the degrees of which it possesses the sole government, is it permissible for the Supreme Councils in Confederation at Lausanne, to impeach its rights ? When in its quality of Supreme Council it desires to create Lodges of the Knight Kadosh, or to give the 33rd Degree to a Mason under its jurisdiction, have the Supreme Councils any right to impeach it ? Moreover can the Supreme Council pass laws to govern the entire Masonic body ?

When the Supreme Council says that these laws are made for themselves, it might be said to be creating a division in Masonry, for it violates the principles which should unite Masons of every degree. If the Supreme Councils decline to submit to the laws which govern Masonry universal, do they not therefore cease to form part of the great Masonic family ?

In recapitulation, we would say that the Supreme Council of France, which seems to have had a preponderance in the deliberations of the Congress of Lausanne, should have remembered that the Grand Orient has always held out to it the hand of friendship, and would have inspired itself with the great principles which have laid the foundation of the Order everywhere on a firm basis. We can add without fear of contradiction, that when the Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General will take one step towards a general conciliation, the Grand Orient will take two, and take them with the greatest pleasure.

WONDERS OF OPERATIVE MASONRY.

From the "Keystone."

V.

KELSO ABBEY, 52 miles south-east from Edinburgh, and 4 miles from the English border, was erected by King David I., in A.D. 1128, about the same period as the Abbeys of Melrose and Jedburgh, although

it totally differs from them in form and character, being in the shape of a Greek cross. Its architecture is an assemblage of Saxon, Norman and Gothic, the Norman predominating. The great central doorway, the tower, and parts of the east end remain. The Abbot of Kelso, in A.D. 1420, was superior to all other Abbots in Scotland. The monks were of the Tyronesian order, and practised all sorts of handicrafts. This Abbey was often injured by fire and war. In 1545 it was the scene of a fierce battle. It was garrisoned by 300 Scotchmen, when the English Earl Hertford entered it over the corpses of a large number of its defenders. In A.D. 1560 its monks were dispelled, in consequence of the Reformation, at which period it was despoiled of many of its architectural decorations and carried far down the decline of ruin.

EASBY ABBEY, Yorkshire, is on the river Swale, two miles from Richmond, and 210 miles north from London. It was founded in A.D. 1152, by Rould, Constable of Richmond Castle, for Præmonstratensian Canons, who lived according to the rule of St. Austin. Their dress was entirely white. The remains at present of the buildings are the refectory, nearly one hundred feet long, the cloister court, chapter house, dormitory, &c. The several parts are ornamented and elaborate, but there is a lack of proportion in the whole. The architecture is Early English. The cloister court has fantastic Norman enrichments. One arch is embossed with cats' heads, with pendant tongues, which are curled at the ends. The Abbey gateway, still in perfect repair, was erected in the time of Edward III.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL, at Lincoln, 135 miles north from London, is built in the form of a Greek cross. Its length is 524 feet, and its west front 174 feet. Its two west towers are 180 feet high. its central tower 300 feet. It covers 2 acres 2 rods and six perches of land. It is famous for its bell, known as "Great Tom," which is at least five centuries old. It was completed in A.D. 1092, by Bishop Remigius, a monk who accompanied William the Conqueror. The great central tower has a stateliness that is not surpassed by that of any other Cathedral in Europe. The west front is grand, and elaborately enriched. An elastic stone beam, 28 feet long, considered by architects to be a masterpiece of masonry, spans the vaulted ceiling of the nave from tower to tower. Such is the delicacy of its construction that it perceptibly vibrates when stamped on by the foot. The view of the interior, from the west door is a grand perspective of richly clustered columns, beautifully pointed arches, vaulted roof, and grand glass windows. This view is so majestic as to be only equalled by that of York Minster—which alone is a rival of Lincoln. The various and elegant sculptures between the arches in the presbytery, consist of angels playing upon divers instruments, and have given name to this part of the Cathedral, which is denominated the "Angel Choir." The Library contains one of the four existing copies of *Magna Charta*, which is exhibited in a glass case.

THE NUNNERY OF COLDINGHAM, in Berwickshire, was the oldest nunnery in Scotland. Mention is made of it as early as A.D. 661. It was inhabited by both mocks and nuns, who were not so effectually separated, an old account says, as to prevent some unspiritual communications. In 1098 the monastery having been burnt, was re-founded by Edgar, King of Scotland. Among other privileges granted it was that of sanctuary for 37 days to all who fled thither—similar to the privilege enjoyed by Lindisfarne Abbey. It is related that upon one occasion, when the Danes invaded Scotland and threatened this monastery, the Abbess and her nuns cut off their noses, so as to disfigure themselves and prevent their being violated by their foes. A single aisle of the old priory remains, together with several ruined arches at the east and west ends. Several years ago, in taking down a tower, a skeleton of a woman was found, who appeared to have been immured therein.

COMBE ABBEY, Warwickshire, 87 miles north-west from London, was founded A.D. 1150, by Richard de Camville. Combe is Saxon for valley, and denoted its situation. When the "killing frost" of the Dissolution abolished the monasteries, it became the property of the Earl of Warwick, but it is now the seat of the Earl of Craven. What were originally the

cloisters of the Abbey are now built into the mansion, and on the east side of these cloisters five highly enriched arches remain. Many of the rooms in the mansion are of great extent and magnificence, the walls of which are covered with paintings of kings, nobles, and eminent men, including Chancellor Oxenstern, Charles XII. of Sweden, and Archbishop Laud. One room is called the "Beauty Parlour," from its containing portraits of the beauties of Charles II.'s court. There is also a curious old picture of a lady with a golden drinking horn, and a Latin legend of Count Otto. While he was out hunting she offered him her horn. He was suspicious of the liquor, and pouring it behind him, part of it fell on his horse, and took off the hair like fire! Other noted rooms are the Hunting Parlour and Gallery, both of which contain portraits by the most celebrated masters. "The Baronial Hall and Picturesque Edifices of England," contains a remarkably handsome view of one of the grand halls in Combe Abbey.

WROXHALL ABBEY, Warwickshire, 90 miles north-west from London, was a monastery of nuns, founded in King Stephen's time. At the Dissolution it was given to Robert Burgoyn, from whose family the mansion into which it was fashioned was purchased in 1713 by Bro. Sir Christopher Wren, the celebrated Freemason, and architect of St. Paul's Cathedral. His son Christopher Wren, died in 1747, and was buried here. It is at present the residence of Mrs. Wren, a decendant of the great architect. The present structure is on the original site of the Abbey, its walls having been adapted and its western front rebuilt. The present Chapel formed part of the old cloisters and contains some monuments of the Wren family. The mansion has a castellated tower, and presents a picturesque appearance.

TIME AND PATIENCE.

From the "Masonic Advocate."

To learn to wait with time and patience, is one of the first lessons made known to a candidate for Masonic light. Wishes are not ordinarily gratified at once—time is required, that the case may be considered, and the character of the applicant be fully investigated. Then there is a lesson in waiting. It teaches the applicant the helplessness of his condition, and lets him know that he stands without the gates as one wrapt in darkness. Light comes with time—travels with it, and can only come in time's footsteps, that is gradually and in accordance with nature.

To learn to wait the realization of our wishes is the beginning of wisdom, the true philosophy of a successful life. Advantages, blessings and good fortunes are not always hurried up. We have to wait for them, as the mariner waits for the favourite breeze to waft his vessel to her destined harbour.

We do not mean that the expectant, like Micawber, should "wait for something to turn up." No, that is not it, for where there is a definite and rational desire, there will be a corresponding anxiety on the part of the candidate for advancing fortunes to bide his time, to wait for the golden opportunity when the door of blessing shall be opened and the genii within shall bid him enter.

The exercise of patience is always necessary in waiting for anything, and more particularly is it so when one stands on the threshold of the mystic temple, prepared in his appropriate paraphernalia, and waiting for the answer to his request to enter.

All men are apt to be impatient in their expectations as well as in their disappointments. It is often true of them that they even speak out with great large complaints against somebody who may have been doing everything in their power to meet their wishes. They should learn to wait, for it will teach them practical philosophy, and they should learn to wait patiently, for in so doing they will learn to subdue the obstinacy of their dispositions, and also learn that conservativeness of spirit which is essential to Masonic life.

To wait with time and patience for the fulfilment of all our wishes is life's true theory of success, as well as the highway to happiness—personal, relative and eternal.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER II.

"C'est si doux d'être aimé pour soi-même."
FRENCH PLAY.

BEFORE Paesiello could leave his native country, on his foreign tour, he had to pass through a little ordeal, which, like that of the ancient mysteries, might be said to be composed both of "fire and water."

For, as with many other young men, he had not escaped what Mr. Weller senior, termed the "wiles" of the "softer sects," and he had long been on the very friendliest footing of considerable intimacy with a most charming young "compatriote;" and her very agreeable but energetic mother had come to the conclusion, to use her own expression to a dear female friend, "that the thing would do very well."

Now Paesiello resembled a good many other young men in this world, for, though he greatly admired the daughter, he had not the same hearty appreciation of the mother. Perhaps he thought her too "demonstrative," or too imperious, or too affectionate, or too interfering—who can say? Or, it may be, that not unlike some male bipeds, he did not relish interference in such a "ticklish concern," and thought that he and that "young woman" had better be left alone!

Well, for one, I hold it to be a great mistake, the over-interference and arrangement of parents, in the little affairs of the heart.

The heart is a very troublesome, difficult piece of mechanism—corporeally and spiritually—and resists interference and rejects dictation!

Young people, in my opinion, ought always to be left to themselves; and presupposing a certain amount of the "good things" of life, the needful "de quoi," and a healthy competence, they require, for the most part, no bringing together, no pressing, no urging onwards, no backing up!

I don't believe in "mariages de famille;" neither do I feel any confidence in "mariages de convenance." Indeed, I am quite sure, that say what they will, and laugh as our over-facetious friends may, at the "bare idear," marriages of mutual affection are the "best things out."

When, then, Paesiello had come not only to man's estate, but to his parental fortune—when he was both master of himself and lord of his "hereditary acres"—when Dame Rumour, (if not a lying, yet an exaggerating "jade,") had considerably augmented his rent-roll and his possessions, his landed and his funded property, the mother of the young lady, with a keen eye to business, and a "good forager" as she was, thought that she would bring our hero to book, and find out the state of his finances and his affections at the same time. And so she wrote him a most diplomatic letter—as mothers can do, good souls—and asked him to a little afternoon tea, which was then just coming into fashion in that sequestered part of "Italia." She descanted in this most touching production, this most effective despatch, on her sympathy for him in his lone condition, the great interest of her daughter in him, also. She assured him how great were their friendship and solicitude for him; and asked him "currente calamo," to muffins and tea, to "Fleur d'Orange," and a "petit verre" of native "Eau de vie."

Do not be shocked, oh, Good Templars, who read the MASONIC MAGAZINE, and this story at the same time, for they did such things in civilized society at the epoch we are speaking of, some few years ago.

Accordingly at the time appointed, on the day selected, our hero, most becomingly dressed, sauntered up the "Boulevarts" until he reached the gaily-painted house. It was a domicile well known to him, with its Venetian blinds, and becoming "jalousies," and where, in the pleasant hours of his youth, he had enjoyed many a gay gathering, and received many a friendly greeting.

Oh, joyous time, of hope and fear, of gladness and grief, of disdain and anticipation, how dost thou to-day take me back to pleasant faces, and festive scenes, alas, no more!

How all seems faded and passing now into the old dark nothingness of time!

How little appears to endure of all we loved so hugely and cherished so dearly! Fond affection and laughing voices; the smiles of the tender and the true; those honest eyes lighted up with faithful sympathy; those warm affections which never failed us, which knew not coldness, and never succumbed to treachery—all are but shadows now; shadows whose ethereal flimsiness mocks alike the dreams of youth, the trust of manhood, and the weakness of old age! And yet once how pleasant thou wert to over careless and confiding beings. How little then did we any of us reck of disappointment or delusion! How utterly impossible then appeared to be the experience of the wise and the prognostications of the prudent!

What a lot of moralizing sentences crowd in upon my pen, as I sit in my old age in my little study, recalling the souvenirs of the past, the scenes of ancient days, the "cara luoghi" of my youth. The voices, the fun, the laughter, the tears, the sorrows, the joys, the expectations, the longings, the inconsistency, and the inconstancy which throng over the awakened memory, are all before me now, as it seems to linger, not unwillingly, once again amid the "mirage" and the sweet-scented flowers of life's young morn!

But Paesiello, as he rang the bell, and looked up at the windows, was not affected by any such sentimental maunderings, such old-life feelings, but entered briskly, and was elegantly ushered in by the "maior-domo" into the presence of the young lady and her dear mamma.

What a pleasant thing it is to be warmly welcomed, to be both admired and appreciated, especially with the enthusiasm of kindly and agreeable women!

Who has not felt the soft emotion of confiding and peaceful happiness, involved in the sense of a congenial heart, of a sympathetic bosom, of a real and disinterested friendship? That amiable and confiding person, Mrs. Balasso, often says to me, of course in confidence, (though not "sub sigillo confessionis,") that "give her a congenial heart, she can bear all the ills of life. But that she finds great coldness here, and even Mr. Balasso hardly reaches her ideal of sympathetic interest."—

I may observe, "en passant," that Mrs. Balasso is very sentimental, and her husband says at times, looking sagaciously at me, "a little queer."

Oh, gentle reader, it is at such an hour as this—despite the warning experience of years, notwithstanding all the sadder echoes of Life's mournful monotone that we cannot believe that such apparent genuine and truthful interest is fated to yield to the chilling blasts of adversity, the deadening influences of custom and change, of heartless worldliness or human treachery!

No, we surrender ourselves to the sweet self-deceit, though we bitterly grieve, in that hour of awakening, when each "fond delusion droops and dies," when the voices of old affection are hushed for ever; when the progress of years convinces us too sternly, how brittle is friendship's chain, how worthless often are the protestations and the assurances of eternal affection.

But to return to our story from this moralizing and affecting digression.

You, good reader, can easily understand how well Paesiello was received by the mother, how amiably by the daughter, always obedient to the wishes of a loving parent.

And like many another little human "séance," (but not mesmeric, by the way), that meeting passed away, though not to the contentment of all alike.

When, at last, Paesiello found himself on the leafy promenade again, safe and sound, close to his own comfortable home, a feeling of liberty, of escape, of gladness, seemed to occupy the mind of that thoughtless young man. For he had left behind him the "songs of the sirens," and the gentle, if pressing, assiduities of a possible mother-in-law; he had been most discreet, if most "empressé;" most courteous, if most cold.

He had answered no veiled glances, and had heeded no gentle sighs; he had simply been most civil, and most considerate—but that was all!

When he had left the house, mother and daughter both agreed that they could make nothing of him; that he had not spoken a word which could mean anything; that his attentions were only those of formal friendship; and that for some reason or other, the charm was dissolved, the magical formula was all in vain!

But the mother, like a sage and sagacious

matron as she was, was determined to make one other little attempt on our disengaged hero, and so she wrote to ask her "dear young friend" to make one of a select picnic, (a "few intimate friends," she said,) to a famous fountain, and to a romantic grove!—oh, dangerous trysting-place for unsuspecting youth! For some reason or other, Paesiello had, with the "deepest regret," to announce to that anxious and affectionate matron, a "previous engagement, now of long standing;" and so, as an old friend of his father's, a jocose and distinguished vice-master of the ceremonies, said, "he both missed his grub, and she missed her bird!"

A very unfeeling and improper remark, as all my readers will agree, but then some old boys are so unfeeling!

After this, the fair Leonora's mother—for that was the young lady's name—gave it all up, as she herself announced to their immediate circle; and indeed she ventured to hint to some female cronies of hers, that the "poor young man was rather given to dissipated habits, and that, therefore, she had not thought it right to jeopardize the future of her only child, by an union, which, however desirable on worldly grounds, did not hold out what was the only real object of her fond mother's heart—the happiness and welfare of her precious Leonora!"

It may interest our readers to hear that Leonora did not feel the insensibility of our hero very much. Within two months of this little episode she married Count Campobello, a rich and distinguished member of the aristocracy of his native land, (though a good deal older than herself,) and her mother has told everybody, as she assured Paesiello by letter, that nothing could ever exceed the happiness of "that most devoted couple."

I am afraid that Paesiello breathed a little more freely, (as they say,) as he paced his lonely gallery that memorable evening, when he knew himself to be still even "un garçon solitaire," and when he realized that for him Hymen's mystic web was as yet still to weave!

My readers will see, I hope, as everybody said, that there was "nothing in it," after all, and that as both damsel and youth were so little affected by the ending of a pleasant little flirtation, it was far better for both that thus it should be!

Perhaps there are some of my readers who might, if they dared, avow, that it had been happier for them had some good genius intervened also on their behalf, in a similar trying hour—some benevolent fairy who had not, as it were, unravelled for them the thread of the resistless Fates!

It may be that, kindly readers, be you who you may—wrinkled, and care-worn, and cross-grained now—you may, looking back with a sigh from your old arm chair to an hour when your Emma was fair and fascinating, and amiable and accommodating—not that fat and grumbling, or that lean and cantankerous old woman you have hourly now to listen to and obey.

And you may wish that "Dis alitur visum est," perhaps, oh disappointed and disgusted Doris. You may sadly dream of that fonder hour, when Henry was all attention and all affection, and not the careless, neglectful, faithless husband he is to-day. How much better it would have been for you, humanly speaking, had you married Charlie James, or Bobby Short, or even Billy Buggins.

But it is no use crying over spilt milk, and as we make our bed in this life, so have we, for the most part, to lie, whether in the body or in the spirit.

Paesiello—who was packing up, and looking on, with the happy recklessness of youth, to other days and distant scenes—did not trouble himself with such sapient considerations. For him, all life was before him, hope was fresh, and the sky was blue, the sun shone, and the flowers bloomed, and as in a most becoming travelling-suit he threw himself into his luxurious carriage, he seemed to leave care and doubt, and fears and troubles, all behind him. He appeared even—so happy was he—to be journeying to a Clime, far even from that "Morgen land" in which earth's pettiness and woes, and disagreements and "bassesse" were all unknown.

We may wish him, may we not, gentle reader, "Bon voyage?"

FLOWERS.

THERE is no season in the year
That lifts man's heart to heaven so near
As summer;

When flowers about our pathway grow,
And roses on the hedgerows blow,
Sweet summer.

And as its perfumed breath doth rise,
In silent homage to the skies
Up-stealing.
A thousand memories forth start,
Long-hidden pictures in the heart
Revealing.

Where lilac chains with scented links,
Or treasure tuft of red clove pinks,
Or heather.
'Mongst which we played, fine stories tell
Of parted ones who once did dwell
Together.

Again the feathery seeds away
Are puffed to tell the time of day,
Whilst golden
Hued cowslips into balls we twine,
Or part the horns in columbine
Enfolden!

Whilst through the woods the whole day long,
The cuckoo sings an idle song,
Awaking
The echo of a dulcet peal,
That rang ere hearts began to feel
Heartbreaking.

And so it comes to pass that we
With half a sigh the flowers see,
Half gladness.
And round our hearts they twine and twine,
Until their beauty makes divine.
Our sadness.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

II.—AUGUST.

"Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
Rich Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on"——

AY, and so too, in his own set time, does Winter follow. Sad, yet wholesome thought; for if this world were all brightness and sunshine, this life all happiness and pleasure, we should forget that there is another towards which, whether we will or no, we are steadily yet surely pressing onwards; so, too, is it well, that the year has its decadence and death, else were its lessons incomplete; and better still that it lives and dies, yet dies and lives again, for in this life from death we see our second life revealed as in the seasons' unceasing round we view complete the circle of eternity.

Thus ever, year by year, as the years roll round, we read in Nature's book our own life-story: let us ponder then awhile over the page wide-open at harvest-tide, and glancing over the ocean of waving gold, glean the lesson of our lives: back where dead Winter gives birth to living Spring, and the sprouting corn-germs speak to us of a life begun, a life that never ends; tenderly at first does the bosom of mother-earth cradle the infant blade which bids fair to give development to the full-grown ear; many a check does the young plant experience, finding even in these early days that often the cold embrace of the seemingly adverse snow only serves as a cloak to shield its, as yet, too precocious growth from the otherwise fatal tooth of the still wintry frosts; by-and-bye the spring-tide showers and the growing heat mature its stem, so that though sorely oppressed by the hot struggles of its summer-manhood, it can yet put forth its fruitful ear; and now it is ripe for harvest, and with failing strength and enfeebled frame, its honoured and gold-crowned head bows before the sickle of the reaper Death. Sad thought? Nay, full of joy! for does it not go to fill the garner of the blest? and does it not afford the seed of future generations of the just, as well as the food of the lessons left behind of a well-spent life to those wearily plodding along the homeward road. Stay! yet one other lesson 'ere we onward pass—

"The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick"—

Surely they ever urge upon us anew the counsels of Him who, as the reward of faith and filial duty springing from our own gleaner Ruth, bade us "Gather up every fragment, that nothing of His be lost;" a counsel that we truly follow as we gaze

on this world-wide lesson-book, and make its teachings our own.

Turn we now to the brighter, if apparently less useful, gems of Nature's handicraft, and we shall have reason to say, with the poet—

> ——"Blessed be God for flowers;
> For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts that breathe
> From out their odorous beauty like a wreath
> Of sunshine on life's hours."

See here the little Eye-bright, more famed, according to our folk-lore, for its power of imparting gladness to the mind, and clear sight to the eyes, than for its own intrinsic beauty. May we not, whilst we regard this tiny, but perfect work of God, feel thankful to Him, that, Great Architect of the World as He is, He has left the impress of His Omniscience, no less on these the least of His creations than on the most stupendous works of His Almighty hand. Surely, again, we may read the words of comfort of our Master, that if He so clothes these with beauty, compared with which the glory of the Royal Solomon sinks into insignificance, He will never leave us unclothed, unfed.

Leaving this little flower in its more lowly abode, we may ascend the heather-clad hills, now in their fullest glory of purple beauty, and gather specimens of the badges—the heaths, the rosy bells of the "cross-leaved" and the hoary blossoms of the "fine-leaved,"—of the clans of MacDonald and MacAlister. Here, too, we may pluck the bright blue heads of one of the Campanulas—the Sheep's-bit; the purple blossoms of the Field Gentian, and the rose-coloured corollas of the Centaury. Before we descend we ought to get specimens of the Grass of Parnassus, whose brilliant white flowers, rising a foot above its heart-shaped leaves, make it a conspicuous object among the darker mountain mosses. Crossing the moorlands we shall be sure to notice the slightly drooping spikes of the yellow Agrimony and the dull purple of its near relative the Salad-burnet, whose leaves, smelling strongly of cucumber, taste well enough to bear out its name; the Woad-waxen, or Dyer's-green-weed, still shines brightly yellow, and bids us look closely for its connexion the Needle-furze. Another thorny and disagreeable-smelling, yet pretty, friend is the rose-blossomed Rest-harrow; near it we shall probably gather the tiny-headed Black Medick, and, only possibly, the yellow Melilot, for it is extremely rare; it is, however, worthy of careful search, if only for its strong perfume, which is that of the sweetest hay. Vieing in brilliancy of golden colouring with another plant, the Bird's-foot-trefoil, is our old friend Stone-crop or Golden-moss; this is one of those works of nature so wondrously endowed with properties to suit its condition of life, that it can hardly be said, even metaphorically, to "cut its coat according to its cloth," for it needs but little sustenance, existing on the barest of stone walls and possessing such wonderful vitality that it will grow and put forth bloom-shoots even when placed in our botanical press; not far removed from this family is that of the Houseleeks, some members of which—as the House-green, so much vaunted for its cooling properties, by our grandmothers—do not disdain the humblest of thatched roofs, whilst other and more aristocratic branches of the family are eagerly sought for the borders of flower-beds, to which they give the appearance of having been spread out and sat upon carefully, or at least of having had a considerable share of the attention of the gardener's heaviest roller. Several other members of this group are beautiful, in flower as leaf, but we must not dwell upon them now but pass on to the deservedly respected family, the St. John's worts. Thoroughly well known are these, with their black-dotted yellow flowers, for they hold the very highest place in domestic surgery, being not only antidotes to all the scurvy tricks of witch and wizard, with which old people's minds used to be filled, but having also the reputation of being preservatives against lightning, nay more, against even thunder! The handsome blue Succory that we noticed in our last month's excursion still blooms, and has now a yellow variety to bear it company; nor must the Plaintain Fritillary escape our eye. This last plant would make us suspect the propinquity of water, a suspicion strengthened by the gradual appearance by our path of many other marsh and meadow plants; and now the strong suspicion becomes a certainty, for here is the pale green woolly

leaves crowned with the yellow star of the common Flea-bane—its name, more expressive, perhaps, than elegant, is derived from the notion that country-people have, that, if burned, its smoke will drive away all those lively insects, whose attentions, though perhaps profitable to themselves, are decidedly a nuisance to us; besides this very problematical virtue, the plant is supposed to possess some medicinal properties, although what they are it is somewhat difficult to get at; the only thing that we can learn as a certainty is that it possesses a saltish pungent taste, and that, whilst an infusion of it by the addition of sulphate of iron turns black, a decoction of it becomes green. This said decoction, by the way, is very acid in the throat when swallowed, but to what purpose to put this knowledge further than to avoid swallowing it if possible, we do not really know.

Once fairly in the meadow, our sight is gratified by another beautiful object, the delicate lilac cup of the Meadow-Saffron, in whose reproduction Nature exhibits that marvellous foresight which renders eloquent even this her speechless kingdom. The flowers which have risen on long slender tubes in August, die away in October, without exhibiting any sign of fruit or seed; this lies buried deep in the heart of the bulb all through the winter's frost and cold, which would destroy its vitality, until the Spring, fresh decking bank and bough, calls up the broad green leaves, together with which rises the seed on a footstalk, to ripen by Midsummer and fall in due time with the other stores of Nature's economy into the lap of mother earth. In this plant we have a widely recognised remedy for the most painful ailments of mortality—the grinding rheumatism and the racking gout; but the most extraordinary thing about the medicinal properties of this plant is that, although they act like a charm against the foes of which they are such potent adversaries, no one has ever yet discovered the way in which they work so great a result. As we near the water's edge we shall be sure to tread upon the blue downy-looking flowers of the common Skullcap, and, maybe, its rarer relation, the smaller pinkish-blossomed kind. Close by is a plant with strongly-marked characteristics, square fourwinged stems and clusters of deep blackish-purple, irregular flowers; it is the Water Fig-wort. Still more surely to be found is the Common Fig-wort, with flowers like the last, only more tinged with green, and with stalks square but wingless.

And now we come to a plant whose blossom-clusters resemble in form those of the potato, only their purple and yellow colouring renders them, though smaller, more conspicuous. Talking of potato blossoms, by the way, reminds us of the amusing perplexity we once caused in the mind of a fair friend by the insertion in a bunch of choice flowers of some bloom taken from potatoes of different kinds; until the secret was divulged, and that was some few days, the rare flowers were considered a marvel of beauty, but when their name was made known—well, the usual result in this sapient world of ours of "too much familiarity;" how energetically we seek for beauty far and wide, and know not that it so exists around us that we can hardly move a step without destroying some of it; what an accurate example of this kind of mental blindness is presented to us in Molière's conception of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," who had been "talking 'prose' all his life without knowing it." To return, however, to our friends the Nightshades, all of which cannot be rendered, at least as vegetables, so useful as the protegée of Sir Walter Raleigh. The common Bitter-sweet is a well known climber, especially in moist situations, whose purple and yellow clusters of flowers are succeeded by bright scarlet berries, which are very dangerous, if not absolutely fatal, in their effects when eaten. Should children have been thus tempted, let plenty of warm water be administered until medical aid can be procured; most animals, except the goat, refuse the stems and leaves of the Bitter-sweet, which are used by the Swedish peasantry to twine round their wooden pails. Another variety of this plant is found in neglected corners, the Garden Nightshade; this has white blossoms and black berries. The Deadly Nightshade is an entirely different plant, having for a flower, a deep purple bell. With this latter class must be reckoned the Henbane, which is as useful in experienced, as it

might prove deadly in ignorant, hands; it may often be found about churchyards, and has a branched stem, with hairy leaves, and flowers of a dingy yellowish white, beautifully veined with a deep purple. This gloomy tinge on these plants obtained for them from Linnæus, the name of "*Luridæ*," as he imagined that their dark look was an accurate index of their deadly narcotic-acrid properties. This same suspicious appearance may be noted in the white-flowered but dark leaved Thorn-apple, which is often smoked, like tobacco, for the alleviation of asthma. Another of these dangerous plants, very common everywhere, is Fool's-parsley; of the same family as this last are many water-plants, such as the Water-parsnep and the Water-hemlock; then there are the Drop-worts, with two or three others of a similar nature, both as to their family connexions and their undesirable qualifications as to wholesomeness. The Pepper Saxifrage, the Cow-parsnep, and the Wild Carrot all belong to the same group, although they are denizens of the shore and not the stream.

Another yellow flower, without one or other of whose varieties no locality is complete, now claims a word, we mean the Sow-Thistle, so well known to our young friends as the no less fully relished than easily found sustenance of their tame rabbits; the young leaves of this common weed are by some preferred to Spinach, a thing that we can easily believe. This brings us to the Thistles proper, the Common, or real Scotch Thistle, the Mary's or Milk Thistle, the Plume Thistles, the Cotton Thistle, and last, but perhaps most striking, the Star Thistle, so-called, but which is in reality not really a Thistle but a Centuary; of this last there is a yellow variety called the St. Barnaby's Thistle. Of these plants, Coles, in his "Introduction to the knowledge of plants," says "If the down flyeth off Coltsfoot, Dandelion, and Thistle, when there is no winde, it is a sign of rain." During the latter part of this month this down, which is the winged seed, is puffed far and wide by every breath of air. Of it,—

"The schoolboy's clock in every town"—

our poet says—

"Then did we question of the down balls, blowing
"To know if some slight wish would come to pass;
"If storms we fear'd, we sought where there was blowing
Some meadow flower, which was our weather glass."

We must by no means omit to mention here the varied usefulness of this humble and often despised flower; its leaves form an excellent adjunct to our salad, for which purpose on the continent they are extensively sold; on one occasion, when a swarm of locusts had ravaged the fields in Minorca, the inhabitants of that island existed for a while almost entirely on so-called weeds, and of these the Dandelion afforded a great proportion; nor must we pass over the valuable medicinal qualities of the extract of this plant, which is a far more wholesome remedy than, and withal quite as effectual an one as, Mercury. The Common Burdock, Hur-burr, Clotburr, or Great-burr next claims our attention, as it is considered by villagers to be a cure for rheumatism; we should be sorry to deny its efficacy, for when its leaves have been applied to the affected part, the disease has sometimes disappeared, whether by the agency of the Burdock or no, however, certainly requires proof. Some physicians consider it not inferior to Sarsaparilla, which, too, may very well be the case. Its young shoots are sometimes eaten as salad, and sometimes cooked like Asparagus, to which they may be equal, or even superior, at least in the estimation of those who are of that opinion.

As the yellow heads of the Ploughman's Spikenard, and the lilac blossoms of the Michaelmas Daisy warn us by their propinquity to the coast, (of the wonders of which we hope to say somewhat in our next), that our walk is drawing to a close, we must turn our attention, 'ere we "turn in," to certain objects of others of Nature's Kingdoms. During the early part of this month, the Whame, or Burrel-Fly, is most troublesome on the coats of our equine companions, laying its eggs thereon or therein. Some of our most beautiful friends, the butterflies and moths, make their appearance during this month, such as the Camberwell Beauty, Scarlet Admiral, Painted Lady, and the little varied coloured Hair-Streaks, amongst

the former; whilst of the latter we have the Browntailed, and the Silver Y. Now for a few birds, before all that travel have migrated from our shores. There is that terrible fellow in an orchard, the Cross-bill, which rascal destroys more than he eats, for, after severing a luscious apple with a single bite, he merely picks out the pips. The Knot, or Red Sand-piper, reappears this month to stay with us till April, whilst the Cuckoo takes his leave; poor fellow! he has been hesitating about it for some time, but he gets alarmed for his fine voice, which has been gradually breaking like that of a hobble-de-hoy chorister, and either to save it, or the ridicule consequent upon his squeaking, he goes. Whilst, again, on the one hand, the Goldfinch's young brood now first puts in an appearance in public life, and the Swallow begins to sing, the Swift takes his far-off flight, and the Sand Martin disappears, only however, as some say, to lie up in ordinary till the Spring. The Grey Plover, or Sandpiper, now comes, and Linnets and Lapwings congregate, whilst all the birds resume their notes of Spring wherewith to bid farewell to the departing Summer. In the field the Bull now utters his shrill autumnal cry, whilst in every window pane, the flies, those torments of our Summer days and nights, gather in thick clusters, where, were it not for their undoubted use in the wise economy of nature, we would fain wish them stick for ever and a day.

We have said but little this month of the more majestic of Nature's handiworks —the Forest trees—but one change cannot escape our notice, for it forces on us a lesson that will not pass unlearned, we refer to the early change of colour in the Beech's leaf. Soon will they withered fall, and falling, as speedily decay—so we too must be prepared, our allotted task fulfilled, to droop and fade; but 'tis only for a while, for, winter past, with spring's warm glances once more fired, the trees will bud again, and so shall we, in another, and let us trust, a happier sphere—only let us look to it, that like those dead and dying leaves, which dropping, nurture the parent stem, our work of earth, left here behind, may go to form in others a newer and a better growth.

SOLOMON.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

From the "Keystone."

I AM the King whose mystic power commanded;
I built the Temple, ruined towns supreme;
Hiram, my architect, and Charos, my right-handed,
Still here beside me dream!

One as a trowel, one as a sword, was given;
I let them plan, and what they did was well;
My breath mounts higher, nearer unto Heaven
Than Libyan whirlwinds swell.

God sometimes feels it. Child of guilty kisses,
Vast, gloomy is my wisdom; demons shun
To take between high Heaven and their abysses,
A judge but Solomon.

I make men tremble and believe my story,
Conquering, they hail and follow to my feast;
As King, I bear down mortals with the glory,
And with the gloom as priest.

Mine was of festals and of cups the vision,
The finger writing *Mene Tekel* then.
And war, and chariots, clarions, and collision
Of horses and of men.

Grand as some sullen idol's form discloses,
Mysterious as a garden's closed retreat,
Yet though I be more mighty than the roses,
In moons of May are sweet.

Take from me sceptre with the bright gold laden,
My throne, the archer on my tower above.
But men shall never take, oh! sweet young maiden,
From out my heart its love!

Men shall not take the love, oh, virgin surest,
That as in fountains beams to mirror thee,
More than from out the darkness of the forest
The song-bird's minstrelsy.

A TRIP TO DAI-BUTSU.

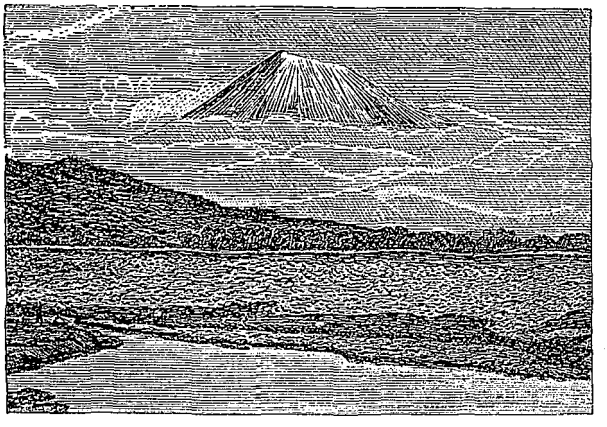
(Continued from page 614.)

Yokoska Dockyard,
Japan,
May 29th, 1873.

SEAWARD on all sides, Enoshima presents a bold front of rocky armour, against which the waves are ever dashing, whilst its crest is crowned with the dark green shadows of solemn and stately firs. Beyond—far away across the wide expanse of waters—rises Fujiyama "The Peerless," free from snow during the heat of summer, in spite of its 13,000 feet. According to an old legend, Enoshima rose out of the sea in one night, A.D. 552, while at the same time a beautiful and shining figure of the goddess, Benzaiten, descended and took up her abode in the island. Benten, as she is more vulgarly called, is the special patroness of the island, and is represented, in the temple raised to her honour amongst the towering pine trees on the summit, wearing a jewelled cap, in the centre of which is a white snake, the head being fashioned after the form of an old man's with white eyebrows. The figure has eight hands, the left holding a ball, spear, wheel and bow; the right, a sword, sceptre, key, and arrow. The fishing village at the entrance of Enoshima is very picturesque—built at the back of the island, which thus forms a barrier from ocean storms. The one street runs straight up from the sandy causeway, rising terrace upon terrace nearly half way up the hill, by series of steps, strongly reminding one of Malta. Passing the first house we were surprised to find that we were not the only Europeans intending to sojourn in the sacred isle. Ladies and children—the most inquisitive of the "genus homo"—turned out on the balconies to have a view of the new comers. We found that we had indeed wandered into the very Brighton of Japan. Our guide led the way to the most imposing house in the place, and ten minutes afterwards we were three stories high, in a spacious grass-matted apartment, opening on to a verandah with a delightful view of the sandy beach, with its long lines of curling white, drawing nearer and nearer to each other as the tide rose. Our boots were ordered below (for in every Japanese house taking off shoes is equivalent to *our* removing hats), a rickety table, and still more rickety chairs, were placed in the centre of the matted floor, and then our host, his wife and daughter vied with each other in attending to our wants. By the way, if Europeans had not made a Brighton of this charming spot, the rickety table and chairs would not have been, and we should not have been entertained "a la Japanaise pur et simple." The inner man cared for, we sallied out under charge of a new guide, to inspect the far-famed cave, a drawing and short account of which I remember seeing some years back in the *Illustrated London News*, under the heading of Moshima.

We crossed right over the hill by series of steps every few hundred yards—now up, now down, till the last lot, numbering some hundreds, brought us on to the rocks, where the billows were dashing their spray high in the air. A few hundred yards over the wall-beaten zigzag track, brought us to the entrance of the cave, by the side of which a narrow footpath is fenced off, as the sea flows in for a short distance. Just as we reach the gloom caused by the contracting sides, we come to a small establishment where we are each supplied with a tiny oil lamp. Wending our way carefully, for our lamps do not shed their pale beams quite two yards ahead, we notice that there is little beauty about the interior at present—it is all dirty, dark, drab, damp stone. After much uneven climbing and slipping, we reach the point beyond which no one, *now*, is allowed to go—an altar with wooden idols, and a grating in front of it barring all further progress. Before this shrine quite a number of natives, of both sexes, principally pilgrims from long distances, are paying their "devoirs." The cave has narrowed considerably, and from the constant stream of pilgrims pouring in, is getting crowded, so, seeing no opportunity of getting behind the grating, we retrace our steps and return our lamps, for which we are charged ¼ bu. (not quite 3d.) On asking our guide "How far the passage extends?" he points away towards the Peerless Mountain, and says "Fusiyama."

Considering that the mountain is about forty miles off, we are anything but credulous; but still it may be so—we would not for worlds contradict a man on his own territory, besides which our guide assures us that the cave has only been blocked recently, since two adventurous Englishmen (our guide was most positive that they owned no other country) started at the Enoshima end with a week's provisions, intending to come out at the summit of the volcano. As nothing was ever heard of them afterwards, the way was blocked lest any others should become their disciples. The rocks were lined with $\frac{7}{8}$ths nude natives ready to show their daring by diving into the frothy waves, for any small consideration in the way of cumshaw thrown into the water. Some of them would rescue the smallest coin from a very whirlpool, being the place where two billows met round an enormous boulder. Twilight was, however, deepening, so we hurried on to get the step-climbing over before it became dark. We saw some fine old temples and monuments,



and just before reaching the top of the hill, we passed into a lovely, turf-covered, shaded avenue, leading under the rustic wooden archway, which in Japan denotes the road to all temples, right up to one of the most picturesque idol houses we had ever seen. Dr. Ives' aphorism slightly altered—

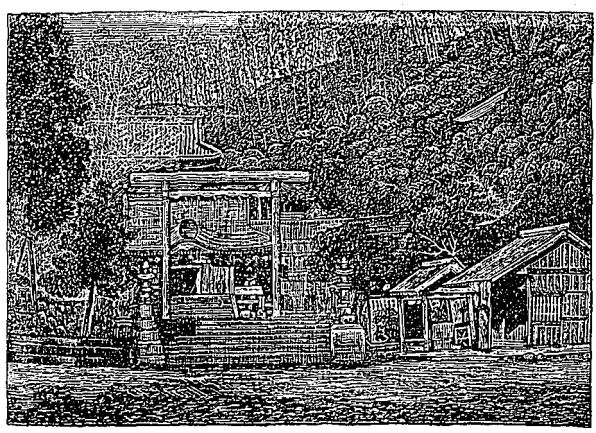
"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a *public near*,"

is no less true of Japan, for the next house was a tea-house, where we paused a few moments whilst drinking a cup of *ochar*.

Reaching the village we had time to inspect the fancywork in several shops. Nearly the whole of the women and children of Enoshima are employed making toys and ornaments of sea shells and weeds. Some of the specimens were very beautiful, flowers and birds being represented with an accuracy that could alone be gained by long experience.

Reaching our quarters, boots and coats were thrown off, and we settled down to cards, our coolie employing the time that he was not dozing, in replenishing our glasses and snuffing the long sixteens which had been provided by our landlord. Occasionally the noise of the samisen (native lute) reached us from the house opposite, with singing and laughter; but our wary old host knowing that if we only ran across for a *few minutes*, he would probably have to wait up for us till midnight, had locked all the doors and forgotten where he had put the keys, so we were obliged to rest contented, turning in, no doubt, much earlier than if we had gone out. Our hostess had brought in a plentiful supply of bedding, leaving us to choose our own positions, and make up according to taste. Japanese houses are the most convenient it is possible to conceive. Our room consisted of a grass-matted area of about 30 feet by 20, whose walls were sliding frames of wood and paper; between the grass mats on the floor, there is a strip of polished wood with a groove — something like that on our tramways—overhead in the ceiling runs another groove, corresponding to the one below. Into any of these, light frames of paper and wood may be fitted, run up close to each other so as to partition off any part of the larger surface, and in this way ten or a dozen rooms may be built up in a few minutes. New-comers to the country, on leaving some spacious room and returning after a few minutes, are often utterly bewildered by such changes, and the natives, especially the fair sex, are fond of such surprises, and will laugh heartily at the foreigner's perplexed looks. We slept soundly, and on turning out in

the early morning, B. and I dashed down to the sandy beach, and into the waves; but we could get no other followers. Breakfast over, we prepared for our long walk of twenty-five miles to Yokohama, our host giving each of us a fan as we said "Sai yan ara" (good-bye). Crossing the sandy isthmus, instead of keeping along the beach, we struck right inland, and though the way was sandy for a mile or so, it finally merged into a splendid highway. "The Tokaido," or Emperor's road, kept specially in repair for the Mikaido and his suite, whenever he deigns to travel this way, which, our guide tells us, is not often. The country through which we now passsd, was very pretty, in many places we were treated to flowers plucked from the gardens in front of the native cottages, in others we were asked to pick for ourselves, and in one garden a young Japanese damsel offered us a young cabbage plant, evidently thinking it a rarity. However we contented ourselves with a few roses, for the native flowers, however beautiful, have not the slightest scent or odour. At 10 a.m. we reached Fusigawa,



a village of considerable extent, and from which we had a good view of Fuzigama, "The Peerless," whose white summit peered far above the clouds. A long road lay before our next halting place, which was a wayside tea-house blessed with a monkey and a dog. Just after leaving, the Japanese mail passed us—a couple of coolies carrying the parcels, attached to the end of a bamboo, slung across their shoulders. They were going at a very quick double, and were perfectly naked, save a cloth round the loins, and grass shoes on their feet. The perspiration was running from them in streams. Arriving at Totsuka about 1 p.m. we halted for dinner, and a couple of hours "siesta," starting again when the sun had lost some of its power, and travelling by easy stages from tea-house to tea-house. We caught sight of Yokohama about 7.30; an hour afterwards we were washed, dressed, and sitting down to a well-earned repast. At 10 p.m. we were "*All on board, sir.*"

CONCLUSION.

THE POPE AND MEDIÆVAL FREEMASONS.

BY BRO. G. F. FORT.

From the "Philadelphia Sunday Sun."

THE conversion of Constantine the Great to Christianity, in the fourth century, gave a decided impulse to the enlargement of Episcopal authority, which at a later period developed into the Papacy. With the protection afforded throughout the vast empire, proselyting and evangelical labours were assiduously pursued, not only within the circumscribed limits of the municipalities of Rome and Alexandria, but reached forth into the more remote provinces of Gaul and Germany. The zeal of missionary enterprise soon opened the way for the introduction of Christianity either in a greater or less orthodox form among the native Tuetons, or burned its fiery pathway to the obdurate hearts of Gallic pagans. While Uphilas captivated the Goths with the errors of Arianism, the Romish Church, which, under the weighty pressure of Byzantine favour, overshadowed all competitors, had at an early period organized, upon the pure doctrines of Christ, a compact system of evangelical missions, whose labourers boldly advanced into undeveloped territory, and through numerous expedients, suc-

ceeded in converting the heathen Teutons to the new religion.

As a consequence of such enterprise it was of the last necessity that those who accorded an implicit acceptance of the Christian faith, should not only become an integral part of the Church Militant, but also have erected for their accommodation rude and temporary structures, in which the services of the Church might be celebrated, amid the solemn pomp of a rapidly increasing cumbersome ritualism. The earliest edifice so hastily put together for the purpose alluded to, were mainly the handiwork of a class of workmen in wood designated as *lignarios*, composed of inferior craftsmen, whose skill was narrowed down to the preparation of timber churches to be used for temporarily assembling the new converts. These builders as early as the fourth century may be stated to have consisted exclusively of ecclesiastical workmen, acting under specific instructions of the Head of the Church of Rome, sanctioned by imperial authority. Although colleges of artificers were still sojourning upon Germanic territory at this epoch, and pursued their avocations with many customs, and practised their skill, derived from ancient precursors, there does not appear sufficient evidence to assume that the stone workers were at this time under the control of Church government. In this age the secular authority still had need of the skilled labour of such constructors; but when a century later the great heart of the Byzantine empire withdrew along its arterial routes the vital fluids from remote provinces, and more closely concentrated them at home, then under the mighty advance of sacerdotal authority they were controlled by Church forces.

In the fifth century, as is well known, the Gothic King Theodorick, influenced by his secretary, Cassiodurus, introduced from Byzantium numerous bodies of builders, who aided him in reconstructing the public edifices which had suffered from the destruction of war. The Church of Rome having, by frequent politic subserviency, managed to maintain with increasing vigour, a foothold in the administration of civil society, quickly seized the opportunity offered, to utilise the building guilds by erecting more important edifices than had hitherto prevailed, on newly converted territory. These artificers were exclusively composed of masons, *caementarii*, and carpenters, *lignarii*, and in the absence of that profound knowledge subsequently current among the later Freemasons, viz.: as to the preparation of an entire building from stone, these two classes of craftsmen worked upon uniform plans, and possessed traditions drawn from identical sources. During the Middle Ages the guilds of Masons and carpenters were in the closest union. To such intimacy in detail was this similitude carried, that a distinguished archæologist asserts the original unity of these corporations, while our own Masonic writers of the last century earnestly insisted upon their common parentage.

These associations of builders, continually recruited and invigorated by additions from Byzantium, were used by the Romish Church, in the erection of houses of religious worship of a more enduring character than the first structures in foreign countries, of wood work, and yet, when completed on this new scheme, presented the appearance of churches built of stone and timber—a combination of material which fully accounts for the frequency of conflagrations during the Middle Ages. Down to the eight century, it may be added, the wood-workers, or *lignarii*, were made use of in the erection of churches and cathedrals. The system closely followed by the ecclesiastical authorities of those remote ages, in the rapid extension of Christianity among the Tuetonic races, placed such evangelical labour under the immediate control of the supreme head of the Church—an assumption fully recognised and allowed by the temporal authorities. The earliest prerogative claimed by the Papacy, and radically incorporated into canonical law, was the exclusive administration of Church government over new converts gathered to the Faith of Christ, wheresoever the proselytes were made. An infinitely more important concession, maintained by the canons of the Church, permitted the Pope to exercise personal direction in missionary labours, and to him as the Divine Vicegerent was entrusted the undisputed privilege of systematising all plans of extending ecclesiastical jurisdiction, or rendering them

effective in such territory as the evangelising zeal of his subordinates added to the Papal See. Towards the close of the fifth century this power began to assume the appearance of more than an empty assumption. As rapidly as the increasing number of converted pagans, especially in Gaul and Germany, rendered such measures necessary for the perpetuation of congregations, substantial edifices were erected at convenient places in episcopal districts. These structures, although often of hasty construction, were built by corporations or guilds of Masons and carpenters, already organized and possessing the prescriptive right, by immemorial usage in Italy to be governed according to their own laws. Such, consequently, was the well-defined social status of these builders upon Italian soil, at the period when the exigencies of the Romish Church demanded a more elevated art-knowledge for the erection of cathedrals and chapels upon territory where the religion of Christ had vanquished the sombre rites of Tuetonic deities. The organization and extension of missionary enterprise invariably contemplated the use and association of these ancient artificers in such schemes. Wherever the evangelists travelled with assiduous zeal to proselyte and convert, bodies of builders quickly followed upon their footsteps in order that temples consecrated to the new worship might rise into immediate use. Both laity and clergy, under authorization of the Roman Pontiff, eagerly affiliated with these travelling craftsmen. It would, indeed, be an unwarranted assumption to assert that at this early period of the Middle Ages the precursor of the Mediæval Freemasons were under exclusive pontifical jurisdiction, inasmuch as it can be demonstrated to the contrary that contemporary with such control, and in the seventh century when Papal influence extended, these colleges were by royal rescript recognised to possess the right of independent government. It is, however, manifestly in exact accord with the necessities of the enlarging Church in distant countries, that those building guilds, whose services were demanded and called thither, should travel in obedience to the sole undisputed power which could contract with and direct them with supreme authority which was inherent in the Pope. Such of them, then, as accompanied the evangelists, or were sent upon their demand, maintained a direct relationship with his Holiness, and were under his sanction and patronage.

It has oftentimes been claimed that these early bodies of artificers existed throughout the vast domains of the Romish Church, under and by virtue of Papal charters or indulgences. To this day no proof of such allegation has been found. This statement is in open antagonism with other important facts having reference to the earlier Masons and carpenters, and it is believed cannot be attested. Neither charters or Pontifical indulgences were necessary to preserve this corporate existence, which was repeatedly recognised by the rescripts of the Roman Emperors, and by edicts of Longobordic rulers as late as the eighth century. There is, however, a germinal truth in this venerable tradition. As early as the era of the Merowingian kings, about the year 550, in France, there was a fully developed system practised by these rulers, of granting to individuals especial letters of safeguard or protection, which, when issued in the form of a written document, exempted the bearer from all and every local restriction. In the Cartularies of Charlemagne, several centuries later, these letters of personal protection are frequently referred to as a well recognised privilege of imperial power. The Roman Pontiffs evidently adopted this system from sheer necessity, in order that such building corporations as traversed unsettled France or Germany might present themselves with letters guaranteeing their personal safety and authenticating the claims of the travelling craftsmen to Papal protection. When the progress of civilisation and advance of solid government rendered this system unnecessary, it was certainly merged into the gradual discipline which the Mediæval Church, through convents and monasteries, assumed over the Freemasons, at which time it was universally accepted to be true, that episcopal or Pontifical authority possessed a rigid control over the craft. It can be stated with precision, at what epoch the mediæval guild of builders attempted to withdraw from Church discipline, and began to apply their skill to other constructions than sacred edifices.

Before the year 1060, modification of

the relations existing between the conventual institutions and the Freemasons had so far progressed that these builders were known throughout France and Germany as *conversi barbati fratres*, or converted bearded brothers. Under ecclesiastical and evidently Pontifical sanction, they still remained under sacerdotal control, and were unqualifiedly subjected to Church government and direction, although by express permission of episcopal authority, these *fratres* or brothers were allowed to wear the peculiar secular costume which distinguished the Masonic guild at a later period of the Middle Ages. History attests with unequivocal certainty that as early as the year 1090, the *barbati fratres* used marks of a specific character, hewn upon stones, for purpose of proprietory distinction.

In the year 1099 these craftsmen in the Low Countries had evidently advanced to an open rupture with the Church, and assumed the privilege of concealing their secret arts from the clergy. A Frisian master, by the name of Pleber, in the year alluded to, pledged his head by way of forfeit to successfully execute certain work which clerical authority deemed impossible. The enormous compensation demanded upon perfecting this exhibition of skill, induced the bishop to cajole Pleber's son into betraying the secret of the abstruse principle by which the work was accomplished, which disclosure of craft arcana—*archanum magisterium*—so enraged the master builder that he killed the bishop. The first authentic evidence attesting the decided tendency of these *fratres* to abandon ecclesiastical jurisdiction, is to be found at this period, when the Church or canonical authorities granted permission to the laity to use their skill upon the condition that the craftsmen should not be required to construct machines for the destruction of human life—*machinae mortiferae*. A century later the Abbe William of Premontre attempted to reduce the guild again to Church discipline, and issued an order that these *barbati fratres*, bearded brothers, should shave off their beards. They peremptorily refused and threatened, if the edict were made mandatory, to set fire to every cloister in the country. This order and prompt refusal marked the absolute severance of the guild of Mediæval Masons from sacerdotal control, and with the same ended for ever the direct or indirect authority of the Roman Pontiff over the craft.

EDUCATION.

(From *Sunnyside Gill*, a Blank Verse Poem, by GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.)

THE stunted Oak, that strives to grow above
Thy rocky waterfall, oh Sunnyside!
But's dwarf'd for want of genial soil in which
To spread its roots, reminds me of my race—
Those *more* than "hearts of oak"—who might have been
Expanded like the goodliest forest tree
In beauty and in joy; yea, might have been
The strength and power for good in this our realm,
Had education of the truest kind
Taught them to use their faculties aright;
Had fostering care developed the rich mines
Of more than gold or diamonds which lie hid
In human souls; but who are stunted now—
Dwarf'd to deformity—for lack of soil
In which the roots of true nobility
In man or woman may find nutriment.

'Tis well to cultivate each yard of soil
For corn, and fruits, and flowers; it is well
To probe the earth for minerals that may
Be fused to human use; but it is vain
To prate of "wealth of nations" in our pride—
Yea, bloated ignorance—if we despise,
Neglect, or scorn, the meanest child that's born
Of meanest parents; for there is a wealth
To be developed by all nations yet
In whose bright rays all other wealth will pale.

HARRY WATSON;

OR, THE SECRETS OF FREEMASONRY.

BY H. A. M. HENDERSON.

From the "Kentucky Freemason."

IN due time Harry was passed to a Fellow Craft, and raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. He passed the Junior and Senior Warden's Chairs, and was Master of his Lodge. He studied the work and became expert in the conferring of degrees and well versed in Masonic history, usuages and jurisprudence. At a celebration of the anniversary of St. John —the 24th of June—he delivered a Masonic oration, much to the delight of the Craft and of his wife, who was proud of the effort of her gifted husband. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' Home, and at night there was a fair and concert given under the auspices of the ladies, and among those who participated none were more busy than the wife of Harry Watson. She had seen her husband's interest in the Lodge, while the husbands of her neighbours were spending their evenings at the club and in the bar-rooms. She always knew when he was absent that he was breathing the pure atmosphere and mingling in the refined and chaste associations of the Lodge-room, and that the matters which were engaging his attention were those related to an alleviation of the wretchedness of a smitten, suffering humanity.

In the meantime the old clergyman, by frequent intercourse with Harry, who kept him informed as to the benevolent works of the Order, had abandoned his hostility to Masonry, and, of his own free will and accord had knocked at the door as a poor blind candidate seeking light, the scales had dropped from his eyes and he saw the Order as a handmaiden of religion, and on that very anniversary day had opened the public exercises with prayer, which ran, as near as we can remember, thus: "O, thou Supreme Architect of the Universe, we are persuaded that an Institution that has survived the criticism of centuries of inquiring thought, survived the hostility of crowned and mitred heads, grown grander as it grew older, and which has secured the fealty of the sages, the philanthropists, the patriots, whose path is a continued tracery of mercy, which has dried the tear of orphanage, hushed the wail of widowhood, and helped the stranger to friends, and the poor to benefactors, must command Thy fatherly approbation. Had it not been worthy of its long and prosperous career the good would have turned from its altars and the wicked long since have profaned them. Had it not been designed by Thee as an agent for promoting Thy glory among men and the good of a suffering humanity, it would, long ere this, been dashed into remediless ruin by the rod of Thy avenging power and providence. We thank Thee for an Institution that binds men in a common brotherhood, and translates into practical life the anthem—'Glory to God in the Highest: peace on earth, and good will to men.' O, Thou who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a Father of the fatherless, bless this Order which takes to its ward and protection the bereaved and dependent. Command Thy blessing on the 'Home' this great brotherhood is building. Open the hearts of our Fraternity, and of a sympathizing world that abundant means may be afforded for the completion of the noble plans drawn by the hands of master-spirits upon our trestle-boards. Enable us so to live as to meet with Thy approval when we come to die, and to secure a welcome to the hospitalities of Heaven—we ask in Thy Great Name. Amen."

From more than two hundred reverent hearts and lips there went up the response *so mote it be.*

Then was sung those tender lines of Pope—

> "Teach me to feel another's woe,
> To hide the fault I see;
> That mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me."

At the close of Worshipful Master Watson's oration, he said: "If Providence shall spare my life and health a term of years, and continue to bless me in the future as in the past few years of my professional career, I will be able to provide for my family while living and bequeath to them a competency when dead. It is not, therefore, from any selfish motive that I make the plea I utter to-day in behalf of our 'Masonic Home.' I desire to *do* good, and to those who apprehend aright

doing good is quite as joy-yielding as *getting* good. Indeed, the Great Father has said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' The work of beneficence promotes our happiness. It places us in harmony with nature. The plan of nature is that of *giving*. The sun gives his rays constantly, generously, joyously; the ocean gives its vapours to the skies; the skies give their rains to the earth; the earth warms and waters each seed within her bosom, and sends it up in greeness and richness, and nourishes and cherishes it that it may give bread to the eater. The animals give their strength and swiftness to man, or lay down their lives for his sake. There is no chest for hoarding in all God's works; no magazine for saving sunbeams or air or rain drops or fountains. If the sun or old ocean or mother earth should turn miser, we should soon have universal death. He who is a self-centred self-contained ego is, in the nature of the case, wretched. The sun must shine and warm and light on their way a brotherhood of planets or be consumed by its own ardours. He who shuts up his bowels of compassion, how dwelleth the love of God in him? The grandest heart would be choked with aneurism did it not send the crimson tide to the remotest artery of the body.

"'That man may last but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives;
Who none can love, none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.'

"If then, for no other purpose, I engage in this Masonic Charity, I am compensated by being blessed in the deed. And though I have congratulated myself on the prospect of competency while living, and independence for my family when dead, I'm not insensible to the fact that the fickle goddess of fortune may make my 'expectation vain and disappoint my trust.' No man has a lease on life. We cannot tell what a day may bring forth. The spark of accident, the brand of the incendiary may light to destruction our dwellings; the worm, the cheat, the rust, may destroy our crops; the most trusted of financiers may fail and involve us in ruin. Riches can, in various ways, take to themselves wings and fly away! a breath of mephitic air, a grain of feculant pus, a moment of exposure, may plant the seeds of sure and speedy death, and ere a year the most prosperous and vigorous among us may be bankrupt of wealth, or laid low in the grave. Already in our 'Home' are those whose ancestors were clad in purple, and who feasted on the fat of the earth. There are those under its hospitable shelter who bear historic names. I know not in doing this work for others but that I may be providing a 'Home' for my own loved. I glory in belonging to an Order as widely diffused as the race—a brotherhood of philanthropic men—a fraternal band who will encourage me in the right, gently admonish me when wrong, protect my fair name from foul breath of evil calumny, who will watch by my pillow when my head is aching with fatal pains, who will tenderly close my eyes when death shall put out their light, who will gently bear me to burial, plant the emblematic Acacia in the enfolding turf that overwraps my throbless breast, and take to their ward and protection the dear ones that I might otherwise leave in this cold and unfriendly world, uncared for and alone."

The speaker knew not that he spoke prefiguring words. Called East, in an important case of litigation, he was returning to his home on the fated train that went down in the death-gorge of Ashtabula. The charred remains were received and committed to the earth with Masonic rites, and in the bright morn of manhood, and when beginning to reap the first fruits of a promising professional career, he was cut down, leaving a wife and two children dependent. In a short time they were sheltered beneath the roof of the "Home," and the young widow nightly thanks God, as she gathers her two fatherless boys to her knee, that her loved and lost Harry was led by a love of "the true, the beautiful, and the good" to the altars of Masonry.

EMBOSSED BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have been much struck with a remarkable addition to embossed books now happily, owing to Dr. Moon, in use among the blind, namely, the life of the Rev. Dr.

Morehead, with illustrations, and to which attention has been called both in the *Freemason* and *Literary Advertizer*. We think it well to add here Dr. Moon's own account of his good work for 1876 :—

"*A Brief Account of the Progress and Success of Dr. Moon's Reading for the Blind during the year* 1876.

"With grateful thanks to the Giver of all good, Dr. Moon presents the following summary to the kind friends who have so liberally, for many years, supported him in his work of preparing Embossed Books for the Blind.

"During the past year 5,869 volumes have been circulated, making a total of more than 103,000 volumes issued since the commencement of the work. Of those sent out last year, 2,234 were books of Scripture, and 3,635 were upon Religious, Biographical, Educational, and other subjects.

"The circulation of the books has not been confined to Great Britain and Ireland, large numbers having been sent abroad to America, Australia, India, Russia, Sweden, Germany, France, Italy, Portugal, Syria, &c. Copies of the Lord's Prayer, and other small portions of Scripture, have been sent as specimens to Lapland, Iceland, Greenland, to Labrador (for the Esquimaux), the Fiji Islands, and Japan.

"In addition to the large orders now on hand for the Blind of our own country, large supplies are in preparation for Australia, America, Syria, Sweden, &c.

"It is an encouraging fact that pressing applications are being received from the readers generally, for a still greater variety of books, manifesting that the Blind greatly appreciate the boon they possess in being able to read for themselves by the aid of this type.

"Dr. Moon has adapted his alphabet to 121 languages, many of which have been successfully employed by Missionaries and others, in distant lands; and it is to be hoped, that during the present year (1877), opportunities may be afforded for sending specimens in several of the other languages to the Blind of Foreign lands.

"Dr. Moon is desirous of embracing all opportunities of circulating these specimens in new countries, by the kind assistance of Missionaries and others, who may be going abroad.

"At the conclusion of one of the meetings which Dr. Moon addressed in Manchester, during his travels last autumn, a person thanked him for the blessing and comfort which the reading of the books had afforded her cousin who had died about three months previously. From childhood she had been blind, deaf, and dumb, and 'it would be impossible,' said her cousin, 'to describe the pleasure and comfort the books had afforded. For hours at a time she would sit and read portions of the Bible, and constantly a smile of delight might be seen to pass over her face.'

"Reference might be made to numerous other instances illustrating the appreciation which the Blind manifest, and the comfort afforded them in the embossed reading, and Dr. Moon trusts that the friends who have so liberally aided him hitherto in his labours, will kindly continue to assist him in meeting the increased demands for the books."

We will only say one word more—contributions may be addressed to Dr. William Moon, 104, Queen's Road, Brighton—and that no better humanitarian work can be supported by the sympathetic and the benevolent.

TOM HOOD.

"He sang the Song of the Shirt."

By Bro. EMRA HOLMES, Author of Lectures on "Public Speaking; what it is, and what it might be"; "Charles Dickens"; and "Odds and Ends of Wit and Humour."

Delivered at Ipswich, Colchester, and Saxmundham, and rewritten for the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

CONJOINTLY with Mr. Reynolds, he wrote and published anonymously, "Odes and Addresses to Great People." This had a great sale, and occasioned no little wonder and speculation as to the author.

S. T. Coleridge writes to Lamb, accusing him of writing the Odes. He says, "No,

Charles, it is you. I have read them over again, and I understand why you have anon'd the book. The puns are nine in ten good, many excellent, the Newgatory transcendant; and then the exemplum sini exemplo of a volume of personalities and extemporaneities, without a single line that could inflict the infinitisimal of an unpleasance on any man in his senses, saving and except, perhaps, in the envy addled brain of the despiser of your lays. If not a triumph over him, it is, at least, an ovation. Then, moreover, and besides to speak with becoming modesty, excepting my own self, who is there but you who could write the musical lines and stanzas that are intermixed."

On the 5th May, 1824, Mr. Hood married Miss Reynolds. The match was, it appears, not entirely approved of by her family; it was certainly an imprudent one, but the attachment was evidently strong and genuine on both sides.

Their daughter, the author of the memorials, says:—

"In spite of all the sickness and sorrow that formed the greatest portion of the after part of their lives, the union was a happy one.

My mother was a woman of cultivated mind and literary tastes, and well suited to him as a companion. He had such confidence in her judgment, that he read and re-read, and corrected with her all he wrote. Many of his articles were first dictated to her, and her ready memory supplied him with his references and quotations. He frequently dictated the first draft of his articles, although they were always finally copied out in his peculiarly, clear, neat writing, which was so legible and good, that it was once or twice begged by printers to teach their compositors a first and easy lesson in reading handwriting.

The poem 'I love thee,' was written at this time.

What woman would not have been flattered by such verses.

In truth, she was a literary helpmate, and all through their wedded life he was her lover as much as her husband. Would that the same could be said of all great literary men.

His son, in the preface to the Memorials, thus speaks of Mrs. Hood:—

"My mother was a fitting companion for such a husband. She shared his troubles and soothed his sorrow, and was so much a part of his very existence, that latterly he could hardly bear her out of his sight, or write when she was not by him. We have been frequently obliged to omit large portions of his letters to her—it would have been sacrilege to alter them,—and we did not feel it right to publish what was intended for her eyes alone: the tender epithets and the love talk, so fond and yet so true. I quote here one passage as a sample of those which occur so frequently in the letters:—

"I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause.

"First your own affectionate letter lately received—next the remembrances of our dear children, pledges, what darling ones, of our old familiar love. Then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hand is now writing. Perhaps there is an afterthought, that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, excellence, all that is wifely or womanly from my pen.'"

Where a union such as this exists—and I doubt not there are many such amongst the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE—it makes a little heaven on earth.

Of late years their daughter says their mother's time and thoughts were entirely devoted to him, and he became restless, and almost seemed unable to write unless she were near.

The first few years of their life was the most unclouded. The young couple resided for some years in Robert St., Adelphi. Here was born their first child, which, to their great grief, scarcely survived its birth. In looking over some old papers, Miss Hood found, she says, a few tiny curls of golden hair, as soft as the finest silk, wrapped in a yellow and time-worn paper, and inscribed in her father's handwriting—

"Little eyes that scarce did see,
Little lips that never smiled;
Alas, my little dear dead child,
Death is thy father and not me,
I but embraced thee, soon as he."

There is a tender pathos about these lines that cannot fail to touch the heart of every father and mother in whom the affections still live.

On this occasion those exquisite lines of Charles Lamb, "On an Infant dying as soon as born," were written and sent to Hood.

It is to be regretted that there is no record left of the pleasant days of this intimacy with Charles Lamb and his sister. It was a very true and sincere friendship on both sides, and it lasted up to the time of Lamb's death.

In truth, there was much in common between the gentle Elia and Tom Hood. Both were sensitive plants, both had the divine afflatus, and were blessed or cursed with genius, and both illustrated in their writings how nearly the fountains of laughter and tears lie together. Lamb and Coleridge were both, as the reader no doubt knows, Blue-coat boys, and the former, I suppose, would be at Christ's Hospital with that Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Hood's father, whilst he was head writing-master. Lamb was quite as fond of his joke as Hood, and there are many good stories told of him.

Lamb was in the India office, then under the Honorable East India Co., as you know, so that he was, if I may say so, a semi-civil servant. The hours were, I believe, the same as in most Government Offices (I hope they won't alter them), reasonable in length, and no doubt suggested the execrable riddle in *Punch* some time since intended to ridicule us poor Civil Servants: "Why are the fountains in Trafalgar Square like Government Clerks? —Because they play from ten till four."

I am glad to say the notion that we have nothing to do but play from ten till four, and that we are over-paid, is now pretty well acknowledged to be a fallacy, and the Civil Servants of the present day are recognized as a body of men who strive to do their duty to the State conscientiously—during their hours of business —and to spend their leisure time as well, not unfrequently, in the service of the public. I do not hesitate to say that taking them as a whole, there is no body of men in the kingdom, educationally, the equals of the higher class of Officials who are worse paid (unless it be in the Church), and who are more deserving of the sympathy and respect of the public, than the Civil Servants of the Crown.

In every branch of literature and art they have made their mark. In all the learned societies you see their names; and I have only to mention such men as Mr. Tom Taylor, the dramatic writer, art critic to the *Times*, of the Local Government Board, I believe; Edmund Yates, the novelist, and Tom Hood (son of the great man of whom I am speaking), late editor of *Fun*, who were till lately, both in the Post Office; W. M. Rosetti, the art critic, clerk in the Inland Revenue; Clement Scott, dramatic critic, of the War Office; Norman Lockyer, the astronomer, of the Treasury; Anthony Trollope, who was till recently also an Inspector of the Post Office, one of the greatest novelists of the day; the late John Forster, H.M. Commissioner in Lunacy, the biographer and friend of Dickens; the late Albany Fonblanque, the essayist, of the Statistical Department; Sir Francis Doyle, professor of poetry, at Oxford, Commissioner of Customs; Mr. W. R. Grey, the well-known essayist, controller of H.M. Stationery Office, late Commissioner of Customs; Bro. J. C. Parkinson, the journalist, late of the Inland Revenue; Sir Arthur Helps, author of some charming works, late Clerk to the Privy Council; and many others, too numerous to mention, to prove to the readers of the Magazine that what I have said as to the class to which I am proud to belong, is perfectly true, and to claim for them as a body the consideration, and, I hope, the respect and esteem of the whole British public, so long, and so long only, as they continue to deserve the same.

But I am sadly digressing. I began by relating an anecdote of Lamb, and I have nearly forgotten to tell it after all. As I said, Lamb was in the India Office, the hours were from ten till four, but it is to be feared Lamb was not remarkable for punctuality in attendance.

It appears that one of the Directors having heard of his fame as the author of "Essays by Elia," wanted to find some excuse to make his acquaintance—took advantage

of his irregularity in putting in an appearance, and stopped him one day as he came in behind time as usual, "You are late, sir," said the Director, with well-assumed asperity; it is past ten, sir, past ten."—"Yes, sir," said Lamb, nervously, with his usual stammer; "but I always leave punctually at four."

In 1826, appeared the first series of "Whims and Oddities," which had a very good sale, and took so well with the public, that a second edition followed; and some time afterwards a second series appeared, dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. This was followed by two volumes of "National Tales," a series of stories, or rather novelettes, somewhat in the manner of Boccaccio, though wanting of course in his coarseness; but they are now utterly out of print. The truth is, like Theodore Hook, he was very clever in many ways, but he could not write stories worth reading. "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," a very favourite poem of his own, appeared in 1827, but it did not exactly suit the public taste, and many copies remained unsold on the publisher's shelves. Hood afterwards bought up the remainder of the edition, as he himself said, to save it from the butter shops.

This very artistic poem is more appreciated now, as is the "Haunted House," another of his graver and more ambitious efforts, which has served to stamp him as a poet of no mean order. It shows a wonderful power of treating of the mysterious and horrible, and it is singularly powerful without being revolting. Without doubt, it is one of the finest poems of this gifted writer.

In 1829 he left London for Winchmore Hill, where he took a pretty little cottage situated in a pleasant garden. He was very much attached to the place, and years afterwards, was wont to find a fancied resemblance to it.

He had the rheumatic fever very badly some time afterwards, and went to Brighton, which for many years afterwards, he was in the habit of visiting, and soon got better.

Whilst their at breakfast one morning, he offered to give his wife some hints as to buying fish. "Above all things, Jane," said he, "as they will endeavour to impose upon your inexperience, let nothing induce you to buy a plaice that has any appearance of red or orange spots, as they are sure signs of an advanced stage of decomposition."

Mrs. Hood, who believed implicitly everything her husband told her, eager to show off her acquired knowledge, refused to buy some plaice when the fishwoman came round, averring that, of course, the fish were not fresh—when she was met by the assertion that they came out of the water only that morning. But remembering her husband's portrayal of the iniquitous falsehoods told by Brighton fishwomen, she gravely shook her head, and mildly observed, in all the pride of conscious knowledge, "My good woman, it may be as you say; but I could not think of buying any plaice with those very unpleasant red spots." "Lord bless your eyes, mum," retorted the woman, "who ever seed any without em." A suppressed giggle on the stairs revealed the perpetrator of the joke; and off went Tom Hood with a peal of laughter, leaving his too credulous wife to appease the angry sea nymph as best she could.

During one of his visits to Brighton, he made the acquaintance of an old lieutenant in the Coast Guard, from him he learned his solitary song.

Only one verse of this curious production has been retained, and it runs something in this fashion :—

"Up jumped the mackerel,
With his striped back,
Says he, reef in the mainsel and haul on the tack;
For it's windy weather;
It's stormy weather;
And when the wind blows, pipe all hands together;
For, upon my word, it is windy weather."

Tom Hood, his daughter says, curiously enough, with the most delicate perception of the rhythm and melody of versifying, and the most acute instinct for any jarring syllable or word, and peculiarly happy in the musical cadence, of his own poetry, had not the slightest ear for music.

He could not sing a tune through correctly, and was rather amused by the defect than otherwise, especially when a phrenologist once told him his organs of time and tune were very deficient.

He used to say on the very few occasions he was got to sing, that he chose this particular song, because if he was out

of tune no one could detect him, especially as he made a point of refusing all encores.

Some one indulging in a rhapsody on music, suddenly turned upon Hood, who didn't sympathise, and said patronisingly, "Ah! you know you've no musical enthusiasm; you don't know what it is!" It was dangerous to snubb Hood, whose reply was characteristic in its quiet sarcasm. "Oh, yes, I do know it—it's like turtle soup, for every pint of real you meet with gallons of mock, with calves heads in proportion."

Hood lived about 3 years at Winchmore Hill, and here, in 1830, his daughter Fanny, the author of the Memorials, from which I have quoted so much, was born.

(*To be continued.*)

IDENTITY.

THE following clever parody, *Scribner* tells us, has been going the rounds of New York City for some time. We do not know where it originated.

IF you could be, as I think you are,
Some other person, as others are,
I should not muse as I gaze to night,
Seeking that distant red-rayed star:
Another were less bright.
For when two mingle their beams for aye,
How thought will dartle and then grow dim:
—You see how my star shoots out a ray
Now strong and brilliant—now faint and slim,
As stars oft have a way.
Well—one star less—were a somewhat more;
But what that more is I cannot tell;
When they shoot, these stars, from the azure shore—
(You note where yon crimson traitor fell)
Is their light for ever o'er?
And you, if you could (as I think you might),
Be another person, as others be,
Would your present being, with all its light
Go out?—be utterly lost for me!—
What is?—and what is right?

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE REFERENCE TO THE EURESIS OF THE MYSTERIES.

"They saw celestial beauty in all the dazzling radiance of its perfection, when, joining with the glorified chorus, they were admitted to the beatific vision, and were initiated into the most blessed of all mysteries."—PLATO.

"Swell loud and deep the choral song,
To Mithra's praise the notes prolong,
Ye sacred guardians of the Eternal Flame,
That pure and bright from nature's birth
Through many a circling century have glow'd,
Ere first to warm the barren earth,
His shining chariot clave the Ethereal road.
Aloft your golden censers raise,
And, while a thousand altars blaze,
With shouts the conscious Deity proclaim."
MAURICE.

THERE is one great peculiarity about the temples of heathenism, which cannot fail to be noticed by everyone who gives the subject the slightest consideration; which is, that in their construction, all natural light was carefully excluded, and the interior was profoundly dark, except when illuminated by the introduction of artificial light. The Holy of Holies in the tabernacle and temple of the Jews is a proof that there was some understood principle in those ages that "the darkness and light are both alike with God;* and that it was in coincidence with the will and pleasure of the Deity, that the divine mysteries of religion should be hidden from the observation of profane persons. The Most Holy Place or Adytum of the Pagados of the East, was involved in darkness; whence travellers have observed that "they have more the appearance of the recesses of impure spirits, than of places designed for the exercise of religion." Indeed, the primitive temples of India were caverns, like those of Elephanta and Salsette, being places where darkness eternally reigns.

In all nations the most sacred mysteries of religion were celebrated in such sub-

* Ps. cxxxix. 12.

terranean places, some of which were of immense size and capacity. That celebrated one at Eleusis was capable of holding as large a number as a theatre.* But the description given by Vitruvius is still more remarkable: "Eleusinæ Cereris et Proserpinæ cellam *immani magnitudine* Ictinus Dorico more, sine exterioribus columnis ad laxamentum usus sacrificiorum, pertexit. Eam autem postra, cum Demetrius Phalereus Athenis rerum potiretus, Philon aute templum in fronte columnis constitutis prostylon fecit. Ita aucto vestibulo laxamentum initiantibus operisque summam adjecit autoritatem."† And Aristides thought this the most extraordinary circumstance, that of all the public assemblies of Greece, this was the only one which was contained together within a single edifice.‡

Cavern temples were common in Egypt, and it is believed that they existed beneath the pyramids, branching out to vast and incredible distances. All these were necessarily dark; for which reason probably such places were considered more particularly sacred; and consequently better adapted to the occult purposes of initiation and the regeneration of the human soul.

A remarkable instance of the veneration for caverns is related by Jerome and others, who say that the heathen Romans converted the caverns where Christ was born (called in our translation of the Scriptures, a stable) into a place of celebration for the mysteries of Adonis. His words are: "Bethlehem, now our most venerable place, was overshadowed by the grove of Thammuz, *i.e.* of Adonis; and in the cave where once the Messiah appeared as an infant, the lover of Venus was loudly lamented.§ This is confirmed by Socrates,‖ who says: "Those who hated the religion of Christ filled up the place where he was born with a dyke of stones, and built in it a Temple of Venus, with a figure standing upon it, by which they intended to dissipate all recollection of the holy place."

The use which the heathen made of these dark places, was to startle and impress the aspirant at his initiation into the mysteries, by the contrast from pitchy darkness to the most brilliant light. Thus we are told that on some occasions the temple at Sumnaut, in India, whose lofty roof was supported by fifty-six pillars overlaid with plates of gold, and incrusted with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones, was illuminated by a gigantic lamp, whose light, reflected back from the burnished gold and jewels, spread a strong and refulgent lustre throughout the spacious fabric.

The above ceremony was intended hieroglyphically to show the sublime attributes of the Deity, which in most countries were designated by light, which was supposed by some of the learned Rabbies to be the garment of God, because David said that he clothed Himself with it; and Maimonides thought that the lustre of the heavens arose from the expansion of this garment. Eugubinus supposed that the empyrean heaven, or habitation of God, was nothing more than the exhibition of this glorious light, which he compared to the poetical Olympus, so-called, because it was supposed to shine with the admirable glory of the Divinity. Hence the general allusion, which the hierophant made to the autopsia of the initiations was, that the light was divine; the true Ὄαος δὰνα οἰκον ἐτύχθη of Theocritus.* And for the same reason the Chaldee oracle advises that when we see the holy fire shining upon us, we may esteem it to be a divine communication.†

The gods are depicted by the poets as shining with an effulgent lustre. When Jupiter visited Alemena, the poet says: "Ædes tota confulgebant, quasi essent aureæ."‡ There are so many instances of this, that it will be unnecessary to press the point further. It was an embodiment of the prophesy of Habakkuk: "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. And his brightness was as the light; and he had horns or beams of light

* Strabo Geog. l. ix.
† Vitruo. de Archit. Pref. ad. l. vii.
‡ Eleusin. Orat.
§ Jerome Ess. 13, ad Paulin.
‖ Hist. Eccl. l. i. c. 17.

* Idyl xxiv.
† Orac. Chalde. ap. Psell. p. 81.
‡ Plaut. Amphyt. Act v., s. 1.

streaming out of his hand or side."* The aspirant was ready to believe in the supernatural nature of the autopsia, by being carefully instructed beforehand, that the Deity was about to reveal Himself in all His splendour.

On all the Egyptian monuments the Scarabeus, whenever it occurs, denotes *life*, and its absence *death*. The figure before us, therefore, as used in the initiations, symbolised the Euresis, or raising of the aspirant from a darkness resembling death, to light and life; and the Tracing Boards contain the explanations which attended this important ceremony.

Now it will be observed that *life* was hieroglyphically represented by light, and *death* by darkness; and as the anaglyph contains no emblem to indicate the latter, we are fully justified by the whole tenor of Egyptian symbolical instruction, which is always uniform and consistent with itself, in our application of the anaglyph to the Euresis of the Hermesian Freemasonry. These two, says the Geeta, "Light and darkness, are esteemed the world's eternal ways. He who walketh in the former path, returneth not; whilst he who walketh in the latter path, cometh back again upon the earth."

The Theosophic philosophers of the last century thus explained the two principles of light and darkness. The seven spirits of God are perfectly in every place; but if in any one place they wrestle not triumphantly, in that place is no mobility, but a deep darkness. Such a house is the house of flesh in man; such was the whole space of this world, when the Deity, in the seven spirits, had withdrawn itself from the devils; and had so continued if the seven planets and stars had not risen from God's spirits. But the heart of the Deity hideth itself in the corporiety and outbirth of this world; which, therefore, is in great anguish, till the heart of God will move itself again in the seven spirits of God in this world, and kindle them, and then the sun and stars will pass away to their first place, and the Light of God shall fill the body of the world, and when the anxiety tasteth the sweetness of the Light of God, all is richly full of joy, and the whole body triumpheth; which now cannot be, because the fierce captive devil keeps the house in the outbirth of this world, till the last judgment day; and then the heart of God with his fan will cleanse his floor, and breaking through, proclaim bright day."

The aphanism, or preliminary part of the initiations, was performed in darkness to signify death, which was also a name for initiation; for, as we have seen above, while τελευται signified "to die," τελεισθαι was used for initiation. The aspirant was here the representative of the Sun, in his passage through the inferior signs of the Zodiac, viz., from Scorpia to Pisces, in which the earth underwent a change from light to darkness—a real aphanism—whence the term Osirean was used to designate a person actually deceased, as well as one who underwent the aphanism of the Spurious Freemasonry. It was during this ceremony that the candidates are said, in our Scriptures, to eat the offerings of the dead, to pass into the silence of the grave, and make their bed in darkness.*

Darkness is frequently used metaphorically in the Jewish Scriptures. It is there made emblematical of everything that is evil and dangerous to man in his mortal state.† It is a symbol of ignorance,‡ of folly,§ of calamity,‖ of sin,¶ and of death.** The mystical analogy might be extended to an indefinite length, both from the Old and New Testaments; but the enquiry would be out of place here, and the above instances will suffice to show the light in which the emblem was understood by the Jewish prophets. The grave was a symbol of the silence or secresy with which they were expected to observe respecting the mysteries which were about to be revealed to them. And they were told by the hierophant that man teaches us to speak, but the gods enjoin us to silence; from whence we should learn to keep secret the rites and ceremonies of initiation.

(To be continued.)

* Hab. iii., 3, 4.

* Ps. cvi. 28; Job xvii. 13.
† Job xxx. 26.
‡ Job xxxii. 19; Isa. xlii. 7, lx. 2.
§ Eccles. ii. 13.
‖ Isa. v. 30; Esth. xi. 8; Job iii. 4-5.
¶ Isa. xlix. 9; Jer. xxiii. 12.
** Job x. 21; Ps. cvii. 10.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

We take this amusing story from the *Philadelphia Keystone.*

My name is Jonas Perth, and I always had a great dread of mothers-in-law. When I married Anna Maria Bashford, the only thing that troubled my peace of mind was, that I had a mother-in-law. To be sure, the seas rolled between us. Mrs. Bashford was in France with a married son, and was unable to come to America just then. Maria had always lived with an aunt, and being arrived at the years of discretion, her mother sent her a lace veil and her blessing, and we were married quite as well without her presence at St. John's one fine morning. Yes, the seas rolled between my mother-in-law and myself, but I had heard so much of them —I mean mothers-in-law—that I was not quite easy in my mind.

When we were married, Anna Maria and I went to housekeeping. We hired one of a small row, let furnished at a reasonable rate. They were all alike—just the same build and exactly the same articles of furniture. Two were empty ; three already occupied. We chose one of them on the advice of our landlord. He said we should have such quiet neighbours—old Mrs. Bolivar and her daughter on one side, and Mr. Briggs, an old bachelor named Briggs, on the other. They were quiet; we never saw either of them. A figure in a large black shawl and a long black veil, now and then, went in and out of Mrs. Bolivar door. We supposed it to be Mrs. Bolivar ; but it might have been Miss Bolivar as well. Once in a while somebody groaned a little on the other side. Anna Maria decided that it was Mr. Briggs, who had been crossed in love, troubled by the memories of the past. From the glimpse I caught of that gentleman's countenanee, I concluded that he never had any love to be crossed in, and supposed that he must have discovered occasionally that he had in some manner lost a few cents.

Nobody in either of the houses ever sat at the window, or stood at the door, or walked in the small courtyard, where the roses of Sharon grew. We had the place all to ourselves. It was very pleasant. So gradually as Mrs. Bashford still wrote affectionate letters from France, I forgot my terrors and made myself comfortable. My mother-in-law would probably never trouble me.

Judge of my consternation, therefore, when one morning, at my place of business, I received a telgram containing these words :

"Dear mamma has come to us, hurry home !"

I read it, sat down on a tall stool, and stared at vacancy. A crisis had arrived. What should I do? How attack a trouble of which I had no experience? I did not even know in what shape it would come. I could form no conception of the style of my mother-in-law who awaited me—a large one with a cap, a small one with frizettes, a fat one like a feather bed, a lean one, all bones? Was she high-strung, and mistress of all the long words in the English language? Was she of the weeping order? Was she a wonderful house-keeper or a commanding person? What part of a woman was my mother-in-law? She had been in France. I knew a man once who had a French mother-in-law ; he had suffered. Being dosed with soup, which the lady thought the only diet for the human race, and presented with water and refreshment, he had rebelled. The lady had once thrown the soup, hot, at his head, and gone into hysterics, declaring that he was an assassin !

But perhaps my mother-in-law had not become French enough for that. However, all writers combine to declare that mothers-in-law create dissensions in families, and set the wife against her lawful master ; the husband once subjected, the man was lost.

I would begin by taking the upper hand, and thus keep it.

There was a way where there was a will. Thus resolving, I went home at an early hour ; and as I walked up the row, whistled to keep courage up.

There was no lights in the cottage windows as yet, but as I ascended my door-step, I saw that my door was ajar, and wondering how it happened, entered without noise and closed it. A fire burnt

in the grate, and a rocking chair sat before it. Glad of a reprieve, I threw myself into the chair, lit a cigar, and began to smoke. My wife was occupied elsewhere, I supposed; but this was the beginning of my mother-in-law's advent. Ever, until now, had my Anna Maria run to the door to greet me with a kiss.

I was vexed, and I shall not attempt to deny it. Well, since she had not cared, I'd not show that I did. I closed my eyes and smoked on. Even when steps entered the room I did not open them.

"I declare," said a voice, "I smell smoke! I smell tobacco! I declare, I believe some one is smoking in this house!" Sniff, sniff. "Tobacco smoke, surely!" A match snapped. I opened my eyes, sat up, and saw a stout lady lighting the gas. My mother-in-law was a *very* big one, with a cap—a white cap—with black ribbons, and she wore black alpaca with flounces. I saw that she was one with whom I must, sooner or later, come to single combat.

Having lit the lamp, she turned toward me, put up a pair of gold glasses, and said, in a tone of suppressed wrath:

"Well, and what does this mean."

"It means that I am finishing my cigar," I said.

"And I should like to know," said she, "how you happened to come into this parlour to finish it!"

"Well, madam, your daughter has never objected to it," said I. "I've smoked many a cigar here, and I shall continue to do so. Any one who doesn't like it can go elsewhere, you know."

"The impudence!" said the old lady. "But either you are mad or I am. My daughter has not objected to your smoking. You have often smoked in this room, do you say?"

"I have," said I; "many a night I've smoked here until one o'clock, she sitting opposite me, and I got her to try a paper cigarette. Let me roll you one—it would settle your nerves."

"Heavens and earth," cried the old lady. "My daughter, whom I have brought up with such care, smoke cigarettes with you at one in the morning! Have I been dreaming? Have I been deceived? But no! it's a lie—an awful slanderous lie!"

"You may ask her, madam," said I. "And more than that, I should have done as I pleased, in any case. A man is master in his own house."

"His own house?" said she.

"Yes," said I. "You don't deny, I hope, that I'm your daughter's husband."

"My daughter's husband?" said she. "Oh! is it true? Have I been deceived? Is he mad, or—Eliza! Eliza! E-e-e-liza!"

As she screamed the name, a young woman rushed into the room, looked at me, and shrieked also.

"Eliza Bolivar," said the old lady, "speak my child, is that man your husband?"

"Why, ma," said the young lady, "I never saw him before."

And now I saw what I had done. I had entered Mrs. Bolivar's house instead of my own. These were Mrs. and Miss Bolivar.

"It is an absurd mistake. Let me explain," said I.

"Not a word," said the old lady. "Not a word. Go!"

"Not until I've explained." I said. My wife—"

"I am not!" said Eliza Bolivar.

"I don't think you are," said I. "I—"

"You averred that she was," said the old lady. Wait, Eliza! I see it all. This is a burglar. It's one of their tricks to get us to leave the room while they look for the plate. But he shan't escape. Go to the window and call the police. I will hold him!"

She grabbed me by the coat collar. Eliza shrieked from the window: "Help! thieves!" Horror possessed me. I wriggled out of the coat, dashed under the old lady's arms, and rushed bareheaded and in my shirt sleeves into my own area gate. In a moment more I stood before my wife, our domestic, and a lady whom I knew to be my actual mother-in-law, and who was only Maria twenty years older, and set them to screaming, too. The street was full of boys. Mrs. Bolivar still shrieked "thieves and murder!" There was nothing for it but to explain; which I did.

"What shall we do?" cried Anna Maria.

"Your hat and coat are next door. The wretch will arrest you."

"No she won't," said my mother-in-law, "I'll settle her."

She put on her bonnet and left us. An hour afterward she returned with my hat and overcoat.

"She's a dreadful creature, said she, "but I've quieted her. I had to tell a fib. I said you were what they call between two wines in France—a little tipsy you know—and that you took her for me."

"Oh, my son," said Anna Maria's mother, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "*did* you think I looked like *that*."

I kissed her, and we have been the best of friends ever since.

Mrs. Bolivar always gathers her flowing robes as she passes me by in the street, and remarks to some invisible familiar: "*That* intoxicated person." But I don't mind. The sight of her always leads me to thank heaven that I am not in reality her son-in-law so devoutly that I have no room for any other feeling.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

She journeyed north, she journeyed south,
The whole bright land she wandered over,
And climbed the mountains white with snow,
And sought the plains where palm-trees grow,
But—never found the four-leaved clover.

Then to the seas she spread her sail,
Fled round the world, a white winged rover;
Her small foot pressed the Grecian grass,
She saw Egyptian temples pass,
But—never found the four-leaved clover.

The costliest gems shone on her brow;
The ancient Belgian spinners wove her
A robe of lace a queen might wear;
Her eyes found all most rich, most rare,
But—never found the four-leaved clover.

The throng did flock to see her pass,
To hear her speak, and all men strove her
Smile to win; She had the whole
Of each one's life and heart and soul,
But—never found the four-leaved clover.

A sudden whirlwind came at last,
A little tempest rose and drove her
Homeward, bereft alone and poor,
The fair friends fled, the journeyings o'er
That never found the four-leaved clover.

"Alas!" she sighed, "All hope is gone;
I've searched the wide world through, moreover,
My eyes are worn with toil; they see
But this small strip of grass—" There free
And strong it grew, the four-leaved clover.

Forgotten Stories.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. II.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

——"Hâc in re scilicet unâ
Multum dissimiles."—HOR.

IN a visit which we paid some time ago to our worthy contributor, Morris Gowan, we became acquainted with two characters; upon whom, as they afford a perfect contrast to each other, we have bestowed the names of Sense and Sensibility.

The Misses Lowrie, of whom we are about to give our readers an account, are both young, both handsome, both amiable; Nature made the outline of their characters the same; but Education has varied the colouring. Their mother died almost before they were able to profit by her example or instruction. Emily, the eldest of the sisters, was brought up under the immediate care of her father. He was a man of

strong and temperate judgment, obliging to his neighbours, and affectionate to his children; but certainly rather calculated to educate a son than a daughter. Emily profited abundantly by his assistance, as far as moral duties or literary accomplishments were concerned; but for all the lesser *agrémens* of society, she had nothing to depend upon but the suggestions of a kind heart and a quiet temper. Matilda, on the contrary, spent her childhood in England, at the house of a relation; who, having imbibed her notions of propriety at a fashionable boarding-school, and made a love-match very early in life, was but ill prepared to regulate a warm disposition, and check a natural tendency to romance. The consequence has been such as might have been expected. Matilda pities the distressed, and Emily relieves them; Matilda has more of the love of the neighbourhood, although Emily is more entitled to its gratitude; Matilda is very agreeable, while Emily is very useful; and two or three old ladies, who talk scandal over their tea, and murder grammar and reputations together, consider Matilda a practised Heroine, and laugh at Emily as an inveterate Blue.

The incident which first introduced us to them afforded us a tolerable specimen of their different qualities. While on a long pedestrian excursion with Morris, we met the two ladies returning from their walk; and, as our companion had already the privileges of an intimate acquaintance, we became their companions. An accurate observer of human manners knows well how decisively character is marked by trifles, and how wide is the distinction which is frequently made by circumstances apparently the most insignificant.

In spite, therefore, of the similarity of age and person which existed between the two sisters, the first glance at their dress and manner, the first tones of their voice, were sufficient to distinguish the one from the other. It was whimsical enough to observe how every object which attracted our attention exhibited their respective peculiarities in a new and entertaining light. Sense entered into a learned discussion on the nature of a plant, while Sensibility talked enchantingly of the fading of its flower. From Matilda we had a rapturous eulogium upon the surrounding scenery; from Emily we derived much information relative to the state of its cultivation. When we listened to the one, we seemed to be reading a novel, but a clever and interesting novel; when we turned to the other, we found only real life, but real life in its most pleasant and engaging form.

Suddenly one of those rapid storms, which so frequently disturb for a time the tranquillity of the finest weather, appeared to be gathering over our heads. Dark clouds were driven impetuously over the clear sky, and the refreshing coolness of the atmosphere was changed to a close and overpowering heat. Matilda looked up in admiration—Emily in alarm; Sensibility was thinking of a landscape—Sense of a wet pelisse. "This would make a fine sketch," said the first; "We had better make haste," said the second. The tempest continued to grow gloomier above us; we passed a ruined hut, which had been long deserted by its inhabitants. "Suppose we take refuge here for the evening," said Morris; "It would be very romantic," said Sensibility; "It would be very disagreeable," said Sense; "How it would astonish my father!" said the Heroine; "How it would alarm him!" said her sister.

As yet we had only observed distant prognostics of the tumult of the elements which was about to take place. Now, however, the collected fury of the storm burst at once upon us. A long and bright flash of lightning, together with a continued roll of thunder, accompanied one of the heaviest rains that we have ever experienced. "We shall have an adventure!" cried Matilda; "We shall be very late," observed Emily. "I wish we were a hundred miles off," said the one, hyperbolically; "I wish we were at home," replied the other soberly. "Alas! we shall never get home to night," sighed Sensibility pathetically; "Possibly," returned Sense drily. The fact was, that the eldest of the sisters was quite calm, although she was aware of all the inconveniences of their situation; and the youngest was terribly frightened, although she began quoting poetry. There was another and a brighter flash; another and a louder peal; Sense quickened her steps —Sensibility fainted.

With some difficulty, and not without the aid of a conveyance from a neighbouring farmer, we brought our companions in safety to their father's door. We were, of course received with an invitation to remain under shelter till the weather should clear up; and of course we felt no reluctance to accept the offer. The house was very neatly furnished, principally by the care of the two young ladies; but here again the diversity of their manners showed itself very plainly. The useful was produced by the labour of Emily; the ornamental was the fruit of the leisure hours of Matilda. The skill of the former was visible in the sofa-covers and the curtains; but the latter had decorated the card racks, and painted the roses on the hand-screens. The neat little bookcases too, which contained their respective libraries, suggested a similar remark. In that of the eldest we observed our native English worthies—Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden and Pope; on the shelves of the sister reclined the more effeminate Italians, —Tasso, Ariosto, Metastatio, and Petrarch. It was a delightful thing to see two amiable beings with tastes so widely different, yet with hearts so closely united.

It is not to be wondered at that we paid a longer visit than we had originally intended. The conversation turned at one time, upon the late revolutions. Matilda was a terrible Radical, and spoke most enthusiastically of tyranny and patriotism, the righteous cause, and the Holy Alliance; Emily however, declined to join in commiseration or invective, and pleaded ignorance in excuse for her indifference. We fancy she was apprehensive of blundering against a stranger's political prejudices. However that may be, Matilda sighed and talked, and Emily smiled and held her tongue. We believe the silence was the most judicious; but we are sure the loquacity was the most interesting.

We took up the newspaper. There was an account of a young man who had gone out alone to the rescue of a vessel in distress. The design had been utterly hopeless, and he had lost his life in the attempt. His fate struck our fair friends in very different lights. "He ought to have had a better fortune," murmured Matilda; "or more prudence," added Emily. "He must have been a hero," said the first,—"or a madman," rejoined the second,

The storm now died away in the distance, and a tranquil evening approached. We set out on our return. The old gentleman with his daughters, accompanied us a small part of the way. The scene around us was beautiful, the birds and the cattle seemed to be rejoicing in the return of the sunshine, and every herb and leaf had derived a brighter tint from the rain-drops with which it was spangled. As we lingered for a few moments by the side of a beautiful piece of water, the mellowed sound of a flute was conveyed to us over its clear surface. The instrument was delightfully played, at such an hour, on such a spot, and with such companions, we could have listened to it for ever. "That is George Mervyn," said Morris to us. "How very clever he is!" exclaimed Matilda; "How very imprudent," replied Emily. "He will catch all the hearts in the place!" said Sensibility, with a sigh; "He will catch nothing but a cold!" said Sense, with a shiver. We were reminded that our companions were running the same risk, and we parted from them reluctantly.

After this introduction we had many opportunities of seeing them; we became every day more pleased with the acquaintance, and looked forward with regret to the day on which we were finally to leave so enchanting a neighbourhood. The preceding night it was discovered that the cottage of Mr. Lowrie was on fire. The destructive element was soon checked, and the alarm quieted; but it produced a circumstance which illustrated, in a very affecting manner, the observations we have been making. As the family were greatly beloved by all who knew them, every one used the most affectionate exertions in their behalf. When the father had been brought safely from the house, several hastened to the relief of the daughters. They were dressed and were descending the stairs. The eldest, who had behaved with great presence of mind, was supporting her sister, who trembled with agitation. "Take care of this box," said Emily;—it contained her father's title-deeds. "For Heaven's sake preserve this locket!" sobbed Matilda;—it was a miniature of her mother!

We have left, but not forgotten you, beautiful creatures! Often, when we are sitting in solitude, with a pen behind our ear, and a proof before our eyes, you come, hand in hand to our imagination! Some, indeed, enjoin us to prefer esteem to fascination;—to write Sonnets to Sensibility, and to look for a wife in Sense. These are the suggestions of age, perhaps of prudence. We are young, and may be allowed to shake our heads as we listen!

P. C.

ON COUNTRY CHURCHYARD EPITAPHS.

"Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die."
GRAY'S ELEGY.

It is an incident worthy of remark, that the love of fame, which so powerfully actuates our hearts, and predominates in our words and actions during life, does not even desert us, when the prospect of dissolution is so immediately before our eyes, and we cannot deny that all our labours for the acquisition of worldly glory are at an end. Human nature is still desirous of attracting the attention and admiration of survivors, although she is conscious of her own impotency in witnessing it. We may, indeed, have heard many exclaiming against expense and ostentation in the performance of their obsequies; but we shall rarely meet with the man who would willingly dispense with a plain stone to mark the resting-place of his ashes, or a short inscription to attest his existence. Few—very few, can brook the idea of a stranger treading upon the sod beneath which they repose; unless it is in their power to inform him of their names and their ages;—unless they can remind him that they were once, as he is, living;—that they have passed the barrier which he must pass—mortality. The origin of this weakness,—this desire of posthumous fame, must be traced to the same principle which actuates us, and excites all our bodily and mental powers during life—which impels one to grasp the Pike, and another the pen—which urges some to shine in divinity, and others in driving—some to study slang, and others to study sonneteering; the very same which invites the Etonian to inscribe his name on the oaken panels of our venerable schoolroom, and persuades the Churchwarden to adorn the newly painted commandments with his own important initials. But I am rambling in a most strange manner from my subject;—I will, therefore (*missis ambagibus*), return to my original topic.

The boast of heraldry and the pomp of phraseology, which so repeatedly and disgustingly obtrude themselves upon my view, in many of the sepulchral monuments of cities, are, in my opinion, calculated to inspire no feeling, save that of derision and contempt. But the uncouth, though not always unpleasing, epitaphs which we generally meet with in country churchyards, are by no means undeserving of our attention. They have a peculiarity of expression, which is strikingly opposite to the polished and elaborately elegant phrases, which designate the tombs of courtiers and citizens; and although we cannot always, upon perusing their awkward rhymes and measures, repress our laughter, their simplicity often merits and often obtains the tribute of a sigh.

Having sometimes amused myself during my rambles, by compiling (*more Peregrini*) a sort of scrap-book, in which I have inserted most of the epitaphs remarkable for their uncouth phraseology, or their elegant simplicity, I will make a few extracts from it of both species. Take the following, reader:—

"He died of a quinsey,
And was buried at Binsey."

This I selected from a village churchyard in Nottinghamshire, during my last Easter vacation, and added it to my collection, as an admirable instance of the observance of that Horatian canon, "*In medias res.*" Analyze it, reader. How could the author have better shown his talent for brevity? A more poetical composer of epitaphs, if he had been desired to work up a tribute of respect to the manes of poor John Doley, the above mentioned victim of a quinsey, would have been seized with a fit of

inspiration.—would have flown off in a tangent, and at length started a rhapsody, four times as pathetic, six times as flowery, and ten times as long, as the foregoing distich. He would have mentioned "Elysian fields," "applauding seraphs," "morbid destruction," "fatal mesengers," "sepulchral bands," and Heaven knows what beside! But he would never, when at the end of his flight, inform us what a reader would most probably wish to know; the cause of poor John's fate, and the spot of his interment. Rhyme could never have handled the subject in such a manner;—Reason goes straight to work, and developes the whole catastrophe. And I question whether the shade of John Doley receives not full as much consolation, from this plain, unsophisticated epitaph, as if his death were recounted at a greater length, together with all the aid of flowery diction and poetic hyperbole. I will select another:—

"Gentle reader, who standest by my grave to view,
I was on earth, much the same as you;
And as I am, so you must be;
Therefore I say, prepare to follow me."

We shall have some difficulty in resolving such a metre as this, as I believe we cannot meet with it in any of the British poets. There are, you see, in the first line, twelve feet;—in the second, nine;—in the third, eight;—in the last, ten. A most unwarrantable license of version! Let me see—I believe I can do it by the Antispastus.* Yes—the first line comes right. Now for the second. Pish! I can make nothing of the second! Is it dactylic? Is it tetrameter catalectic? Is it——by Jove! I must give it up, and console myself with that most infallible resource of all,—poetic license. But observe, reader, how civilly, and yet how forcibly, he admonishes you of your end. Mark, how he informs you that he has lived, as you do; that he has died, as you will. In these four lines, a string of moral precepts is contained, which many elegiac writers would have dilated into a long, uninteresting, unintelligible composition, and dignified with the name of an epitaph. Mark also the force of the words "I say." They speak volumes—they banish every shade of doubt from our minds. Scepticism itself would do well to listen to them. Take another extract:—

"Here I, the son of John and Mary Brown,
(Who liv'd until Death's scythe did cut I down)
Do lie. But when the trumpet last shall sound,
Then shall I rise above the ground."

Here again appears that amiable brevity, which designates a Country Churchyard Epitaph. It is evident, that the author of it was not a little proud of his family, and was determined that the passing traveller should know who he was. We can plainly perceive that he was in some measure infected with that most exuberant species of insanity, genealogical pride. Nor can we blame him. He tells us at once his origin,—he spares us those efforts of patience and labour, which we so often must exert, if we take upon ourselves to peruse the inscriptions beneath which the bones of many a more illustrious personage repose. How often do we, after having laboured to no purpose in discovering the various ancestors and various intermarriages which such an inscription records, give up our task in disgust! But the son of John and Mary Brown obtains a patient reading from all. Despise not his example, ye epitaph writers. Let us, after a few more specimens of the quaint, proceed to the other branch of our subject.

"Here lies a much loved son, for whom we cried,
He only grieved his parents when he died."

"To the memory of a faithful wife, a friend sincere;
Who died at Kew, and with her child lies sleeping here."

"My parents dear, shed not the tear,
Although I am dead and buried;
Give up your sorrows and your fear,
To happier shores I am ferried."

"Death smote me hard; but though in earth I lie
Some day he will be conquered, just as I."

* I must here inform such of my fair readers who belong not to the legion of the Blues, that the Antispastus is a figure containing 61 forms—that it is eminently useful in solving all difficulties in metre, and that it enables us to scan prose itself. I would, however, by no means recommend it in English poetry.

"To the memory of father, mother, and I,
Who all of us died in one year,
Father lies at Salisbury—
And mother and I lies here."

"Her temper mild, her manners such;
Her language good, but not too much."

What a variety of sentiment and expression is breathed in these lines! could Longinus, Scaliger, or Toup, live again, how many beauties would they not discover in them—how many dissertations would they not enter into, respecting them? Their inequality of measure, their freedom of system, their multitudinous combination of ideas, are equally entitled to the disquisitions and labours of the most eminent commentators.

The more elegant epitaphs which I have met with and which I truly admire for their sweetness and simplicity, I will present to my readers without further observation. What comment is needed for such as the following?—

ON TWO INFANTS.

"The storm that sweeps the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
The summer ev'ning's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

"Just to her lips the cup of life she prest,
Found the taste bitter, and refus'd the rest,
She felt averse to life's returning day,
And softly sighed her little soul away."

"Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heav'n conveyed,
And bade it blossom there."

"How sweet a thing is Death, to all who know
That all on earth is vanity and woe.
Who, taught by sickness, long have ceased to dread
The stroke that bears them to this peaceful bed!
Few are our days, yet while those days remain,
Our joy must yield to grief; our ease to pain;
Then tell me weary pilgrim, which is best.
The toilsome journey or the traveller's rest!"

I will conclude these extracts with a few beautiful lines which I picked up at an obscure village in the North of England. They are inscribed by a husband to the memory of a beloved wife.

"A tender plant, borne from the fost'ring gales
That breathe on Avon's margin drooped and died.
Yet Time shall be, sweet plant, a gale divine—
Shall thee restore. And thou, in health and youth,
By the pure streams of peace shall ever live,
And flourish in the Paradise of God!"

My latest wish will be, that whenever I am no more of this world, my remains may be deposited in a country churchyard, and that my eulogy may be entrusted to a village poet. I care not whether my epitaph be short or long; whether it be elegant or quaint, so that it be divested of those pompous ornaments of language, those gross effusions of adulation, which too often disgrace the marble upon which they are engraved. Who can forget that our worldly glory must end with our life;—that the sculptor's art and the panegyrist's abilities are alike unable to preserve our ashes from annihilation, or our fame from oblivion?

J. H.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW OF EACH OTHER.

From the "London Journal."

How little we know of each other,
As we pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fears, and temptations—
Its heart-breaking cares and its strife.
We can only see things on the surface,
For few people glory in sin;
And an unruffled face is no index
To the tumult which rages within.

How little we know of each other!
The man who to day passes by,
Blessed with fortune, and honour, and titles,
And holding his proud head so high,
May carry a dread secret with him
Which makes of his bosom a hell.
And he sooner or later, a felon,
May writhe in a prisoner's cell.

How little we know of each other!
That woman of fashion, who sneers
At the poor girl betray'd and abandon'd
And left to her sighs and her tears,
May, ere the sun rises to-morrow,
Have the mask rudely torn from her face,
And sink from the height of her glory
To the dark shades of shame and disgrace.

How little we know of each other!
Of ourselves, too, how little we know!
We are all weak when under temptation,
All subject to error and woe.
Then let blessed Charity rule us,
Let us put away envy and spite—
Or the skeleton grim in our closet
May some day be brought to the light.

A Review.

Proverbs in Porcelain, and other Verses. By Austin Dobson. Henry S. King & Co.

Mr. Austin Dobson is well known as the author of some very facile verse, and as a most successful sonneteer in the always pleasant school of his great master, W. M. Praed. On his merits we need not now descant; they are well known to all who study the "outcome" of our modern Parnassus, as being neither few nor doubtful. He has much of the older "Minnesinger's" sweetness of expression and flow of rhythm, with a great deal of his wonderful art of mingling fun and pathos in his stirring lines. And so we will take as No. 1 of the examples we propose to quote from a very pleasant book of verse, "A Chapter of Froissart." And we do it for this reason: that as our young men do not read, and do not like Froissart, the sooner they learn to study and to appreciate that famous chronicler the better for them and us. They may learn something in his neglected pages, of the good Knights, generous, chivalrous, and loyal, how brave they were in action, how stern in duty, how full of pity for the vanquished foe, and above all, how devoted to their "ladye love." All good lessons then, and which, as it seems to us, we want in this age, all of us, to re-learn, so to say, and lay to heart, when, as some one has wittily said, our mouths are full of brass, and our hearts are stuffed with cotton, when truth and honour and right and chivalry, seem to us but idle words:—

A Chapter of Froissart.
(Roman de Grand-père.)

You don't know Froissart now, young folks.
This age, I think, prefers recitals
Of high-spiced crime, with "slang" for jokes,
And startling titles;

But, in my time, when still some few
Loved "old Montaigne," and praised Pope's "Homer"
(Nay, thought to style him "poet," too,
Were scarce misnomer),

Sir John, was less ignored. Indeed,
I can re-call how Some-one present
(Who spoils her grand-son, Frank!) would read,
And find him pleasant;

For,—by this copy,—hangs a Tale.
Long since, in an old house in Surrey,
Where men knew more of "morning ale"
Than "Lindley Murray,"

In a dim-lighted, whip-hung hall,
'Neath Hogarth's "Midnight Conversation"
It stood; and oft 'twixt spring and fall,
With fond elation,

I turned the brown old leaves. For there
All through one hopeful happy summer,
At such a page (I well knew where),
Some secret comer,

Whom I can picture, Trix, like you
(Though scarcely such a colt unbroken),
Would sometimes place for private view
A certain token;—

A rose-leaf meaning "Garden Wall,"
An ivy-leaf for "Orchard corner,"
A thorn to say "Don't come at all,"—
Unwelcome warner!—

Not that, in truth, our friends gainsaid;
But then Romance required dissembling,
(Ann Radcliffe taught us that!) which bred
Some genuine trembling;

Though, as a rule, all used to end
In such kind confidential parley
As may to you kind Fortune send,
You long-legged Charlie,

When your time comes. How years slip on!
We had our crosses like our betters;
Fate sometimes looked askance upon
Those floral letters;

And once, for three long days disdained,
The dust upon the folio settled;
For some-one, in the right, was pained,
And some-one nettled,

That sure was in the wrong, but spake
Of fixed intent and purpose stony
To serve King George, enlist and make
Minced-meat of "Boney,"

Who yet survived—ten years at least.
And so, when she I mean came hither
One day that need for letter ceased,
She brought this with her!

Here is the leaf-stained Chapter :—*How*
The English King laid siege to Calais ;
I think Gran. knows it even now,—
Go ask her, Alice.

While many of us will admire the wit and pathos of the preceding happy verse, they will equally be charmed with the succeeding, though under the euphonious title of "Old Clo'."—

"OLD CLO'."

"On revient toujours
A ses premiers amours!"

When I called at the "Hollies" to-day,
In the room with the cedar-wood presses,
Aunt Deb. was just folding away
What she calls her "memorial dresses."

She'd the frock that she wore at fifteen,—
Short-wasted, of course—my abhorrence;
She'd the "loveliest"—something in "een"
That she wears in her portrait by Lawrence;

She'd the "jelick" she used—"as a Greek," (!)
She'd the habit she got her bad fall in;
She had e'en the blue "moiré antique"
That she opened Squire Lavender's ball in:—

New and old they were all of them there:—
Sleek velvet and bombazine stately,—
She had hung them each over a chair
To the "paniers" she's taken to lately

(Which she showed me, I think, by mistake).
And I conned o'er the forms and the fashions,
Till the faded old shapes seem to wake
All the ghosts of my passed-away "passions;"—

From the days of love's youthfullest dream,
When the height of my shooting idea
Was to burn, like a young Polypheme,
For a somewhat mature Galatea.

There was Lucy, who'd "tiffed" with her first,
And who threw me as soon as her third came;
There was Norah, whose cut was the worst,
For she told me to wait till my "berd" came;

Pale Blanche, who subsisted on salts;
Blonde Bertha, who doted on Schiller;
Poor Amy, who taught me to waltz;
Plain Ann, that I wooed for the siller;"—

All danced round my head in a ring,
Like "The Zephyrs" that somebody painted,
All shapes of the sweet "she-thing"—
Shy, scornful, seductive, and sainted,—

To my Wife, in the days she was young . .
"How, Sir," says that lady, disgusted,
"Do you dare to include ME among
Your loves that have faded and rusted?"

"Not at all!"—I benignly retort.
(I was just the least bit in a temper!)
"Those, alas! were the fugitive sort,
But you are my—"eadem semper!"

Full stop,—and a Sermon. Yet think,—
There was surely good ground for a quarrel,—
She had checked me when just on the brink
Of—I feel—a remarkable MORAL.

How very cheery and agreeable is "The Last Despatch," n'est ce pas?

THE LAST DESPATCH.

Hurrah! the Season's past at last;
At length we've "done" our pleasure.
Dear "Pater," if yon *only* knew
How much I've *longed* for home and you,—
Our own green lawn and leisure!

And then the pets! One half forgets
The dear dumb friends—in Babel.
I hope my special fish is fed;—
I long to see poor Nigra's head
Pushed at me from the stable!

I long to see the cob and 'Rob,'—
Old Bevis and the Collie;
And *won't* we read in "Traveller's Rest"!
Home readings after all are best;—
None else seem half so "jolly!"

One misses your dear kindly store
Of fancies quaint and funny;
One misses, too, your kind *bon-mot;*—
The Mayfair wit I mostly know
Has more of gall than honey!

How tired one grows of "calls and balls!"
This "toujours perdrix" wearies;
I'm longing quite for "Notes on Knox";
("A-propos," I've the loveliest box
For holding *Notes and Queries!*)

A change of place would suit my case.
You'll take me?—on probation?
As "Lady-help," then, let it be;
I feel (as Lavender shall see),
That Jams are *my* vocation!

How's Lavender? My love to her.
Does Briggs still flirt with Flowers?—
Has Hawthorn stubbed the common clear?—
You'll let me give *some* picnics, Dear,
And ask the Vanes and Towers?

I met Bell Vane. "He's" still in Spain!
Sir John won't let them marry.
Aunt drove the boys to Brompton Rink;
And Charley,—changing Charlie,—think,
Is now "au mieux" with Carry!

And no. You know what "*No*" I mean—
There's no one yet at present:
The Benedick I have in view
Must be a something wholly new,—
One's father's *far* too pleasant.

So hey, I say, for home and you!
Good-bye to Piccadilly;
Balls, beaux, and Bolton Row, adieu!
Expect me, Dear, at half-past two;
Till then,—your Own Fond—Milly.

What a fair and beaming satire on the young man of the day—if friendly and amusing—do we find in—

Dora *versus* Rose.

"The case is proceeding."

From the tragic-est novels at Mudie's—
At least, on a practical plan—
To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,
One love is enough for a man.
But no case that I ever yet met is
Like mine: I am equally fond
Of Rose, who a charming brunette is,
And Dora, a blonde.

Each rivals the other in powers—
Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints—
Miss Rose, chiefly tumble-down towers;
Miss Do., perpendicular saints.
In short, to distinguish is folly;
'Twixt the pair I am come to the pass
Of Macheath, between Lucy and Polly,—
Or Buridan's ass.

If it happens that Rosa I've singled
For a soft celebration in rhyme,
Then the ringlets of Dora get mingled
Somehow with the tune and the time;
Or I painfully pen me a sonnet
To an eyebrow intended for Do.'s,
And behold I am writing upon it
The legend, "To Rose."

Or I try to draw Dora (my blotter
Is all overscrawled with her head),
If I fancy at last that I've got her,
It turns to her rival instead;
Or I find myself placidly adding
To the rapturous tresses of Rose
Miss Dora's bud-mouth, and her madding,
Ineffable nose.

Was there ever so sad a dilemma?
For Rose I would perish (pro tem.);
For Dora I'd willingly stem a—
(Whatever might offer to stem);
But to make the invidious election,—
To declare that on either one's side
I've a scruple,—a grain, more affection,
I *cannot* decide.

And, as either so hopelessly nice is,
My sole and my final resource
Is to wait some indefinite crisis,—
Some feat of molecular force,
To solve me this riddle conducive
By no means to peace or repose,
Since the issue can scarce be inclusive
Of Dora *and* Rose.

(*Afterthought.*)

But, perhaps, if a third (say a Norah),
Not quite so delightful as Rose,—
Not wholly so charming as Dora,—
Should appear, is it wrong to suppose,—
As the claims of the others are equal,—
And flight—in the main—is the best,—
That I might . . . But no matter,—the sequel
Is easily guessed.

We might prolong our extracts, but we think well to stop here to-day, strongly recommending "Proverbs in Porcelain" to all our readers, concluding with the poet's own admirable "Finis"—

"When Finis Comes."

(to A. K.)

When *Finis* comes, the Book we close,
And somewhat sadly, Fancy goes,
With backward step, from stage to stage
Of that accomplished pilgrimage . . .
The thorn lies thicker than the rose!

There is so much that no one knows,—
So much un-reached that none suppose;
What flaws! what faults! on every page,
When *Finis* comes.

Still,—they must pass! The swift Tide flows.
Though not for all the laurel grows,
Perchance, in this be-slandered age,
The worker, mainly, wins his wage;—
And Time will sweep both friends and foes
When Finis comes!

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Author of Shakspere, his Times, and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and the Vicinage," "The Visitors' Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn-by-the-Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

Dr. Robinson's *Messiah*, a blank verse poem, published a few years ago, and dedicated by permission to the Marquis of Ripon, then "Lord President of the Privy Council, and Grand Master of the Freemasons of England," has reached a second edition. The work is of too theological a nature for fully noticing in the Masonic Magazine, further than to say that Dr. Robinson is well known as one of the most prolific of Yorkshire bards; and that his blank verse does not halt, the opening passage of the volume, which is really Masonic, will show:—

"Eternal, uncreated Power! Whose word
Call'd into being this vast universe,
With all that it inhabits; and Who still,
With never-failing skill and wisdom, guides
The planets in their course; Who giveth light,
The sun to rule by day, the moon by night;
Who regulates the seasons; sending rain,
Or hail, or snow, or heat, as seemeth best
To thy Almighty Wisdom, which hath sworn
'Seed-time and harvest-time shall never fail,'
Help us to worship Thee aright. Oh! fill
Our hearts with fervent gratitude for all
Thy mercies, ever new and numberless.
And, whilst we praise and bless Thy holy name
For all Thy gifts, and humbly bend the knee
In fervent adoration at Thy throne;
Our highest, noblest, warmest notes of praise
We render Thee."

Mr. W. M. Egglestone, who is already favourably known as a collector of local historical waifs and strays, is now preparing for publication *Stanhope Memorials of Bishop Butler*. The work is to treat of Stanhope Church, the Early Life of Joseph Butler, his residence at Stanhope, his Curates, Clerk, and Sexton, and much other matter which will interest the reading public in general, and Weardale folks in particular. Dean Stanley has gone so far as to pronounce Bishop Butler "the greatest prelate who ever filled this see of Durham—the greatest theologian, in some respects, that ever adorned the English Church." But theology is ground which I must not now tread on.

I have, some time ago, directed attention to the rapid progress of the cotton manufacture in the United States. Mr. Edward Atkinson, a Boston manufacturer, thus deals some sturdy blows at that unprincipled adulteration which has eaten into the vitals of our English cotton manufacture, and is fast ruining our credit among all nations: "It has never been assumed that American goods, as now made, would meet the demand of all markets supplied from England, but only of those markets which call for *pure* goods. If it pays to furnish sour flour, pipe clay, chloride of magnesia and barytes, held together with some fibres of cotton, we have an abundance of such materials; but, aside from other considerations, the profit of using them is doubtful."

The certainly very singular island of Ascension—so called from being discovered by João de Nova Galego on Ascension Day, 1501 (which the British have held since 1815, and which is now in commission as one of her Majesty's ships!!!—a tender to the *Flora*, the guard-ship at the Cape of Good Hope, though 520 miles from the nearest land, Matthew Island) is thus described by Professor Sir Wyville Thomson, F.R.S., who visited it on the 27th of March of last year: "Ascension is certainly a strange little place. It is purely volcanic, and though there is now no sign whatever of volcanic activity, the cones of tufa are so fresh, and so defined and vivid in their different shades of brown and red, and the lava beds are so rugged, apparently utterly unaffected by atmospheric action, that the impression is irresistible that it is a lately-formed heap of cinders and ashes, probably resting upon slumbering fires. The island is irregularly oval in form, about seven and a half miles long by six wide; the position of the central peak is latitude 7° 56′ 58″ S., longitude 14° 20′ W. It is directly in the path of the south-east trade, so that there is an exposed weather side, with abrupt cliffs and precipices and unsafe landing, and a lee side where there is the settlement and anchorage. As in almost all these volcanic islands in the path of constant winds, during the period of eruption the scoriæ and ashes have been driven to leeward of the centre of action, and has produced a bank, which now forms good holding anchorage ground." Nature is there gradually clothing the immense cinder heap with life; and the Professor remarks that if the inhabitants "could only irrigate, bit by bit, for a few years, till enough of vegetable soil had been accumulated to make the surface a little more compact and retentive," he feels sure that "the wilderness would soon blossom like the rose." Let us hope that the time is fast coming when the immense energies now devoted to war, will be universally applied to the peaceful arts, so that the sublime precepts of Freemasonry may be more universally practised over the whole habitable portion of the globe. So mote it be!

There are now 843 young women employed as clerks in the Telegraph Room at the General Post Office, and 278 others in various parts of London, making a total of 1,121 in the Metropolis alone.

The following pretty little poem, on "Woman's Love," is from a neatly-got up volume, entitled *Echoes of Life*, by Charlotte Phillips, printed for private circulation:—

"As the green ivy to the oak tree clings
In wild luxuriance 'neath its sheltering leaves,
A beauteous mantle o'er the stem it flings,
And gives support, while it support receives.
Just such is woman! oft she may appear
To lean on man for help and fostering care;
Yet is she sent to beautify, to cheer
His hours of loneliness, perchance to bear
His wounded spirit up, when some wild blast
His drooping head hath rudely overpast."

At a time when cremation is likely to be revived again, at least in certain circles, the following extract from an excellent volume, entitled *Sketches of some of the Southern Counties of Ireland, collected during a Tour in the Autumn*, 1797, written and illustrated by George Holmes, the grandfather of our literary brother, Emra Holmes, and published seventy-six years ago, will be read with interest:—"The ancient Irish burned their dead, and deposited the ashes in urns, of which many have been found, containing bones, ashes, and a jelly-like consistence, which was probably flesh. At Killimeille, near Dungannon, on the top of a hill, were two circles of stones joining each other, forming a figure of eight, each about twenty yards in diameter, being repositories for urns. The person who farmed the ground, wanting stones to build a house, drew the most of them away. Within one of the circles were found three urns, in three several holes, covered with flat stones; around them were set six large stones, and others thrown upon the top. On the same hill, eastward of these circles, was discovered the altar on which they used to burn their dead, overgrown with green sod and earth. On uncovering it, it was found to be of unhewn stone, eight feet long, and four broad; the coals and bones fresh among the stones, and the stones burnt with fire. At the east end of this altar there was a pit, which was likewise overgrown with soil, which on opening, was found to be the receiver where they swept in all that remained on the altar after burning. On searching deep, the substance was found to be all

alike, black and greasy. It had tinged the hill in a straight line, from the pit to the bottom of the hill."

The *New York Mercury*, of June 9th, gives the following account of the removal of a man's tongue by a surgical operation: "E. B. Whittelsey, an agent, 50 years of age, living at 57, Jay Street, Albany, was recently subjected to a surgical operation of the most difficult nature. It consisted of the removal of the entire tongue by means of the galvano cautery, and necessitated the tying of the lingual arteries on both sides, and the laying open of the lower jaw in the medium line. This was done to enable an operation to be performed, upon an eliphelial cancer on the tongue, which prevented the patient from talking and eating anything but liquid food. The patient was first put under the influence of ether, and then both sides of the neck were cut through to the bone, and the submental and coronary arteries tied. The lower jaw was divided, and a protractor being put in, the sides were forced apart, and the tongue taken off with a wire, which had been heated by a galvanic battery and applied to the roots. The next thing to do was to bring together the sundered chin, which was accomplished by drilling holes on each side of the chin and wiring it together, all of which was successfully performed, the whole operation being accomplished in two hours."

Mr. R. T. Gaskin has produced an excellent song, entitled "God bless our Friends at Sea," which has been admirably set to music by Bro. William Stonehouse, a worthy P.M. of the old Lion Lodge at Whitby. The price of song and music is only threepence, and the entire profits are to be devoted to the Orphan Home of the Port of Hull Society. The music must be heard to be appreciated; but I give the words by Mr. Gaskin, in the hopes that many a Mason will not only buy the song and music, but also have them sung and played at his own fireside, as I have the happiness of having them done at mine:—

"The storm but slept—again it wakes
And smites the yielding trees,
While swiftly fly the fleecy flakes
Before the rushing breeze.
Hark to its anguish'd, wild refrain,
And melancholy wail,
As though sad spirits fled their pain,
And rode upon the gale.

My fire I stir, and rouse the flame,
To comfort you and me,
And softly breathe the well-loved name
Of friends upon the sea.

"God bless them all, both far and near,
Where'er they meet the gale;
And whether 'neath the northern star
Or southern cross they sail,
While they old England's red flag float,
The banner of the free,
Still may their gallant barks be taut,
The breakers far a-lee;
And while the driving tempest raves
My latest prayer shall be:
O, Thou who rul'st both wind and waves
Guard all our friends at sea.

"Then when the wrathful gale is o'er,
And hush'd the thund'ring main,
Our friends shall find the welcome shore,
And grasp our hands again;
They'll tell how in the stormy night,
Drench'd by the flying foam,
Nor cheer'd by kindly star or light,
They thought of us at home.
Ah! then no more of winds afraid—
Our pleasant task shall be,
To say how in the storm we pray'd,
'God bless our friends at sea.'"

The music of Bro. Stonehouse is, as I said before, admirable, and the only word in Mr. Gaskin's sweet song which I seem to boggle at, is that of *red* as applied to the banner of England. Campbell, in his noble naval ode, "Ye Mariners of England," states that our "flag has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," but this is far from being historically correct. The poem was first printed in 1802, having been written at Hamburg with a war with Denmark looming in view. Looking back a thousand years from then will bring to view the Anglo-Saxon Heptarchy, when one thinks more of the three saxes, or crooked swords, of Essex, the bear of Northumberland, and the red dragon of Wessex, than of any union-jack or national standard, both as yet long undreamt of. Then the bird of Odin, the jet-black raven of the Danes, flutters for a while before the mind's eye, to give way to the Norwegian golden lion rampant of Canute, and the white falcon of the later Anglo-Saxon kings. William the Conqueror brought his two leopards (not lions) from Normandy; and his grandson, Stephen, brought the sagittary from his father's capital of Blois. Henry the Second added the golden lion of Bordeaux, the capital of his wife's duchy of Guyenne, to the two Norman leopards. Richard the First

bore a white cross in the Crusades; that of France being red; Germany, black; Flanders, green; and Italy, yellow. And when this Richard Cœur de Lion foolishly assumed the fictitious title of king of Jerusalem, he also assumed the dormant lion of Judah; hence, when his tomb was discovered in 1838, in the cathedral of Rouen, a dormant lion was found sculptured at the feet of his recumbent effigy. *Dieu et mon droit* (God and my right) was first given by Richard as a parole when besieging Gisors in Normandy, then adopted as his motto, and has ever since been that of our royal arms. Henry the Third added another leopard to the Norman two; and it was not until the accession of James of Scotland to the throne of England that the three leopards were changed to three lions. The Scottish heralds claim for their red lion rampant, an antiquity dating back beyond the Norman conquest of England. When Henry the Fifth assumed the title of King of France, he hoisted her blue flag, but instead of strewing it with those fleurs de lis of gold, which had given it the name of the *oriflamme*, he changed the white cross of Cœur de Lion for the red one of France. It would make too long a Note to go into all the minute changes that have been made from time to time in our national arms, the roses, the hawthorn, the swan of Boulogne, the silver horse of Hanover, and such like; suffice it to say, that our union jack, formed in 1801, to commemorate the union of England, Scotland, and Ireland, under one parliamentary government, is a blue flag, bearing the red cross, which Henry the Fifth may have been said to have stolen from France, generally known now as the cross of St. George, with the saltier or red cross of St. Andrew of Scotland, and the white cross of St. Patrick of Ireland.

Mr. William Adams, of Hull, has issued the fourteenth edition of *The Sailor*, a poem by Edward Anderson, for several years the master-mariner of the Jemima, in the Lisbon trade, though originally occupied as a shepherd on his father's farm, on the Yorkshire wolds; and after his retirement from the sea, a bookseller, who died at Hull in 1844, and was buried at Kilham. There is a sixpenny edition of the poem printed at Beverley; but the Hull edition, which is a shilling, is not only printed on better paper, but contains much information not to be found in the former. Both are deficient of a short memoir, which I would advise Mr. Adams to affix to his next edition, although the poem itself is almost a biography. To me, the most valuable part of *The Sailor* is its topographical and local historical information, and I hope in another Note to glance at the poem as illustrating the former condition of the Yorkshire wolds.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

FRITZ AND I.

We take this amusing little specimen of German-American patois from the *New York Dispatch*.

Mynheer blese helb a boor oldt man
Vot gomes from Sharmany.
Mit Fritz, mine tog, und only frendt,
To geeps me gompany.

I have no money to puy mine pread,
No blace to lay me down;
For ve vas vanderers, Fritz and I,
Und sdrangers in der town.

Some beople gife us dings to eadt,
Und some dey kicks us oud,
Und say—you don't got peesnes here
To sdrowl der schtreets aboudt.

Vots dot you say—you puy mine tog
To gife me pread to eadt?
I vas so boor as never vas,
But I vas no tead peat.

Vot, sell mine tog, mine leetle tog
Dot vollows me aboudt,
Und vags his dail like any dings
Vene'er I dakes him oud.

Schust look at him, and see him schump,
He likes me pooty vell;
Und dere vas somedings bout dat tog,
Mynheer, I vouldn't sell.

Der collar—nein—'tvas someding else,
Vrom vich I gould not bart,
Und if dot dings vos dook avay,
I dink it prakes mine heart.

Vot vas it deu, about dat tog
You ashk, dats not vor sale?
I dells you vat it ish mine frendt,
'Tish der vag off dat tog's dail.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

—o—

We have not a great deal to report.

Our Lodges, as the French say, are in temporary "sommeil," and our brethren are disporting themselves on English sands, or Alpine hills, amid the baths of Germany, or the yachts of Cowes!

Jenkinson has taken Mrs. Jenkinson to the Isle of Thanet, and is perfectly happy, surrounded by chubby-faced olive-blossoms; and though his appetite is always good in London, he has found the sea-breezes make him peculiarly sensible in his dear wife's company above all, of bread and butter, fresh prawns, and "South-down mutton." He says, if you meet him, "I am improving, Bro. Bolsover, and Mrs. J. is in high feather. There, you can hear her now! By Jove, that woman, sir, is a treasure! she's always so sensible, and she's always in such spirits!" Happy Jenkinson, say we. And so, as everybody is gone for a holiday, except ourselves, we can only wish to all, old and young, a pleasant "Outing"—lots of ozone, plenty, as they say, of "good grub," and we trust that they will return to the "Little Village" blooming and hearty.

There is so little stirring abroad, and that little is so utterly uninteresting, that we think it better to fill up our page with an admirable sonnet of our good Bro. the Rev. M. Gordon, to whose facile pen the readers of the Masonic Magazine are so much indebted.

We are heartily sick of the French embroglio, and wish Art. No. 2, etc., of the Constitution, or whatever the number may be, and all the controversy about it—particularly in this sultry weather and a deserted city—as the Americans say, at the D—idymus. Excuse our petulant outburst, and remember—we are left alone!

Bro. Emra Holmes has published a very agreeable little volume of Tales, in aid of a worthy Brother, to which we wish all success. We shall revert to it in our next number.

SONNET.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

(*For the "Masonic Magazine."*)

Yearly, how fades each leaf—how fades each green
On Nature's brow; all save the deathless bay,
And other wreaths: —nor is there one such spray
More bright than Petrarch's laurel, or its sheen.
Laura! the theme—the goddess thou hast been
Of great Vaucluse's bard's immortal lay;
Another's beauteous, erring spouse, they say:—
Chance, but a mere Platonic love, I ween;
Spiritual their kiss, t' engraft his sonnets on,
Without a trace of immorality.
But be this as it may—at least for me,
No other's wife I crave—but *mine* alone;
To the true lines of our Freemasonry
Bound by old claims—a Mason's daughter she.

OBJECTS, ADVANTAGES, AND PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

(*Continued from page* 54.)

II. Difference between Mathematical and Physical Truths.

You perceive, if you reflect a little, that the science which we have been considering, in both its branches, has nothing to do with matter; that is to say, it does not at all depend upon the properties or even upon the existence of any bodies or substances whatever. The distance of one point or place from another is a straight line, and whatever is proved to be true respecting this line, as for instance, its proportion to other lines of the same kind, and its inclination towards them, what we call the *angles* it makes with them, would be equally true whether there were anything in those places, at those two points, or not. So if you find the number of yards in a square field, by measuring one side, 100 yards, and then, multiplying that by itself, which makes the whole area 10,000 square yards, this is equally true whatever the field is, whether corn or grass, or rock, or water; it is equally true if the solid part, the earth or water, be removed, for then it will be a field of air bounded by four walls or hedges; but suppose the walls or hedges were removed, and a mark only left at each corner, still it would be true that the space inclosed or bounded by the lines supposed to be drawn between the four marks, was 10,000 square yards in size. But the marks need not be there; you only want them while measuring one side; if they were gone it would be equally true that the lines supposed to be drawn from the places where the marks had been, inclose 10,000 square yards of air. But if there were no air, and consequently a mere void, or empty space, it would be equally true that this space is of the size you had found it to be by measuring the distance of one point from another, of one of the space's corners or angles from another, and then multiplying that distance by itself. In the same way it would be true, that, if the space were circular, its size, compared with another circular space of half its diameter, would be four times larger; of one third its diameter, nine times larger; and of one fourth sixteen times, and so on always in proportion to the squares of the diameters; and that the length of the circumference, the number of feet or yards in the line round the surface, would be twice the length of a circle whose diameter was one half, thrice the circumference of one whose diameter was one third, four times the circumference of one whose diameter was one fourth, and so on, in the simple proportion of the diameters. Therefore, every property which is proved to belong to figures belongs to them without the smallest relation to bodies or matter of any kind, although we are accustomed only to see figures in connection with bodies; but all those properties would be equally true if no such thing as matter or bodies existed; and the same may be said of the properties of number, the other great branch of the mathematics. When we speak of twice two, and say it makes four, we affirm this without thinking of two horses, or two balls, or two trees; but we assert it concerning two of anything and every thing equally. Nay, this branch of mathematics may be said to apply still more extensively than even the other; for it has no relation to space, which geometry has, and, therefore, it is applicable to places where figure and size are wholly out of the question. Thus you can speak of two dreams, or two ideas, or two minds, and can calculate respecting them just as you would respecting so many bodies; and the properties you find belonging to numbers, will belong to those numbers when applied to things that have no outward or visible or perceivable existence, and cannot even be said to be in any particular place, just as much as the same numbers applied to actual bodies which may be seen and touched.

It is quite otherwise with the science of *Natural Philosophy*. This teaches the nature and properties of actually existing substances, their motions, their connections with each other, and their influence on one another. It is sometimes also called *Physics*, from the Greek word signifying *Nature*, though that word is more frequently, in common speech, confined to one particular branch of the science, that which treats of the bodily health.

We have mentioned one distinction between Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, that the former does not depend on the nature and existence of bodies, which the latter entirely does. Another distinction, and one closely connected with this, is that the truths which Mathematics teach us, are *necessarily* such,—they are truths of themselves, and wholly independent of facts and experiments,—they depend only upon reasoning; and it is utterly impossible they should be otherwise than true. Mathematics teaches by reasoning, step by step, from the most plain and evident things, that we arrive at the knowledge of other things which seem at first not true, or at least not generally true; but when we do arrive at them, we perceive that they are just as true, and for the same reasons, as the first and most obvious matters, that their truth is absolute and necessary, and that it would be as absurd and self-contradictory to suppose they ever could, under any circumstances, be not true, as to suppose that 2 added to 2 could ever make 3, or 5, or 100, or anything but 4, or which is the same thing, that 4 should ever be equal to 3, or 5, or 100, or anything but 4. To find out these reasonings, to pursue them to their consequences, and thereby to discover the truths which are not immediately evident, is what science teaches us; but when the truth is once discovered, it is as certain and plain by the reasoning, as the first truths themselves from which all the reasoning takes its rise, on which it all depends, and which require no proof, because they are self-evident at once, and must be assented to the instant they are understood.

But it is quite different with the truths which Natural Philosophy teaches. All these depend upon matter of fact; and that is learnt by observation and experiment, and never could be discovered by reasoning at all. If a man were shut up in a room with pen, ink, and paper, he might by thinking discover any of the truths in arithmetic, algebra, or geometry; it is possible, at least, there would be nothing absolutely impossible in his discovering all that is now known of these sciences; and if his memory were as good as we are supposing his judgment and conception to be, he might discover it all without pen, ink, and paper, and in a dark room. But we cannot discover a single one of the fundamental properties of matter without observing what goes on around us, and trying experiments upon the nature and motion of bodies. Thus, the man whom we have supposed shut up, could not possibly find out beyond one or two of the very first properties of matter, and those only in a very few cases; so that he could not tell if these were general properties of all matter or not. He could tell that the objects he touched in the dark were hard and resisted his touch; that they were extended and were solid—that is, that they had three dimensions, length, breadth, and thickness. He might guess that other things existed beside those he felt, and that those other things resembled what he felt in these properties; but he could know nothing for certain, and could not even conjecture much beyond this very limited number of qualities. He must remain utterly ignorant of what really exists in nature, and of what properties matter in general has. These properties, therefore, we learn by experience; they are such as we know bodies to have, they happen to have them—they are so formed by Divine Providence as to have them—but they might have been otherwise formed; the great Author of Nature might have thought fit to make all bodies different in every respect. We see that a stone dropped from our hand falls to the ground—this is a fact which we can only know by experience; before observing it, we could not have guessed it, and it is quite *conceivable* that it should be otherwise: for instance, that when we remove our hand from the body it should stand still in the air, or fly upward, or go forward, or backward, or sideways; there is nothing at all absurd, contradictory, or inconceivable in any of these suppositions; there is nothing impossible in any of them, as there would be in supposing the stone equal to half of itself, or double of itself, or both falling down or rising upwards at once; or going to the right and the left at one and the same time. Our only reason for not at once thinking it quite conceivable that the stone should stand still in the air, or fly upwards, is that we have never seen it do so, and have become accustomed to see it do otherwise. But for that, we should at once think it as

natural that the stone should fly upwards or stand still, as that it should fall down. But no degree of reflection for any length of time could accustom us to think 2 and 2 equal to anything but four, or to believe the whole of anything equal to a part of itself.

III. Natural or Experimental Science.

Natural philosophy, in its most extensive sense, has for its province the investigation of the laws of matter, that is, the properties and the motions of matter; and it may be divided into two great branches. The first and most important (which is sometimes, on that account, called *Natural Philosophy*, by way of distinction, but more properly *Mechanical Philosophy*) investigates the sensible motions of bodies. The second investigates the constitution and qualities of all bodies, and has various names, according to its different objects. It is called *Chemistry*, if it teaches the properties of bodies with respect to heat, mixture with one another, weight, taste, appearance, and so forth: *Anatomy* and *Animal Physiology* (from the Greek word signifying *to speak of the nature* of any thing), if it teaches the structure and functions of living bodies, especially the human; for when it shows those of other animals we term it *Comparative Anatomy; Medicine*, if it teaches the nature of diseases, and the means of preventing them and of restoring health; *Zoology* (from the Greek word signifying *to speak of Animals*) if it teaches the arrangement or classification, and the habits of the different lower animals; *Botany* (from the Greek word for *herbage*) including *Vegetable Pysiology*, if it teaches the arrangement or classification, the structure and habits of plants; *Mineralogy*, including *Geology* (from the Greek words meaning *to speak of the earth*), if it teaches the arrangement of minerals, the structure of the masses in which they are found, and of the earth composed of those masses. The term *Natural History* is given to the three last branches taken together, but chiefly as far as they teach the classification of different things, or the observation of the resemblances and differences of the various animals, plants, and inanimate and ungrowing substances in nature.

But here we may make two general observations. The *first* is, that every such distribution of the sciences is necessarily imperfect, for one runs unavoidably into another. Thus, Chemistry shows the qualities of plants with relation to other substances, and to each other; and Botany does not overlook those same qualities, though its chief object be arrangement. So Mineralogy, though principally conversant with classifying metals and earth, yet regards also their qualities in respect of heat and mixture. So too, Zoology, beside arranging animals, describes their structures like Comparative Anatomy. In truth, all arrangement and classifying depends upon noting the things in which the objects agree and differ; and among those things in which animals, plants, and minerals agree or differ, must be considered the anatomical qualities of the one and the chemical qualities of the other. From hence, in a great measure, follows the *second* observation, namely, that the sciences mutually assist each other. We have seen how Arithmetic and Algebra aid Geometry, and how both the purely Mathematical Sciences aid Mechanical Philosophy. Mechanical Philosophy, in like manner, assists, though in the present state of our knowledge, not very considerably, both Chemistry and Anatomy, especially the latter; and Chemistry very greatly assists both Physiology, Medicine, and all the branches of Natural History.

The first great head, then, of Natural Science, is Mechanical Philosophy, and it consists of various subdivisions, each forming a science of great importance. The most essential of these, and which is indeed fundamental, and applicable to all the rest, is called *Dynamics*, from the Greek word signifying *power* or *force*, and it teaches the laws of motion in all its varieties. The case of the stone thrown forward, which we have already mentioned more than once, is an example. Another, of a more general nature, but more difficult to trace, far more important in its consequences, and of which, indeed, the former is only one particular case, relates to the motions of all bodies, which are attracted (or influenced, or drawn) by any power towards a certain point, while they are, at the same time, driven forward by some push given to them at first, and forcing

them onwards at the same time that they are are drawn towards the point. The line in which a body moves while so drawn and so driven, depends upon the force it is pushed with, the direction it is pushed in, and the kind of power that draws it towards the point; but at present, we are chiefly to regard the latter circumstance, the attraction towards the point. If this attraction be uniform, that is, the same at all distances from the point, the body will move in a circle, if one direction be given to the forward push. The case with which we are best acquainted is when the force decreases as the squares of the distances, from the centre or point of attraction, increase; that is, when the force is four times less at twice the distance, nine times less at thrice the distance, sixteen times less at four times the distance, and so on. A force of this kind acting on the body, will make it move in an oval, a parabola, or an hyperbola, according to the amount or direction of the impulse, or forward push, originally given; and there is one proportion of that force, which, if directed perpendicularly to the line in which the central force draws the body, will make it move round in a circle, as if it were a stone tied to a string and whirled round the hand. The most usual proportions in nature, are those which determine bodies to move in an oval or ellipse, the curve described by means of a cord fixed at both ends, in the way already explained. In this case, the point of attraction, the point towards which the body is drawn, will be nearer one end of the ellipse than the other, and the time the body will take to go round, compared with the time any other body would take, moving at a different distance from the same point of attraction, but drawn towards that point with a force which bears the same proportion to the distance, will bear a certain proportion, discovered by mathematicians, to the average distances of the two bodies from the point of common attraction. If you multiply the numbers expressing the times of going round, each by itself, the products will be to one another in the proportion of the average distances multiplied each by itself, and that product again by the distance. Thus, if one body take two hours, and is five yards distant, the other, being ten yards off, will take something less than five hours and forty minutes.*

Now, this is one of the most important truths in the whole compass of science, for it does so happen, that the force with which bodies fall towards the earth, or what is called their *gravity*, the power that draws or attracts them towards the earth, varies with the distance from the Earth's centre, exactly in the proportion of the squares, lessening as the distance increases: at two diameters from the Earth's centre, it is four times less than at one; at three diameters, nine times less; and so forth. It goes on lessening, but never is destroyed, even at the greatest distances to which we can reach by our observations, and there can be no doubt of its extending indefinitely beyond. But by astronomical observations made upon the motion of the heavenly bodies, upon that of the moon for instance, it is proved that her movement is slower and quicker at different parts of her course, in the same manner as a body's motion on the earth would be slower and quicker, according to its distance from the point it was drawn towards, provided it was drawn by a force acting in the proportion to the squares of the distance, which we have frequently mentioned; and the proportion of the time to the distance is also observed to agree with the rule above referred to. Therefore, she is shown to be attracted towards the Earth by a force that varies according to the same proportion in which gravity varies; and she must consequently move in an ellipse round the earth, which is placed in a point nearer the one end than the other of that curve. In like manner, it is shown that the earth moves round the Sun in the same curve line, and is drawn towards the Sun by a similar force; and that all the other planets in their courses, at various distances, follow the same rule, moving in ellipses, and drawn towards the Sun by the same kind of power. Three of them have moons like the earth, only more numerous, for Jupiter has four, Saturn seven, and Herschel six so very distant, that we cannot see them

* This is expressed mathematically by saying, that the squares of the times are as the cubes of the distances. Mathematical language is not only the simplest and most easily understood of any, but the shortest also.

without the help of glasses; but all those moons move round their principal planets, as ours does round the Earth, in ovals or ellipses; while the planets, with their moons, move in their ovals round the Sun, like our own Earth with its moon.

But this power, which draws them all towards the Sun, and regulates their path and their motion round him, and which draws the moons towards the principal planets, and regulates their motion and path round those planets, is the same with the gravity by which bodies fall towards the earth, being attracted by it. Therefore, the whole of the heavenly bodies are kept in their places, and wheel round the Sun, by the same influence or power that makes a stone fall to the ground.

It is usual to call the Sun, and the planets which with their moons move round him, the *Solar System;* because they are a class of the heavenly bodies far apart from the innumerable Fixed Stars, and so near each other, as to exert a perceptible influence on one another, and thus to be connected together.

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER.

FAREWELL to the Hero, whose chivalrous name [fame;
Bade the land of his fathers rise highest in
Farewell, Macedonia, to all that was dear;
Farewell to thy glory's unbroken career,
The Triumphs of Empire have fled with a breath. [death.
And the Day-star of Conquest is faded in
With the soul that once gave thee command over all,
With the arm that upheld thee, proud land, thou must fall;
For the spirit that warmed thee for ever hath flown, [stone.
And left thee to weep o'er his sepulchre's
Time was that the lightning, which erst used to play
From yon eyeball that glares with a powerless ray,
Would have flashed through the din, and the tumult of fight, [night.
As the meteor gleams 'mid the darkness of
Time was, that yon arm would have dealt out the blow [of the foe;
With the thunderbolt's force on the helm
And Fancy might think, as the blood-reeking crest
Of the King and the Warrior shone high o'er the rest,
That the God of the battle was goading his car
Through the ranks of the vanquish'd, the tide of the war.
Time was,—but those glories have long passed away,
Like the breeze of the North o'er the sea-ruffled spray;
Like the rose-bud of Summer they died in their bloom,
And Memory pauses to weep o'er their doom.
Oh! Fiend of Ambition, look down on the shame
That has darkened the ray of thy Votary's fame;
And blush to confess that in yon low estate
Lies the remnant of all that was mighty and great.
And shook not the world, and its kingdoms with dread?
And quail'd not the sky as the parting life fled?
And fell not the Hero where nations pursued,
In the heat of the battle, the toil of the feud!
Did no prodigy herald the last dying pain,
As his breath ebb'd away o'er the millions of slain?
Now, joy to ye, Thebans, whose heart's blood bedew'd
The desolate soil, where thine altars had stood!
Thou Genius of Persia! look down from thy throne,
The battle is won, and the proud are o'er-thrown;
And the Spirit of Valour, the bosom of Fire,
That grasp'd at the world in its headlong desire,
Unworthy the fame of the Deified Brave,
Has sunk like the dastard luxurious slave.
Weep, Macedon, weep, o'er thine Hero's decay,
Weep, Macedon! slave of a foreigner's sway;
Give a tear and a frown to the page of thy story,
That tells of the darkness that shrouded his glory;
And lament that his deeds were unable to save
The son of thy love from so lowly a grave.

C. B.

DEVONSHIRE LODGES PRIOR TO THE "*UNION*" OF DEC., 1813.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE only lists extant exhibiting the "Union" Lodges (or those in existence before then), are published in the By-Laws of the Province of Devon for 1843 and 1847.

The first is entitled, "DEVONSHIRE MASONIC LODGES, *erased since the formation of the Provincial Lodge, for not having made their due Returns to the Grand and Provincial Lodges;*" and the second comprises a list of "Past Masters entitled to vote in the Devonshire P.G. Lodge," arranged according to the number of their Lodges. The latter is doubtless correct, but the former is very deficient, five at least being omitted, and no reference is made to an old Lodge long ago extinct, but warranted as early as 1734 at Plymouth. It is our intention, therefore, to supplement the particulars already afforded, with a careful Register of the "Union" Lodges, and those "struck off the Roll," prior to December, 1813, and to particularize which of the two Grand Lodges the Lodges in Devonshire owed allegiance prior to the "Union."

The Grand Lodge, constituted A.D 1717, was without any rival, practically in England (save its friendly co-worker at York, which became extinct about 1792), until 1750–2, when a secession occurred, and the "Grand Lodge according to the Old Constitutions" was formed. This latter organization had no connection with the York Masons, though such is frequently stated, and it has often been called the York Grand Lodge, but in error. Its seat was in London (as with the *Regular* Grand Lodge), and its names were legion, for it was well known under the titles of "*Ancients*," "Seceders," "Athol Masons," &c., &c. The really ancient Grand Lodge was better known as the "Regulars," or "Moderns," the latter being a very absurd description of the older Body. In this article we shall speak of them both as "*Moderns*" (the *regular* Grand Lodge), and "*Ancients*" (the *Seceders*). In December, 1813, they united, and from that period there has happily been but the "*United Grand Lodge of England.*"

We shall first of all note the *Extinct Lodges* on the Roll of the "*Moderns*," and give the various numbers by which they have been known from the periods of alteration in 1792, 1814, and 1832.

EXTINCT LODGES OF THE "*MODERNS.*"

Date of Warrant.	Names and Localities.	Nos. 1792, etc.	1814.	1832.
1734	Masons' Arms, *Plymouth*	—	—	—
1748	Prince George, *Plymouth*	79	102	—
1758	Unity, *Crediton* (Formerly at *Plymouth*) ...	137	165	—
1764	Salutation, *Topsham*	177	—	—
1765	Corinthian, *Honiton* (Formerly at London) ...	188	230	—
1769	R. George, *Bridport* (Formerly at *Newton Abbott*)	243	307	217
1772	Torbay, *Paignton*	277	350	—
1781	Friendship, *Dartmouth*	352	453	303
1783	Good Intention, *North 2nd Devon Militia*, and afterwards Union, *Crokern-well*	364	468	—
1785	Concord, *Ilfracombe*	374	474	—
1792	Faithful, *Bideford*	499	535	—
1809	Phœnician, *Collumpton*	608	615	—
1811	Virtue and Honour, *Totness*	625	633	—
1812	Royal George, Newton-Bushel	634	641	—

The most distinguished of this series was the Prince George Lodge, held at Plymouth, in which His Majesty King William IV. was initiated. The Lodge held in the *North, or 2nd Regiment of Devon Militia* was transferred to a Civil

Warrant, and held at Crokern-well, near Exeter, but soon died out, and a Lodge formerly held in London by Charter of the year 1765, and subsequently held in Honiton, shared the same fate soon after the "*Union.*"

The old Lodge (*second* oldest in Devon), warranted A.D. 1734, became extinct about 1770, and so was unable to take any part in the formation of the first Provincial Grand Lodge of Devon, A.D. 1775. It will be seen that out of these fourteen "Modern" Lodges, only two were working at the alteration of the numbers, A.D. 1832, though twelve were in existence at the "*Union.*" Warrants, however, have since been issued in most cases for the foregoing towns.

Of the "*Removals*" under the "Moderns" we have to chronicle only two, as follows:

REMOVALS, "*MODERNS.*"

Date of Warrant.	Names and Localities.	About	Then	Now
1766	All Souls', *Tiverton* to *Weymouth* ...	1792	283	170
1787	Amphibious, Stonehouse to High-Town	1800	407	258
	(Since to Leeds, and *now* Heckmondwike.)			

At the Union of 1813 (December) the Lodges of each Grand Lodge were numbered alternately. The Grand Stewards' Lodge of the "Moderns" was placed at the head of the Roll without any number, the first numbered being the "Grand Master's Lodge" of the "*Ancients;*" No. 2, the Lodge of "Antiquity" of the "*Moderns,*" and so on. As many of the Lodges of the "*Moderns*" had been warranted long *before* 1750, whereas *none* of the "Ancients" were chartered until after that year (1750), it follows that in taking the Lodges of each Grand Lodge alternately in the numeration, the numbers of the "Ancients" secured to that Body a higher place on the Roll than the real dates of the Warrants would have justified. This fact will be patent to anyone consulting the numbers and dates of Warrants of the Lodges under each Grand Lodge before and since the "Union," so far as we have been able to verify the same.

EXTINCT LODGES OF THE "ANCIENTS."

Date of Warrant.	Names and Localities.	Original.	1814.	1832.
*1764	——— *Morton Hampstead* ...	132	157	—
*1782	*East Devon Regiment of Militia* ...	216	272	193
*1784	North Devon Regiment of Militia†	228	286	—
*1795	Vine, Exeter	293	372	—
*1806	Buckingham, Stonehouse ...	336	430	—

REMOVALS, "*ANCIENTS.*"

1756, *Plymouth* to *Rochdale* about 1813 (No. 50), now No. 54.

There were eleven "*Ancient*" Lodges in Devon which took part in the "*Blessed Union of* 1813," but only seven were active A.D. 1832, and since then one more has ceased to work. The county of Devon, however, was never so large, Masonically, as it is now; indeed, so rapid has been the growth of Lodges under the genial sway and fostering care of its beloved Prov. G.M. (the Rev. John Huyshe, M.A.), that its extent is almost beyond the maximum for *one* Province.

It is curious to note that in the List of "Union" Lodges still in existence, Devon is indebted to its sister Province (Cornwall), for No. 223, Plymouth, having been originally warranted for St. Mawes, near Falmouth, as 306, and No. 230, Devonport, chartered at first for Kingsand.

* *Circa.*

† "Moderns" had a Lodge in same Regiment.

"*MODERNS*" STILL IN EXISTENCE.

Date of Warrant.	Names and Localities.	1792.	1814.	1832.	1863.
1731	St. John the Baptist, *Exeter* ...	35	53	46	39
1759	Fortitude, *Plymouth**	140	170	122	105
1759	Sun, *Exmouth*†	141	171	123	106
1762	St. George, *Exeter*	146	178	129	112
1769	Sincerity, *Stonehouse*‡	254	320	224	189
1771	Friendship, *Devonport*	268	339	238	202
1782	True Love and Unity, *Brixham* ...	360	465	309	248
1783	Loyal, *Barnstaple*	365	469	312	251
1791	Bedford, *Tavistock*	487	529	351	282
1794	Benevolent, *Teignmouth*	540	566	380	303
1810	St. John's, *Torquay*	616	623	411	328

"*ANCIENTS*" STILL IN EXISTENCE.

		Original.	1814.	1832.	1863.
1759	St. John's, *Plymouth*§	74	98	83	70
1778	Harmony, *Plymouth*	205	256	182	156
1779	Brunswick, *Plymouth*‖	208	260	185	159
1781	Perseverance, *Sidmouth*¶	213	268	190	164
1797	Charity, *Plymouth***	306	389	270	223
1799	Fidelity, *Devonport*††	320	405	280	230

According, then, to the foregoing, there were in all, 27 Lodges warranted by the "*Moderns*" in Devonshire from 1731 to 1813, *fourteen* of which have ceased to work, and *two* have been removed to other Provinces. By the "*Ancients*" there were twelve charters issued in Devonshire at one time or other between 1759 and 1806, *one* of which was ultimately transferred to another Province, and *five* were struck off the Roll. From 1731 to 1813, therefore, of both Grand Lodges, 39 Warrants have been granted for Devon, or transferred to that Province, out of which, 19 have lapsed, and 20 are yet in work, either in Devonshire or elsewhere, exclusive of certain Military Lodges which visited the Province with their regiments during that period. At the present time there are 46 Lodges at work in the County of Devon.

The following notes as to changes in places of meeting will doubtless be of interest to the members of the flourishing Province of Devonshire :—

"MODERNS."

* No. 105, Plymouth, was formerly held at Devonport (Plymouth Dock).
† No. 106, Exmouth, „ „ „ Newton-Abbott.
‡ No. 183, Stonehouse, „ „ „ Plymouth.

"ANCIENTS."

§ No. 70, Plymouth, originally assembled at Exeter.
‖ No. 159, Plymouth, „ „ Devonport.
¶ No. 164, Sidmouth, „ „ Stonehouse.
** No. 223, Plymouth, „ „ St. Mawes.
†† No. 230, Devonport „ „ Kingsand.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

III.—SEPTEMBER.

——"*I hope to join your seaside walk,*
Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion;
Not interrupting, with intrusive talk,
The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean."

GRAND and majestic indeed! and yet how eminently soothing is their sound. How calmly we compose ourselves to rest, the hollow murmur of the waves our lullaby. How supremely conscious are we of the protective benignity of that Almighty Power that "measures ocean in His span," and how trustfully do we lay our heads to rest confiding in The Father, to whom "the darkness and the light are both alike." May He grant us to enter as composedly into that other sleep, of which the present is so close a resemblance and foreshadowing.

If ocean's murmur be so peaceful a lullaby, how delicious is it, too, to be awakened by that clear sharp rattle of the shingle, shifted by the fast-running tide, whose sound is like audible sunshine. Thus wakened, we spring from our couch, and throwing wide open the casement, gaze far and wide over—

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

whose wavelets are sparkling bright in the slanting rays of the early sun. Can it be, we think, that this is the ocean that sometimes, lashed to fury, overwhelms the frail craft, and buries deep in its dark bosom that most precious of all treasures a fellow-creature's life. But, if thus our vengeful enemy, we cannot forget the ocean's friendly lessons to us tempest-tossed, and oft-times well-nigh shipwrecked, on the ocean of life. Nor can we forget Him who rules the waves of this, as formerly He did the other, bidding "Peace, be still," when immediately there was a great calm. And now the turning tide tells us of that

——"Tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."

Ours be it to profit by the lesson of the hour thus bountifully given us.

Stepping over the threshold, we glance up at the beetling cliff, and how insignificant we feel whilst contemplating the majestic work of Nature, and when we have climed to the top and venture to look over—

——"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the mid-way air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles; half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

Fine words of a fine mind, inspired by, because observant of, nature; observant, too, of her littleness as well as her vastness, knowing full well that her magnitude is built up of these often unconsidered trifles. In this spirit, then, examining the face of the cliff, we find clusters of the Samphire plant of which the poet speaks; nor is Shakespeare alone in his notice of the plant, for Michael Drayton refers to it in his "Poly-Olbion," and John Evelyn speaks of the high estimation in which it was held by our fathers, who used to mingle it with other herbs in their salads, to which whilst giving zest, it was considered to be invigorating, and a sharpener of the appetite. For our modern use, pickling, it it is gathered in May, when its properties are most aromatic. The Samphire, found most commonly in the Isle of Wight and Cornwall, as well as at Dover, as mentioned by Shakespeare, is scattered amongst the crevices of the rocks in tufts, which are this month crowned with clusters of yellow flowers. As true Samphire is somewhat scarce, the Jointed Glass-wort is often sold for it, but the deception may be easily guarded against as the latter plant is readily distinguishable by its leafless jointed stem, and its small green flowers planted between the joints of its terminal branches.

Turning from the brink of the cliff, and pursuing our way along its summit, we soon find specimens of the Sea Star-wort, or Michaelmas Daisy, whose yard-high stem bears its pale lilac flowers clear above the grey-green strongly-scented Southernwood and the small fleshy-leaved Sand-worts. Like most of the plants which deck our shores, the Sea Star-wort borrows some of the characteristics of the more definitely marine flora; and we cannot but reflect—as we examine the smooth, downless surface of its succulent foliage and stem and detect in pressing it with our teeth the saline flavour of the more veritable denizen of old ocean's bed—upon the wonderful work of Nature which proceeds in a seemingly unbroken chain, with no appreciable gap in her whole vast system of life save one—the unbridged chasm betwixt man and "the beasts that perish."

Thus Nature, in her manifold provision of life leaves no spot barren:—

"The marsh is bleak and lonely. Scarce a flower
Gleams in the waving grass. The rosy Thrift
Has paler grown since summer blessed the scene,
And the Sea Lavender, whose lilac blooms
Drew from the saline soil a richer hue
Than when they grew on yonder towering cliff,
Quivers in flowerless greenness to the wind.
No sound is heard save when the sea-bird screams
Its lonely presage of the coming storm;
And the sole blossom which can glad the eye,
Is you pale Star-wort nodding to the wind."

This plant is the only native species of Aster that we possess, all other kinds having been imported. America is their native land. Lyell says, speaking of Piscataquan fir-woods—"I have seen this part of North America laid down in some botanical maps as the region of Asters and Golden Rods."

Than this latter plant, none is perhaps more varied in its growth; find it upon the chalky bank or beneath the overlacing boughs of the dry wood, and it is a thin, straggling-looking plant with small scattered flowers; but pick it on the mountain pasture, or, as now, on the sea-side cliff, and we have a plant with a shorter but stouter stem, and clusters of yellow flowers positively crowded together. Poor old Gerarde was sadly exercised at the disrepute into which Wound-wort, Aaron's Rod, or Golden Rod, was beginning to fall as a specific, even in his day; for in his "Herbal" we read: "It may truly be said of fantastical physitions, who when they have found an approved medicine and perfect remedy, neere home, against any disease, yet not contented with that, they will seeke for a new farther off, and by that means many times hurte more than they helpe." He adds, that he has said this in order that these "new-fangled fellows" may be brought back again to esteem this admirable herb; but poor Gerarde's wrath seems to have been poured forth without avail.

Of the Sea Lavender before mentioned, we have but little more to say than that few wild flowers are better adapted for making bouquets which will last through the winter. Nor can we add much concerning the Sand-wort family, of which ten species grow wild in Britain; some of them, such as the Norwegian Sand-wort, discovered in 1837 in Shetland, are very rarely met with. Another humble but pretty little plant, is the fragrant Basil Thyme, its blossoms are small but numerous, being of various shades, from pale lilac to deepest purple, but always with a white centre. We shall, however, be lucky if we find this delicate little blossom as, unless the season be a late one, this plant is seldom found in bloom later than August. The same remark will apply to the Sea Cabbage, which hangs out in tufts from the crevices of the cliffs; but although its petals may have fallen beneath the rude autumnal blast, it does not cease to yield a beauty to the otherwise blank wall of stone. Its leaves, waved and fleshy round the root, but oblong on the stem, are richly tinted with dark green, yellow, delicate lilac, or deep purple; the whole being dusted over with that whitish-grey powder common on the surface of seashore plants; though very bitter whilst uncooked, repeated washings and boilings render them fit for food. A pretty neighbour of the Sea Cabbage is the Herb Robert, or Poor Robin, known everywhere not only by its little pink flowers, but by the beautiful ruddy hue that the entire plant assumes in autumn. A species of the Pearl Wort is also to be met with, as well as the Yellow Horned Poppy, which grows even upon

the beach itself; few objects are more beautiful than a leaf of this plant in winter —glittering with hoarfrost, but still green. Formerly, according to Gerarde, this plant was used medicinally, but is highly acrid and very dangerous. Bending our steps now inland, we come upon a plant in bloom, which is still thought very highly of in country districts, as a remedy for colds and hoarseness, we mean the Black Horehound; this plant, like many others, has the peculiar property of following man's footsteps. Sir T. L. Mitchell says in his "Tropical Australia":—"Here I perceived that Horehound grew abundantly, and was assured by Mr. Parkinson, a gentleman in charge of these Stations, that this plant springs up at all sheep and cattle stations throughout the colony; a remarkable fact, which may assist to explain another, viz., the appearance of the Couch Grass or the Dog's-tooth Grass, wherever the white man sets his foot, although previously unknown in these regions." The Horehound, with its purple flowers, in appearance is vastly like a Nettle, although it does not much resemble the one we come to here, the Red Hemp Nettle, whose short stem bears blossoms of a purplish rose colour, mottled with crimson. Here in the hedgerow are the berried-stems of the Cuckoo-pint, as well as the similarly ornamented capsules of the Stinking Iris. Other plants used medicinally are the Perfoliate Yellow Wort, whose stem, as the name implies, passes through the leaves. This plant has a flavour resembling that of Gentian, to which its properties may be somewhat allied. The beautiful Toad-flax, or Eggs and Bacon, whose leaves resemble those of Flax, but its blossoms the Snapdragon of our gardens; a decoction of the blossoms is supposed to improve the complexion, whilst the juice mingled with milk is fondly supposed to poison flies; there is no doubt that it attracts a good many, like most other liquids when poured out, whether it has any further effect we cannot say. This pretty plant is a favourite of one of our poets, who says:—

"And thou Linaria, mingle in my wreath,
Thy golden dragons, for though perfumed breath
Escapes not from thy yellow petals, yet
Glad thoughts bringest thou of hedgerow foliage, wet
With tears and dew; lark warblings and green ferns
O'erspanning crystal runnels, where there turns
And twines the glossy Ivy."——

Which last, by the way, is this month in flower. We must not stay to more than mention the Sea Bindweed, with its large rose-coloured flowers and succulent leaves; but we must have a word with the Mallow, which is really useful in medicine—the leaves boiled are employed as a poultice for wounds and bruises, whilst Mallow-tea is a well-known remedy for coughs and colds. Several species were used by the Romans as food, and this plant is even now a very common dish in Lower Egypt. Job speaks of the poor who "cut up Mallows by the roots." The common Tansy, which is still in bloom, used to be made into a kind of medicinal wine; country people tells us that meat rubbed with Tansy is safe from flies; possibly! but of what particular after-use the meat is capable, having been impregnated with Tansy-flavour, we know not. In the Romish Church this plant typifies the "bitter herbs," anciently commanded to be eaten at Passover time; and Tansy cakes and Tansy puddings are much approved vehicles of administering the supposed mental-medicine of Penance. Although we shall not find it here, we ought just to mention the Lesser Dodder of heaths and downs, with its waxen pinkish flowers —this is one of our few parasitic plants, growing freely on Furze, Heath, Thyme, Vetches, Trefoils, &c. The spotted Persicaria is at hand, however, with its long slender leaves, with their centre spot of crimson, said in Highland tradition to be a blood-drop from the cross; of this family are the Snakeweed or Bistort and the Water-Peppers, as well as the Knot Grass, to which ancient writers attributed many healing virtues. Milton and other of our earlier poets, speak of the relish with which it is eaten by cattle, whilst Shakspeare mentions it as the "Hindering Knot Grass;" its universal presence but little beauty is thus described—

"By the lone quiet grave,
In the wild hedgerow the Knot Grass is seen,
Down in the rural lane,
Or on the verdant plain,
Everywhere humble, and everywhere green."

During our walk we can hardly have

failed to notice amongst the insects, the really splendid Peacock Butterfly. Like the Scarlet Admiral, it leaves the chrysalis state in autumn, flutters awhile in the lessening rays of the sun, until some colder day than any it has hitherto experienced, warns it to seek a winter refuge. This found, it hangs suspended until the spring, when with wings tattered and torn, and its beauty well-nigh lost, it emerges into the daylight, to carry out what seems, to us, to be the only object of its insect life, the starting its progeny in the world. Oddly enough, the place selected for rearing the young brood is the uninteresting Stinging-nettle. Other Butterflies are the Small Heath, and the Pale Clouded Yellow or Clouded Saffron; which latter insect much affects the neighbourhoods of Deal and Reculvers. During this month, we find some of our finest Moths; the Privet Hawk Moth, with its handsome green caterpillar purple striped; the Sword-grass Moth, whose caterpillar is a splendid creature, green grounded, striped with white and scarlet and with a double row of eight little dots of white edged with black; finest of all is the Death's Head Moth, whose pupa is found amongst the potato-crop. This month, too, appear other remarkable forms of insect life—such as the Great Green Grasshopper, and a kind called the Wart-biter; these little creatures should be handled discreetly, for they possess jaws which are sharp and powerful, if small, which, too, they do not scruple to use.

Now are leaving us the Whitethroat, the Night-jar, and the Fly-catchers, both pied and spotted; whilst the arrivals we are peculiarly able to notice for they are mostly sea-birds, although it is true that both the Common and Jack Snipe now make their appearance. One bird does his best to make up for the departure of his fellow vocalists, the Woodlark; and, soaring above the trees, the Wood Owl raises his hoarse hoot, warning us that it is high time to return.

Retracing, then, our steps, for it is getting late, we observe in the hedgerow the trails of the beautiful wild Hop, of which we will reserve further mention until we notice its cultivated variety, and we see, too, in sheltered spots the second crop of flowers of the wild Honeysuckle. Many berry-bearing shrubs would tempt us to linger to observe and describe their autumnal beauties, but we may only notice one, which warns us that we are drawing nigh to the sea once more, and that is the Sea Buckthorn or Sallow Thorn. This singular-looking shrub is restricted in its range of growth to the East and South East Coast of England, being rarely seen beyond Yarmouth and Cromer Northwards, and Folkestone and Deal in a Southerly direction. It has thorny branches, remarkable silvery leaves, very white on the underside, and minute inconspicuous flowers, which have by this time, given place on the female plants to fine orange-coloured fruit or berries, which make a fine show all through the winter if not taken by the birds. These berries are said to be pleasantly acid to the taste, but should be experimented upon with caution, as in some parts they bear the reputation of being in some degree poisonous.

For a moment, our attention is once more drawn to a huge cluster of Golden Rod, for as the Sun is setting, hundreds of bees are swarming over the plant, availing themselves not only of the last few minutes of sunshine to make one more honey-laden journey, but making too best use of these last few days of warmth to complete their winter stock from this plant, which Nature seems to have specially designed to afford, thus late, material for filling up the last empty spaces in their food-stores, which must last them till the warm bright sunshine comes another year.

This lesson should not be lost upon us, enforced as it is just at this moment that we once more catch sight of the sea, by the splendid harvest moon rising apparently from its depths. Does it not speak to us with its substituted light, of a certain substituted knowledge that we must cultivate here, if we would be possessors of the true knowledge into which that other shall be developed, if it shall have been rightly used, in the hereafter by the Great Architect of the Universe Himself.

UPBRAID ME NOT.

UPBRAID me not, if now forgetting
Thy friendly face, I turn to-day
To other claims and other duties
And let the old past drift away.

For hope is dead, and faith has vanish'd,
And memory's lost its mystic key,
Parted is all of warmer feeling,
Forgotten the glad harmony.

The fairy dreams of other hours
Have ceased to master or beguile,
The lingering gleams of glad affection
Seem deserting me the while.
For colder counsels and emotions,
Have to assert a calmer sway,
And as Time finds me so it leaves me,
Alike unmoved, unharmed to-day.

If fancies once I dearly cherished
Have left me now beyond recall,
Remember 'twas thy kindly Fiat
Which bade them wither one and all.
No doubt 'twas better thus it happen'd
That this our mutual lot should be,
But 'twas thy will that separation
Should come for aye, 'twixt thee and me.

Therefore, upbraid me not, I ask thee,
If ancient days have fleeted by,
If happy friendship hourly colder
Makes powerless the old witchery.
In the dim past we've stray'd together,
When time was fresh and trust was true,
But now, alas! its plaintive hours
Have bid to golden dreams adieu!

NEMO.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER III.

"And there, in letters sharp and clear,
You read—O, irony austere!—
'Though lost to sight, to memory dear'!"
AUSTIN DOBSON.

IF Paesiello's behaviour in respect to his "young woman," as Jowler always will have it—feebly depicted in my last chapter,—may seem to some of my readers somewhat unfeeling, yet all must admit, I venture to think, that it was very philosophical; and where sentiment and philosophy clash, as they often do in the battle of life, though I have a great "penchant" for sentiment, I yet, Cato-like, sternly always vote for philosophy!

Paesiello accordingly consoled himself by packing up. We easily console ourselves when we are young; and, besides, there is always something of interest and excitement in the act of packing up itself.

Paesiello had a famous and faithful servant, called Antonio, to whom he confided his worries and his dressing case; his loves and his antipathies; his fears and his frolics; his sentiment and his philosophy. Antonio was a bit of a wag—a good deal of a character, in his way, as will be seen in the progress of this authentic narrative, and often covered a little bit of semi-villainy with a good story—and even a quiet attempt at deliberate roguery with a veritable joke. But he had some, nay, many, great qualities, and, like to Figaro, it might be said of him that, "his virtues were his own, his vices were those of his elders and his betters!"

And then, in that happy time, Paesiello had a friend—Don Balthazar, grave and sententious, polished and prosy, full of "ancient saws and modern instances," a man of weight and appetite, and much common sense!

It is true that he was a little older than Paesiello, but then he possessed that experience which the other lacked, and he could speak with all that dogmatic authority, and that clear, distinct expression, which are so good for puppies and for colts!

At last, the packing-up was finished, and Paesiello and Don Balthazar—with Antonio elate on the rumble, (for he had left Mrs. Antonio safe behind,)—started in his beautiful new travelling carriage, (it was before railways,) and four horses, for Venice, the Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto, the Gondoliers, and the Lion of St. Mark.

Oh! happy morn of youth! may no dark clouds obscure the brightness of thy after hours; may no "Tornado" overthrow that fairy building which now rises up before thee, in grace and beauty supreme!

Yes, I repeat, it was with a grand feeling of independence and of emanci-

pation that Paesiello "threw himself," as some old writers so elegantly phrase it, "into the corner of his travelling carriage," and started on his long travels, with youth and health, and contentment in his train—all great and precious gifts, and never to be despised or wasted, depreciated, or thrown away, by mortal man. It is something to know that one is master of one's self, one's plans and proceedings, one's purposes and pursuits. But we who have grown grey and old have outlived the effervescence of life, and have discounted, alas! those many acceptances which too soon reach "maturity." For us, illusions are over. We know, too well, how great are the disappointments and deceits of earth, and for us fancy has fled away. We see things as they really are—no longer invested with the roseate hues of early dawn, no more accompanied by the bright gleams of happy inexperience.

Certainty has dispelled equally our anticipations and expectations, our fears and forebodings, one by one, and has left for us nothing in their stead but the formal routine of life, the duller level of customary and dejected society.

Where are all our fair imaginings fled to?

And so when Paesiello, all enthusiastic, praised the beauties of the scenery, or talked of the wonders he hoped and longed to see, Don Balthazar politely assented, but calmly smoked his cigarette; while Antonio, in his native patois, pronounced audible blessings on the horses and the post-boys, the world in general, and each post-master in particular, in a frame of mind alternately cynical and cheerful, triumphant and depressed! How queer are the conditions of life to us all, and how contrasted are the various measures and aspects with which we regard the same position, or treat the same thing. Much depends, no doubt, on our digestion, or the "balance at our banker's," on numerous contingencies, open and secret, on countless persons, male and female, who compose our "entourage," or are mixed up with our lot.

At last, the cracking of the postillions' whips announced that our travellers had approached the Douane of Venice, and as my hero had received a friendly letter from the head of the Douaniers of his native land, to the chief of the Venetian Dogana, with that "camaraderie" which exists everywhere, if we only knew how to profit by it, Paesiello with his belongings, and after a quiet little "bezzi-mano," was allowed to enter the fair town of Venice, and drive straight to the famous hotel of St. Geromino, which abuts on the Grand Canal.

"Beautiful Venice" is the burden of an old song often sung in the days of a famous "Choral Union," long since numbered with the departed good things of this world, I sadly fear, but bound up with many very pleasant memories to me of "auld lang syne," and kind friends, and pleasant faces and tuneful voices. "Beautiful Venice" was still, in Paesiello's young days a most agreeable place to see, and to loiter in!

And, as my hero's first adventure happened within the walls of Venice, and it is one, as Don Balthazar said, which did equal credit to "his head and to his heart," I think it right to be particular and prolix in the greatest degree. The pilgrims arrived at the time of the Carnival, and, of course, as one in the full bloom of youth, Paesiello was not averse to make one, if for a short moment, of that gay and glittering throng. Of course he did all the lions, and saw all the sights of Venice. He was impressed with St. Mark's, and pathetic in the Doge's Palace; he saw the subterranean prison from which Bro. Casanova escaped; he stood on the Bridge of Sighs, he lounged in gondolas amid wreaths of Turkish tobacco; he thought of Shylock on the Rialto, and Portia and Jessica, and drank iced lemonade on the Piazza di San Marco.

I don't fancy that he thought much of the "Bucentaur," and I am even certain of this—that he was very glad to remember that bright and beautiful Venice was no longer under that horrible and cruel oligarchy, whose highest idea of good government was the Council of Ten, the Masked Three, whose normal mode of punishment was the secret denunciation and the lion's mouth, the living prison and the midnight murder. Perhaps the very best thing Napoleon I. ever did, was the civil absorption of the Venetian into the Cisalpine Republic.

But Venice was very gay, and Paesiello

did not see why he should not be gay too; and he threw himself, as others have done, into the usual rounds of festive—and must I not say, doubtful—dissipation?

He did not say, as the poet has said,—

> "I am weary of the bewildering masquerade of life,"

but he rather echoed these more cheerful words of the same able writer,—

> "Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth,
> Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
> Nor strive to look beneath it."

I do not think that we need any of us act the part of a too rigid "censor morum," for the truth is, that while the world lasts, say what we will, and preach as we may, youth will have its quips and frolics, its warm fancies, and its laughing hours; and I, for one, am not prepared to assert that there is anything of actual wrong in such things, which appear to be, in their season, alike allowable and reasonable!

It is a great mistake, in my opinion, drawing the string too tightly, or laying down the law too austerely; human nature revolts against the one, and positively kicks over the other.

It did so happen that Paesiello made the acquaintance of a distinguished Venetian—Don Petronimo—who most kindly introduced him to his fair and charming wife, Donna Isabella.

Don Petronimo belonged to one of the most distinguished of the Venetian families, which had furnished doges, and generals, and admirals, and members of the Council of Ten in great profusion, and he was a staid and sober-minded individual, much looked up to—a person of great means, and few words.

He had married, late in life, Donna Isabella, the only daughter of a deceased patrician, and if her dowry had not been large, she was, indeed, a fortune in herself, as her aunt, the abbess, used to observe.

Yes, Donna Isabella was a very "fascinating person," to use the very words of an ancient friend and admirer, "Don Pedrillo," and whether you had regard to the grace of her figure, or the power of her intellect, she was no ordinary woman!

When, then, Paesiello, had been introduced to this distinguished couple and their select circle, Venice seemed, with all its natural charms, to gain new attractions for him.

It is very remarkable, as we look back on life, perhaps through a long vista of years, to notice to-day how much of our happiness has depended, humanly speaking, on the friends we formed, on the company we kept. Those of us who have longest lived in the world, must feel how much we owe of the contentment and pleasantness of our own little life to friends probably long since passed away, to that agreeable gathering of gracious women and kindly men who made for us —yes, our very selves—existence a happiness, and society a blessing! Even at this hour the dreams of "pleasant presence," the voices of gentle melody, are lingering with us, souvenirs—tender souvenirs, perhaps—of associations which are undying, of a companionship which we can never forget.

And then it is still more noteworthy how much a sympathetic and cultivated woman can do to add "agreemens" to the domestic and social circle, what charms, so to say, woman's refining and elevating influence can always fling alike over the day-dreams of us all, over the hopes and fears, the longings and tastes, the "amour propre," and the ambition of men! He is a very foolish or a very ill-regulated person, be he who he may, who ever seeks to disparage or antagonize the needful and proper influence of women.

Without them what an arid desert the world and society would become! with them, how are life ennobled and pleasure enhanced; how are all the very weaknesses and inconsistences of men, turned to better purposes, or permeated by an enduring energy, which gives vitality to effort and success to resolution!

Donna Isabella, charming as she was, had a still more charming daughter, and it struck this excellent and benign individual, who took a most motherly interest in Paesiello, (an interest which many another would most gladly have liked to be concerned in), that it would be a very good thing to bring Paesiello and her graceful daughter Petronella together.

Now this young lady, like some other young ladies you and I wot of, had both a will and a young man of her own, and she

accordingly objected, on "first principles of action," to any interference by her dear dear mamma in her own little affairs of the heart. Some of my older readers may be ready to exclaim here, "that our young ladies are becoming far too independent in such things, and that it was not so in their time." Perhaps not. But I, for one, am not sure that our young ladies are not quite right in the main. For certainly, after all, the matter concerns them as much, if not more than any one else. But when I say all this, I don't approve of improvident marriages, all I mean is, that young ladies have a right to choose for themselves, subject, of course, to due concern by their elders and "wisers," that they have enough to live upon. A very dreary thing is penniless love, depend upon it.

In the present case Petronella, had long given her affections, young as she was, and such as they were, (her own remark,) to Don Tancredi, a young Venetian, of high rank, much wealth, good manners, and better looks. There was nothing to object to in such an arrangement, indeed, it was the most natural thing in the world. But she was not insensible to the attractions of our hero, and for a short time poor Don Tancredi was both distrait and jealous, depressed and dejected, all at the same time.

Woman, however, treat her as we may, has not lost either her originality of disposition, or her acuteness of observation—and when she saw that Don Tancredi was really suffering, like a true-hearted girl as she was, she thought the best and the "straightest" way was calmly to speak to Paesiello himself. He, to say the truth, though he paid the young lady an infinite amount of attention, so much so as to make the little matter a talk of Venetian society, yet, on the whole, I think, did it more to please the mother; and I am free to add that neither his heart nor his inclinations were deeply engaged in the affair.

When, then, the young lady, all charming and blushing, and in much confiding ingenuousness, told her artless little tale to Paesiello, he, with his usual kindness of heart and alacrity of movement, felt it was his duty, as the Americans say, at once "to make tracks," and to leave Venice and its attractions—Donna Isabella and her "soirées," Petronella and Don Tancredi—far, far behind.

He, in fact, had to get out of the way; and if others acted on his sound principles, what a deal of useless vapouring and needless pathos, and dreadful dilemmas would be lost to the world.

I think that Donna Isabella was a little disappointed with the "denouement," but as she was a woman of high principle, she told Paesiello, with a tranquil smile upon her most charming countenance, that she thought "he had acted for the best."

Under these circumstances, one fine morning our hero left Venice, serene and satisfied, Don Balthazar commending him for his highly discreet view of things, sending out puffs from his cigarette as he spoke; Antonio alone of the party venturing to express a doubt whether his master "had not shown a little of the 'white feather'" in so soon yielding to the claims of Don Tancredi—for, as he said, "I am not so sure that that young lady, after all, really meant what she said. My experience of women is, that you must, as a general rule, understand them by contraries, and act accordingly; for often when they say 'yes,' they mean 'no;' and still more often when they say 'no,' they wish you to understand that they mean 'yes.'"

(To be continued.)

AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE-SONG.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL (FLORENCE CLEVELAND).

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

Love overtook us early,
In days long, long gone by;
At sixteen we were lovers,
My dear old man and I.

We wander'd on the hill tops,—
No mountain seem'd too high
For us to climb together,
My dear old man and I.

At twenty we were wedded,—
We saw no reason why
Our lives should be divided,
My dear old man and I.

We've trod life's path together,
And heav'd full many a sigh,
When our way was rough and rugged
My dear old man and I.

When all look'd bright before us,
And our path was smooth and dry,
Together we have walk'd and laugh'd,
My dear old man and I.

Our children's children visit us,
And we two fondly try
To gain their love, for we love them,
My dear old man and I.

We are growing old—his hair is grey—
Soon we must bid good-bye
To all we've loved, and all who love
My dear old man and I.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF FREEMASONRY?

BY EUREKA.

From the "West Cumberland Times."

THE above caption is suggested by an article which appeared in Dicken's "Household Words," ten or eleven years ago, and the writer of this will endeavour to answer the query. Outside the pale of the Mason's craft, the question is frequently put, as to the meaning or the genuine outcome of what non-masons read in newspapers, or see with their naked eyes, in connection with the "Sons of Light." In the public prints they read of Craft Masons, Royal Arch Masons, Mark Master Masons, Knights Templar, Red Cross Knights, Rose Croix Knight Companions, Royal Ark Mariners, and the dozen or more other degrees or grades connected with Freemasonry; with the jewellry, clothing, and all the paraphernalia appertaining thereto, and it is, therefore, but natural they should scratch their heads and wonder what it all means, or what is the good of the time-honoured association. Not a few we hear now and again whisper: "There's nothing in it;" and another section of the "profane" seems to pride itself on the discovery that, to become a Freemason, means nothing more or less than an inordinate enjoyment of the good things of this life in the shape of a well-served dinner, washed down with immoderate quantities of wine. Yet a third body of wonder-mongers—and this is a serious part of the business—never tire in their denunciations of the order, on the score that it is a dangerous political society, opposed to all reigning governments, and an unflinching enemy to the Roman Catholic religion. Yet, the Prince of Wales is Grand Master of England, and his two brothers, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold, are respectively Grand Senior and Junior Wardens; whilst several crowned heads in the past and present, "have never thought it derogatory to their dignity to exchange the sceptre for the trowel." As regards the religious opposition theory, that has been thoroughly and well thrashed out, and despite the anathemas and wild assertions of Papal dignitaries, the fact remains as broad and open as daylight, that Freemasonry is cosmopolitan in its religious aspect—open to the Roman Catholic equally with the Protestant, to the Jew with the Christian, to the Mahommedan with the Hindoo—

A brotherhood of hearts and hands,
Of honest toil, of well-earned rest;
An unseen chain that binds all lands,
From north to south, from east to west.

No matter what their ancestries,
If Norman, Saxon, Arab, Turk,
All come within the compasses—
The square and angle of our work.

But, while on this subject, let me point out the inconsistency of the Papal prohibition of secret societies, which debars a Roman Catholic from being a Good Templar or a Freemason, but allows him to be an Oddfellow.

Now let us try to make out, "What is the good of Freemasonry?" The poet says—

To soothe the orphan's mournful cry,
A brother help where'er he be,
To love all men beneath the sky,
This is the bond of Masonry.

It is clear from the foregoing that Charity

has a great deal to do with Freemasonry—that virtue, which, "like its sister Mercy, blesseth he who gives, as well as he who receives." To a comparative few of the uninitiated is it known, that the Freemasons of England especially, possess three splendid and substantial evidences of the watchword of the Craft, viz., Charity. I allude to the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, a precisely similar institution for Girls, and another designed as an asylum for aged Freemasons and their widows. All three are under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen, and will it be credited by our friends, who suggest that Masonry means little more than eating and drinking, that at the three separate Festivals, this year (dinners if you like, cavillers) the extraordinary sum of close upon £40,000 was voluntary subscribed to keep the Boys' and Girls' Schools, and the "Old Folks'" Institution running for another twelve months. And this goes on year after year, mind.

Some weeks since, when in London, the writer had the opportunity and pleasure for the first time—and a sincere pleasure it was—to run over the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, which is situated close to Clapham Junction station. Arriving there about two o'clock, the girls, after dinner, were enjoying their hour's leisure, prior to resuming school, for the remainder of the day. The head governess (who has five assistants under her) and a subordinate, proved most obliging chaperons, and I saw and learnt more in half-an-hour or so than could possibly be imagined. Tastefully laid-out flower parterre, among which troops of healthy looking and neatly-dressed girls were joyously romping, provided the first scene. Next, being shown into the committee room, there are some interesting historical reminiscences of the Institution, in the shape of a portrait of the Chevalier Ruspini, its principal founder in the year 1778, another of the Duke of Sussex, a former Royal Grand Master of England, as also a large sampler worked by the girls, and dedicated to his Royal Highness more than half-a-century since. Going through the school rooms, everything evidenced a superior class of education, the principal of which were the specimens of drawing and needlework, while music seemed to be a "sine qua non," from the number of pianofortes one noticed here and there. The head governess, very kindly requested one of the elder girls to play, and a solo, with variations, on "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," was perfectly good enough for a concert hall. A glance at the dormitories, —spacious and well ventilated apartments—with the lavatories, in which were conspicuous natty little bags containing the tooth brushes, and other etcetera of a young lady's toilet, and then, a little mademoiselle, an orphan, and a daughter of a Cockermouth Mason, whom I had specially gone down to visit, was sent for. Perfectly happy, and apparently at home, the little girl's specimens of her studies in writing, English composition, French, and music, were smilingly paraded for inspection, and easily passed muster. At present, there are about 170 girls in the school mentioned, and a newly-erected wing for the purpose of an infirmary will bring up the accomodation to a couple of hundreds. It is also satisfactory to learn that the poor orphans, many of them fatherless and motherless, in the legal sense of the term, have found parents at this noble institution, indeed, the little girl I have alluded to, was eloquent in her praises of the head-governess and her assistants, one and all; and as to the head-matron, here is the report, "verbatim et liberatim," anent that estimable lady: "We do so love Miss ———; when any of us are ill she waits upon us like a mother; we call her grandma!"

The above is but a cursory sketch, and the writer trusts he has shown there is something good and sound at the bottom of Freemasonry and its votaries—none of your cold and stony disciples of Ralph Nickleby, whose sole-heart purpose through life, till the grim monarch steps in, is money-making—who never tasted the milk of human kindness—nay, in a few words, never experienced the following sentiments, which, in common with every true Mason, all over the world, have been felt and practised by an American poet and brother—

> For the widow distress'd
> There's a chord in my breast—
> For the helpless and orphan a feeling.

Architectural Jottings.

FOUR WELL-KNOWN ABBEYS.

WE take this interesting paper from the *Durham University Journal*, and which we commend to the notice of our readers.

Though David I, the sainted King of Scotland, was said by some of his successors to have been "a sair saunct for the croon," because he had handed over to the monks so many of the royal lands, there is no doubt that herein he showed himself to be, whatever else he was, a "cannie Scot." His political wisdom in founding a line of monasteries along the English border has been pointed out by a distinguished countryman of his own in our time, and, in calling attention to it, we cannot do better than quote the following words of the author of "Waverley:"—

"His possessions in Northumberland and Cumberland became precarious after the loss of the Battle of the Standard, and since the comparatively fertile valley of Teviotdale was likely to become the frontier of his kingdom, it is probable he wished to secure at least a part of those valuable possessions by placing them in the hands of the monks, whose property was for a long time respected even amidst the rage of a frontier war. In this manner alone had the king some chance of ensuring protection and security to the cultivation of the soil, and, in fact, for several ages the possessions of those Abbeys were each a sort of Goshen, enjoying the calm light of peace and immunity, while the rest of the country, occupied by wild clans and marauding barons, was one dark scene of confusion, blood, and unremitted outrage."

But "Time rolls his ceaseless course," and those Abbeys which some time were each a sort of "Goshen," are now like unto Ai. Not, however, are they so far made into ruinous heaps that nothing is left to tell of their former grandeur or beauty. Everyone knows something about "fair Melrose," and how it should be viewed aright from a poetical standing point. We take leave to think that a fairer scene would be presented to the sight of him who should visit Dryburgh according to the poet's directions for Melrose. It is, however, as archæologists rather than as poets, or lovers of poetry, that some few make pilgrimages to ruined Abbeys, although there are not, probably, many archæologists in whom the poetic and imaginative faculty is altogether absent. To those who either do regard or desire to regard such places in a somewhat more scientific spirit than that of the average tourist, it is thought that a few passages from the note-book of one who has recently visited Kelso, Jedburgh, Dryburgh, and Melrose, may not be unacceptable.

The order in which these places are here mentioned is adopted advisedly, with reference to the dates of their foundation, and to their architectural characteristics. All were founded in the twelfth century, that great abbey-building era, and all owe their foundation to the Scottish king above referred to, so that not Melrose alone, but any one of the four, may claim to be

"St. David's ruined pile."

Kelso and Jedburgh exhibit, in a very remarkable degree, the unmistakeable features of the styles which prevailed in England as well as in Scotland at the time when they were built. They are Norman near the ground, and approach through Transitional to something bordering on Early English as they rise towards the sky. Dryburgh was founded later than the two just named, and contains no work earlier than late Transitional or Early English. Melrose was entirely rebuilt in the fifteenth century by an architect whose "freakish" disposition showed itself not only in the tracery of the famous east window, but in almost every detail of his work. Kelso was founded in 1128, for Reformed Benedictine Monks of the Tironensian order, so named from Tiron in Picardy, where the order was first established. The dedication, as was usual in Abbeys belonging to this order, was to the Blessed Virgin and St. John, the Beloved Disciple. The existing remains include a considerable portion of the Church, but little else. The view as we approach by the bridge is one of the finest of its kind in the United Kingdom, and the main feature in it is the tower of the abbey church, with its two remaining sides towards the river, and in its massive

grandeur seeming almost like the keep of some great castle. As we draw near, we find the ruins to be in the very heart of the town, and the work may be described as almost pure Romanesque, without any later insertions or additions whatever. The plan of the Church is very peculiar, consisting as it does of a fully developed choir, transepts, and central tower, but having a short aisleless nave, nearly square in plan, and in fact nothing more than a great porch or vestibule in place of the usual nave. It is indeed a repetition of the transepts on a somewhat smaller scale, so that the whole church was in the form of a Latin cross with its shortest arm to the west. Very little of the choir remains, but there is enough to show the very singular construction of the triforium, or blindstory. Instead of being open to the roof of the aisle in the usual way, it is separated from it by the wall over the pier-arches being carried straight up, with only a narrow opening over each pier. The passage is screened by a continuous arcade of narrow semicircular arches on tall cylindrical shafts, and is in fact almost uniform with that of the clerestory, so that the combined effect is that of two passages in the wall, one above the other, the upper one lighted by a window corresponding to every alternate arch of the arcade, the intervening arches in the clerestory being somewhat narrower. The tower stands on four lofty pointed arches, while the pier-arches in the choir are low and semicircular. It is a little later in character than the rest of the Church; its upper windows are pointed, and there are in a lower stage circular apertures formed into quatrefoils. The first stage above the arches is shown by a corbel-table to have been open to the church. Casting our eyes right and left, we see in the differences which mark the south transept, sufficient evidence that we are in a conventual and not in a parochial church. There are no windows in the south wall, but there are openings, now built up, one of which seems to have led to the dormitory. Unfortunately, the outer face of this wall shows no roof-marks, blocked openings, or other indications of what the precise arrangement has been. It must have been refaced at some time or other, perhaps when the church was fitted up for Presbyterian worship. In this transept we notice a piscina and aumbryes, all placed within a wide recess, also a narrow doorway, walled up, which seems to have led to a stair-turret. The most remarkable feature in the other transepts is its fine Norman doorway, with a little chamber over it, lighted by five narrow slits, and surmounted by a pediment enriched by decussating bands. A similar chamber, formerly over the north door at Durham, was occupied by the officer who attended to the knocker by means of which fugitives claimed privilege of sanctuary. The bell-gable belongs to the Presbyterian period. The nave, if such it may be called, is, as has been marked, rather a great western porch, but in construction similar to a transept. Its west front is nearly all destroyed, but it seems to have had a great Norman doorway, with a single wide and lofty window over it, as at Jedburgh, and over this a circular light. As in the transepts, the side windows are of the ordinary semicircular-headed kind, tier above tier, and all pretty nearly of the same size. Adjoining the transept on the south, is a sacristy or chapel with a simple waggon-vault, a west doorway, and a hole for light at the east end, which perhaps represents an original aperture. There is also a mouldering hole in the south wall, near the west end, which may represent a piscina. The walls are arcaded, like those of the nave and transepts, with enriched intersecting arches, and along the north side runs a stone bench. In addition to the entrance, it has had three doorways or recesses, one in the north wall and two in the south. The outside of its south wall has been lately refaced. In the nave is the broken basin of a circular font, with marks of fastenings of cover, and beside it a portion of a stone coffin with the usual grooves leading to a central perforation. Stone graves have been found, containing undisturbed interments, and a piece of textile fabric from one of them is preserved at the Museum. Such, then, are the remains of the once famous Abbey of Kelso, whose abbots long claimed precedence over their fellows in Scotland, and whose walls sheltered the grave of Prince Henry, the founder's eldest son.

Jedburgh was founded by David as a priory for Austin Canons, and dedicated to

the Blessed Virgin. It was afterwards reconstituted as an abbey. The building comes next to Kelso, as well in date of foundation as in style of work, so far as its main bulk is concerned. There are, however, two or three Norman arches left in the ruined choir, which look earlier, while the clerestory above them has a later appearance than anything at Kelso. The intervening triforium is of the ordinary Norman type, open to the aisle roof. The nave is distinctly later in style than any part of the original choir, except its Early English clerestory. Though its aisles are destroyed, its noble proportions and scale remind us of Cathedral churches, some of which it greatly surpasses, being no doubt one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings in Scotland. The style is late Transitional, quite verging on Early English in the clerestory. The piers are clustered, with Transitional volutes and square abaci; the arches pointed. The triforium arches are semicircular, each enclosing two pointed sub-arches. The clerestory is occupied by a continuous arcade of lancet arches, forming panels and windows in alternate couples. The west front has a fine wide Norman arch, with the central opening unusually narrow in proportion to the enormously developed mouldings, surmounted by three gablets with empty niches. Over the door is a single great central semicircular-headed window, and over that a circular window, in which radiating tracery has been inserted at a later period. In front of the lower window, within the church, is the place from which the choristers sang "All glory, laud, and honour," on Palm Sunday, while the rest of the procession responded from the outside. In a portion of the south aisle wall which is yet standing, may be seen the mouldering Norman doorway which led to the east walk of the cloisters, and along the wall runs a row of hooked stone corbels for the cloister roof. Such, then, are the chief remaining features of the original building. Later additions or rebuildings are these, viz., the north transept, which is of the Decorated period, but of almost Norman massiveness, though with projecting buttresses; it is now walled off, and used as a burial place by the Lothian family; the south aisle of the choir, of similar date; the central tower and the recasing of the piers and rebuilding of the semicircular arches under it; here we find carved "Abbas Thomas Cranston," and "ioh hal." The tower is without buttresses, and extremely simple in design. It has a perforated parapet of square openings cusped, and altogether is almost exactly like the tower at Melrose. The ruins, like those of Kelso, stand in the middle of the town, and have a striking and imposing effect from a little distance, though the tower at Jedburgh is poor in comparison with the noble remnant of one at Kelso.

Dryburgh is said to be on the site of an Anglo-Saxon establishment, of which St. Modan was the first abbott or bishop, A.D. 522. This supposition is confirmed by a base of an Anglo-Saxon cross, with the usual square hole for the shaft, absurdly described as a "font" or "lavatory," or as "Druidical," and intended to hold sacrificial ashes. The present monastery was founded in A.D. 1150, for Premonstratensian canons, by Hugh de Morville, Lord of Lauderdale, or, as some say, by his master, King David I. In 1322, it was burnt by Edward II. on his return to England, and rebuilt soon after, in a style which in England would indicate a date of at least a century earlier. The dedication was to St. Mary.

(To be continued.)

MY LORD THE KING;

A Mere Story.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "The Lady Muriel," Gerard Montagu," "Waiting for Her," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

As you leave the village and approach the Low-Light which stands sentinel at the entrance of Barton-le-Bar—a quiet little watering-place in the north of England—you catch a glimpse of the ancient town of Abbot Wrington, picturesquely situated on a peninsula which juts out into the German Ocean, forming a pretty

background to the waste of waters which flow between. There is the old harbour, and its quaint light-house at the end of the little pier, the remains of the old wall skirting the town seaward, the turrets and steeples of the New Town Hall, the churches, the public buildings, and the grand old battlemented tower of the Collegiate Church, dedicated to St. Bega 700 years ago. There it stands crowning the town like a diadem the head of a king. Perhaps the simile is not so far-fetched when one remembers that it was an ancestor of the kings of Scotland who founded that venerable pile. His tomb—with the lion of Scotland, still visible, carved on its blue marble sides (though it has been exposed to the wild winds of Heaven for the last 150 years, instead of adorning the chancel, as once it did)—yet remains a testimony to his piety and munificence. A long ridge of sand, covered with manufactories and workmen's cottages, connects the old town with the new; but as South Wrington lies low, you see but little of it, save the roofs of the gigantic warehouses, the slender tower and lantern of the handsome church, and a windmill or two, which gives character to the picture.

Two men were lying on the grass on the low cliff, one autumn day in 1864, just at the spot I have indicated, looking at the fleet of ships sailing out of the two harbours.

"Pretty sight," said Harry Mennell, a young ruddy-faced stripling, with clear grey eyes and light curly hair, and something more than the suspicion of whiskers, and a by no means meagre moustache. Harry's great feature was his moustache; and, like the Emperor of the French, he made a great deal out of that usually inexpressive hirsute appendage. It was a long, curly, heavy-drooping, auburn moustache, which our friend Harry had a habit of stroking with the first finger and thumb of his right hand whenever he was excited or thinking deeply on any subject. To look at him now, you could not think he ever thought deeply upon anything. There he lay, five feet eleven in his stocking feet, caressing his moustache, and looking over the bay at the town of Abbot Wrington with a gaze of listless languor, which, by the way, vastly became him.

"Pretty sight"—our hero repeated musingly—"very pretty—; but one gets *tired of it.*"

"Well, what's up now, Mennell," his companion inquired, "when you asked me to come down here from Durham to coach you during the 'long,' you said you wanted to get to a quiet place to read for your degree, and now you are no longer settled here for a week or two than you want to be off again?"

"Don't be cross, old fellow; you know its awfully slow here. I daresay it would be jolly enough if one knew the people; but as a total stranger—barring the bathing and boating—I can't see much in Barton to recommend it. Fact is, Mark, I went into the town yesterday, and found out that the boat starts to-morrow for Antwerp, and so I thought I would just run over for a week or two to recruit. You know I've been reading hard since we've been here."

The Rev. Mark Chaplin burst into a hearty laugh.

"Excuse, me, my dear fellow, but I can't help it," he said apologetically. "I like the idea of your reading hard—three hours a day, and half of that time wasted;" and again the young cleric exploded in something very like a loud guffaw.

"I don't quite see where the laugh comes in," Harry remarked sententiously.

"Daresay not!" responds Mr. Chaplin. "Did'nt see it when you got rusticated at Oxford for the third time. Seriously, my dear boy, I really wish you would read. What am I to say to your lady mother, when her youthful son will do nothing towards getting the family living but smoke very good cigars, lie on the beach reading 'Bell's Life' and 'Byron,' and take to bathing at all sorts of unseemly hours in unseemly places?"

"Now that's bosh, Chaplin, about the bathing. You know I only once went down early in the morning, and seeing that great wreck on the sands, full of water—I'm sure it's six feet deep in some places—I couldn't resist the temptation of having a quiet dive. I believe *you* brought up that old peripatetic philosopher Miss Benchen, yourself, just as I was going to dress."

"I'm sure I did'nt," Mr. Chaplin says solemnly; "but how the old lady screamed when she saw you. By the way, if you

really mean to go to Antwerp to-morrow, when does your lordship intend to return, because, as it happens, I had a letter from Mrs. Mennell this morning, in which she says she hopes I shall accompany you on your return home, and that she expects you this week?"

"Oh, ah! Maud's birthday! Nice girl, Maud, they want me to marry her; she has money you know, and likes me rather, I believe—you've not seen her yet, I think?"

"No; I've not had the pleasure."

"Well, you will then; so I advise you to make play, old man, and bowl me out if you can. She's very good looking, a dear girl, and has £500 or £600 a-year of her own, I know."

"Thanks for the recommendation, but I'm afraid I should have no chance."

"Very possibly not, my dear fellow, when *I* am in the way; but as I am going to Antwerp for a fortnight or so, you will have 'a clear field and no favour.'"

From which conversation the reader may gather that the two young gentlemen were intimate friends, and that one, at least, of them was on good terms with himself and all the world, and that he seemed to be—which, indeed he was—very much his own master.

CHAPTER II.

FROM SOUTH WRINGTON TO ANTWERP.

Eleven o'clock on the night of the 16th September, 1864—a clear, balmy, autumn night, the full moon shining down upon a forest of masts—a large steamer, the "Gipsy King," waiting near the dock-gates for the tide to start at 2 a.m. for Antwerp. A glorious night, truly, for the voyage; not a cloud to be seen, scarcely a breath of wind stirring; the hour is just striking from a neighbouring tower, and as its last notes dies away on the soft still air, a group of people approach the steamer, and as they step on board the curious wayfarer may notice particularly two members of the party, the one a tall graceful girl, with a clear, pale complexion and large lustrous eyes, beautifully-fringed lashes and well-arched brows, a crowd of ebon locks carelessly falling off a face of singular loveliness, and hanging negligently over her sloping shoulders; a *tout ensemble* eminently patrician, and a carriage worthy of a queen.

The other, an elderly gentleman (aged with care and anxiety as much as with years) tall and thin, of once commanding figure, but now stooping somewhat.

A pleasant, genial, kindly face he has, with a woman's smile, indicative of woman's tenderness, possibly of her weakness, too.

And yet, at times, there is a certain indescribable something which seems to indicate that it had not *always* been so.

"Well, Marian," the old gentleman says, "we are likely to have a fine passage, I think."

"Yes, father dear, it will be so nice. I'm so very glad we are going; it is so good of you to take me."

"Father and daughter apparently," Mr. Chaplin whispers to his friend, Mennell, as the two stroll leisurely up just as the others go on board. "You are likely to have a pleasant passage; she has a very sweet face."

"Good night, old fellow," Harry Mennell replies, not heeding his remark. "Tell my mother I shall be home next week, or the week after."

The two part company. After a very hearty shake of the hand, our young hero strolls leisurely on deck, and having previously sent on board his luggage and secured a berth, takes his stand on the bridge and proceeds to light a cigar, puffing away steadily for a quarter of an hour or so, a victim to many thoughts.

"May I offer you one, sir," he says politely to the old gentleman, who, after seeing his daughter to her berth, and strongly recommending her to retire at once as the most certain preventive to sea-sickness, betakes himself above again, tempted by the wonderful calmness and beauty of the night.

"No, I thank you," the other answers; I never smoke myself, but pray don't leave off for my sake," he adds, as Harry quietly knocks the ashes off the end of his cigar and extinguishes it.

"Thanks; I've smoked enough, I dare say," Harry remarks, "and I don't much care for it when others don't."

"I presume we are the only cabin passengers?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so; my daughter

tells me there are no other ladies except herself."

"I trust we shall have a good passage—it's only thirty-six or forty hours at the outside—for Miss ——; I mean your daughter's sake," Harry added, remembering he was not yet acquainted with his companion's name.

"My name is Mauleverer," said his companion, smilingly, noticing his remark.

"And mine is Mennell," Harry answers as frankly; "so I suppose we may consider ourselves introduced to each other."

There was so much that was frank, manly, open, and genuine about the younger man—so much that was genial and sympathetic about the elder, that they speedily became great friends; and there they sat chatting for a hour or more, as if they were really old chums, quite forgetting that before that evening they had probably never heard of each other's existence. Mr. Mauleverer was one of those (there are not many of them) who at sixty are as young in mind, as chivalrous, as open-hearted, as gentlemanly, and a great deal less selfish than a hundred young men of twenty. At that age, we are all supposed to be full of noble instincts—worn away, alas! but too often after rough contact with the world; but generosity and nobleness are not always allied with youth. With such a man, Harry was at home in five minutes; and ere they parted that night, they had learnt much of each other's previous history, and much, also, of their present plans and future prospects.

"You see, Mr. Mennell," the old man observed, "I don't complain; but it does not pay very well in our branch of the service, at least in these days, to serve *my Lord the King*, as I did when I first entered, forty years ago."

"Our Lady the Queen now, sir, it would be," Harry replied, smilingly.

"Ah, to be sure, it is our Lady now; but when I first entered, a mere lad, it was when George the Third was King."

It may as well here be remarked that Mr. Mauleverer had been known as one of the best and most satirical political writers of his day.

He was placed in a Government office when to be in one meant good pay and little to do; a very different thing to what it is now-a-days, and he employed his leisure hours in writing for the press. So long as he wrote on art, the drama, travel, and so forth—and he could write well on these—no one interfered with him; but as soon as he took to politics, he was perpetually getting reminders from head quarters that it must *not* be continued.

However, matters went on in this way for years. For a long time Mr. Mauleverer would write under an anonymous signature, and then he was comparatively secure; but at last, some article, particularly caustic and severe against the Radicals, would come out, and being traced home to Mr. Mauleverer, he got into trouble.

At length the Liberal party having succeeded in getting into office, and it being distinctly shown that Mr. Mauleverer, of the Military Store Department, had written certain articles in "Whitewood's Magazine," and other organs of the Tory party, advantage was taken of an attack of illness, which had kept him confined to his bed for some weeks, and he was suddenly superannuated, and placed on something like half-pay.

With an income of £300 instead of £700 per annum, and rather expensive, or, perhaps, I should say luxurious habits, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Mauleverer felt the change considerably, and the more so on account of the recent death of his wife and eldest daughter, the only near relatives he had in the world, except Marian. Like too many others of his class—clergymen, half-pay officers, Government officials—he had been dazzled by the large profits advertised by certain great companies (limited), and thinking the security good, had invested his daughter's little fortune (in his own name, Marian not being of age), together with all he possessed, in one of the most famous of these.

The prospectus showed clearly that of the £50 shares, no more than £20 would be called up, and £15 of that was already paid. The company had commenced half-yearly dividends of ten per cent., and the reports of the directors were always of the most flattering and rose-coloured character. Mr. Mauleverer thought he could not do better than invest in Goverend, Urney and Co. (Limited), in

order to raise his income to his former salary; and, accordingly, his name was duly transcribed on the orthodox stamped paper, as the transferee of one hundred and fifty shares, bought of one John Bond, unknown; which shares were selling in the market at 22¼, and only £15 paid up.

If all the world was running after them, why should not Mr. Mauleverer?—and that gentleman was quite satisfied at having placed his daughter's £2,000 and his own £1,400 to so great an advantage.

But more of this anon.

As the "Gipsy King" slowly steamed out of the harbour and away into the German Ocean, the two gentlemen made the acquaintance of the captain, a nice fellow who had been out in Spain with the British contingent, and who was never tired of telling how he got knighted there, and he proceeded to initiate them into some of the lesser mysteries of nautical life, much to their satisfaction. Then they watched the land slowly recede and disappear in the darkness, as the vessel plunged its way through the still waters, leaving a track of living light in the lovely phosphorescent glow which plays upon the surface of the sea in the quiet autumn nights, and retired at length to their berths, mutually pleased with each other's society.

Harry was up early, and having made friends with the steward, that functionary with the assistance of one of the crew, gave him a morning bath in the shape of half-a-dozen buckets of water fresh from the briny deep, neatly delivered in the manner of shower baths, but with what the philosophers would call *cumulative force*, set that young man up for the day. Mr. Johnson was said to have regretted his kindness, as he afterwards complained to the captain, confidentially, of the tremendous appetite of the young gentleman after performing his novel ablutions; and the captain, who presided, of course, at the mess, fully corroborated the views of his satellite as to the voracity of our hero.

At the breakfast-table, Harry met Miss Mauleverer, and was at once struck with the ethereal character of her beauty, and by the quiet repose of manner and perfect self-possession she displayed. There was an undefined something, a kind of fascination which he felt in her presence, which made him gaze and gaze again in silent admiration on his fair enslaver, and certainly added fuel to the kindling flame. If she was conscious of the profound impression she had made, she took care not to show it; but Mr. Mauleverer having introduced the young people in due form (he was a gentleman of the old school) easily led the conversation into subjects of general interest, and at once convinced her rapt listener that whilst there was beauty there was also intellect allied to it in the interesting girl who could converse so readily and well with one, who, but yesterday, was a total stranger to her.

Thirty or forty hours on a steamboat in lovely weather, with only one or two other passengers on board, tend to make friendships which a year of more casual acquaintance would fail to ripen into the deeper feeling indicated by the word.

At least our friends found it so. After breakfast there was nothing to do but sit about on the deck, watching the land gradually appear and disappear as they passed down the coast towards Flamborough Head, and thence nearly to the Yarmouth Roads, before finally leaving the English shores to pilot their way into the Netherlands. A day of cloudless splendour—scarcely a breeze stirring—the sea as calm as if it were only a great lake o'er which storms never swept. The sea-gulls flying by on drowsy wing, a score or two of sailing-vessels with every stitch set, going by so slowly in the distance that one fancied they must be becalmed; scarcely a sound but the thundering reiteration of the screw restlessly ploughing its way through the yeasty foam created by the rapid progress of the vessel.

So they pass the Outer Dowsing light, and now they are speeding their way over towards the low-lying shores of Holland and Belgium.

One meal follows another in quick succession, and the fresh, balmy, pure sea-breeze seemed to put new life into the whole party, and sharpen the appetite to that extent that charming Maid Marian merrily apologises for the hearty dinner and tea she makes; but, as the gentlemen plead likewise to the impeachment, they mutually absolve each other, and hourly become more friendly and intimate.

As the sun sets, Harry goes below for Miss Mauleverer's shawl, and so they sit

out on deck for two or three hours, each declaring that it is a shame to go below on such a lovely, balmy night; besides, the cabin is so close and stifling, Harry vows it would make Marian ill if she persisted in retiring soon.

Marian says she likes being on deck much better than going below. Mr. Mauleverer is conversing with the captain on nautical matters; he is always doing what a friend of ours calls *sucking people's brains* in the hope of learning something new, and accordingly leaves the young people very much to themselves.

"And so, Miss Mauleverer" (Harry is speaking) "your family was one of those which sided with the Stuarts, in 1715, and *lost!*"

"Yes; we were always Jacobites, you must know; and so when the Old Pretender—as they called him—claimed his people's suit and service for *My Lord the King* (my father's favourite phrase), my great-grandfather, cousin of Lord Derwentwater, was one of the first to join his standard; and when Prince Charles took his profession as a Knight Templar at Holyrood, in 1745, he was by his side at the time, and joined the Masonic Cavaliers with him."

"Was it then your family was attainted?"

"Yes; the Earl of Derwentwater was taken from us; and my grandfather, finding the name of Radcliffe no passport to Royal favour, on his second marriage took his wife's name with her property, and so we became Mauleverers."

"Well, I hope the attainder may be reversed some day, and I may salute you as Countess of Derwentwater in your own right."

"Oh, thanks," Marian replied, with a merry, silvery laugh; "I'm afraid we have little chance of that, as papa says he is nearly certain some descendants of the elder branch are still living. They settled in the Low Countries, I believe, and some of them intermarried with noble families in France and Italy. But I really don't know so much as I ought to do about the family pedigree, though I daresay I shall learn something now, as papa is going abroad respecting this as well as for his health's sake."

Then there was a silence, and Harry sighed.

"Oh dear; please don't do that again," Marian murmurs, with feigned anxiety and an arched smile, "you quite give me the dismals. May so old a friend (sixteen hours, isn't it?) venture to ask what that dreadful sigh was all about?"

"Oh, I dont know; but it's of no consequence. I was only thinking how curious it is that if a man likes anybody very much, ten to one they are separated, and soon forget each other" (which was a round-about way of putting matters, to say the least, and certainly not very grammatical).

Marian was silent.

"Have you never met with anyone, Miss Mauleverer, who has at once, as it were, seemed like an old, old friend?"

"Have you?" Marian replies interrogatively.

"Only once, and then I felt—I know not what I felt—but it was a certain fascination which drew me to her, until it seemed as if I loved *her* more than anyone else in the world—as if I never could love any one more but her."

"Indeed; it was a lady then?"

"Yes; you don't think it could be a man?"

"I don't know; one has heard of David and Jonathan, and Damon and Pythias."

"Well, yes—in the old days men might have felt like that, but not now."

"I am afraid, Mr. Mennell, you have not a very good opinion of your sex; but pray what was your lady-love like?"

"She had dark hair, like you."

"Well?"

"And regular features, and a pale face, rather sad, and large eyes. I must not flatter you, so I will not describe them, but they were very beautiful."

"Thanks for the intended compliment. I am quite interested in your fair friend."

"Would you like to know her name?"

"No, not to-night; you shall tell me another time, if you like. It is getting chilly, and dreadfully late," said Marian, rising to go. "You needn't see me down; I know you are dying to have a cigar, which your politeness has prevented you enjoying before. Good-night."

And Marian tripped off before Harry could say another word.

"What a darling she is. Confound it, I wish I had'nt come. I don't believe she

cares a jot about me; and why should she?" he added, after taking one or two strides up and down the deck. "Why should she? I've only known her for about a day—hardly that yet! I'm afraid I shall make an ass of myself!"

As sweet Maid Marian lay down that night, she thought over the events of the day. It was all like a golden dream, and she shuddered to think that perhaps to-morrow she must wake to find that it was *nothing but a dream.* As she turned and tossed for the last time ere falling to sleep, she murmured to herself, "He loves me! he loves me?"

(To be Continued.)

ONLY A ROSE.

BY C. C. HASKINS, 32°

From the "Masonic Advocate."

[Read at the Easter Celebration of Mt. Moriah Chapter, S. P. R. + April 1, 1877.]

A weary pilgrim—so the story goes—
Had trod through burning sands long, weary days,
And suffered thirst and hunger on his way.
His scanty scrip had failed in time of need,
And sorrow pressed upon his weakened frame,
His straggling locks of silv'ry gray streamed out
Like silken webs upon the ev'ning breeze;
His tattered robes were travel-stained and old,
His cheek was pale and thin, his shoulders bowed,
And wearily upon his staff he leaned,
Yet FAITH and HOPE within his breast remained,
Faith in that Power which ruleth from on high,
Hope in a blessed immortality;
But that blessed handmaid, greatest of the three—
Where could he hope to find sweet CHARITY?
Around, or far or near, no friend was there
With loving hand outstretched in her blest name.
No kindly word had cheered his lonely way,
For in that land no Cross uprears its head,
No roses blossom on glad Easter morn,
The faith he held—whichever way he turned—
In lieu of bread brought only taunts and scorn,
And scoffs were his in place of gentle words.
At night the stars shone bright upon the sands,
Where lay the pilgrim till the rising dawn,
And heaven's broad arch, his canopy of blue,
Gave all it had for charity—in tears.
Each morn the sun rose hot and fiercely shone
To parch the famished wand'rer on his way,
As on his bended knees he faintly breathed
A moan of supplication to the Living Name:
"Give me but strength so my vow I fulfil,
Lead me, support me! Hear, Lord this my cry!
Save me, oh Father! if this be thy will,
Help! that on holier soil I may die!"
A homely hut beside the path stood near,
Which in the noon-tide glare seemed fresh and cool,
And half invited, tempted from his way,
The trav'ler longed within its bowers to rest.
Yet feared the boon so coveted to ask,
For past experience had wrought distrust,
And stones for bread too oft he had received.
But hunger pressed—and hunger knows no law—
While through his fevered sense he seemed to hear
The murmuring laughter of a brooklet near.
He neared the gate that showed this path of hope;
He trembling raised the lattice latch with fear,
Then slowly trod the vine-bowered pathway close,
And lightly tapped the shaded cottage door
A stern, rude, heartless greeting met his ear
As turned the door, and comfort showed within.

He bowed his head and fast the streaming tears
In torrents coursed the pale and furrowed cheek,
As disappointment crushed his last faint hope,
And death seemed waiting at the vine-clad door.
Alas! that holy creeds will sever friends!
That charity is dumb when sect step in,
And love is dead outside the narrow pale
Which circumscribes a duty to belief!
Behold the picture! Here a stricken man
Dying of hunger at the stranger's door
Where plenty is, and yet a crust refused
For this alone—he kneels not at a shrine
Which others hold the true and better one.
Faint on the floor the weary pilgrim sinks,
As one low sentence trembles on his lips,
In words of magic yet familiar tongue.
From out his scrip a symbol now he brings,
Which bears a rose of pure and spotless white,
And pressing this upon his bleeding lips
He falls exhausted upon the cottage floor.
Ah! wondrous change! a kindlier voice he hears,
A helping hand supports his fainting form,
A brother kneels, HOPE bids his sinking faith revive.
While CHARITY steps forth commanding him to live.

* * * * * * *

Know ye this tie that binds all creeds in one?
This ROSE that holds as brothers all mankind?
Guard well! let precept into practice run
To show the world how charity may bind.

New Albany, Indiana.

Our Archæological Corner.

ORDEYNANCE ARTICULIS AND CONSTITUCIONES ordeyned and graunted by the WORSHYPFULL MAISTRES and WARDEYNES in the Worship of the Bretherhed of SAYNT LOYE att the Fest of Ester with alle the hole company of the CRAFTE OF BLAKSMYTHES who assemble in SEYNT THOMAS of Acres and thence to the GREY FRERES in London. Founded and ordeyned atte the Fest of Ester 1434—12 Henry VI.

[Liber 3 More. 1418—1438. f. 455. (1435)].

In the worship of almyghtte Gode oure Lady and all the holi company of hevene and in the worship of Seynt Loye atte the fest of Ester in the yer of Kyng Henry the vj^{the} after the Conqueste the xij^{te} The Worshypfull Maistres and Wardeynes with alle the hole company of the Crafte of Blaksmythes of London hathe ordeyned and graunted to the servantes of the seyd Crafte that they shul come in to the brethered of the sayd Saynt Loye as hit was of olde tyme and thei to kepe trewelie and deweli al the ordynance articulis and constituciones the whiche is ordeyned be al the worthi compani of the seyd Crafte.

Firste they byn accorded and graunted be the seyd company that every servant synguderly shal pay a quarter ij d. to his Bretherhed and everi suster j d. And if ther be eny newe cliant will come into the Bretherhed to be a brother he shal pay for his yncomyng ij s.

Allso they byn acorded hennesfortheward that if hit soo be that ony strangere other alyant come to London to have a servyse in the Crafte he shalbe reseyved in to the Crafte to serve ij wokes and after that he to make his covenant iij yer, he to have for his saleri be yer xl s. And whanne the seyd servant shal make his covenant thanne at that tyme shal be the wardeyne the wheche is asyned be the yere that he may bere witnesse of the covenant and thet the seyd wardeyne may reherce to the seyd servant al the governance of the Crafte he forto treweli and deweli to kepe hem.

Also they byn acorded that the seyd servantes schal not doo no maner thyng the wheche that perteyneth to the seyd Crafte and of here Bretherhed of articules constitucionys and ordinances withouten thet they have to conseyll of the same wardeyne thet is chosen to be here governour opon the peyne of xiij s. iiij d.

Also they byn acorded that ther schal no servant of the seyde Crafte susteyne ne socour noo neweman that cometh newe to

toune to have servyse be noo maner crafte ne collusioun but in the forme aforeseyde.

Also they byn acorded that no master of the seyd Crafte shal not susteyne ne sucour noo servant otherwyse thanne the seyde constituciones and ordynance afore seid specefie.

Also thei byn acorded that from hennesfortheward whenne eny stranger cometh to London to have a servise oni of the servantes knoweth that he will have a servise he shall brynge him to a mastir to serve and to warne the wardeyne that is here governour that he may be at the covenant makyng.

Also they ben acorded that the seyd servantes shal come and geder into the place the wheche is nessesari to hem at sevene of the bell in here clothyng of here Bretherhed soo that they mai come to Seynt Thomas of Acres be ix of the bell to goo fro thennes before the Maistres of the Crafte to the Grey Freres to here mas in the worshup of the holy seynt afore seyd apon the payne aforeseyde.

Also they byn acorded that the seyd articles be treweli and duely ikepte apon the payne of xx s. And that the same persone that is founden in ony defaute he to be corrected be the wardeyne that is here governoure and be the wardeynes of the Bretherhed of yomen to stonde at here discrecioun in alle maner degre. Also he that cometh nat at all maner of somons the wheche is worship and profit to the seyd Bretherhed of yomen shall pay ateveri tyme a pounde of wax but if he have a resonable excusacioun.

Also thei ben acorded that there schall be a bedell of the yomen and the seyd bedel to take for his salari be the quarter of every brother of the seyd Brethered ob.

And wanne eny distaunce other thyng that perteyneth to the seyd Bretherhed the wheche that is profit and worship to the seyde Brethered he to have for his labour j d. ob. And whanne eny brother other sister be passed to God the seyd bedell to have for his traveyle ij. d.

Also they byn acorded that if hit soo be that ony servant hennesfortheward be founden false of his hondes or in eny other degre at the first defaute he to be corrected be the overseer that is ordeyned to the Bretherhed of yomen and be the wardeynes of the same. And at the secounde tyme he that is founde in such a defaute schalbe put oute of the Crafte for evere. And at the first defaute hoo that is founde in that degre shal make a fyne to the Crafte that is to seye iiij s. halfe to torne (*sic*) to turne to the box of the Maistres and halfe to the box of the yomen.

Also they byn acorded that they shull chese newe Mastres at the fest of Seynt Loy. And that the olde Maistres yeve up here acountes to the newe at the fest of Cristemasse. And thenne that to be here quarter day. And the newe Maistres be bounde to the olde. And that this artycul be treweli and deweli to be kepte apon the peyne of xiij s. iiij d.

Also ther shal not on brother plete with another at no maner place withouten leve of the wardeynesse and xij^{e} of the bretheren in the peyne of xiij s. iiij d.

Also if ther be eny brother that forsaketh here clothyng schal paye to the boxe of the seyde yomen xij d.

Also they byn acorded whosoever be wardeyne withoute the gate he schall not have the box in kepyng nother the wex in governance but he shall have a key of the box and another of the wex. Also they byn acorded if therbe eny brother that telleth the counseyle of the seyd Brethered to his master prentis or to eny other man he shall paye to the box ij s. halfe to the Maistres and that other halfe to here oune box. And the seyde money to be reysed of the Mastres.

Also they byn acorded if therbe eny brother that revylet the wardeyns or eny of here brethren he shal pay xij d. halfe to the master box the tother halfe to there oune box.

Also if the wardeynes be mys governed ayenest ony brother the foreseyd brother shall playne to the Master of the Crafte and the Mastre forto correcte the foreseyd wardeyns.

Also a remembrance that in the tyme that William Fercur was wardeyne of blakesmythes and governour of yomen of blakesmythes in that tyme John Water, John Specer, Jhaferey More, and John Lamborn, Mastres of the yomen aforeseyd and xij^{e} of the same company: We have ordeyned that every brother shall pay the firste dai vj d. and everi wif of the seyd brethren iiij d. and also at the quarter day everi man and his wif iij d. And also if eny of the seid

bretheren or here wyves be absent fro oure comon dyner or elles fro oure quater dai schall pai as moche as if he or sho were present

Also we be fulli acorded that he that hath byn wardeyn of the yomen he shall not be chose within vj yere next foloyng aftur, and thei that chese hym til the vj yer ful passed thei shall pai vj s. viij d. to the box.

Also we byn acorded that thei that byn wardeynes of the foreseid yomen thei shal abyde ther in ij yere.

Also we byn acorded that the wardeyns that byn choson for the yer shal geder up here quarterage clere before the tyme that they go out of her offis.

Also the bretheren be acorded that fro Mychelmas fortheward everi brother shal pay for his quarterage j d. and for that is behynde thei shall gedre hit up as hit was before.

Also at the quarter dai we will have baken conys as hit was be gonne, and what Master that breketh this ordynance everi pece shall pay vj s. viij d. halfe to the Mastres box and halfe to oure box.

Johannes Lamborne
Johannes Peyntur
Galfridus More
Johannes Water
Willielmus Johnson
Willielmus Wodryse
Stephanus Manne
Johanna Uxenisdenne
Ricardus Abbot
Jacobus Barton
Johannes Fantard
Johannes Sylvester
Willielmus Walpoll
Rogerus Holdernesse
Willielmus Breteyn
Johannes Trefelweth
Johannes Lynne
Thomas Kelen
Johannes Criste
Johannes Hermes
Petrus Leyre
Willielmus Mapull
Elizabet uxor ejusdem
Johannes Broune
Robertus Edward
Robertus Rose
Johannes Fraunces
Johannes Tachon
Johannes Coventre
Egidius Fauderle
Thomas Lemmoryk
Thomas Foxe
Stephanus Clampard
Johannes Stone
Willielmus Syxsumby
Johannes Kyng
Johannes Wolston
Thomas Klerk
Willielmus Rolston
Johannes Hille
Petrus Patrik
Willielmus Baudewyn
Robertus Penmore
Johannes Harvye
Johannes Baron
Robertus Edward
Holiverous Broune
Reginaldus Brombey
Henricus Smyth
Hugo Robard
Willielmus Mors
Willielmus Langwyth
Robertus Caton
Johannes Warner
Willielmus Frebody
Johannes Hayne
Martinus John
Johannes Goddesfaste capellanus
Johannes Newerk
Willielmus Warde
Stephanus Priour
Andreas Dericsoun
Johannes Aylewyn
Thomas Cristemas
Willielmus clericus apud Sanctum Zacarie
Petrus Ryley
Willielmus Bolivere
Rogerus Clerk

[Examined, 14 May, 1852, John Robert Daniel-Tyssen.]

THE TRYST.

BY SAVARICUS.

In yonder grove, where purling streamlets flow,
A maiden waiteth in the sylvan shade;
The summer sunshine on the scene doth glow,
And songs of birds resound through dell and glade.
"Oh Love." The murm'ring zephyrs seem to say;
"How sweet to tarry on a sunny day
"Beside a brook, and dream the soul away."

And she that waiteth, doth a tarriance make
For one expected there; and now she sings
Her sweetest song, rejoicing for his sake.
With joyous note the woodland echo rings;
Her anxious heart is palpitating fast,
A voice! The voice of him; all doubt is past,
Oh! Perfect bliss, the lovers meet at last.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Paris, Friday Afternoon,
16th July, 1790.—By the Post.

On recollecting what I have written, I do not think I have impressed sufficiently that the National Assembly were *very ill* received, not an Huzza, or Vive la Nation: that they are extremely mortified and discontented, or rather displeased; that the Deputies from the Provinces are for the most part *strictly Royalists*, that ten thousand of them quitted their station in the Champ de Mars, and literally came and flung themselves at the foot of the Throne, crying out "Vive le Roi." This enthusiasm and the fear of offending them prevented all those little humiliations which were intended. Count Modène has more to say than you are aware of, and I often think his opinion carries great weight: his advice is, "not one act of authority;" "The People have caused the Revolution—they only can undo their own work."

I forward three pamphlets and a plan:—

PROCLAMATION DU ROI,

Concernant l'ordre à observer le 14 Juillet, jour de la Fédération générale.

Du 11 Juillet, 1790.

DE PAR LE ROI.

Le Roi s'étant fait rendre compte des mesures prises, tant par le Maire de Paris, que par le Comité de la Municipalité & de l'Assemblée Fédérative de la dite Ville, pour régler les travaux préparatoires de la Cérémonie qui doit avoir lieu le 14 de ce mois; Et voulant prévenir toutes les difficultés qui pourroient apporter quelque trouble ou empêchement, a jugé nécessaire de manifester par la présente Proclamation, l'ordre qui a paru devoir être observé, tant pour le logement des Membres de la Fédération, que pour leur Marche jusqu'au lieu de la Cérémonie, afin qu'aucun obstacle ne puisse en troubler l'ordre ou en affoiblir la majesté.

Le rendez-vous général des différens Corps qui composent la Fédération, aura lieu sur le Boulevart du Temple, à six heures du matin.

Ils se mettront en marche & se rendront au Champ de Mars, dans l'ordre indiqué par le tableau annexé à la présente Proclamation, & que Sa Majesté a approuvé.

Il n'y aura de Troupes armées de fusils, que celles qui seront de service.

Nulles voitures ne pourront se placer à la suite de celles qui conduiront Sa Majesté, la famille Royale & leur cortége. Si quelque Député de la Fédération ou autre personne invitée, se trouvoit hors d'état de se rendre à pied au Champ de Mars, il leur seroit donné par le Maire de Paris, un billet de permission de voiture & un Cavalier d'ordonnance pour escorte jusqu'à l'Ecole Militaire.

Le sieur de la Fayette, Commandant général de la Garde nationale Parisienne, déjà chargé par un Décret de l'Assemblée Nationale, sanctionné par Sa Majesté, de veiller à la sûreté & à la tranquillité publique, remplira sous les ordres du Roi, les fonctions de Major général de la Confédération; & en cette qualité, les ordres qu'il donnera, seront exécutés comme émanés de Sa Majesté Elle-même.

Le Roi a pareillement nommé Major général en second de la Fédération, pour le jour de cette Cérémonie, le sieur de Gouvion, Major général de la Garde nationale de Parisienne.

Lorsque tous les assistans seront en place, il sera procédé à la bénédiction des Drapeaux et Enseigne, & la Messe sera célébrée.

Le Roi commet le dit sieur de la Fayette pour prononcer le serment de la Fédération, au nom de tous les Députés des Gardes nationales, & de ceux des Troupes de ligne & de la Marine, d'après la formule décrétée par l'Assemblée Nationale, & acceptée par Sa Majesté, & tous les Députés de la Fédération lèveront la main.

Ensuite, le Président de l'Assemblée Nationale prononcera le serment civique pour les Membres de l'Assemblée Nationale, & le Roi prononcera également le serment, dont la formule a été décrétée par l'Assemblée Nationale, & acceptée par Sa Majesté.

Le *Te Deum* sera chanté, & terminera la Cérémonie, après laquelle on sortira du Champ de Mars, dans le même ordre qu'on y sera entré. FAIT à Paris le onze juillet mil sept cent quatre-vingt-dix. *Signé* LOUIS. *Et plus bas*, Par le Roi. GUIGNARD.

ORDRE DE MARCHE.

Pour la Confédération du 14 *Juillet*, 1790.

LE rendez-vous général sera sur le Boulevart du Temple, à six heures du matin : la marche commencera par le Boulevart, suivra rue Saint-Denis, la rue de la Ferronerie, la rue Saint-Honoré, la rue Royale, la Place Louis XV., du côté du Pont tournant, où se joindra l'Assemblée Nationale; ensuite le Quai jusqu'à Chaillot, le Pont, le Champ de Mars. Le cortége marchera dans l'ordre suivant :

Un détachement de Cavalerie nationale ayant sa Musique à sa tête.

Un détachement de Granadiers.

M.rs les Electeurs.

Un détachement de Fusiliers.

M.rs de la Commune.

M.rs du Comité militaire.

Un détachement de Chasseurs.

M.rs les Présidens de Districts.

M.rs de l'Assemblée Fédérative.

La Musique de la ville.

M.rs de la Municipalité, M. le Maire marchant le dernier.

Un corps de Musique.

L'Assemblée Nationale, précédée de ses Huissiers, escortée des deux côtés par la Garde nationale, portant ses soixante Drapeaux.

Un bataillon des Enfans, portant un drapeau sur lequel seront écrits ces mots : *L'espérance de la Patrie.*

Un bataillon des Vétérans.

Musique & Tambours.

Quarante-deux Départemens, avec deux Tambours pour chacun.

Le Porte-oriflâme.

Les Députés des Troupes de ligne, de la Marine, & autres dépendans de l'Armée Françoise.

Musique & Tambours.

Quarante-un Départemens.

Détachement des Gardes nationales à pied.

Détachement de Cavalerie.

Le cortége arrivé au Champ de Mars, chaque Corps y sera placé suivant qu'il lui sera indiqué par le Major ou Aide-major-général.

Et attendu qu'un grand nombre de Volontaires de différens Départemens se sont rendus à Paris pour assister à la Confédération, les deux rangées inférieures de banquettes au pourtour du Champ de Mars, seront réservées pour les Gardes nationaux des Départemens, & pour ceux de Paris qui ne seront pas de service. En conséquence, M.rs les Volontaires seront invités à se réunir par Département, pour arriver & se placer ensemble.

On entrera librement, sauf les places réservées pour l'Assemblée Nationale, les Suppléans, les Ambassadeurs & les Etrangers invités, les Corps ci-dessus dénommés, les Députés des Communes de France & les Volontaires des Gardes nationales.

La cérémonie finie, les différens Corps qui composent la Fédération ; se rendront au château de la Muette, où ils trouveront les rafraîchissemens qui leur auront été préparés.

Approuvé par le Roi.

A Paris, de l'Imprimerie Royale. 1790.

PLAN,

ALLEGORIES ET INSCRIPTIONS DE L'ARC-DE-TRIOMPHE, ET DE L'AUTEL DE LA PATRIE, AU CHAMP-DE-MARS.

De tous les monumens élevés par les hommes, en mémoire d'une époque remarquable, ou pour la célébration d'une fête, on n'a jamais rien vu d'aussi majestueux & d'aussi imposant que l'arc-de-triomphe, servant de portique au champ-de-mars, & l'autel de la patrie, construit au milieu de cette enceinte, les allégories qui servent d'embellissement, & les inscriptions, sont des objets qui méritent d'être connus du public ; le moment de la cérémonie n'a pas permis d'en voir toutes les beautés, & l'idée qu'elles donnent du sujet, doit rester gravée dans le cœur & l'esprit de tous les citoyens.

La face du côté du pont a quelque chose de superbe : formée par trois portiques, elle presente un arc-de-triomphe, qui surpasse tout ce que les anciens ont pu élever dans ce genre.

Au-dessus des portiques est un bas-relief, de la largeur de la face, représentant le peuple accourant prêter le serment.

Sur le premier pillier à droite, en entrant par le portique du milieu, est un faisseau d'armes, supporté par deux figures ; l'une représentant LA VICTOIRE ; l'autre portant un écusson, sur lequel est inscrit LOUIS-SEIZE.

Au-dessus est cette inscription :

Le pauvre, sous le défenseur,
Ne craindra plus que l'oppresseur
Lui ravisse son héritage.

Sur le second pillier à droite, est un semblable faisseau d'armes, supporté par deux figures ; l'une représentant la *Paix* ; l'autre la *Justice* & *l'Equité* ; surmonté de cette inscription :

Tout nous offre d'heureux présages,
Tout flatte nos desirs :
Douce paix,
Loin de nous, écartez les orages,
Et comblez nos plaisirs.

Sur le premier pillier à gauche, face du pont, est un faisseau d'armes, supporté par deux figures : l'une représentant la liberté ; l'autre faisant allégorie à la Bastille, au-dessus duquel est cette inscription :

Consacrés
Au grand travail
De la constitution :
Nous les terminerons.

On remarque que la partie du bas-relief, au-dessus de cette inscription, est un groupe de peuple, exprimant le zèle patriotique, en regardant l'autel de la patrie.

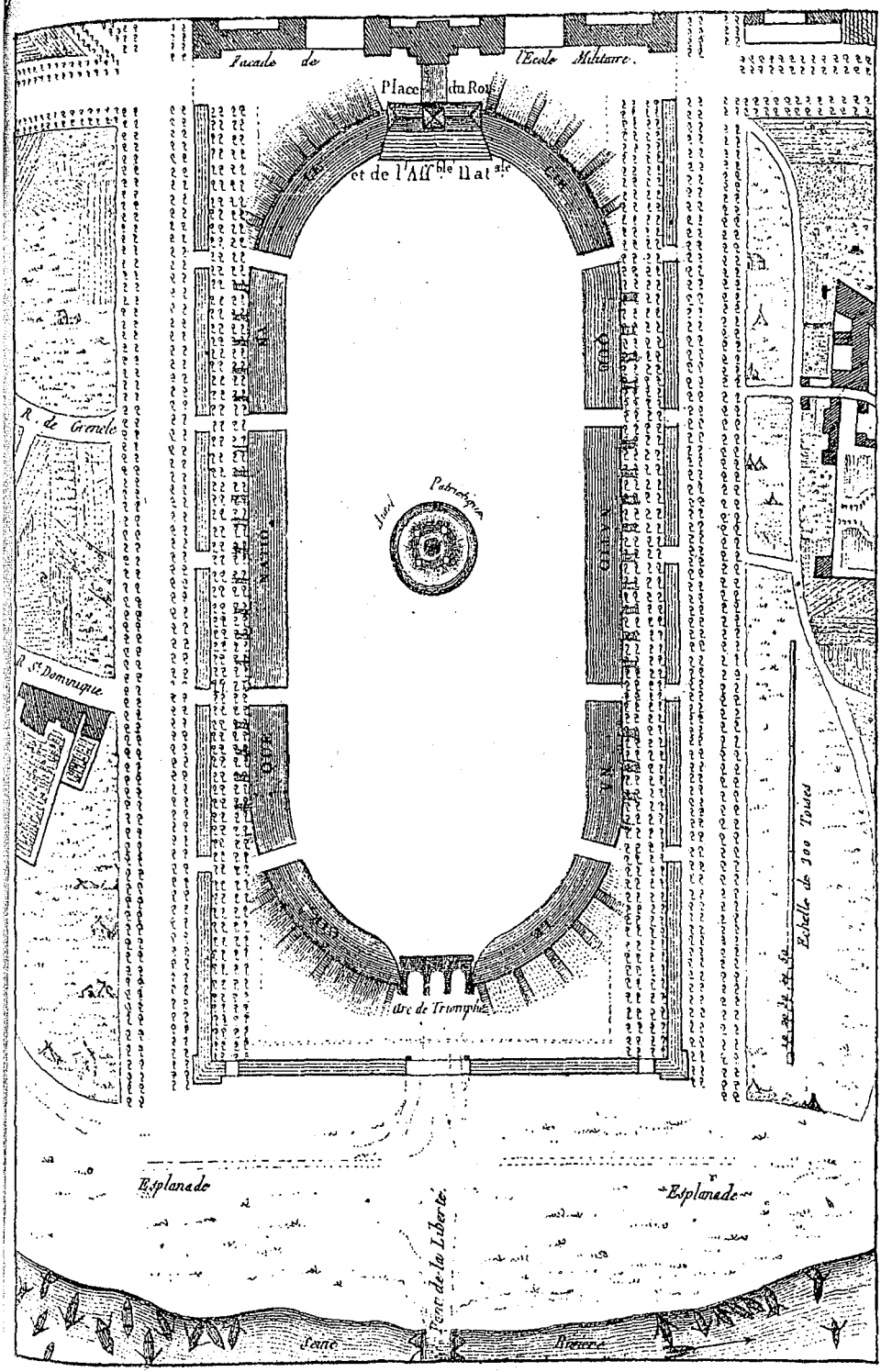
Sur le second pillier à gauche, même face, est un semblable faisseau d'armes, supporté par deux figures, représentantes : l'une la liberté, l'autre les droits de l'homme, au-dessus duquel est cette inscription :

La patrie de la loi
Peut seule nous armer :
Mourons
Pour la défendre,
Et vivons pour l'aimer.

Les figures du bas-relief, au-dessus de cette inscription, sont celles qui, par leur position expressive, appellent les peuples à la fête fédérative.

La force de l'arc-de-triomphe, côté de l'intérieur, fait appercevoir un bas-relief, dans toute sa largeur, représentant le Roi sur un char, précédé de la victoire : la france donnant la main au dauphin que la reine lui présente, les peuples accourant en foule sur son passage : sur le milieu un autel où les vertus brûlent l'encens : à l'extrémité l'envie terrassée, ou plutôt l'aristocratie & le despotisme détruits.

Sur le premier pillier à droite, est un faisseau d'armes, où sont adossées deux figures : l'une représentant l'année 1790,



PLAN du Champ de la CONFEDERATION FRANCOISE, du 14 Juillet 1790, Sur Ci devant le Champ de Mars.
à Paris, chez Bignon, Graveur, Place du Louvre, à l'Accord parfait.

l'autre le serment fédératif, au-dessus duquel est cette inscription :

Le roi
D'un peuple libre,
Est seul
Un roi puissant.

Sur le second pillier à droite, est un semblable faisseau d'armes, où sont adossées deux figures : l'une représentant l'assemblée-nationale, l'autre les vertus civiques : au-dessus est cette inscription :

Vous chérissez cette liberté :
Vous la possédez maintenant :
Montrez-vous
Dignes de la conserver.

Sur le premier pillier à gauche, est également un faisseau d'armes & deux figures adossées, représentants : l'une les décrets de l'assemblée, l'autre, la loi. Au-dessus est cette inscription :

Les droits de l'homme
Etoient méconnus depuis des siècles :
Ils ont été rétablis
Pour l'humanité entière.

Sur le second pillier à gauche, est un semblable faisseau d'armes, supporté par deux figures : l'une représentant la force, l'autre l'union. Au-dessus est cette inscription :

Nous ne vous craindrons plus,
Subalternes tyrans :
Vous qui opprimez
Sous cent noms différens.

L'autel de la patrie élevé sur 48 marches, formant quatre faces & trois terrasses, fait appercevoir du côté de l'entrée, deux pilliers quarrés : sur celui de la droite est l'abondance avec les attributs de l'agriculture.

Sur celui de la gauche, une femme représentant la constitution, environnée de gloire, ayant sous ses pieds les chaînes de l'esclavage brisées.

La face du côté de l'école-militaire, fait appercevoir sur chacun des pilliers un groupe de 16 guerriers en deux rangs de huit, prêtant le serment ainsi conçu :

"Nous jurons de rester à jamais fidèles à la nation, à la loi, & au roi :

"De maintenir de tout notre pouvoir la constitution décrétée par l'assemblée nationale, & acceptée par le roi :

"De protéger conformément aux loix, la sûreté des personnes & des propriétés :

"La circulation des grains & des subsistances dans l'étendue du royaume :

"La perception des contributions publiques, sous qu'elle forme qu'elles existent :

"De demeurer unis à tous les françois par les liens indissolubles de la fraternité."

La face des deux pilliers à droite en entrant, représentent chacun six victoires, au milieu desquelles est cette inscription :

Songez aux trois mots sacrés
Qui garantissent ces décrets :
La nation la loi & le roi :
La nation c'est vous ;
La loi c'est encore vous,
C'est votre volonté :
Le roi c'est le gardien de la loi.

Sur la face des deux pilliers à gauche en entrant, sont à chacun quatre génies dessinant cette inscription :

"Les mortels sont égaux : ce n'est pas leur naissance :

"C'est la seule vertu qui fait la différence.

"La loi dans tout état doit être universelle :

"Les mortels, quelqu'ils soient, son égaux devant elle."

Nous regrettons de ne pouvoir décrire les ornémens de l'autel de la patrie, & les inscriptions qui étoient au tour : il a été volé dans la nuit. Ne pourroit-on pas accuser de ce sacrilège les aristocrates forcénés que la rage tourmente ?

De l'Imprimerie de L. L. Girard, rue du Husard, No. 4, près la rue de Richelieu.

AFTER THE LAST POPULAR SCIENCE LECTURE.

What She Said on the Way.

BY R. E. A. IN THE "PRINCETONIAN."

Yes, I think it was perfectly splendid—
I'm sure I feel awfully wise,
With my head full of glaciers and icebergs,
Of such a ridiculous size ;
And the masses of what-do-you-call-it ?
The dirt that is ever so old—
And came down on the ice and the boulders—
It must have been horribly cold !

The views, too, weren't they quite lovely?
Especially Mount Blank and the Alps;
Though the last ones were perfectly frightful—
Those men with the clubs and the scalps.
Well, may be they didn't have scalpses,
They frightened me all just the same;
And that animal—was'nt he horrid?
The—what did he say was his name?

Oh! I perfectly dote upon science!
I think it's just jolly good fun;
And I wish I was going on your expe—
Dition, with knapsack and gun.
Mamma says I'm getting strong-minded,
And should cut off my hair, and all that;
Though eye-glasses would not become me,
And how could I keep on my hat?

Here's the end of our walk—now, good night, Sir!
You may call Wednesday evening, dear Rob,
And we'll talk of the Glacial Epoch,
And the wonderful thingum-a-bob.

TOM HOOD.

"He sang the Song of the Shirt."

By Bro. EMRA HOLMES, Author of Lectures on "Public Speaking; what it is, and what it might be"; "Charles Dickens"; and "Odds and Ends of Wit and Humour."

Delivered at Ipswich, Colchester, and Saxmundham, and rewritten for the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

IN the Christmas of this year the first "Comic Annual" appeared. It was dedicated to his friend, Sir Francis Freeling, then Secretary to the Post-Master General.

A copy was sent to the late Duke of Devonshire, who warmly thanked him for it, and begged Hood to write him some titles for a door of sham books at Chatsworth.

Hood succeeded to admiration, and a wonderful punning list of titles was sent to his Grace soon afterwards, some of which I must give you, as they are very clever and worth noting:—

Koscinsko on the Rights of the Poles to Stick Up for Themselves.
Prize Poems, in Blank Verse.
On the Site of Tully's Offices.
The Rape of the Lock, with Bramah's Notes.
Haughty-Cultural Remarks on London Pride.
Annual Parliaments; a Plea for Short Commons.
Michan on Ball Practice.
On Sore Throat and the Migration of the Swallow. By S. Abernethy.
Scott and Lot. By the Author of "Waverley."
Debrett on Chain Piers.
Voltaire, Volney, Volta. 3 vols.
Peel on Bell's System.
Grose's Slang Dictionary; or Vocabulary of Grose Language.
Freeling on Enclosing Waste Lands.
Elegy on a Black Cock, Shot amongst the Moors. By W. Wilberforce.
Johnson's Contradictionary.
Sir J. Lawrence on the Complexion of Fairies and Brownies.
Life of Jack Ketch, with Cuts of His Own Execution.
Barrow on the Common Weal.
Hoyles Quadrupedia; or Rules on All Fours.
Campaigns of the British Arm. By one of the German Leg.
Cursory Remarks on Swearing.
On the Collar of the Garter. By Miss Bailey, of Halifax.
Shelley's Conchologist.
Recollections of Bannister. By Lord Stair.
The Hole Duty of Man. By J. P. Brunel.
Tide's Tables of Interest.
Chantrey on the Sculpture of the Chipaway Indians.
The Scottish Boccaccio. By D. Cameron.
Cook's Specimens of the Sandwich Tongue.
In-i-go on Secret Entrances.
Hoyle on the Game Laws.
Memories de La-porte.

From this arose an acquaintance which lasted till Hood's death. The Duke's acts of considerate kindness never varied or failed, and he was one of the most liberal subscribers to the Monumental Fund. Assistance of great service was rendered by him to the poet, in the shape of a volunteered friendly loan, which Hood thus acknowledges in a letter to the Duke:—"I hesitate to intrude with details, but I know the goodness which originated one obligation will be gratified to learn that the assistance referred to has been and is of the greatest service in a temporary struggle, though arduous enough for one of a profession never overburdened with wealth, from Homer downwards. Indeed the nine Muses seemed to have lived all in one house for cheapness."

Between 1831 and 2, Hood, it appears, had some connection with the stage, in the

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form of dramatic composition. It was probably at this time he made the acquaintance of T. P. Cooke and Dibdin, the Poet of the Navy, as we may call him. He wrote the libretto for a little English opera brought out, it is said, at the Surrey —the name even of which is now lost; and he assisted his brother-in-law, Mr. Reynolds, in dramatising "Gil-Blas," which was produced at Drury Lane.

There was an entertainment also written about this time for Charles Matthews the elder, who was heard by a friend most characteristically to remark, that he liked the entertainment very much, and Mr. Hood too; but that all the time he was reading it Mrs. Hood would keep snuffing the candles. This little fidgety observation very much shocked Mrs. Hood, but delighted the humourist. He also wrote a pantomime for Mr. Frederick Yates, of the Adelphi—father, if I mistake not, of the Civil Service novelist, whose name I have mentioned.

The *Comic Annual* of 1832, was dedicated, by permission, to King William the IV., who received the dedication and a copy of the work very graciously, and eventually expressed a desire to see the wit and humourist. Tom Hood accordingly called apon His Majesty, by appointment, at Brighton, and was much taken by the King's cordial and hearty manner, by whom, indeed, he was very well received. In backing out of the royal presence, Hood forgot the way he had entered, and retrograded to the wrong entry. The King good-humouredly laughed, and himself showed him the right direction, going with him to the door.

In 1832, he left Winchmore and took a quaint old place, Lake House, Wanstead, Essex. Soon after his coming there, his boyish spirit of fun broke out on one occasion, when some boys were caught robbing the orchard, and with the assistance of the gardener, were dragged trembling into the house. Mr. Reynolds, senior, who was staying there, upon a hint being given, assumed the arm chair and the character and dignity of a county justice. The frightened culprits were formally charged with the offence of stealing, which was proved from the contents of their pockets. The judge, assuming a severe air, immediately sentenced them to instant execution by hanging on the cherry tree. The urchins were overcome with fright, dropped down on their knees, and piteously declared they would never do so, never no more. Little Fanny Hood, prompted by her father, interceded for the youngsters, who were solemnly forgiven, and the two men laughed heartily to see how quickly they decamped. Here Hood wrote his only novel, "Tylney Hall," much of the scenery and description being taken from Wanstead and the neighbourhood. It was dedicated to his friend and patron, the Duke of Devonshire.

At the end of 1834, by the failure of a firm, poor Hood suffered, in common with many others, a very heavy loss, and consequently became involved in pecuniary difficulties. For some months he strove with his embarrassments; but the first heavy blow being followed up by other troubles, all hope of righting himself was abandoned.

In this extremity, his daughter says, quoting from one of his letters, had he listened to the majority of his advisers, he would at once have absolved himself of his obligations by one or other of those sharp but sure remedies which the legislature has provided for all such evils. But a sense of honour forbade such a course, and emulating the illustrious example of Sir Walter Scott, he determined to try whether he could not score off his debts as effectually and more creditably with his pen than with the legal whitewash or a wet sponge. He had aforetime realised in one year a sum equal to the amount in arrear, and there was consequently a fair reason to expect that by redoubled diligence, economising and escaping costs at law, he would soon be able to retrieve his fortune. With these views, leaving every shilling behind him derived from the sale of his effects, the means he carried with him being an advance upon his future labours he voluntarily expatriated himself and bade his native land "good-night." To put the crowning stroke on all his sorrows, his wife was taken seriously ill, after the birth of their only son, who was born January 19th, 1835, and for some time her life was despaired of. Under God's good providence and the care of Dr. Elliott, whose friendship was then made, she was once more restored to comparative

health, and Hood started for Rotterdam, and finally settled down at Coblentz, whither his dear wife followed him.

The following sonnet was then written to her. It breathes the very air of loving tenderness :—

Think, sweetest, if my lids are now not wet,
The tenderest tears lie ready at the brim
To see thine own dear eyes so pale and dim,
Touching my soul with full and fond regret;
For on thy ease my heart's whole care is set;
Seeing I love thee in no passionate whim,
Whose summer dates but with the roses trim,
Which one hot June can perish and beget.
Ah, no! I chose thee for affection's pet,
For unworn love and constant cherishing;
To smile but to thy smile, or else to fret
When thou art fretted—rather than to sing
Elsewhere. Alas! I ought to soothe and kiss
Thy dear pale cheek, while I assure thee this.

A letter from Mrs. Hood, at Coblentz, relates how dreadfully ill her husband was when she got to him there. They were nearly lost in "the gale in their passage over," and he was in a wretched state of health when he started." However, he got better, thanks to the aid of an able physician and his wife's tender care.

Food appears to have been cheap there, which was a comfort, for mutton is quoted by Mrs. Hood at 3 groschen a pound (about 3½d). Beef and veal the same. Butter 8d. a pound, 3 rolls a penny, and eggs about 2½d. a dozen.

What a grand thing if beef and mutton were a little cheaper here.

At first when they got out they seem to have had considerable trouble with their German, or rather their want of it. Hood gives an amusing description of a scene with the servant, which I cannot do better than give you :—

"Our servant knows a few words of English too. Her name is Gradle, the short for Margaret. Jane wanted a fowl to boil for me. Now she has a theory that the more she makes her English un-English, the more it must be like German. Jane begins by showing Gradle a word in the dictionary.

Gradle: 'Ja! —yees — hühn — heune. Ja! yees.'

Jane (a little through her nose) : 'Hum —hum—hem—yes—yaw. Ken you geet a fowl—fool—foal—to boil—bile—bole for dinner?'

Gradle : 'Hot wasser?'

Jane: 'Yaw in pit — pat— pot— hum, hum—eh!'

Gradle (a little off the scent again): 'Ja, nein—wasser, pot—hot nein.'

Jane: 'Yes—no—good to eeat—chicken —cheeken—cheeking—bird—bard—beard —lays eggs—eeggs—hune—heine—hin— make cheeken broth—soup—poultry—peltry—paltry!'

Gradle (quite at fault) : 'Pfeltughchtch! nein!'

Jane (in despair): 'What shall I do! and Hood wont help me, he only laughs. This comes of leaving England!' (She cast her eyes across the street at the Governor's poultry-yard, and a bright thought strikes her.) 'Here Gradle,—come here—come hair—hum—hum—look here—dare—you see things walking—hum—hum—wacking about—things with feathers—fathers—feethers.'

Gradle (hitting it off again) : 'Feethers —faders—ah, hah, fedders—ja ja, yees, sie bringen—fedders, ja, ja!'

Jane echoes 'Feddars — yes — yah, yaw!'

Exit Gradle, and after three-quarters of an hour, returns triumphantly with two bundles of stationers' quills!!! This is a fact, and will do for Twig."

Here he made the acquaintance of a young officer—a Mr. de Franch, of English origin, but in the German army—and the two struck up a very warm friendship, which extended, indeed, to the whole family. Lieutenant de Franch was a great favourite with Hood's two fair children, Fanny and Tom. Mr. de Franch, it appears, had a wretched memory, especially for names, and when he left them some time afterwards to join his regiment at Posen, a letter was written by Hood, as if from De Franch, as a quiz upon the bad memory of the latter. It is an amusing jumble of wilful mistakes, and the changes are rung through every variety that can be thought of. I would give it as a specimen of a forgetful man's letter, did space permit, but it does not.

There are some very entertaining letters from Mrs. Hood to her friend, Mrs. Elliot, and from Hood himself to Mr. Dilke, the father of Sir Charles Dilke; but the space allowed me in the MASONIC MAGAZINE will not allow of my quoting them at length.

Mrs. Hood was proud of her progress in

cooking, and one day made some potted beef, which was produced at tea, when Mr. de Franch was present.

Hood asked with apparent interest how it was made, and was told that it was pounded in "a pestle and mortar." "But then, dear," he gravely remarked, "you know we have not got them." In short he insisted that like the Otaheitan cooks, his wife had chewed it small, and as she happened (having the face ache) to put her hand to her jaw, it seemed like a corroboration of his statement. He would persist in calling it "Bullock jam," and and when his wife asked him what he would eat, replied "What you chews."

Hood seems to have been beforehand with Lord Beaconsfield—if the present Prime Minister ever really supported such a scheme as was suggested on the Dis-establishment of the Irish Church, and which after all has a good deal to be said in its favour, at all events in the estimation of liberal-minded readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE. I allude to concurrent endowment, for I find the following in a letter to his great friend, Mr. Dilke, afterwards Sir Wentworth Dilke, the accomplished editor of the *Athenæum*, and the father of Sir Charles Dilke, who boasts in this age of loyalty to the Crown and love for the kingdom, nay pride in the empire—that he is a Republican.

"The plan here," he says, writing in 1836, from Coblentz, "which is good, is that, of both religions, the ministers are paid by the King or State, an arrangement I should like for England or Ireland, or let every one pay their own, as in America. As to Education, I think our Government does wisely not to interfere too rashly. Something may be left to the sense of the people. The infamous boarding schools of former times are dying or dead, and replaced by proprietory ones, without Government interference."

In the same letter he speaks of the military men there, and remarks—"There are some here, in appearance to the eye, anything but gentlemen in the best sense of the word. You cannot mistake them. Perhaps they have got the worst attributes of the French Revolution, a nominal equality which puts the low, base, vulgar and rich on a false level with God Almighty's gentlemen, which rank I do seek with all my heart; and endeavour that the English character shall not suffer at my hands, and though I resent on public grounds what I meet with, I am content to be a dweller here, whose character is to be judged by its own merits."

In another passage, Hood, speaking of the Prussian system as compared with our own, solves in his way the Land and Labour Question, which is troubling us so much now.

He says—"The two countries are widely different: what a good absolute King can do here in Germany, cannot be done with us. If our peasantry were free and proprietary, I think they would work as hard and be as contented as the Germans. But the English labourer, labour as he may, can but be a pauper; and it seems a little unreasonable to require him to sit at Hope's or Content's table, eating nothing with the same cheerfulness and gaiety as the barber's brother at the Barmecidés."

The following is a little bit very characteristic of Hood, and very much like some of Sydney Smith's jokes, and like the scorpion, the sting is in its tail. I am afraid Hood was an awful Radical:—

"I was very much amused the other day with R's account of his taking an emetic. He says he sat for an hour expecting naturally something would come of it, but nothing stirred. It agreed with him just as well as if he had taken any other wine than antimonial. It was rather comfortable than otherwise. So he had recourse to warm water, of which he drank a dozen large cups consecutively, but they made themselves quite at home with the wine. Then he tried tea, in hopes of tea and turn out, but it stayed with the wine and water. So he had recourse to the warm water, which stayed still, and so did some soup which he took on the top of all; and then despairing of the case he went to bed with his corporation unreformed! Now was not this a tenacious, retentive stomach, so determined never to give up anything it had acquired, good or bad: a lively type of a Tory!"

Living amongst the Roman Catholics for so long, he does not seem by any means to have become converted.

He says—"I have never had any of the vulgar insane dread of the Catholics. It appears to me too certain that they are

decaying at the core, and by the following natural process: men take a huge stride at first from Catholicism into Infidelity, like the French, and then by a short step backwards in a reaction, attain the *juste milieu*.

In October, 1836, the 19th Polish Infantry, Mr. de Franch's regiment, were ordered to march to Bromberg and Berlin, and Hood was induced by the officers, with whom he was very popular, to march with them. This trip he seems to have enjoyed very much, particularly the visit to Berlin, when he was specially invited to dine with Prince Radziwill, and was introduced to a most august circle of German grandees.

Radical as he was, he appeared not to be above accepting with pleasure the favours of great people, especially Royalty—like another very distinguished Radical I could mention—and from a letter to his wife at this time, he says—"The Duke of Cumberland asked Franch who that gentleman was who marched with his regiment, and was surprised to hear it was me. Prince George spoke in such very handsome terms of me, that I left my card for him. As he regretted not having had the last 'Comic,' Franch presented one of his. It is a sad pity that the Prince is quite blind: a fine young man and very amiable. I do not know whether I shall ever see any of the Princes again, but I expect I must call to take leave. They had even read 'Tylney Hall.'"

Poor fellow, from a letter to his friend Dilke, we learn that the trip did him no good in the end. "My marching, in fact, ended like Le Fèvres (it ought to be "Le fever') in a sick bed—my regiment in a 'regimen.'"

Fancy punning on such a subject.

He feared his lungs were touched, for he suffered, poor man, from spitting of blood a good deal; and he got to fancy Coblentz and the Rhine did not suit him, so after two years there, he settled down at Ostend.

His epitaph on his friend Dilke, who was an invalid like himself at this time, and who it appears suffered very much from imprudently going out to get his hair cut when he was too unwell to run any risks, is rather good.

He advises Mrs. Dilke to read her husband a morning lesson out of the Bible, showing how Samson lost all his strength by going and having his hair cut. "What an epitaph must I have written if he had died through that little outbreak of personal vanity," says he:—

> "Here lies Dilke, the victim to a whim,
> Who went to have his hair cut, but the air
> cut him."

(To be continued.)

THE VISTA OF LIFE.

BY JOHN M.

> "We are born; we laugh, we weep,
> We love, we droop, we die!
> Ah wherefore do we laugh, or weep?
> Why do we live, or die?
> Who knows that sacred deep?
> Alas! not I!"
>
> PROCTOR.

LIFE!—what a volume is expressed in that single word; a word in itself so brief, yet nevertheless it is true the term which designates our existence, and is equally apropos in its length to the space of time which is given us for its enjoyment. What can be more brief and transitory than our fleeting lives, and yet at the same time so replete with subjects of such great and vital importance to every one of us.

It has been observed that the proper study of mankind is "man," but how few there be that give the subject a thought. And it is only too true, that the more we study and the deeper we search for that hidden knowledge, which must exist somewhere, in regard to so vast a creation as that of the great human family, the more firmly we find closing around us those quicksands which have so deeply imbedded the unwritten history of our race.

Gazing back o'er the "vista of our lives," what a different appearance must be presented to each particular one; to the young, as it appears, with his joyous background and visions of joy and happiness looming up before them in the glittering future, while to the many whose locks have been silvered by the frost of advancing years, the retrospect has, mayhap, many a darkened spot, and the

days still to come do not appear so bright as they did to the innocent vision of childhood.

Insignificant as we are and so perfectly powerless to control any of the events of fate or futurity, there is still concealed within us the elements of a powerful organization, which must, perforce, wield some influence, or leave behind some mark or rememberance in its passage through this lower sphere. Suddenly created and brought upon the stage of life, by no will or dictation of our own, made subject to all the arbitary laws of an already created race, we find ourselves bound to obey them and start as others have done to make the journey of life. All that passed before the reception of our breath, and the inheritance of our existence, is to us wreathed in blackness of chaotic obscurity. We enter the arena of life—and when the brief span of a few short years has transferred us from the days of infancy to a quickly acquired age, we find before us the undeveloped and clouded atmosphere of an endless and unknown future. Whence come we! and whither do we go? are questions easier asked than answered. Suddenly placed among the bright visions and beauteous scenes which surround us on every side, in a world so replete with loveliness and grandeur, we find the great tidal wave of life drifting us along with such rapidity that we scarce observe the beauties around us ere they have disappeared from our eager gaze. We seek to know the why and wherefore of so brief and unsatisfactory an existence, as is too oft had by so vast a multitude of our fellow men, but we can find no satisfactory response.

In our search for "more light," and seeking to discover aught of reason for an existence apparently so ephemeral, and bringing to our aid all the light of nature and reason, we find ourselves getting more and more in the dark, thick blackness that obscures the beginning of our lives, and the deep gloom of futurity overshadows the path which we must all travel ere we reach our destined bourne.

Life! Life! Fit subject for the artist to delineate some of its mystic beauties, or for the pen of the student to discover some of the hidden secrets which are concealed by the surging billows and the vast flowing tide of the ocean of life. In the vast throng of humanity there ought to be at least an occasional one more gifted than others, who could leave behind him strange and weird chapters culled from the leaves of his eventful existence.

The rainbow—that token of the covenant—following in the footsteps of the storm, and spanning heaven's high atmosphere with its ethereal beauty for a few brief moments, and then imperceptibly mingling with the drifting clouds, disappears from before us, is but too much like the dream of our lives. We are carried on by the realities of life, and each succeeding event apparently obliterates from our visions the lessons which we should have gleaned from each preceding one. Verily, our life is but as a vapour, which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.

'Twere more than vain to search any human authority that will stand our criticism and explain to us the dream or the reality of our lives, and we are forced to the only real authority when we read in the words of inspiration that He who created all things created man, and we must remember that even if His purpose is unknown to us, and He has seen fit to conceal them, they nevertheless all stand revealed to Him. And yet, notwithstanding all this, curious thoughts continue to arise within us as we look back through all the dim, shadowy centuries which have elapsed since the day when he who was destined to be the progenitor of the whole human family was, by the fiat of the Omnipotent, placed in a terrestrial paradise and given dominion over all contained therein, save of the fruit of the tree of life; and the thought comes up as to whether it was intended that he should be tried by a temptation to resist or withstand which no power had been given him; nor was he created an immortal spirit by the breath of the Great Jehovah and placed in a frame of earthern mold expressly to serve some great purpose which He intended in the fullness of time to carry out! Was it intended, by a single act of disobedience, in itself apparently so slight, but which was still a violation of the express commands of the Infinite and Incomprehensible "I Am," that man should be driven from the heritage at first bestowed

on him and made to people the globe with a countless offspring, who, inheriting the consequences of the fall from so high an estate, were thenceforth to be ranged under the banners of the great adversary!

All seems to us so strange, and our eager curiosity tries to grapple with the stern realities around us, but it leaves us only one recourse, and that is to judge of the future by the present and the past. Life, at all events, when compared to the duration of time, is but a little length of days, which are soon passed over.

'Twas but a few short months ago that a lovely cherub was sent to cheer and lighten up a fireside; full of life and health and all the charms of infancy, he was entwined around the very hearts of those to whom he had been given, but as the wheels of time rolled on, there came again the days when the leaves began to turn from the lovely dream of summer to the gorgeous and brilliant hues which they assume before they are scattered by the autumnal gales; the roses filled the air with their dainty perfume and all nature seemed attired in its holiday dress, little dreaming that a few more nights would bring the cutting frost which would remove their beauty for a season; then came the silent message, and suddenly at the midnight hour the angels of the Most High bore that infant spirit to the abode of its Creator, and all that could be done was to carefully deposit the casket which contained the remains of so priceless a jewel beneath the sod of the valley. The bright and beautiful vision flitted as it were for a moment, and then, before it could make a trial of the turmoils of life, it disappeared. How many of us, or we may well say, how few of us are to be found who have not gone through the same trying ordeal, and laid some little one away to quietly repose beneath the icy marble, and then as we planted the rose and the bright green myrtle around it, softly murmured to ourselves whence came the little innocent? Why stayed he so short a time, and whither has he disappeared? We do not wait for an answer, for we know that he has crossed the river of life, and entered the realms of futurity. Speculation vainly endeavours to ascertain some good reason why so vast a proportion of human life is blotted out and removed hence, so long before arriving at even the years of discretion. Youth, in its days of careless happiness, thinks but of the happy hours of the past and confidently looks forward to the enjoyment of like pleasures in the day of the future. With advancing years, however, comes the thought as to what was really intended to be the purpose of our being, and casting our eyes back over the vista of our lives, we find that the bright anticipations of our youthful days have rarely been realized, and our hearts are filled with sadness and regret that we have not been of more use in our day and generation. As we look forward, we know only too well that when a certain hour does come, and the cold finger of death begin to close around us, and we are clasped in the deathly embrace of the great destroyer, it will then no longer be a question as to our antecedents, but our desire will be to know how they are going to culminate, our voyage will be ended, and we shall find ourselves among the swift rapids and the mighty waterfall stretched out before us; the fatal plunge must be taken, and unless we have a higher power to assist us, we must be swallowed up in the raging waters.

He who made us and placed us here among His other creations, did it for good and wise purposes, and he has prepared for us not only the way, but also One who can and will guide us safely through the valley of death, and it is alone by His aid and assistance that we can be safely guided along and afterward arise regenerated and washed clean, by that dread ordeal which we will all be compelled to endure.

Let us then endeavour to carry out the principles inculcated by the great lights, and we shall find that when the dream of life is over with us, that we can gaze back o'er the years we have lived, and thank our Heavenly Father for having permitted us to spend even a few short years in this lower world, and hope that our days have not been spent in vain, but that we may have been the means of doing some good in our day and generation.

Baltimore.

Forgotten Stories.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. III.

ELLEN:

A Simple Tale.

——"A mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song."
SHAKSPEARE.

ABOUT six years ago I was staying at ——, a watering-place on the Sussex coast. It was one of the fine mornings in July, when the sun had just risen above the top of the wave, and was scattering around his bright, warm rays; that having taken my customary dipping, I had wandered unthinkingly along the shore, admiring the impending grandeur of those tall cliffs, which, in the language of our great tragic bard,

——"Beat back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune."

I had trodden the same path the evening before, and it was my amusement in these marine perambulations to inspect the crevices of the rocks, and to carry home with me the most beautiful shells that chance threw in my way. I had rather a taste for conchology, and had made no inconsiderable collection of the specimens of our own shores;—one group of rocks I had found particularly fertile in rarities, and these I had very nearly approached. A peculiar jutting out of the cliff at that place hid them from the sight till you were close upon them; I had nearly, in the marine phrase, doubled this promontory, when my progress was arrested by the sound of a female voice, chanting some beautiful air in a very plaintive tone. I stood to listen—the words, as far as I can remember, were these:—

"Edward is gone—and I know not whether
His spirit may rest on land or sea;
O would that, love, we had sailed together,
Or thou hadst never been torn from me!
Ellen is sighing, but nought is nigh,
To pity her moan but the wind and wave;—
The gull shall soon, from her roost on high,
Sing a lullaby dirge over Ellen's grave."

The voice ceased. I advanced a few steps to the other side of the cliff, and the figure of the lovely warbler, reclining on one of the tallest of the rocks, was before my sight. Her long black ringlets were streaming down her neck, and her eye was fixed steadfastly on the horizon. She had her back towards me, which prevented her observing my approach. I thought I perceived her lips moving, as if muttering something to herself; and on a sudden giving a glance over the sea, she resumed her song:—

"I'll recline on this rock, and the wave shall bear
My paly form to that favoured shore
Where Edward is breathing a distant air,
'Mid the fury of war and the cannons' roar."

I had been gradually advancing towards her;—as she uttered the last words, her voice faltered, and she seemed falling. I rushed forward and supported her. She started at finding some one by her side, and, looking up with a listless air, "You are not Edward," she said, "Edward sailed last week." Her dark black eye was turned upon me as she spoke; but there was a languor in her gaze, that seemed to say her thoughts were not on what she was about; her countenance was interesting, and had been beautiful, but sickness or sorrow had spread a pallid hue over her features; and though at times a transient hectic would flush her cheek, it soon passed away. "Edward sailed last week," she cried;—"Ellen buckled on his sword, —and Edward smiled on Ellen;—but he is gone to the wars—I shall never see him more." I was still supporting her, and, as she uttered these words, a hot tear fell upon my hand. I cannot describe my feelings at that moment; there was a thrill through my frame; and I began to feel a lively interest for the lovely stranger and her misfortunes. She observed what had happened, and pulling out a white pocket-handkerchief, with an air of the greatest simplicity, gently wiped my hand. "Edward will come back," said I, scarcely knowing what I uttered; "Come back!" she cried, starting from her seat, and staring full in my face; "Ah, no! you're joking with poor Ellen;—but you're a kind man, and you are kind to Ellen—Edward shall thank you." She put her hand into her bosom, and pulling out an amulet cross, which was suspended by a purple ribbon from her neck, "Look," she said, "this is what Edward gave me—'Good-bye, Ellen!' said he; but Ellen could not say 'good-bye'—and he flung

this round me—(she gave a wild stare).—There is a mist over the rest—I often harass this poor head, but I cannot remember any more." It was easily to be perceived that her intellects were deranged, and I was unwilling to leave the unfortunate girl in that situation. I gently raised her; and, seemingly unconscious of what she was doing, she walked on by my side. We had not proceeded far along the shore, when a man and woman came running towards us, in breathless anxiety, who appeared to be searching for something they had lost. On recognising the poor girl, who was hanging in listless apathy on my arm, I saw a sudden flush of joy pass over the countenance of the old woman, and they both gazed alternately on me and her:—the old man was the first to break silence, and asked me, in rather an angry tone, "What I was doing with his daughter?" I related to him the circumstances of our meeting, and what had since happened. They thanked me in very affectionate terms for my kindness, and then, turning to their daughter, loaded her with caresses and questions; but she seemed lost in thought, and not at all to understand their meaning. On the way home they related to me her history; they informed me, that they themselves were attendants on the bathing-machines, and for the last twenty years had gained, by their joint endeavours, in that occupation, a comfortable livelihood;—their only daughter, the unfortunate heroine of my tale, had a few months back fixed her affections on a young man of a neighbouring village; their attachment was reciprocal, and the day had been appointed for their marriage—but her love some time before had enlisted in the * * * regiment, and the whole corps had been suddenly ordered off to the Continent: the poor girl had been inconsolable from the time she first heard the news; they continually found her in tears, and all attempts to comfort her were in vain; she attended him on board the ship that was to convey him away, and clinging to his arms, was for a long time unable to be separated. When the vessel was under weigh, they were obliged to carry her off by force, she fell into a swoon, and was conveyed home in a state of insensibility; being put to bed, in a short time she was in a high fever. They obtained for her what little medical assistance their means could afford, and were in hopes she had been gradually recovering—but her grief preyed upon her mind, and though the fever had left her, her intellects were materially injured. Though they sat by her bedside, and paid her the most affectionate attentions that tenderness could dictate, she seemed not to recognise them, or to be conscious of their presence. Her Edward was always uppermost in her thoughts; and though lost to every thing else, she seemed to have a distant recollection of the scene she had been last engaged in. On the morning in question, they had gone out to their usual avocations, and had left her still lying in bed; on their return they were astonished and alarmed at finding the bed empty, and her clothes not in their place;—they inquired among the neighbours, but could find no intelligence of her: they at length heard that she had been seen pacing silently along the shore, and had accordingly proceeded in search of her, not without a fear that, in the deranged state of her mind, she might commit some act of desperation, before they would be able to prevent it. This simple narration of the poor girl's affection interested me extremely. While I remained at the place, I paid frequent visits to their cottage, and thought at last I could perceive a gradual amendment in poor Ellen's health; she at times exhibited signs of returning recollection, though her general discourse was of the little circumstances that had taken place during her last intercourses with Edward. I took an interest in her welfare, and rejoiced to think she was recovering; but alas! how futile are human hopes! I was soon after called away from the place, and circumstances prevented my return during two years. I was then accidentally passing through, and stopped for a couple of hours, that I might inquire after Ellen. The path, that led to her cottage, was through the churchyard; and, in going along, my attention was attracted by a tombstone of rude sculpture, that seemed newly erected. I walked up to it to read the inscription—it was simply this:—

To the memory of
Ellen Meston,
This stone was erected by
Edward Godalwin.
She died in a deranged state of mind,
April 3, 1817.

Sleep on, sweet maid!
Soon we shall meet again.

I stood for a moment steadfastly gazing on this stone, and unconscious of any thing around me. The recollections of my former adventure crowded on my mind—I remembered her interesting features—her affectionate simplicity. "Poor Ellen," said I, "thy roses were nipped, when they were beginning to expand;—thine was an unhappy lot here, but thou art gone to a better world, where sorrow and care are not." I felt a tear trickling down my cheek, which recalled me to myself. I took a last look on the stone, and proceeded on my way. "Is sensibility a blessing;" thought I, as I walked pensively along. "Surely not. It may refine the passions—it may give a tone to the affections—but it makes us feel the thorns of life doubly acute; yet it is an amiable virtue, and one which we cannot refrain from admiring.

The gate of the little garden in the front of their cottage was open; the flower beds, which I used formerly to admire for their neatness, were trampled on and in disorder. The old people were removing their furniture, preparatory to their departure for a neighbouring village. They were surprised to see me, but received me with cordiality. I perceived that my presence recalled unpleasant remembrances, and therefore determined that my visit should be short. I was informed that Edward had returned from the war, with a wooden leg and a pension. He was told of the affection and despondency of Ellen; but arrived only in time to see the first grass springing up on her grave. His grief is deep, but not violent; he has ordered that stone to be erected as a memorial of their loves—and his greatest pleasure is to visit at evening the green sod, which he allows not to be trampled on, or injured. The old woman opened a little work-box, and, producing a small net purse, placed it in my hand. My initials were on the side:—it was, she said, the work of her daughter during her illness, which she had desired, if ever I returned, should be given to me as a token of remembrance.

Poor Ellen! years have passed away, since the time I last gazed on your pale form—since the time I shed a tear of compassion on the turf that enshrouded it; but that purse—the last relic of your affection—the *memento* of your kindness, remains still whole and inviolate; it is treasured up amid the most precious of my earthly possessions;—and whenever I indulge myself with gazing on it, an involuntary tear starts to the eye of

CHARLES BELLAMY.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Author of Shakspere, his Times, and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and the Vicinage," "The Visitors' Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn-by-the-Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

I AM glad to see that the burghers of Sudbury—the ancient *South Burgh* of the *South Folk*—are projecting a monument to the most illustrious of all their natives, Thomas Gainsborough, the celebrated landscape and portrait painter, who was the son of one of their poor clothiers, who was unable to give him much schooling. But for him who has eyes to see and ears to hear with, Nature will always have teachings in her own silent and quiet way; and the woods of Suffolk did more for Gainsborough than could have been done by many masters, however valuable the aid of the latter may be at times when judiciously given. Sir Joshua Reynolds well remarked, that "if ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity as one of the very first of that rising name." In the year 1762—when Gainsborough, *Æ* 35, had long been practising his art, but yet twelve years before he ventured on a residence in London—Horace Walpole, in the Preface to his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, felt compelled to write:—"This country, which does not always err in vaunting its own productions, has not a single volume to show on the works of its painters. In truth, it has very rarely given birth to a genius in that profession. Flanders and Holland have sent us the greatest men that we can boast." And yet Reynolds was then, *Æ*

39, painting portraits of great merit, having returned from his three years study in Italy ten years before; and Richard Wilson, called by some our English Claude, Æ 48, was wisely, on the advice of Zuccarelli, abandoning portraits for landscapes, and had just exhibited his fine picture of Niobe, which was purchased by our illustrious Brother, William Duke of Cumberland. Whether Gainsborough himself was a member of the Craft, I know not; if he was not, he ought to have been; for, in addition to his great artistic abilities, he was really prepared for it in his heart, possessing "those virtues, which," as the Rev. Matthew Pilkington truly remarks, "were an honour to human nature, that generous heart, whose strongest propensities were to relieve the genuine claims of poverty." Therefore every Mason who can afford his mite, should subscribe to the monument of such a man.

There are those who have long laboured to persuade the world, and who have in some measure succeeded in doing so, that but for the Church of Rome we should have been totally destitute of the Volume of the Sacred Law. The Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D., is of a widely different opinion. He says—and many of my readers will endorse his remarks:—"It is idle in Rome to say, 'I gave you the Bible, and therefore you must believe in *me* before you can believe in *it*.' The facts we have already narrated conclusively dispose of this claim. Rome did not give us the Bible—she did all in her power to keep it from us; she retained it under the seal of a dead language; and when others broke that seal, and threw open its pages to all, she stood over the book, and, unsheathing her fiery sword, would permit none to read the message of life, save at the peril of eternal anathema. We owe the Bible—that is, the transmission of it—to those persecuted communities which we have so rapidly passed in review. They received it from the primitive Church, and carried it down to us. They translated it into the mother tongues of the nations. They colported it over Christendom, singing it in their lays as troubadours, preaching it in their sermons as missionaries, and living it out as Christians. They fought the battle of the Word of God against tradition, which sought to bury it. They sealed their testimony for it at the stake. But for them, so far as human agency is concerned, the Bible would, ere this day, have disappeared from the world. Their care to keep this torch burning is one of the marks which indubitably certify them as forming part of that one true Catholic Church, which God called into existence at first by his Word, and which, by the same instrumentality, he has, in the conversion of souls, perpetuated from age to age."

Professor Morrier Williams, who has recently made a winter tour in Southern India, declares its climate on the whole to be less trying to Europeans than that of England is during nearly half the year. True, there are jungle swamps where malaria is generated by the great heat from the immense quantity of leaves that fall from the deciduous trees; but the tropical table land is free from the intense heat experienced in the lowlands of Northern India. The South, however, lacks the refreshing coolness by night, and in winter, which is so refreshing in the North. Though the mountain scenery of the South is magnificent, it is not so sublime as the Himalaya range—a very ancient Sanscrit term, I believe, to describe their being the "abode of snow;" but there is a softer beauty arising from the verdant raiment with which Nature loves to robe those hills that are not covered with an eternal white winding-sheet.

The Rev. T. P. Garnier, M.A., Rector of Cranworth with Southburgh, Norfolk, and late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, has published a well-written little work, entitled *The Parish Church: a simple explanation of Church Symbolism*, which may be procured from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for Eighteenpence. With its theology I have here nothing to do; though I may be allowed to state, without trespassing on Masonic non-sectarianism, that to the orthodox churchman it will be a boon indeed. But to us disciples of that beautiful system of morality, which is veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, whatever our particular creeds may be, a work on the symbolism of any Church must be of interest, but more especially of one where so many learned and pious ministers, as well as laymen, are proud to don our badge of innocence upon all fitting occa-

sions. "Christianity," writes Mr. Garnier, "in its earlier ages, sought expression largely in symbolism. Consequently, every Church that dates from those ages has inherited this element in a greater or less degree. The Church of England is no exception to this rule. The architecture of her fabrics and the externals of her order of service are instinct with symbolic meaning. But in these days, owing, perhaps, to the subject being encrusted with antiquarian and historical surroundings, for many minds the key has been lost." Only those who have mixed intimately with the people for many years can know how true this is; even the spire "pointing its taper finger to the skies," the font placed at the entrance to the church, and the cruciform buildings themselves, all being totally destitute of meaning to tens of thousands of well-meaning Church folks. If Mr. Garnier errs at all, it is in the other direction, as I strongly suspect he occasionally finds symbolism where none was originally intended; just as some of my brother-admirers of Shakspere find hidden meanings in the works of the great dramatist which he himself never dreamt of. "You who have seen a funeral will have noticed," says he, "that the coffin is always carried by bearers in the last stage. That is because it is written of the first Christian funeral, 'Devout men carried Stephen to his burial' (Acts viii. 2)." And he wisely adds, "Perhaps it will fall to some here to be bearers hereafter. Will you remember that they should be *devout* men?" It is well to draw a moral lesson from everything; and the solemnity of committing to the earth the lifeless carcase of a beloved brother or sister of the great human family should speak trumpet-tongued to us all of the nothingness of created things. But is the custom of bearers peculiar to Christians? and is it not of the most remote antiquity, originating in necessity rather than any symbolic design? On the other hand, of the symbolism of baptism there can be no scepticism. The same may be said of the white garments of the priesthood, whether Jewish or Christian. The pious Parsee wears a coif of white linen in three folds round his head—white being the universal emblem of purity in all ages, and the three folds being symbolical of good thoughts, good words, and good deeds. Symbolism to a really devout and intelligent mind is the highest of all teaching: to the profane and ignorant it soon becomes something worse than a plaything. We see this fearfully illustrated in Freemasonry, when men who are totally unfit for its sublime mysteries are unfortunately admitted within the tyled doors of our Lodges.

Here is a short passage from Mr. Garnier's book which will have peculiar interest for some of my readers:—"Suppose a negro slave escaped on to English ground, he would be a free man, and in due course a naturalized Englishman. He might, very likely, at times, show traces of his old cringing habits. He would not have the free spirit of one who had never been a slave. It would, therefore, be a help to remind that man: 'You are a free Englishman now, and no Englishman does a slavish act.'" This will remind an intelligent Craftsman of one of the reasons assigned why a candidate for the mysteries of Freemasonry was formerly required to be free by birth—fearing that slavish principles might otherwise be introduced into the noblest of all institutions; though the *real* cause, I have long been convinced, was the trade origin of our order, and no more peculiar to Masons than to other guilds; the fact being that, unless free-born, the Craftsman was liable to be sent into serfdom, and hence no Master could safely take him for an Entered Apprentice. The following shrewd remark of Mr. Garnier is peculiarly applicable to all Freemasons, whether they be Churchmen or not, and I believe the great majority of our English brethren profess to be so:—

"In a 'clustered' pillar there are several shafts, though they are all joined together in one. That is the true source of strength, for many to gather together in one on the One Foundation.* * * But if we are to be pillars, we must remember the conditions. A pillar is very straight and unbending. If it was all on the slant, the weight it bore would not pass down into the still, strong foundation; it would fall on the pillar itself, which would be broken. Let us all strive, by God's grace, to be very upright, very unbending, not like reeds shaken by the wind, but like *pillars*. 'Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the Temple of my God' (Rev. iii. 12)."

MR. SPRECHELHEIMER'S MISTAKE.

BY W. W. CRANE.

From "Scribner's American Monthly."

"I dells you now, vot happen voss
In mine shop hier, last veek.
Ve voss all vorkin, hants and poss,
A shafin men reit kveek.

"Und dann, vun noder man in-coom,
Und set a vaitin hier;
Dann say, a-lookin' rount der room;
'*Ussistnock nicktolp feer.*'

"I say, not hearin' him reit glear;
'Sir, vot you voss say blease.'
He say: '*Ussistnock nicktolp feer*'
Und dann he rup his knees.

"I dries to make dot lankvich out
So hart oss I can dry;
I doorns dem kveer vorts all apowt;
Dinks: 'How iss dot py high?

"So dann, insite mineself, I say;
'*Dies muss französisch sein.*'
Und dann I dinks, too, reit avay:
'*Gut! hier ist Friedrich Klein.*'

"Der Friedrich iss vun Elsass man,
Und can French vorts goot say.
'Fritz, is deess French?' I ask him dann,
—Dot man shvear, reit avay!

"He say he voss talk py der rule
(Blain English, now he shpeak);
He dolt me I voss vun Dutch fool,
Dann owt vent pooty kveek.

"Now all dot day I dinks mit me;
'Vot make dot man git mat?
Und vot for lankvich can dot be?'
Und dann I feels reit bat.

"Fritz say dem vorts dey voss not French,
Und dann I dinks some more.
I sits down py der bier-house pench
Und looks down mit der floor.

"Und, all off vunce, I ondershtan
Vot dot man mean to say!
He voss a Cherman-learning man,
Shoost gittin' in der vay!

"Und vot he say oss blain oss day
To me did dann abbear;
To show his Cherman off he say;
'*Es ist noch nicht halb vier.*'

"Now after deess, if manss coom hier
Und talk dot vay mit me.
I shoost make out it iss all glear
Und dey will nefer see.

"I say, reit off: '*Mein lieber Herr,*
Sie sprechen gut und klar!
Your Cherman is teep-top, I shvear!
Mein Gott 's ist wunderbar!'"

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

No. I.

To the Editor of the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

HE does unto the Craft belong,
To him we scanty honour give;
To scorn him would be doing wrong,
I wish he would more useful live.

1.

The solemn strains ascend on high,
'Mongst mourners sad—no eye is dry;
The Master Art holds all spell-bound,
As each one hears the *plaintive sound.*

2.

A pleasant spot wherein to dwell,
Is that of which some poets tell.
But, oh! alas! I much do fear
That lovely *land* is noway here.

3.

If, worthy Mason, *this* could be,
Angelic man we then might see.
I doubt if on this earth so round
A man so perfect can be found.

4.

A boat came nigh a mighty ship,
And something from its stem did slip,
Then came a crash—a frightful roar,
The noble ship was seen no more.

5.

Midst arctic regions *I* was spun,
The spinning caused some merry fun,
And wond'rous 'twas to old and young.
The spinner only used his tongue.

R. SIMMONS.

Mildmay Road, Chelmsford,
23rd July, 1877.

[We shall be happy to publish the names or initials of the guessers of the Acrostic, and will give the solution in the next number.—ED.]

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 52.—Vol. V. OCTOBER, 1877. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

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We have not a great deal to report this month as regards Freemasonry at home. It is like a yacht in mid-channel, running along with a favouring breeze, all sails set. May its fair weather continue!

Abroad, the aspect of Freemasonry is not comfortable, or re-assuring, especially in France and Belgium.

The "libres penseurs," (and an advanced party,) have apparently obtained a great predominance in the Lodges, and the Grand Orient of France has, in its recent sitting, by a large majority, erased the name of God from the Constitutions. Henceforward the Profession of French Masonic Belief rests on a political cry, and a nihilistic sentence.

Without saying too much, or speaking too hastily, we are inclined to think that, by its recent perverse agitation, as well by its last suicidal decision, the ruling section of the Grand Orient has un-Masoned, (if we may use such a word,) French Freemasonry. That is to say, in our humble opinion, it has severed itself deliberately from the Great Masonic Family, and ceases to be, "ipso facto," either a legitimate "pouvoir Maçonnique," or a lawful Grand Lodge!

It has no Grand Master, and it has erased the recognition of the Most High!

According to our insular and perhaps prejudiced view, "c'est le commencement de la fin." We can have no hope for French Freemasonry working and resting on so rotten a foundation, and with such unsound principles of action.

TO BRO. S. B. ELLIS, W.M., SHEFFIELD.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Friend, though we never met, and ne'er may meet,
Yet bound together with "the mystic tie,"
There seems a friendship that can never die
Between thyself and me; and I will greet
Thee with a verse, such as my Muse can give,—
No "sugar'd Sonnet," such as Shakspere threw
Broadcast amongst his friends,* like glittering dew
Thrown from an angel's wing; yet it may live
When thou and I are both beneath the sod,
Prized by our children's children, just to prove
The Merchant and the Poet both could love
The Beautiful, through all the works of God;
And, through the teachings of Freemasonry,
They felt their souls from worldly fetters free.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley, Aug. 24, 1877.

* Francis Meres, M.A., in his "noted schoolbook," *Wit's Treasury*, published in 1598,—Shakspere's thirty-fifth year—says:—"As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspere; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends," &c.

THE BIBLE—ITS AUTHORITY.

From the "Michigan Freemason."

How does Masonry regard the Bible? This is the important question which is now forcing itself upon the Craft in this jurisdiction. We do not wish to agitate this matter: it is already agitated. What appeared in the *Freemason* several months ago was in answer to questions, and a wish to have this matter so settled that Masons could not but know just how Masonry regards the Bible.

Masonry lays this volume upon her altar, and on it she obligates her members. She teaches in her Ritual that "the Holy Bible is the inestimable gift of God to man." Now, if this be true, Masonry does regard the Bible as of divine origin—that it came from God, and is of inestimable worth as a priceless gift from Him to his needy creatures. If this be true, Masons should respect the Bible, should read it, and never speak disrespectfully or sneeringly of it. If Masonry thus regards the Bible, the scepticism which we sometimes meet with in members of the fraternity, does not come from the inculcations of Masonry—far from it.

But more, Masonry places the Bible among the indispensible articles of furniture with which she decorates a lodge, and without which no lodge can be opened for work. When at work in the E.A.D., it is opened at a certain place in the Psalms; when in the F.C., at another place in Amos; and when on the M.M., at still another in Ecclesiastes. Now Masonry is said to be the same the world over. Query: Suppose the Koran, or a volume of the Bedas to be substituted for the Bible, at what places would the Deacon open those volumes when at work in the different degrees; and when giving the lecture on the E.A., coming to the furniture of the lodge, how would he get along with that portion which teaches the candidate that the *Holy Bible is the inestimable gift of God to man*, that on it we take our obligations, &c.? If Masonry is identical in all parts of the world, is this language to be used in reference to other books than the Bible? And if so, does not Masonry indorse the Koran as a revelation from God? How are these questions to be answered?

But we are told that "Masonry is found in all parts of the world, and among people who never heard of the Bible, and who believe none of its teachings." How astonishing! Wonder if that is really so? We have heard just such affirmations, quite often, but as yet we have never been convinced of their truthfulness. That a few Masonic Lodges have been organized among heathen nations is true, but they who organized them were of the civilized, Christian nations, and we have no proof that the Bible was not there quite as soon as Masonry, and that it prepared the way for our modern speculative or moral Masonry is quite probable. At least there is no proof to the contrary, or we know of none, save the mere assertions of parties who have read but little, travelled less, and are illy qualified to be witnesses in the premises.

"Who never heard of the Bible, *and believe none of its teachings!*" What! believe none of its teachings? Then they do not believe in God; for the existence of one God is a cardinal doctrine of the Bible. "In the beginning, God created the Heaven and the Earth," is the very first declaration of that Holy volume, and he who believes not in God is an atheist, and an atheist cannot be a Mason. By hypocrisy and falsehood he may so far impose on our brotherhood as to gain admission, kneel at our altar, and take our vows, but in so doing he is false to himself and to Masonry. It is an easy thing for a certain sceptical class to make such unguarded assertions as the above, when they do not seem to appreciate the full meaning of their declarations. We quite recently heard the Bible denounced as a lie by one who had not only taken all the lodge degrees, but also those of the chapter and presided as W.M., and at the present time is acting as Secretary of his lodge. We could not but wonder if these brethren esteemed that order very highly, which makes the Bible—the Book of Revelation—our spiritual and Masonic trestle-board. And when we hear these denunciations of the Bible—the Great Light of Masonry—by those whom our lodges place in offices of honour, we sometimes inquire of ourselves, how long will it be before these

leaders will go one step further, and, with Atheistic France, banish both Bible and God from the Fraternity.

While we have no desire to see aught which tends to sectarianism admitted into the Craft, yet we do wish to see the Ancient Landmarks respected by the leading members, and we moot the matter that all may investigate it with candour, and be prepared to act wisely. Occasionally these matters have been brought up for the action of Masonic bodies, and they may come up again and again. Indeed, France is at this time cut off from communication with the Grand Masonic Jurisdictions of the World on account of her repudiation of God and the Bible, and we are grieved to say that we have quite too many Masons of the French type in our midst.

To show the action taken by a few of our Sister Grand Bodies, and also to show how the matter has been viewed by leading members of the craft, we give a few quotations as follows:

"Resolved, that this Grand Lodge is clearly of the opinion that a distinct avowal of a belief in the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures should be required of every one who is admitted to the privileges of Masonry, and that a denial of the same is an offence against the Institution, calling for exemplary discipline."—*Ohio*, 1856.

"The only declaration of faith necessary on the part of the candidate, before initiation, is the profession of belief and trust in God. But we also say, that a man who declares his disbelief in the divine authenticity of the Holy Bible, cannot be made a Mason."—Brown, *C. F. C., Fla.*, 1858.

"Resolved, that the Grand Lodge of Texas declares that a belief in the divine authenticity of the Holy Scriptures is an indispensible pre-requisite for Masonic admission; and the Grand Lodge does not mean to exclude the Israelite, whom it does not regard as being disqualified for the mysteries of Freemasonry."—*Texas*, 1857.

"No Christian doubts the authority of the Bible, and in this country we need not trouble ourselves much about any other class of people. We place it upon our altars as the Word of God—the initiate is practically taught so to regard it—and we take it, and enjoin others to take it, as the rule and guide of our conduct. This is enough. If any offer who are not willing so to recognize and take it, we are not bound to receive them. Every Lodge is the judge of the fitness of its own candidates. Let this suffice, and 'remove not the ancient landmarks which our father's have set.'"—C. W. Moore.

"It is clearly settled that in the first degrees of Masonry religious tenets shall not be a barrier to the admission or advancement of applicants provided they confess a belief in God and His Holy Word."—*Res., Ohio*, 1820.

"By the usuages and principles of our Order, he who does not believe in and acknowledge the Bible as the rule and guide of his conduct, ought not to be received into our Order."—Hubbard, *Ohio*, 1853.

"Resolved, that Masonry, as we have received it from our fathers, teaches the divine authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, and that the views of candidates on this subject should be ascertained by the committee of inquiry, or otherwise, as well as their other qualifications and fitness to be received into the order."—*Res., Iowa*, 1855.

"It is the sense of this Grand Lodge that no man can become a Mason unless he can avow a belief in the principles contained in the Holy Bible, and that the demand for such belief does not conflict with the universality of Freemasonry."—*Res., Neb.*, 1858.

It is understood, of course, that the Grand Lodge of Michigan has decided that a candidate need not avow his belief in the divine authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, yet the eminent author of that decision has also placed himself right on the record, by declaring, in no ambiguous terms, that his decision was never designed to convey the impression that brethren of the Craft have a license to treat the Bible with contempt. "Grand Lodge, in no shape nor manner, has ever sanctioned, and never will (as I know from the culture, character, and intelligence of its members) give countenance to any brother who will speak contemptuously of the Bible." "I say, most emphatically, that a brother who speaks contemptuously of the Bible is not a Mason. He may have passed through the forms and ceremonies, taken the

obligations, and promised obedience, but with all this done, he is not a Mason; and a brother who knows of the existence of such a moral leper, claiming to be a Mason, should prefer charges against him, and, if found guilty, the Lodge should at once purge the Temple of his contaminating presence."

Good enough. Let us act upon this suggestion. A brother who has so little regard for himself and the fraternity as to speak contemptuously of the Great Light of Masonry, our spiritual and Masonic trestle-board, and before the brethren denounce it as a lie, let him be at once called to account, and dealt with as above. A few such examples would be wholesome.

OBJECTS, ADVANTAGES, AND PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

(*Continued from page* 102.)

THE *Comets* belong to the same system, according to this manner of viewing the subject. They are bodies which move in elliptical paths, but far longer and narrower than the curves in which the Earth and the other planets and their moons roll. Our curves are not much less round than circles; the paths of the comets are long and narrow, so as, in many places, to be more nearly straight lines than circles. Formerly they were supposed to shine by their own light; but it is now considered pretty safe to conclude that they, like all other heavenly bodies in the Solar System, receive their light from the Sun's rays only. As they approach or recede from the Sun, they are more or less brilliant. The appendage called a tail being always formed on that side of the nucleus most distant from the Sun, seems to show that it is an illumination produced by the Sun's rays. The discoveries lately made by the Spectroscope also tend to confirm this conjecture. The time of the revolution of Comets in their orbits round the Sun, varies from three to several hundreds of our years. They, like our Earth and Moon, wheel round the Sun in boundless space drawn by the same force, acting by the same rule which makes a stone fall when dropped from the hand.

The more full and accurate our observations are upon those heavenly bodies, the better we find all their motions agreeing with this great doctrine; although, no doubt many things are to be taken into the account beside the force that draws them to the different centres. Thus, while the Moon is drawn by the Earth, and the Earth by the Sun, the Moon is also drawn directly by the Sun; and while Jupiter is drawn by the Sun, so are his moons; and both Jupiter and his moons are drawn by Saturn; nay, as this power of gravitation is quite universal, and as no body can attract or draw another without being itself drawn by that other, the Earth is drawn by the Moon, while the Moon is drawn by the Earth; and the Sun is attracted by the planets which he draws towards himself. These mutual attractions give rise to many deviations from the simple line of the ellipse, and produce many irregularities in the simple calculation of the times and motions of the bodies that compose the System of the Universe. But the extraordinary powers of investigation applied to the subject by the modern improvements in Mathematics, have enabled us at length to reduce even the greatest of the irregularities to order and system; and to unfold one of the most wonderful truths in all science, namely, that by certain necessary consequences of the simple fact upon which the whole fabric rests—the proportion of the attractive force to the distances at which it operates—all the irregularities which at first seemed to disturb the order of the system, and to make the appearances depart from the doctrine, are themselves subject to a certain fixed rule, and can never go beyond a particular point, but must begin to lessen when they have slowly reached that point, and must then lessen until they reach another point, when they begin again to increase; and so on for ever. Nay, so perfect is the arrangement of the whole system, and so accurately does it depend upon mathematical principles, that irregularities, or rather apparent deviations, have been discovered by mathematical reasoning before astronomers had observed them, and then their existence

has been ascertained by observation, and found to agree precisely with the results of calculation. Thus, the planets move in ovals, from gravity, the power that attracts them towards the Sun, combined with the original impulse they receive forwards; and the disturbing forces are continually varying the course of the curves or ovals, making them bulge out in the middle, as it were, on the sides, though in a very small proportion to the whole length of the ellipse. The oval thus bulging, its breadth increases by a very small quantity yearly and daily; and after a certain large number of years, the bulging becomes as great as it ever can be: then the alteration takes a contrary direction, and the curve gradually flattens as it has bulged; till, in the same number of years which it took to bulge, it becomes as flat as it ever can be, and then it begins to bulge, and so on for ever.

And so, too, of every other disturbance and irregularity in the system: what at first appears to be some departure from the rule, when more fully examined, turns out to be only a consequence of it, or the result of a more general arrangement springing from the principle of Gravitation; an arrangement of which the rule itself, and the apparent or supposed exception, both form parts.

The power of Gravitation, which thus regulates the whole system of the universe, is found to rule each member or branch of it separately. Thus, it is demonstrated that the figure both of our Earth and of such of the other bodies as have a spinning motion round their axis, is determined by gravitation combined with that motion: they are all flattened towards the ends of the axis they spin upon, and bulge out towards the middle.

The great discoverer of the principle on which all these truths rest, Sir Isaac Newton, certainly by far the most extraordinary man that ever lived, concluded, by reasoning upon the nature of motion and matter, that this flattening must take place in our globe; everyone before his time had believed the Earth to be a perfect sphere or globe, chiefly from observing the round shadow which it casts on the moon in eclipses; and it was many years after his death that the accuracy of his opinion was proved by measurements on the Earth's surface, and by the different weight and attraction of bodies at the equator, where it bulges, and at the poles, where it is flattened. The improvement of telescopes has enabled us to ascertain the same fact with respect to the planets Jupiter and Saturn.

Beside unfolding the general laws which regulate the motions and figures of the heavenly bodies forming our Solar System, Astronomy consists in calculations of the places, times, and eclipses of those bodies, and their moons or *satellites* (from a Latin word, signifying an *attendant*), and in observations of the Fixed Stars, which are innumerable assemblages of bodies, not moving round the Sun as our Earth and the other planets do, nor receiving the light they shine with from his light; but shining as the Sun does with a light of its own, and placed to all appearance, immoveable, at immense distances from our world, that is, from our Solar System. Each of them is probably the Sun of some other system like our own, composed of planets and their moons or satellites; but so extremely distant from us, that they are all seen by us like one point of faint light, as you see two lamps, placed a few inches asunder, only like one, when you view them a great way off. The number of the Fixed Stars is prodigious, even to the naked eye they are very numerous, about 3000 being thus visible; but when the heavens are viewed through the telescope, stars become visible in numbers wholly incalculable: 2000 are discovered in one of the small collections of a few visible stars called *Constellations;* nay, what appears to the naked eye only a light cloud, as the *Milky Way,* when viewed through the telescope, proves to be an assemblage of innumerable Fixed Stars, each of them in all likelihood a sun and a system like the rest, though at an immeasurable distance from ours.

The size, motions, and distances of the heavenly bodies are such as to exceed the power of ordinary imagination, from any comparison with the smaller things we see around us. The Earth's diameter is nearly 8000 miles; but the Sun's is about 850,000 miles, and the bulk of the Sun is about 1,200,000 times greater than that of the Earth. The planet Jupiter, which looks like a mere speck, from his vast dis-

tance, is nearly 1200 times larger than this Earth. Our distance from the Sun is above 92 millions of miles, but Jupiter is 475 millions, and Saturn 872 millions of miles distant from the Sun. The rate at which the Earth moves round the Sun is 66,000 miles an hour, or nearly 140 times swifter than the motion of a cannon ball; and the planet Mercury, the nearest to the Sun, moves still quicker, about 106,000 miles an hour. We, upon the Earth's surface besides being carried round the Sun, move round the Earth's axis by the rotatory or spinning motion which it has; so that every 24 hours we in England move in this manner nearly 14,000 miles (persons living on the equator about 24,000 miles) besides moving round the Sun about 1,550,000 miles. These motions and distances, however prodigious as they are, seem nothing compared to those of some of the comets. The distance of the Fixed Stars is yet more vast—they are supposed to be about 400,000 times further from us than we are from the Sun, so that a cannon ball would take between four and five millions of years to reach one of them, supposing there was nothing to hinder it from pursuing its course thither.

The tables which Astronomers have formed of the motions of the heavenly bodies are of great use in navigation. By means of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, and by the tables of the Moon's motions, we can ascertain the position of a ship at sea; for the observation of the Sun's height at mid-day gives the *latitude* of the place, that is, its distance from the equinoctial or equator, and these tables, with the observations of the satellites, or moons, give the distance east and west of the observatory for which the tables are calculated—called the *longitude* of the place: consequently, the mariner can thus tell nearly in what part of the ocean he is, how far he has sailed from his port of departure, and how far he must sail, and in what direction, to gain the port of his destination. The advantage of this knowledge is therefore manifest in the common affairs of life; but it sinks into insignificance compared with the vast extent of those views which the contemplations of the science afford, of numberless worlds filling the immensity of space, and all kept in their places, and adjusted in their prodigious motions by the same simple principle, under the guidance of an all-wise and all-powerful Creator.

The application of Dynamics to the pressure and motions of fluids, constitutes a Science which receives different appellations according as the fluids are heavy and liquid like water, or light and invisible like air. In the former case it is called *Hydrodynamics*, from the Greek words signifying *water* and *power*, or *force*; in the latter *Pneumatics*, from the Greek word signifying *breath* or *air*; and Hydrodynamics is divided into *Hydrostatics*, which treats of the weight and pressure of liquids, from the Greek words for *balancing of water*; and *Hydraulics*, which treats of their motion, from the Greek word for certain musical instruments played with *water* in *pipes*.

The discoveries to which experiments upon the pressure and motion of fluids, aided by mathematical reasoning, have led, are of the greatest importance, whether we regard their application to practical purposes, or their use for explaining the appearances in nature, or their singularity as the subjects of scientific contemplation. When it is found that the pressure of water or any other liquid upon the surface that contains it, is not in the least degree proportioned to its bulk, but only to the height at which it stands, so that a long small pipe, containing a pound or two of the fluid, will give the pressure of twenty or thirty tons; nay, of twice or thrice as much, if its length be increased, and its bore lessened, without the least regard to the quantity of the liquid, we are not only astonished at so extraordinary and unexpected a property of matter, but we straightway perceive one of the great agents employed in the vast operations of nature, in which the most trifling means are used to work the mightiest effects. We likewise learn to guard against many serious mischiefs in our own works, and to apply safely and usefully a power calculated, according as it is directed, either to produce unbounded devastation, or to render the most beneficial service.

Nor are the discoveries relating to the Air less interesting in themselves, and less applicable to important uses. It is an agent, though invisible, as powerful as Water, in the operations both of nature

and of art. Experiments of a simple and decisive nature show the amount of its pressure to be between 14 and 15 pounds on every square inch; but, like all other fluids, it presses equally in every direction, so that though, on one hand, there is a pressure downwards of above 250 pounds, yet this is exactly balanced by an equal pressure upwards, from the air pressing round and getting below. If, however, the air on one side be removed, the whole pressure from the other acts unbalanced. Hence the ascent of water in pumps, which suck out the air from a barrel, and allow the pressure upon the water to force it up 32 or 33 feet, that body of water being equal to the weight of the atmosphere. Hence the ascent of the mercury in the barometer is only 28 or 29 inches, mercury being between 13 or 14 times heavier than water. Hence, too, the motion of the steam-engine; the piston of which, until the direct force of steam was applied, used to be pressed downwards by the weight of the atmosphere from above, all air being removed below it by first filling it with steam, and then suddenly cooling and converting that steam into water, so as to leave nothing in the space it had occupied. Hence, too, the power which some animals possess of walking along the perpendicular surfaces of walls, and even the ceilings of rooms, by squeezing out the air between the inside of their feet and the wall, and thus being supported by the pressure of the air against the outside of their feet.

The science of *Optics* (from the Greek word for *seeing*), which teaches the nature of light, and of the sensation conveyed by it, presents, of itself, a field of unbounded extent and interest. Newton made the astounding discovery that a beam of light which we call white, is composed of all the colours blended in certain proportion; he caused a ray of light to pass through a prism of glass, and thus he analyzed the beam by showing the spectrum on a screen beyond. Since that time the marvellous instrument called the Spectroscope has been invented, which goes one step further inasmuch as it analyzes the spectrum, showing that each colour contains more or less dark or light lines dependant upon the materials inflamed to produce the illumination. The value of the discoveries which continue to be made with the Spectroscope it is impossible to estimate.

To a man who, for original genius and strong natural sense, is not unworthy of being named after this illustrious sage, we owe the greater part of *Electrical* science. It treats of the peculiar substance, resembling both light and heat, which, by rubbing, is found to be produced in a certain class of bodies, as glass, wax, silk, amber; and to be conveyed easily or *conducted* through others, as wood, metals, water; and it has received the name of *Electricity*, from the Greek word for *amber*. Dr. Franklin discovered that this is the same matter which, when collected in the clouds, and conveyed from them to the Earth, we call *lightning*, and whose noise, in darting through the air, is *thunder*. From the time of Franklin Electricity has been studied and experimented upon by scientific men in all parts, and the results have been overwhelmingly successful, in fact they may be said to have revolutionized the whole world by the invention of the Electric Telegraph. Step by step improvements still continue to be effected, and it seems that the wonders to be accomplished in this branch of science must be unlimited. The observation of some movements in the limbs of a dead frog, gave rise to the discovery of *Animal Electricity* or *Galvanism*, as it was at first called from the name of the discoverer; and since which has given birth to improvements that have changed the face of chemical philosophy; affording a new proof how few there are of the processes of nature incapable of repaying the labour bestowed in patiently and diligently examining them.

In order to explain the nature and objects of those branches of Natural Science more or less connected with the mathematics some details were necessary, as without them it was difficult immediately to perceive their importance, and, as it were, relish the kind of instruction which they afford. But the same course need not be pursued with respect to the other branches. The value and interest of chemistry is at once perceived, when it is known to teach the nature of all bodies; the relations of simple substances to heat and to one another, or their combinations together;

the composition of those which nature produces in a compound state; and the application of the whole to the arts and manufactures. Some branches of philosophy, again, are chiefly useful and interesting to particular classes, as surgeons and physicians. Others are easily understood by a knowledge of the principles of Mechanics and Chemistry, of which they are applications and examples; as those which teach the structure of the Earth and the changes it has undergone; the motions of the muscles, and the structure of the parts of Animals; the qualities of animal and vegetable substances; and that department of Agriculture which treats of soils, manure, and machinery. Other branches are only collections of facts, highly curious and useful indeed, but which any one who reads or listens, perceives as clearly, and comprehends as readily, as the professed student. To this class belongs Natural History, in so far as it describes the habits of animals and plants, and its application to that department of Agriculture which treats of cattle and their management.

A BIRTHDAY.

SAD is the flight of years,
All mixed with human tears.
The hours leave us here;
Old day dreams disappear;
And one by one dear shades flit by,
Whose memories never die!

Ceaseless the march of Time;
Glad Hope and Trust sublime,
Affection's grace and glow,
Its glamour and its flow,
Its countless pleasant ways,
Die with our dying days.

How strange to know and feel
The truths our hearts conceal;
The things we love the most,
Our earthly pride and boast,
The dearest things of earth,
Fade often in their birth,
Faces and forms most fair,
And gifts most rich and rare,
The coming silvery voice,
Which bade our hearts rejoice,
The kindly winning smile,
Desert us for awhile.

We look in vain to-day
For the lov'd one past away,
For generous faith and trust,
For the mind so clear and just,
For the tenderness of truth,
For the grace of age and youth.

'Midst heavy falling tears,
We miss the love of years,
We miss the trust which never waned,
We miss the wit which never pained,
We miss the grave and classic brow,
Sadly, sorely, truly, now!

But Hope is whispering still,
Through the hours of human ill,
Through joys and heavy cares,
Through trouble resignation bears,
"Believe that all is for the best;
The weary one's at rest!"

NEMO.

WONDERS OF OPERATIVE MASONRY.

From the "Keystone."

VI.

IN the present article we conclude our description of the principal Abbeys and Cathedrals of Great Britain. The subject has been developed at greater length than we intended, but no edifice has been included that is not in truth a Wonder of Operative Masonry.

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, Cambridge, sixty miles north from London, is the finest Gothic edifice in England. It was founded by King Henry VI., in A.D. 1441. Walpole calls it "a work sufficient alone to ennoble any age." Its striking features externally are, the immense buttresses that support it, the height and magnitude of the

building, the open-worked battlements around the entire roof, and the finely proportioned pinnacles and towers. The interior is yet more impressive. The vast and arched roof of solid stone, is unsupported by a single pillar, and its pendant stones seem to hang in the air, as if "art had weaned them of their tendency to gravitate." The famous architect, Bro. Sir Christopher Wren, was accustomed to go once a year to view the roof of the Chapel of King's College, and is said to have remarked, that if any man would show him where to place the *first* stone, he would build such another. Many of these stones in the roof weigh a ton each, are over a yard in thickness, and elegantly carved with roses and portcullises. Their erection was a remarkable architectural feat. The length of this superb edifice is 316 feet, its breadth 84 feet, its interior height 78 feet, and the height of each of the four corner towers, 146 feet. The interior is a splendid example of Florid Gothic. The painted windows, each 50 feet high, are marvels of beauty, rich in orient colours and imagery. Over one hundred Scriptural events are superbly delineated. A German Master Mason, named Klaus, or Kloos, is said to have built King's College Chapel, but an extant original indenture for the erection of the miraculously vaulted roof is executed by "John Wastell, Master Mason of the Works, and Henry Semerk, one of the Wardens." This was in 1508, in Henry VII.'s reign, and the cost of the roof was to be £1200. Another indenture, in the archives of Caius College, dated the 16th year of Edward IV. (1477), recites that "John Wulrich" was "Maistr Mason of the Werkes of Kyng's College." The entire interior of the Chapel is a mass of Gothic points and paneling, surmounted by airy and exquisite fan-like tracery.

ELGIN CATHEDRAL, 174 miles north from Edinburgh, in Morayshire, once rivalled Melrose Abbey in the splendour of its Gothic architecture. Its present ruins attest its symmetry, beauty, and massive character. Its length is 289 feet, trancepts 120 feet, and height of the two western towers (between which there is a magnificent doorway), 83 feet. Bishop Moray founded it in A.D. 1224, on the site of an old church, and built it in the form of a Passion cross. Its front is well preserved with two massive and lofty towers. The portal is ornamented with fluted pilasters, and above it there is a fine lancet arched window, 28 feet in height. In 1538 it had a central tower and spire, 198 feet high. This has since fallen. In 1565 the revenue of Elgin Cathedral was £1675, besides payments in kind.

In the Chapter house adjoining the Cathedral there is what is termed the "apprentice's aisle," having been built, according to the legend frequently repeated with reference to similar structures (notably in the case of Roslin Chapel), by an apprentice in the absence of his master, who, from envy of its excellence, murdered him on his return—which legend originated, in all probability, in the mysteries of the Lodges of travelling Freemasons, who in the Middle Ages traversed Europe, warranted by Papal Bulls, and with ample privileges to train apprentices in the theory and practice of Masonry and architecture.

In 1568 the lead that covered the roof of this Cathedral was stripped off by the Regent Morton, and shipped to Holland, to raise money for the payment of his troops. Scarcely had the vesssel carrying it left the coast of Scotland, when it, together with the crew and cargo, went to the bottom—an evidence, as then thought, of the judgment of Heaven upon those who were instrumental in carrying away treasures despoiled from God's House.

WALSINGHAM ABBEY, in Norfolkshire, 110 miles north-east from London, was founded in A.D. 1061, by the widow of Richoldis de Favarches, for Augustine Monks. Its shrine soon became the most popular in England. Foreigners from all parts of the world made pilgrimages to it, guided, as they fancied, by the light of the milky way, which the monks of Walsingham persuaded the people was a miraculous indication of the route to their monastry. Kings and queens were among these pilgrims, and singularly enough, Henry VIII., in the second year of his reign, made a pilgrimage to it, walking barefoot from a distance of three miles, and presented a valuable necklace to the image; and yet the same quondam worshipper and royal pilgrim, not many years after, directed the identical image of "Our Lady of Walsingham," to be taken from its shrine and burnt. Roger Ascham,

when he visited Cologne in 1550, remarked: "The Three Kings be not so rich as was the Lady of Walsingham." Among the numerous attractions at this Abbey was some of "the Virgin's milk." The monks stated that all other portions of the Virgin's milk had fallen to the ground, while this was taken directly from her breast! All good pilgrims kissed the receptacle of the sacred milk. There were also here two Wishing Wells, and whoever drank of their waters, the monks asserted, might obtain under certain restrictions, whatever they desire. There are some fine architectural remains of this Abbey, including the east end of the Church, in Decorated Gothic, with a beautiful arch, 50 feet high; the walls, windows, and arches of the refectory; and a Norman arch, with zig-zag mouldings. A part of the cloisters are incorporated into the modern mansion known as Walsingham Abbey, the residence of the Rev. Mr. Warner.

BECTIVE ABBEY, on the river Boyne, in Meath, Ireland, was a great Cistercian Monastery, founded by Murchard, King of Meath, in A.D. 1150, and endowed with a rich demesne of 245 acres of land. The Lord Abbot of Bective, who, with his monks, came from Mellifont Abbey, was one of the fifteen Abbots in Ireland that sat as a spiritual peer in Parliament. The ruins, with their yellow battlemented walls, now present the appearance of a noble castellated mansion, rearing aloft its turrets and gables, while the lichen and ivy-clad cloisters are extremely picturesque. The Earl of Bective has enclosed the Abbey grounds with a wall, so that they are less wasted than most of the ecclesiastical remains in Ireland. The body of the murdered Hugh de Lacy, in 1186, was interred in Bective Abbey, while his head was buried in St. Thomas's Church, Dublin. A fierce controversy arose between these two Abbeys for the possession of the entire remains of that unfortunate man. The Pope was appealed to, and awarded the corpse to the monks of St. Thomas, who accordingly have since possessed it, and the saint now lies buried in peace, instead of in pieces.

MELLIFONT ABBEY stands in the cup of a small valley near the Boyne, 5 miles from Drogheda, Ireland. This Abbey (whose name signifiest he "Honey Fountain"), was founded in A.D. 1142, by O'Carrol, Prince of Orgiel, the great Church reformer of his day. It was the first in point of time, and also in beauty of design and finish, erected in Ireland by the Cistercians, the leading Church founders of the middle ages. Its locality, once musical with the busy hum of bees, became resonant with the measured cadences of the matin and vesper bells. The relics of St. Malachy, the second Irishman canonized by the Pope, were interred in it, and thenceforth it became the mother-church of many of the Bishops of Ireland. It was intensely national. In 1322 it was determined that no person should be admitted into the Abbey before he had taken an oath that he was not of English descent. The present ruins consist of a fine portal, part of St. Bernard's Chapel (Early English architecture), the Baptistry (Saxon), and the crypts beneath the Abbey. At the Dissolution, when it contained 140 monks, the Abbey was given to Sir Gerald Moore, ancestor of the Marquis of Drogheda, who has his residence here.

BEAUCHIEF ABBEY, in Derbyshire, 135 miles north-west from London, was founded in A.D. 1183, for Præmonstratensian or White Canons, by Robert, Lord Alfreton, one of the four Knights who assassinated Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, and who erected this Abbey by way of expiating his crime. It is situated near the borders of Yorkshire, amid the sweet scenery of Abbeydale. The west end of the chapel remains, and in it divine service is still performed. Although a considerable structure, Beauchief (sometimes denominated Bello-Capite) Abbey was never wealthy. At the Dissolution, when it was given to Sir William Shelly, its revenue amounted to £157. On a hill near by its ruins, Beauchief House, an Elizabethian mansion, was erected, out of materials furnished by the demolition of the Abbey.

READING ABBEY, at Reading, in Berkshire, 50 miles west from London, was a mitred Abbey, and one of the richest in England. It was founded A.D. 1121, by King Henry I. for 200 Benedictine monks. Its Abbot took precedency in the House of Peers next after the Abbots of St. Alban's and Glastonbury. The body of King Henry was buried here, while, by a strange fancy,

his brains, heart, eyes and tongue were buried at Rouen. In 1539, at the Dissolution, the Abbot, "a stubborn monk," together with two of his friars, was hanged drawn and quartered, for refusing to deliver up the Abbey to Henry VIII. Its revenues then were equivalent to £30,000 value as estimated in 1806. Its remains consist of a portion of the great hall, once used for parliaments, now used as a schoolroom; some battlemented gateways, and the Abbey mills, which exhibit arches that were coeval with the Abbey itself. These relics of seven centuries ago, although forming but a broken skeleton, are full of interest.

DUNFERMLINE ABBEY, in Fifeshire, 18 miles north-west from Edinburgh, was founded by Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, in A.D. 1080. King David I, in A.D. 1124, introduced into it the Benedictines, or Black Monks, and raised it to the dignity of a mitred Abbey, when it became one of the most extensive and magnificent monastic establishments in Scotland. Matthew of Westminster says: "Its boundaries were so ample that three potent sovereigns, with their retinues, might have been accommodated with lodgings here at the same time without incommoding each other." When King Edward of England invaded Scotland, in 1303, he resided in the Abbey, and set it on fire when he left it, because the nobles of the kingdom assembled there and devised plots against him, thus "converting the Temple of the Lord into a den of thieves." The last Abbot was George Durie, in A.D. 1530. Its revenue was £2,513 Scots. The ruins that remain indicate its former grandeur. The Abbey was cruciform and of Norman architecture. It was long the place of sepulture of Scottish Kings. Here were interred Malcolm Canmore, its founder; Alexander I.; David I., the founder and generous patron of so many Scotch Abbeys; and Sir Robert Bruce, the saviour of his country. In 1818, Bruce's tomb was discovered, and in it his skeleton, wrapped in lead. The Fratery, with its beautiful window, is extremely striking, as are also the massive pillars, thirteen and a half in circumference, which support the old Church. The new Abbey Church —the present parish Church—is a splendid edifice, in ornate Gothic style, with elegant perpendicular windows. On the four sides of its tower, in capital letters four feet high, are these words: "King Robert the Bruce," surmounted by royal crowns.

THORNEY ABBEY, Cambridgeshire, 85 miles north from London, was founded by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, in A.D. 972, for Benedictine Monks. The remains, which are incorporated into the present edifice, were erected in 1128. When the Abbey was dissolved by Henry VIII. the greater part of it was destroyed, but the west front and nave were preserved, and have been used since as a Church. The architecture of the front is pointed, and above the large window are nine statues of saints placed in Gothic niches, between two octagonal towers. These towers rise from the ground, and give majesty to the entire front. Thorney Abbey derived its name from the multitude of thorns which once grew in its vicinity. At the Dissolution it possessed a revenue of £500. Since Edward VI.'s time it has been a part of the Duke of Bedford's estates, and the present Duke owns 19,000 acres of the surrounding lands.

PAISLEY ABBEY, at Paisley, 8 miles west from Glasgow, Scotland, was founded A.D. 1163, by Walter, High Steward of Scotland, for monks of the Clugniac order of reformed Benedictines. It was at first a Priory, but was afterwards raised to the rank of an Abbey, and richly endowed, so that it became one of the most opulent in the Kingdom. It was burned by the English in 1307. The present Abbey was built about 1450, and is 265 feet in length. The interior of the nave is magnificent. Ten massive, clustered columns divide the aisles from the body of the fabric; from these columns spring pointed arches, with graceful mouldings. The northern transept, although ruinous, is a fine relic of monastic grandeur. It does not appear that there was a southern transept. The "Chronicon Clugniense," or "Black Book of Paisley" was a history of the times, kept by the monks of this Abbey. The original is now in the King's Library of St. James. Majory, daughter of King Robert Bruce, who was killed while hunting, was buried here, in 1316. The Abbey is now the property of the Marquis of Abercorn. According to the inscription on a stone of Melrose Abbey, John Moreau, its architect

in 1136, was also the architect of Paisley.

KIRKWALL CATHEDRAL, at Kirkwall, on the largest of the Orkney Islands, is north of the mainland, and the most perfectly preserved Cathedral in Scotland. Rognwald, Count of Orkney, laid its foundation in A.D. 1138. It is a massive pile, 226 feet in length, by 56 in breadth, with lofty towers, and is almost the only unimpaired specimen of the stately monuments of ecclesiastic grandeur which adorned Scotland prior to the Reformation. The roof is entire, and supported by 28 pillars, each 15 feet in circumference. The western doors are magnificently pointed, as is also the great east window. The edifice is built of red sandstone, and has completely escaped the fury of the devastators of the Reformation era.

HOLY CROSS ABBEY, Peebles, Scotland, 27 miles south from Edinburgh, was founded by King Alexander III. It was one of the four in Scotland called Ministries, and was erected for seventy Red or Trinity Friars. The entire edifice was a hollow quadrangle, one side of which was occupied by the Abbey Church, 164 feet long, while the cloistered residences of the Friars formed the other three sides. It was used until 1784 as a parochial Church, and afterwards as a school house. Only a fragment of the Abbey now remains. Like many others of the ecclesiastic edifices of Papal times, it at a later day became a mere stone quarry, and piece by piece was carried away and built into other structures. Its present remains, however, are now carefully preserved.

In our next issue we shall supplement this series of papers with an account of the exact connection of the Freemasons of the Middle Ages with the erection of these splendid Cathedrals and Abbeys, and give a sketch of the origin and wonderful character of Gothic Architecture.

MASONIC ODE.

EMPIRES and kings have passed away,
Into oblivion's mine;
And tow'ring domes have felt decay,
Since auld lang syne.

But Masonry, the glorious art,
With Wisdom's ray divine;
'Twas ever so, the Hebrew cries,
"In auld lang syne."

Behold the occidental chair,
Proclaims the day's decline—
Hiram of Tyre was seated there
In auld lang syne.

The south proclaims refreshment nigh,
High twelve's the time to dine;
And beauty decked the southern sky
In auld lang syne.

Yes, Masonry, whose temple here
Was built by hands divine,
Shall ever shine as bright and clear,
As in auld lang syne.

Then brethren for the worthy three,
Let us a wreath entwine,
The three great heads of Masonry
In auld lang syne.

Rememb'ring oft that worthy one,
With gratitude divine;
The Tyrian youth—the widow's son
Of auld lang syne.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER IV.

"She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met."
HAYNES BAYLEY.

PAESIELLO, after a short distance on the road, recovered both his tongue and his spirits; for, like most of us, the hour of parting for him was an hour of trial, more severe even than he had expected. The separations of life are often among our greatest troubles here below!

To bid adieu to a familiar face, or a well-known spot—to say "good-bye," with the irresistible feeling that we shall never meet again on earth, is not unfrequently a very painful "thorn in the flesh" to us all alike. We keep up until the actual hour

strikes; but when once the Rubicon is passed, when we "burn our boats" and our "bridges" at the same time, then there come over the "lone spirit," as Mrs. Balasso so touchingly says, "a sense of isolation and the reality of separation." Some of us, as Time has winged its flight of lazy or stirring years, have known well what it is to bid farewell to loved faces and pleasant homes, to the "Lares and Penates" of long and eventful years; to that dear old friend we never more shall greet; to that cherished abode we never more shall inhabit; and with choking sensations in the "larynx," and with watery eyes have nerved ourselves to the severance, or have stalked gloomily and grandly away!

Paesiello was too "insouciant" to feel as much as I have sketched but hastily, and his depression was, as with youth generally, short-lived, and accordingly he proceeded with mingled "sang-froid" and gaiety to talk over the events of his sojourn at Venice, the virtues of Donna Isabella, and the charm of the recalcitrant Petronella. Don Balthazar gravely assented to his remarks, and re-echoed his ejaculations, but continued to smoke peacefully all the while, evidently being a firm believer in the soothing properties of Raleigh's "soft narcotic," and the virtue of a sedative cigarette. I have known in life many other persons with whom a cigar, or even a pipe, had the most tranquilizing effect, yes, under circumstances of no ordinary turmoil or excitement, grief or grumbling.

My young friend Poppleton—a very knowing and energetic youth—has often confided to me his experience of the matter. He says, and I don't venture to contradict his outspoken opinion, that a pipe or cigar is an antidote for a "fellah" to nearly all the evils and most of the troubles of life. At least, he declares, it "infuses" into you a calm, sagacious, benevolent spirit; it is the best armour, he assures me, against the voice of a talkative sister, the complaints of an injured wife, and the remarks of an excited fiancée, the objurgations of an indignant mother-in-law. He assured me also he found it the best recipe for tranquillity and a contented disposition amid duns and debts, rows by day, "tracasseries" by night, and that as far as his experience goes, (which I may observe is not very far,) it is the most useful, the most silent, and the most friendly of friends.

I am not a smoker myself, and cannot possibly, therefore, enter into the spirit or vapour of Pottleton's glowing eulogy; and to, say the truth, the only use that I have myself ever seen for tobacco was in malaria-haunted countries, where the smokers certainly had the "pull" over the non-smokers! I leave, however, the settlement of the "cloudy warfare" to those who, like young Pottleton, admire so hugely the use and taste and smell of tobacco.

I may observe, "en passant," that as opinions always do differ in this world, Miss Pottleton, my young friend's charming sister—a blushing "ingenue" of sweet sixteen—holds a very decided and different opinion on the subject. For she tells me in her confiding outspokenness, that in her opinion, most of the young men who smoke so much to-day have positively in consequence "evaporated into thin air all the brains in their heads, and all the feelings in their hearts." When such sagacious doctors differ, who can hope to decide?

Paesiello and his party reached Verona early next morning, and proceeded to instal themselves in the "Capulet and Montague Arms." Paesiello was full of Juliet and her nurse, Romeo and the friar, and so made up his mind to loiter on a spot so full of interest to all those who like archæology and antiquity, fortifications and sentiment.

As Verona is rather a dull town in itself, Paesiello, who had brought with him some letters of introduction to a distinguished Veronese family, (a descendant of a Capulet, by the way,) found, as others have found, that with pleasant society we are quite independent of the "Genius Loci," the charms of scenery, the gossip of the "cicerone," or the associations of the past. In the agreeable family of Don Manfredi he found all that was most pleasant to the lover of ancient romances, and juvenile sympathies, the past and the present, venerable souvenirs, and modern "agremens."

Don Manfredi's family consisted of his wife, a distinguished and stately Veronese,

and himself, who was "nobilis" in every sense of the word, a gay son, a bloooming daughter, and a plump sister in law.

Under these bright auspices Paesiello saw Verona thoroughly, and grew sensible and sentimental alternately.

Indeed, he often said in after years he enjoyed his visit to Verona very much indeed. It is clear from his manuscript that he had much to affect and amuse him, if something also to "bless and to bore" him, a fact which seems to belong to the whole of our mundane existence, go where we will, be what we may. I must now confide a little secret to my readers.

Paesiello and Mdlle. Manfredi would, I think, have done very well together, (despite a certain Don Pomposio,) had not the maiden aunt, a stout good-looking "old gal," (Paesiello so termed her in after years,) of forty-five—to use a classical expression—determined "to put her oar in."

No doubt she was wise in her generation, and can hardly be much blamed. At least, the words of my pen will be as light as words can be. When women get to that age, (such is my experience of the matter,) they naturally think that they have no more time to lose, and therefore opine that "all is fish that comes to their net."

It is this constraining motive which makes them often seem inconsiderate and unfeeling to the young, with whose proceedings they interfere, or amid whose little game they intrude themselves.

They are like a Winchester Eleven playing a losing game at Lords, as in better days; or like the angler making another cast for that most obdurate salmon; or like the man who is quite certain that Turkish Bonds will turn up trumps to morrow, and who ruins everybody with the greatest calmness in the world; or, in fact, like any other appropriate illustration my readers like to coin or make use of.

Maiden aunts at forty-five, says young Pottleton, "are like rats in a barn, desperate, reckless," and "will have a nibble at the odorous cheese!" And so Donna Elisinda—for that was, as the German's say, the "Jungfer's" name—thought when she saw Paesiello that "her clock had struck," and that he was just the very hero her ardent imagination had always painted! What mattered it to her that her fair niece and the young man appeared to be getting together? How did it concern her that they were both at that happy time, when it seemed so natural to look on from a sunny present to a roseate future, when all looms so bright and pleasant and promising, and life's dull cares, and life's sadder heart-aches, are alike ignored and unknown?

Surely she had, she thought, prior claims on the attention of that foolish and inexperienced young man—hers were attributes and excellencies far beyond those of a giddy girl!

Paesiello soon found, as his "sejour" at Verona lasted longer, perhaps, than he at first intended, that do what he will, go where he might, be it picnic, be it an evening party, with the graceful maiden came—the buoyant and inevitable unmarried aunt—who had for him the deepest sympathy, and had the greatest concern alike in his plans and prospects, his proceedings and his pursuits.

It was in vain that Mdlle. Manfredi and he tried to enjoy each other's society, the maiden aunt—who was a great stickler for propriety—thought that her neice required a chaperone, and poor Paesiello found that she monopolized all the conversation, took all his compliments to herself, and made it evident to all around that she considered he was paying his attention to her and not to her niece.

On one memorable afternoon, when they had all started to a Roman amphitheatre, something occurred which so alarmed our hero, (though what it was he does not clearly tell us, and the allusion to it has been carefully crossed out,) that he left Verona the next morning I am somewhat myself inclined to think, from a passage nearly obliterated, as far as I can make out the words, that on this occasion Donna Elisinda, who had indulged in Badminton and champagne cup—for these are ancient drinks—proposed herself to Paesiello.

Something must have happened of the sort, for this one thing is clear, that Paesiello was excessively nervous the rest of the party, left them when he returned to Verona, and bade farewell to them all, in a most touching letter, next morning, without seeing them again, over which

Mdme. and Mdlle. Manfredi cried, while Donna Elisinda called him a "young fool." With respect to this amiable and energetic woman I may mention that she soon after married an old widower with a big château, and a comfortable income. Poor old man, I pity him much!

In Paesiello's diary the following little passage occurs, (not erased), which may throw light upon this veritable episode, and which I have thought it right to reproduce as a proper warning to ambitious and unscrupulous maiden aunts who might be disposed to interfere with the "running" of their younger and less-experienced nieces:—

"Don Balthazar remarked that he thought I had done quite right, as though he had not the slightest objection to Mdlle. Manfredi, (for she was a very dear little girl,) he could not stomach that she-dragon of forty-five."

What an improper speech, and what an unfeeling man Don Balthazar must have been!

"Antonio said to me while dining, 'Maesta, I think you have had a lucky escape, cospetto. They say in the hotel that Donna Elisinda is a "Tartar," and will lead any one a pretty life. I think the young countess charming, but they say she is engaged; but as for that maiden aunt, oh! signor, you have had a great deliverance. I always think that a man is in the greatest danger when a self-willed woman makes an attack upon him. That is the way Mrs. Antonio got hold of me, and in such cases there is nothing for it, master, but to beat a retreat, and come to Rome, where, if you are troubled with your wives or admiring female friends over much, you can complain, (I fear Antonio was an old rascal,) to Monsignore the Cardinal Governor, and to the Inquisition!'"

Oh, happy times, when that amiable institution was in full, free, and vivacious swing! An ungrateful world has long since put an end for ever, no doubt foolishly and perversely, to its "peine forte et dure," to its flames and fires, its dreadful dungeons, and its broiling episodes.

We shall therefore meet, in the next chapter, with our hero, not at Phillippi, but at Rome.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

IV.—October.

"Here is Autumn again! and she whispers to me,
Saying—'Child of Dust, I am coming to thee!'
Here is Autumn again! and her voice is now rife
With a calm farewell to the summer of Life.
Joy's day goes down with a shortening sun;
The visions of Hope fade—one by one;
The pearls of Mirth—pure, rich, and fair,
Have dissolved in the tears of Pain and Care.
Wrinkles are stealing where dimples have been
In locks that were golden, the silver is seen.
Autumn is coming! Ay! so it *must* be;
She will whisper to all as she whispers to me;
But like the brave Robin our spirits should try
To be pouring a Song to our God—not a Sigh."

—And we shall succeed too, if we do but read Autumn's lessons aright. True it is, that the flowers are well-nigh all faded and gone; true it is that there will be a long dreary winter before we shall see them again; true it is that there will be many a dark cold day before we taste again of the genial warmth of Spring; but what matters it, so long as we know that the Spring will come again in God's good time, with all its sweet delights, all its sights the fairer and the fresher for the dreary waiting through which we have patiently, because trustfully, passed. Not but that Autumn has beauties too, and beauties especially her own. Witness the changed and changing leaf. The forest may be very lovely, dressed in the vivid, tender green of early Spring, lovely too when clad in the uniform soft colouring of Summer's prime, but what can equal the varied gorgeousness of Autumn's tints?—here the vivid crimson, there the burning gold; here the glowing orange, there the rich, warm, russet-brown; here the still-green frond, and there the leaf in its last stage of withered black; what a splendid whole! We know a spot whose beauty at this season defies all adequate description. Travellers may search for Nature in her most striking aspects in the cold North, the torrid South, the rosy East, or the crimson West, but nowhere will they find her in lovelier mood than in a narrow rift in the Mendips, just above Shepton-Mallett. This gorge is situated in a little parish called Ashwick, and is worth a

journey to see. We remember viewing it one Autumn afternoon, a little before sunset, from the summit of a crag, on one side of the little ravine, called the Raven's Rock, and the tree-covered slope, on the other side of the little trout stream, visible with its waterfall in the depths below, clad in all the lovely tints of Autumnal decay, and viewed through that shimmering atmosphere that shines so blue in the Autumn afternoon, gave us a realization, for once in our lives, of all the glories of our childhood's Fairy-Land. Fair reader, go and behold Autumn there, and tell us if you will ever again sigh for the departed Summer.

Whilst Autumn thus asserts the reality of the intrinsic beauty that she possesses, does she speak to us in a mournful strain, if even her tones be solemn? We trow not. Does she not point us to rest after labour; the reward of a well-spent life; to that "hoary head which is a crown if it be found in the way of righteousness?" And if those leaves do "fall dry and withered to the ground," do they not speak to us of a purpose fulfilled, a

> "Something attempted,
> Something done,
> That has earned a night's repose?"

And yet further, do they not lead us to think of the joyful re-awakening of such in the Spring-time beyond the grave? Let us welcome then the voice of Autumn, which, although it bids us think of our own "Sear and yellow leaf," yet tells us to prepare to change the crown of hoary age for that other "crown that fadeth not away."

But, putting altogether aside the lessons that the Creator thus deigns to teach us by the time of the falling leaf, all created Nature, from the smallest to the greatest, benefits in some material way even by this season of decadence and decay. The shedding of the leaves and their resolution into their component parts, is the natural process whereby the bosom of Mother Earth is continually refertilized, and it is from this very fact of nothing being lost, but even death itself affording material for fresh life, that we may draw our most strongly enforced lesson—Nature-taught—of the resurrection of our own earthly tabernacles of these mortal bodies.

But apart, again, from even this provision for a future year, as well as its lessons respecting our own future, Earth and her inhabitants may well rejoice, for this is the great season of ingathering of Winter store for all those denizens of field and wood that neither emigrate nor hibernate. Time was when the "Lord of Creation" himself gladly hailed the falling shower of meat, but now, although he in his civilization has developed more convenient ways of gratifying his more fully developed tastes, there are yet myriads of creatures to which Autumn is a gladsome time.

"The fowls of the air sow not, nor reap, nor gather into barns, yet Your Heavenly Father feedeth them." Witness the coral-red berries to which the snowy blossoms of May have given place on every

> "Hawthorn in the dale."

Who does not remember the "Haws" of our childhood, and if we forget them the birds do not. The Hawthorn—Dutch *Hoeg-dorn* (Hedgethorn), German *Hage dorn*—is esteemed the best shrub for hedges on account of its quick growth when young (whence known in Agricultural Counties as "Quick"), as well as of its bearing frequent clipping. Planted alone, it often attains a good size. Its name of "Whitethorn" calls to mind another of our boyhood's favourites, the "Blackthorn" or Sloe. The wood of both these shrubs is a great favourite for light walking-sticks and whipstocks. The fruit of the Sloe is a small black plum, which, however, by reason of the beautiful bloom by which it is covered, appears of a bright blue colour. Its taste by no means accords with its looks, for it is frightfully acid, and so rough as to be swallowed with difficulty; a good frost, however, renders it not only endurable, but really pleasant eating. Amongst the rural poor, the Sloe is a most valuable neighbour for its fruit, buried in bottles underground, or packed away in jars of coarse sugar, affords many a good pudding in the winter. In days gone by too, even if not now, the bush has had a high commercial value, for many is the pipe of Spanish Port that has been yielded by its berries; nor has the Teatotaller been less indebted to its branches than the most inveterate winebibber, for its leaves have

probably yielded as much and as good Tea as its berries have Wine.

The Bullace Plum is a close ally of the Sloe, differing but little from it more than that its fruit is greenish-red or yellow instead of bluish-black.

Our childish companion of the Haw is the Hip, which is the fruit of the Dog Rose. These Hips, when beaten to a pulp in a mortar, yield the Conserve of Rose, which is so useful to the Druggist as a vehicle wherein to administer his more nauseous, if health-giving, preparations.

Another fruit yielded at this season is that of the Barberry, which yields a most delicious preserve and jelly. This shrub although, in addition to being thus useful as well as ornamental, it forms from the nature of its growth a capital hedge, is seldom thus employed, for the Agricultural mind views it with distrust, imagining that its presence is conducive to "rust" or "blight" in corn. That the Barberry is subject to a growth of orange-coloured fungus is true; that corn is somewhat similarly affected is also true; that the two may sometimes exist side by side is not to be denied; but that the "rust" of the Barberry comes from the "rust" of the corn is quite as likely as, but not more so than, is the truth of the counter proposition.

Another useful berry-bearing neighbour is the Elder. Who that has lived in the country is ignorant of "Elder-berry Wine?" Who that indulges in "Tarragon Vinegar" can aver that he has not tasted the flavour of Elder shoots? Every part of the plant is useful; its flowers, in infusion, are useful to induce perspiration; when distilled with water, they yield a pleasant lotion for the skin; whilst, too, from its blossoms a cooling ointment is prepared; its leaves bruised and rubbed on the body protect it from the attacks of those wretched little creatures that cause us such exquisite torture in harvest-time. The wood makes popguns for our little ones, and, when old, is an excellent substitute for boxwood; whilst its pith is invaluable to the man of Science, for of it are made those almost weightless balls which are used in electrical experiments.

Of the rest of the berries, save the Blackberry, of which excellent jam and "cheese" is made, we must not pause now to speak; nor of those which, like the Privet, are useful only to the birds; but we must just notice the Juniper, which if it yield the flavour of the much abused (we mean in deed, not word,) spirit known as "Gin," gives also to the physician a medicine most valuable in dropsy. The beautiful and aromatic wood of this shrub is in much request for fancy turnery.

Whilst noticing these fruit-bearers, we must not pass over the nut tribe, for what more useful or agreeable to man, in its humble way, than the Hazel. Without his well stored nut, where would be the charm to our pretty and vivacious little friend, the Squirrel, of "his hollow tree?" But we fancy that this hard-rinded fruit affords amusement to the mandibles of a more highly developed (if allied more closely in disposition to the "monkey" tribe) animal than the Squirrel. Very useful too, to this said animal, in a later stage of his (or her) growth is this self-same nut—

"Among the bonie winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks,
An' shook his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween.
Fu' blythe that night.
The auld guidwife's weel-hoorded nits
Are round and round divided,
An' monie lads' and lasses' fates
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
An' jump out-owre the chimlie.
Fu' high that night."

Very useful too, in a variety of ways, are the stems of the Hazel. Crates and hampers, bonds of faggots, hoops, and garden baskets are all formed of its wood; nor must we forget its utility to the fisherman who despises the ignorance of the bluff old sage of Fleet Street, who so graphically described a fishing-rod as "a stick with a worm at one end and a fool at the other."

Other shrubs there are which, although perhaps affording no food to man, yet by reason of their beauty are in this wellnigh flowerless season quite as useful in their way as those that gratify another taste; such are the berry-bearing tribe of Guelder Rose, Cornel Wood, the Wayfaring, and

the Spindle Tree: there are, perhaps, no more beautiful objects in nature than the waxen clusters of berries borne by this group of shrubs.

From fruit-bearing shrubs we pass to nut-bearing trees like the Chestnut, the Beech, and the Oak. Many eat the fruit of the first; a few that of the second; none, unless compelled by famine or the most inscrutable and insatiable appetite of the *genus* "boy," that of the last. But it was not always so, at least if we are to believe the historians who assure us that our ancestors delighted in Acorns. If so, all that we can say is that either our taste has sadly altered, or that we have lost one great secret of the culinary art, which, if they could recover it for us, ought to make the fortune, in these days of dear food, of the Masters of the Schools of Cookery.

As this consummation of culinary research does not seem very likely to be reached, we must just notice a field wherein our food-supply really might, by dint of a little research, be very considerably enriched, we mean that of the Fungus tribe, which at this season is generally very prolific. Not to mention the gourmand's Truffle, or even the much esteemed Mushroom, there is many a similar plant which might be, nay is, at all events on the Continent, turned into a dish no less appetising than nutritious. In the market of Rome alone, from which, by the way, our own, and almost only, Mushroom is rigorously excluded, the annual value of the Fungi sold for food is said to be about four thousand pounds. Once more then whilst counselling the increased use of these esculents as an addition as agreeable as economical to our tables, let us give a word of warning as to the care requisite to exclude those kinds which are unwholesome. For this purpose many so-called rules have been promulgated, all probably equally worthless; we mean the discolouration of silver by the poisonous kinds, the difference of colour when cut, and the like. In reality there seems to be no other exact guide than an actual knowledge of the properties of the various kinds, although we have found one test, and that a simple one, very valuable—most of the wholesome kinds if sprinkled with salt will turn black. The difficulty of framing any reliable law is enhanced from the curious fact that the properties of the various kind vary with the differences of climate and other circumstances of growth; the effect, too, of precisely the same kind is variable even in the same person. So too are the poisonous effects variable, being sometimes irritant and sometimes narcotic; these opposite effects having been produced in members of the same family by the same dish of so-called Mushrooms. Fatal results are very rare, especially when remedies are promptly administered; of such remedies the best are Emetics and Castor Oil. So peculiar in their growth and habits, at one time bordering upon the seaweed tribe from flourishing in watery liquids, at another approaching very closely to the lichens in their parasitic growth; on the one hand, again, demonstrating their vegetable origin by drawing their nourishment exclusively from that in which, (and not to which,) their root is fixed, and not from their surroundings; and yet, at the same time, on the other hand, going far to give the lie to this imputed connexion, not only by the vast amount of Nitrogen contained in their tissues, but also by their actually taking in Oxygen and giving out Carbonic Acid, a property belonging of right to the animal world; that some naturalists have well-nigh determined to accord them a kingdom of their own.

This half-link as it were between the great systems of Nature, bids us next cast our gaze on a few denizens of the air which yet brave the cold and still sport amongst the shrubs and trees that we have been noticing. Amongst the Butterflies we shall still see a few of the latest bred Admirals and Peacocks, for these frail creatures, although not able to face exposure to rough weather, can yet bear the cold; the Queen of Spain Fritillary still flits about on sunny days, with a few of the rare Hair-Streaks, and in the neighbourhood of Dover may be found the beautiful Clouded Yellow Butterfly or Edusa. Amongst the Moths are noticeable the Feathered Thorn, the Dotted Chestnut, the Autumn Green Carpet, the Pearly Underwing, the Turnip, and two species of the Quaker Moth—the red and the yellow line—mostly found in the Ivy and the Yew. Of the Birds that leave us are the Landrail, Waterrail, Redstart, Hobby, Redshank, and Sandpiper; whilst to take their

place there are arriving such Waterfowl as the Dabchick or Lesser Grebe and the Teal. Redwings, Fieldfares, Woodpigeons, and the Royston Crow return; Rooks come back to their nesting-trees, Hen Chaffinches assemble, and we now see those last lingering emigrants of the Swallow tribe, our friends, the House Martens. The fine frosty mornings make apparent the threads of gossamer that fill the air, whilst they have a contrary effect upon the Tortoise, which buries itself in its Winter quarters underground; lucky fellow if the bad fate does not befall him that did one belonging to a friend of ours—that of being accidently cooked by the heat of a large heap of manure unconsciously placed over his unknown burrow.

And now we must say "Good-bye" for some few months to our friends the flowers, or to such of them as still linger, amongst which we may notice the Wild Chamomile and Geranium, the Grey Speedwell and the Wall Rocket, or narrow-leaved Wall Mustard; last, but by no means to be despised, is our faithful, if humble friend, the Dead Nettle, in its varieties of the Spotted, and the Red, with its sisters, the Bee Hemp, the Yellow Dwarf Hemp, and the Common Hemp, all allied more or less to the typical acquaintance of Aarom Hill, of whom he says :—

> "Tender-handed stroke a Nettle,
> And it stings you for your pains;
> Grasp it like a man of mettle,
> And it soft as silk remains.
>
> 'Tis the same with common natures:
> Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
> But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
> And the rogues obey you well."

These different varieties do not bear so very strong a family likeness to one another, but it will astonish some of us to learn that a member of the same family is the Hop. A very useful plant is this, as well as an ornamental one, even in its wild state, for its young shoots, boiled, furnish a most delicate vegetable, not unlike Asparagus. The use of the cultivated variety is too well known to need description, suffice it to say that the glass of foaming "October" to which it gives flavour and keeping qualities, is an excellent exemplification of this present life of ours, in which, if it is to be useful and productive of lasting good results, the bitters must be duly blended with the sweets. In the young shoots of the Common Stinging Nettle, boiled, many country people find a wholesome and not unpalateable vegetable; whilst "Nettle-tea" was one of the most potent medicines known to our grandmothers, being as well a preventive of, as a cure for, the spring-tide blood-eruption known as "Nettle-rash."

One other lowly way-side friend we must notice in passing, the Good King Henry, or Mercury Goosefoot, with its inconspicuous green flower-spikes, and its large, deep green triangular leaves, not unlike Spinach in appearance, and then a sad "Farewell to Flowers":—

> "Farewell! farewell! bright children of the sun,
> Whose beauty rose around our path where'er
> We wandered forth since vernal days begun,
> The glory and the garland of the year.
> Ye came, the children of the Spring's bright promise:
> Ye crown'd the summer in her path of light.
> And now, when Autumn's wealth is passing from us,
> We gaze upon your parting bloom.——
> * * * * *
> Sweet flowers, adieu!

THE TRUE MASON.

Inscribed to Ill. Bro. Charles Roome, 33°, by his Friend and Brother,

F. G. TISDALL, 33°.

No Mason is he who is dead to the wailings
Of those whom misfortune has placed under ban;
Who is harsh, unforgiving toward other men's failings,
Or does any act that debases the man.

He may seem a good brother in sight of his fellow,
Be high in his order and learn'd in its code;
But still his pretensions are truthless and shallow,
And he is no Mason in sight of his God.

But he's a true Mason whose soul ever rises
Above the small honors and glories of earth;
Who all the poor glitter of tinsel despises,
And loves to be measured alone by his worth.

With the Square and the Plumb-lead as emblems to guide him,
From the line of strict duty he scorns to depart;
With the Rule and the Compass both ready before him,
He rears a true Temple of God in his heart.

His thoughts are as pure as the snow when it falleth;
His zeal is enlisted on rectitude's side;
No fear of men's scoffing, his courage appalleth,
As he stands the oppressed and the friendless beside.

At the cry of misfortune his love is awakened;
Large-minded, he succours, with naught of display;
The widow, the orphan, the hungry and naked,
From his portals are never sent empty away.

In precept though firm, he is soft as a mother,
Who seeks in affection her offspring to mould;
More apt by example to win a lost brother,
And waverers keep in the Good Shepherd's fold.

Unsullied by contact with lusts that surround him,
Large-hearted, he loves with a God-like regard;
He lives a rich blessing to all who are round him,
And dies to receive the true Mason's reward.

THE MASONIC LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

From the "Keystone."

We are in the midst of a season of bloom. From the clover, that modestly raises its blossoms but a few inches above the earth's surface, to the chestnut tree, that shoots its branches high into the air, and is covered with a mass of flowery sprays, all Nature is blooming. The wild rose opens its petals by the road-side and in the woodlands; the water-lily floats miraculously in the mill-ponds; and countless blades of grass cover the earth and carpet it with verdure. There appears to be no inanimate Nature, for each flower and tuft of grass, every bush and tree is vigorous with life. And man is everywhere appreciating it. In the public parks and rural districts, by mountain, brook and seaside, the Summer holiday is being heartily enjoyed. Whether it be for but a day's excursion, or for a week or month's stay "out-of-town," every one is sharing in the spectacular feast which Nature bountifully offers to every eye.

We would call the reader's attention to a few flowers and shrubs in this connection that bear a Masonic, a mystic, or a sacred character. There is an abundance of these, and at this flowery season we cannot do better than concentrate thought upon a few of the most conspicuous of them, for they suggest recollections and reflections that are at once entertaining and instructive.

The *Lotus*, or water-lily, is perhaps the most noted of mystic flowers. It was revered in all the secret systems of the East. In India, Java, China and Egypt this "immortal plant," as Ovid calls it, with its majestic form, its heart-shaped leaves, and its resplendent flower, is commemorated in the sacred writings, in the hieroglyphics, in the architecture of the temples, and in divers other works of art. In our lodge rooms, wherever Egyptian architecture is exemplified, there we find the sacred Lotus. We observe it when we are at labour, and it is becoming that we should be familiar with its mysterious significance.

The Lotus was the Rose of Ancient Egypt, and the favourite flower of the country. It was sacred to Osiris and Isis, and symbolized the residence of the gods. According to Homer, Jupiter and Juno made their couch upon the blooming cups of water-lilies, and the horses of Achilles regaled themselves upon them. Ulysses, in his wanderings, visited the land of the Lotus-Eaters, and his companions were detained through the magic influence of these flowers, and what appeared to be their fruit, on the African coast, where this people dwelt. It seems that whoever partook of them never wished to return to his native land. The Arabs have wrought this poetical idea into their estimate of the

Lotus, which they call the "fruit of destiny," and say it is to be eaten in Paradise. In this connection the reader will recall Tennyson's exquisite poem of the "Lotus-Eaters."

Hindostan appears to have been the birth-place of the Lotus, and the Sanscrit hymns and legends are full of it. From India it, with its mystic character, was transplanted to Egypt. No plant exceeded it in sacredness. The Egyptian priest gathered it with the most solemn ceremonies, and bound it around the altars, and the virgin priestesses wore it in their hair. It was the Lily of the Nile, the Rose of Egypt. In its consecrated bosom Brahma was born, and on it Osiris delighted to float. Among the Chinese it symbolized female beauty, and they call the small feet of their women "golden lilies." Mysteriously floating upon the water, it represented to the ancients that "Spirit of God" which the book of Genesis, in the Great Light of Masonry, informs us "moved upon the face of the waters" at the Creation. We do well to contemplate this floral gem of the East, this choicest flower that decks the land of the Sun.

Cusa Grass, next to the Lotus, has a mystic significance. It, too, is of Indian origin, having had its earliest home in Hindostan. Its long tapering leaves were symbolical of acuteness of intellect, and its blood-red flowers were used in the priestly sacrifices. According to Sir William Jones it derived its name, Cusa, or Cusha from Cush, the father of the Hindoo race. The Cushites, or Ethiopians, under the name of Shepherds, afterward invaded and ruled Egypt for some generations.

It was an Indian custom to bite a blade of the Cusa grass in token of submission, and it was also used in the preparation of the candidate for the sacred mysteries, to enable him to rightly pronounce the holy word. As among the Jews, so in India, this holy word was never pronounced aloud, but always inwardly or inaudibly, and only after the strictest vigils. We are reminded by this of the Lost Word of Freemasonry, and of its substitute in the Blue Lodge, and its recovery by the companions of the Royal Arch.

According to the Menu, one of the sacred books of Hindostan, "if one has sat on cushions of Cusa, with their points toward the east, and is purified by rubbing that holy grass in both hands, and be further prepared by three suppressions of the breath, he may then fitly pronounce Om." This word was the original of the Egyptian word Ou, the sun. From the Egyptian mystics it has descended to the Royal Craft of to-day.

An Indian legend relates that Cupid was bound to his bride with a wisp of the sacred Cusa grass, and that the priest who united them had his vestments fashioned out of its leaves arranged in *triple* cords.

The *Myrtle tree* is sacred both in Scripture and mythology. In Zachariah's famous vision, he beheld a horsemen riding among the myrtle trees; and in Isaiah's prophecy, in the last days we learn that instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree, when peace and universal joy shall fill the earth. Hence the myrtle is an emblem of peace, and in mythology, also of love and beauty. The first temple erected to Venus was surrounded by a grove of myrtles.

The *Rose*, from the beginning of the world, has been a symbolical flower. It has always been the emblem of the highest good and the chiefest beauty. Poets have sung its virtues endlessly. Among the Egyptians it was an emblem of silence, and this is its Masonic signification. We find it chiseled often by the operative Masons of the Middle Ages upon the walls of the great abbeys and cathedrals which they erected. Fort, in his "Antiquities of Masonry," traces the phrase "sub rosa" to a Masonic origin. He says: "At the feasts of the Northern people, a garland of flowers, with a rose prominently in the centre, was suspended from the ceiling above the table, as a symbol that everything that might be done or spoken by the participants in the banquet should be held strictly secret." In the Gothic code, the rose was an emblem of secrecy, and was so considered by the mediæval Operative Masons.

The *Clover*, humble though it be, from the remotest antiquity has been revered. Its *triple* leaf was considered symbolical. In Ireland, St. Patrick chose it as an emblem of the Trinity, and the famous shamrock of Ireland is only the ordinary white clover. Hope was personfied, in ancient times, by a little child standing on tiptoe

and holding a trefoil clover in his hand.

But lest we tire the reader's patience with these floral mysteries, even in the midst of this season of bloom, we forebear further mention of flowers and their occult significance. This symbology, however, should possess a charm for the Freemason, since much of it has a present force in reminding him of momentous truths. The nearness of man and nature to God, and the immortality of the human soul, are facts in the divine economy that even blades of grass and flowers of the field, the forest and the fen may impress upon the mind and heart.

MY LORD THE KING;

A Mere Story.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

*Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" * "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Annabel Vaughan;" "The Path of Life, an Allegory;" "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER III.

A DREAM AND A REALITY.

Sweet Maid Marian's sleep was disturbed that night.

She thought the old days of knight-errantry were come back again, and she was Queen of the Tournament. A strange knight came forth into the lists, and with proud lance in rest, unhorsed each combatant, and claimed the victor's crown; and as he knelt before her to receive the champion's meed, he raised his vizor, and she saw his face. The grey eyes and the drooping moustache brought back the memory to the stranger of yesterday, and she awoke full of sweet, sad thoughts.

Again she slept, and dreamed of a great peril and disaster, a something vague, mysterious, unknown, a dread of pending evil, whereof no recollection remained save a dim feeling of obscurity and gloom. There was a rush of many waters and the thunderous plunging of some mighty mill-wheel, and many faces full of fear, and one pale face with a heavy, drooping, tawney moustache—and some one said, "Marian," and she thought it was he with the pale face, and so she awoke.

"Marian, are you not up yet?" and Mr. Mauleverer is tapping at the door of the ladies' cabin, seeking his daughter.

"No, papa; I won't be long, though."

Half an hour afterwards, our heroine comes in to breakfast, and is mildly censured by her father for being so late.

"Well, papa dear, I am afraid I overslept myself; and I have had such queer odd dreams."

"You have certainly been very lazy. Here's Mr. Mennell up two hours ago, and we have been all on the look-out for land. Captain Wrightson says we shall see it in about an hour, he thinks."

After breakfast they go on deck and eagerly scan the horizon, and by 10 o'clock a dim faint line of cloud is pointed out as being the Dutch Coast.

Marian is very quiet this morning, the natural pensive loveliness of her face is heightened by the tender melancholy of her eyes, and the expression of thoughtfulness on her countenance. She has been sitting some time looking dreamily into the ocean. The glory of yesterday's autumn splendour is repeated in the lovely weather of to-day. There is a majestic languor on the sea—a sense of perfect serenity and repose—which added to the cloudless beauty of the sky, fills the heart of sweet Maid Marian with a sense of thankfulness to the Almighty for the goodness and excellence which surrounds her, and which she so keenly feels that her eyes fill with tears as she surveys the scene. Harry, who has been conversing with Mr. Mauleverer, hastily approaches her with kind inquiring eyes as if to ask the cause of his fair companion's evident emotion; but she, with a woman's instinct, anticipates his questioning, and hastily brushing the marks of trouble from her face, looks up smiling, and bids him "Good morning!"

"I declare, Miss Mauleverer, you are like an April day, all smiles and tears," our hero rejoins, as he returns with meaning courtesy her salutation.

"Yes, it is very silly of me, I know, but if ever I see very lovely scenery, hear very elo-

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quent language, or listen to beautiful music, my eyes fill with tears quite involuntarily. I am sure I don't know why; I cannot help it."

"I hope you had pleasant dreams."

"Do you? Thanks. I had one very nice one, but the other was horrid."

"What were they about, if I may take the liberty of asking?"

"Well, the first was about a tournament, and——" and the young lady suddenly stopped short, remembering that her listener was the hero of that dream.

"Well; and were the knights all gorgeous and brave?"

"Oh, I shan't tell you anything about that one," Marian says, saucily, with her clear, low, ringing laugh, like rippling water.

"Why not?"

"Oh, never mind; and I can't tell you about the other either, for it was all so dreadful and vague, and indistinct;" and she put her pretty hands up to her face as if to hide some frightful vision.

Then they talked of their trip, and Harry learned that they intended stopping in Antwerp only for a day or two, and then going on to Brussels, thence to Cologne, and so up the Rhine.

Having gone that way into Switzerland from Mannheim, a year or two since, with some young Oxford students, he was well able to suggest objects of interest which Marian would delight to see, and so they conversed very happily until they at length found they were rapidly approaching the land. Another hour, and they were making their way into the mouth of the Scheldt, and Mr. Mauleverer called to Marian to come up on to the bridge to watch a shoal of porpoises playing close to the shore—an interesting sight for a landsman. Harry gallantly escorted her up the steep steps, and there they stand holding on to the light hand-rail which spans the bridge, and noting with pleasure and interest the low-lying land covered with woods, the picturesque churches and villages which they pass, and the great dykes which line the shores and save Holland from destruction. They have just stopped to take on board the Dutch pilot, who is to take them into Antwerp, and Marian is standing close to the extreme end of the bridge to get the first glimpse of Antwerp Cathedral—the tower and gilded clock being visible many miles away.

The word is given to "Go ahead!" and the sudden movement of the vessel precipitates Marian into the water.

"Ease her!" "stop her!" shouts the Captain as a wild cry rises from the startled passengers. "Man overboard!" roars one of the crew, divining the cause, but not the sex of the poor victim. In a minute the vessel is stopped, a life-buoy and line are thrown overboard, and the pilot-boat is hastily let off from the stern of the vessel to pick up the drowning maiden.

Hastily divesting himself of his coat, waistcoat and hat, and coolly handing his watch to the pale and bewildered father, Harry, without a moment's hesitation, dives into the water and swims eagerly towards Marian. But the play of the steamer's screw in the water had separated the boat from her by the waves it made, and poor Marian had sunk twice before our hero could come up to the spot where she had been vainly struggling but a minute or two since. A moment more and he caught her, and then the boat got to them, and he placed her in. *All was still now; no more struggling; it seemed to be all over.*

And as Harry takes her up tenderly in his arms, climbs up the ladder into the ship, and pauses not a moment till he had laid her upon the couch in the ladies' cabin, he curses the day that brought such sorrow upon them all.

"Quick! where is the stewardess? Where is Johnson—he knows how to deal with these cases?"

"Why the d———l doesn't some one come?" shouts the Captain, hastily following down stairs to render what assistance he can. There she lies, as if she were only asleep, but a slight foam is oozing from the mouth, and a piece of dank seaweed is entwined in her hair. The stewardess, under the direction of Mr. Johnson, hastily undresses her, after closing the door and opening the little window wide to let in every breeze. They get hot water and flannels, apply the strongest remedies for full an hour, and *yet no sign.*

Meanwhile the vessel is steaming slowly up to Antwerp; Marian's father is sobbing like a child, and Harry is trying to comfort him with tears in his own eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"Bettare, Monsieur. Mademoiselle is bettare."

The speaker is a little French doctor, who is just coming out of one of the rooms in the Hotel de l'Europe, in Antwerp, and the inquirer is our friend Harry Mennell.

The Hotel de l'Europe, a first class house, as all the world knows, is situate close to the Cathedral, whose gigantic tower and spire, carved like ivory work, overlook the Square, which is planted with trees, and ornamented with a splendid statue of Rubens, whose wondrous pictures of the crucifixion adorn the sacred fane under whose shadow it stands.

It is a week since the accident related in the last chapter, and Harry had been laid up for two or three days himself with a severe cold, caught through sitting in his damp clothes—heedless of self—trying to comfort Mr. Mauleverer when he would not be comforted, and waiting hour after hour at the cabin door to hear some tidings of his daughter.

It was fully four hours before they got into Antwerp, and then they took poor Marian to the hotel, where she had lain ever since, sometimes delirious, sometimes sensible, but very weak and languid. It was during this time that Mr. Mauleverer first became aware of the danger his daughter was in of becoming seriously attached to the young stranger who had saved her life, when, in one of these unconscious moods, he heard her repeat to herself, "Harry Mennell, what a pretty name!" as if speaking to some one, and then, after a pause, "He loves me; he loves me!" Presently she came to herself, and then she burst into tears, for she was very weak.

"Well my darling, are you better to day?" said Mr. Mauleverer, coming noiselessly to her side, and speaking in low, gentle tones. "Yes, father; thank you. How pretty these chimes are," she added, as the Carillon broke out in the Cathedral belfry, and the melody of a hundred tongues in sweet, musical cadences came floating on the breeze. "When shall I get better, papa, and be able to go and see the Cathedral; we can just get a peep of it from the window, can we not?"

"Oh! very soon, dear, I hope. Only be patient, there's a darling."

"Papa," said Marian presently, whilst a soft blush came over her pale cheek, flitting away ghost-like almost ere it came. "I hope Mr. Mennell was no worse. Have you seen him?"

"Yes, my dear, I have seen him," replied Mr. Mauleverer gravely. He is all right now, I believe, and was asking after you only to day."

"Shall I see him, father? I should like so much to thank him for saving my life!"

"Well, yes, my dear, I daresay you will see him; when you are better."

Then there was a silence, and presently Marian said, "Do you think the angels sing like that?" as the beautiful chimes broke out again upon the evening air. "It sounds so like the music of heaven, doesn't it?"

"I don't know, darling."

"Perhaps I shall know soon. I have been very near death, have I not, father? I don't think I should mind it now, except the leaving you."

"Don't talk like that, dear. You are going to get quite well again, soon. And now I must go down to the table d'hôte, and you must try and sleep a little."

At the *table d'hôte*, a day or two afterwards, Mr. Mauleverer met an Oxford don, fellow of Exeter, Mr. Mennell's college, a former friend of his in the old days; and Harry Mennell, (who was not staying in the house, but who always dined there, in order to make an excuse to ask after Marian) saluting Mr. Mauleverer as he passed to his seat, caught the eye of Mr. Wendover, and returned the slight salutation of that gentleman with a haughty bow.

Harry had been concerned in a little practical joking at Mr. Wendover's expense, and the latter had been the occasion of his rustication for the third time, and of his finally leaving Oxford.

"Do you know that young man, Mauleverer?" asked his companion.

"Not much," said the other.

"Good family, I believe; little money, I fancy; got rusticated three or four times at Oxford, but he *may* be a different man now." "By the way," he continued, "I hope I'm not saying anything against a friend of yours."

"Oh no; I thought him an agreeable

fellow-passenger that's all I know about him."

"Well I know nothing *ill* of him. I dare say he's good at heart; and when he has sown his wild oats, he'll do, I dare say; only he was *decidedly fast* at Oxford.

Then the conversation dropped, and Mr. Mauleverer grew very grave.

"How is Miss Mauleverer, to-day, sir?" said Harry, as they left the table.

"Well, she is not so well, thank you."

Perhaps, when she is better, you will permit me to pay my *devoirs?*"

"Yes; certainly," replied the other, somewhat stiffly.

Harry's sensitiveness would have prevented him ever intruding himself upon Mr. Mauleverer ever after that, and he half resolved not to ask again after Marian, when he was only likely to meet with rebuffs. But, then, he *loved* her; and so the next day, and the next, and the day after, he stole up to the room to ask after Marian; and every day a choice bouquet of flowers was brought in "*for Mademoiselle, and Monsieur did not leave his name.*"

I don't think Mr. Mauleverer would have let Harry Mennell come to see Marian, but in this one thing she was imperious, and would take no denial.

"Why, I am sure, papa," she said one day, "I shall begin to think you fancy I am in love with Mr. Mennell, if you don't let him come."

Then Mr. Mauleverer let him come; but determined not to leave them alone together again. The meeting was very pleasant, nevertheless, to those two. Her sweet eyes looked their thanks; and when she murmured, in her low, musical voice, her gratitud to him for saving her life, he felt he would have braved ten thousand deaths to win her for his own.

She said quite bravely and aloud, so that her father might hear: "You must come and see me again, Mr. Mennell."

Mr. Mauleverer did not press his daughter's invitation; but Harry, bending down, whispered:—

"I will come again, to-morrow."

When he got back to his hotel that evening, a telegram was handed to him: it ran thus:—

"*From Rev. M. Chaplin, to H. Mennell Esq., Antwerp.—Your mother is dying; come home at once.*"

The Gipsy King was, luckily, going that night; so, without a moment's delay, he posted off to the steamboat, and having packed up his things, was soon on board; not, however, before he had written a note to Marian, explaining everything, and giving his address in England.

As he strode on board and saluted the captain, one of the men came up to the latter, and said.

"I took your message, sir, to Mr. Mauleverer, and he said he was sorry to say as how the young lady had had a relapse."

When Captain Wrightson came down into the cabin, he found Harry with his head upon his hands, *weeping as if his heart would break.*

"Cheer up, old fellow; cheer up," said the captain; "it will be all right yet!"

SONNET.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

(*For the "Masonic Magazine."*)

LONG waiting for the morn's delaying gleam,
All night in fev'rish tossings, fruitless spent,
At length, I trace Creation's first intent
In ev'ry day's great corresponding scheme.
First, God says—"Be there light," though faint its beam,
'Ere yet one risen smile the sun hath lent;
Second, Heav'n's ray unfolds the firmament;
Third, land, sea become visible—wood and stream;
Fourth, moon, stars fade before th' uprisen sun;
Fifth, birds their chirp renew—fish seek their bait;
Sixth, beasts, ev'n reptiles, shake off sleep anon;
Last, man doth rise; and so I rise more late.
Seventh, there is rest; for the whole work is done.
So God, each morn, a new world doth create.

THE ZEND AVESTA AND MASONRY.

BY W. R. MURRAY.

WHILE we are of the opinion that Masonry rests on its divine principles, and not on its antiquity, we are willing and happy to investigate, as far as lies in our power, and all things that will give us light concerning its origin, symbols, and history. We do this not to strengthen our faith in its teachings and good effects, but that we may acquire knowledge, and be able to speak intelligently concerning it, and thus impart light, whenever required, to those who have not the time or inclination for research. We were an attentive listener at the lecture given by Ill. Bro. Pike, in Kane Lodge, and were under the impression that he wished to convey the idea that a Mason might obtain light in the Zend Avesta concerning our symbolism and faith. The Avesta (scripture) and Zend (commentary) translated into the Persian idiom by the Magi or Priests of Zoroaster, is not, in my opinion, to be relied on. Its origin and that of its reputed author, is buried in obscurity, and we do not see how we can discover things hidden from those who claimed to be wise men four thousand years ago. The prophet Jeremiah mentions a chief of Magi among the retinue of Nebuchadnezzar. The earliest accounts we have from the Greeks are from Herodotus, Pliny, and Strabo; after these come Armenian writers, of the 5th century. With many of the ancient Magi, Zoroaster was not a real personage, but an idea—the word, after many changes in its translation, meaning a speaker or teacher, which might be one person or one thousand. These teachers, or Magi, consolidated the spirits of good into one Grand Ruler, to whom they gave the name of Ohuramazda. The original Zend Avesta was said by Pliny to consist of 12,000,000 verses, and an Arabic author says 12,000 cowskins or parchments, all destroyed by Alexander the Great.

The modern nations of Europe came in contact with Zoroastrianism in India, and in 1700 some ancient manuscripts were brought to England; but Mr. Hyde, the great Oxford scholar, failed to read them, in fact had no key to them. Here is where the sceptical find strength. In 1754, Anquetil Dupperon, a young Frenchman, sailed in one of the French India company's ships for Bombay, in search of a key to a language that had been lost for more than a thousand years, incited thereto by s few leaves of manuscript found in the Bodleian Library. The French government came to his assistance by furnishing him with money to buy manuscrips, and a pension that he might devote his time to study. He prevailed upon the dustanes or priests, to introduce him to the holy mysteries or rites, and sell him one hundred and twenty of their sacred manuscripts. He translated into French the Zend Avesta, and on his return to Europe compared his manuscripts with those at Oxford, and claimed they were identical.

The English scholars treated the whole thing as an imposture, Sir Wm. Jones ridiculed it, and Richardson, the Persian lexicographer, declared the whole thing a spurious fabrication. Later a Dane and some German writers sustained Dupperon. The Honovar of Zoroaster is said to contain the following: "I believe thee, O God! to be the best thing of all—the source of light for the world. Thee, Thee, Holy Spirit of Mazda!" and more in the flowery language peculiar to Orientals. The Vohu mano (the good mind) led the people to good deeds, and to worship the Holy Mazda, who gave the sun, moon, and stars their path. The Akem Mano (the naught mind) gave bad men to perdition, bodily and mentally—thus we have a dualism in the Ahuramazda. The Ahuramazda had as his angels, or ministers, six beings, representing different agents, by whom he governed the world. One of the books of the Zend contain prayers to be said over food prepared for an angel. We give but a faint idea of the books or chapters of the Zend, some of which relate to Astronomy, and rules for the conduct of man, many of them excellent, no doubt. Where is our light in all this? Take us from the Bible, and the system of Masonry founded upon it, and we lose our footing, and sink into a maze suitable to Magi and superstition, but at variance with the faith which has sustained the craft from the time of our first Grand Master, who arranged the brethren in such manner by

his wisdom, "that neither envy, discord, nor confusion, prevailed among the craft while at work." Our God, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and of Jacob, as we know Him, through His Divine Word, is the rock on which we stand, and all the mystic law of the Magi and modern disquisitions give us no more knowledge than that God is God, while the Bible enables us to know Him as the God of love and mercy, our Protector and Guide. He implanted in us a desire for knowledge, and gave us reason that we might find it. We think we know him better after an hour in the study of Nature than in years wasted over musty manuscripts, coming from people who never knew Him as He his revealed to us through His sacred Word. "Tools and implements have been selected by *the fraternity* to imprint upon the mind wise and serious truths." Nothing mystical, nothing far-fetched in this—perfectly plain and simple; and why not as satisfactory to us as though we derived them from Zoroaster, or Zarthustra, of whom men had no real knowledge 4,000 years ago! How much can we know of him now?

TOM HOOD.

"He sang the Song of the Shirt."

By Bro. EMRA HOLMES, Author of Lectures on "Public Speaking; what it is, and what it might be"; "Charles Dickens"; and "Odds and Ends of Wit and Humour."

Delivered at Ipswich, Colchester, and Saxmundham, and rewritten for the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

AT the end of 1838 we find him writing a long letter to his friend, Mr. de Franck, in which he says—"that he had been publishing some letters on the state of the law of copyright, which made a stir in the literary world of London, and an M.P. borrowed his ideas and made a flourish with them in the House. Moreover, a fellow attacked me," he writes, "and some others, for our infidelity, whereupon I took up the cudgels in a long poem, which delighted an old gentleman so much that he called it Hood's sermon!"

The poem alluded to is known as an "Ode to Rae Wilson," and is one of the finest pieces of satire in the language. I regret that space will not allow of my quoting it; but I cannot pass it by without telling the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE what he said as to the reality of his belief in God and godliness, of which he says—(alluding to his opponent's piscatorial name no doubt)—"*It would be plain* to any one but a fisher for faults—predisposed to carp at some things, to dab at others, and to flounder in all."

Tom Hood, the younger, in a foot note to this letter, speaking of the character of his father's writings, says—"My father seems to have been almost persuaded, by the popular demand on him for fun rather than serious writing, that he was not possessed of a serious as well as a comic vein; but when after his death his serious poems were published, the world discovered it had lost a poet indeed. Is there anything more pathetic than the 'Bridge of Sighs,' anything more profoundly melancholy, in its absolute simplicity, its tale of common life, than the 'Song of the Shirt!'"

Of his wit and humour you have had examples, of that true pathos which characterises some of his poems, I have given you illustrations enough. I suppose few will now dispute the fact that he was a true poet worthy of a place in our Walhalla. As to his religious belief, I will make one more quotation from the interesting "Memorials," and I have done.

"It has always been a popular misconception," says his son, in the preface to the work I am quoting, "that men of letters as a rule are freethinkers. It is my own earnest belief that the higher mental organization, and refined sensibility of men of letters, render them almost to a fault reserved in expressing a religious faith, for the very reason that they feel it so deeply and solemnly.

"My father's religious faith was deep and sincere; but it was little known to a world ever too apt to decide by hearing professions rather than by scrutinizing actions. Those to whom his domestic life was every day revealed felt how he lived

after the divine requirements: for he did justice, sacrificing comfort, health, and fortune in the endeavour; he loved mercy with a love that was whispering into his ear, even as he was dying, new labours for his unhappy fellows; and he walked humbly with his God, in a faith too rare to be made a common spectacle. As regarded other people's opinions, he was most indulgent:—

"Intolerant to none,
Whatever shape the pious rite may bear;
E'en the poor heathen's homage to the sun
I would not rashly scorn—lest even there
I spurned some element of Christian prayer.
An aim, though erring at a world ayont.
Acknowledgment of good, of man's futility,
A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed
The very thing some Christian's want—
humility."

This spirit is the very essence of Freemasonry, and Hood was a man who ought to have been a Mason.

In a similar spirit he bids us:—

"Ne'er o'erlook in bigotry of sect,
One truly Catholic, one common form,
At which unchecked,
All Christian hearts may kindle or keep warm.
Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,
One bright and balmy morning as I went
From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,
If hard by the way-side I found a cross,
That made me breathe a prayer upon the spot,
Where nature of herself, as if to trace
The emblem's use, had trailed around its base
The blue, significant 'Forget-me-not?'
Methought the claims of Charity to urge
More forcibly, along with Faith and Hope,
The pious choice had pitched upon the verge
Of a delicious slope,
Giving the eye much variegated scope.
'Look round,' it whispered, 'on that prospect there,
Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue,
But,'—(how the simple legend pierced me thro'!)
'Priez pour les malheureux!'"

But I must haste to the close. I should have liked to have written of his friendship with Charles Dickens and other great men. Writing to his friend, De Franck, who had translated "Eugene Aram" into German, and sent through him a copy to the late Prince Consort, I came across the following excerpt:—

"Didn't you enjoy 'Pickwick?' It is so very English! I felt sure you would. 'Boz' is a very good fellow, and he and I are very good friends."

On the death of Theodore Hook, in 1841, Hood became editor of the "New Monthly," and he was also one of the early contributors to "Punch;" though, by the way, he was advertised in the first No., before he knew of the existence of the famous "Charivari."

On the 3rd May, 1845, Tom Hood died. His dying words proclaimed the true Christian, and not the scoffer at religion such bigots as Rae Wilson and others would have him to be.

O Lord! say, "Arise! take up thy cross, and follow Me!"

"Dying—dying," his last words were, as if glad to realise the rest implied in them. At first there was some idea that he should be buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, but this was abandoned when it was found that £200 in fees must be paid for the honour. So he was laid in Kensal Green Cemetery. Eighteen months afterwards his faithful and devoted wife was buried by his side. Husband and wife, who, during their troubled and sorrowful lives, had never since their marriage been so long divided before, were soon reunited.

In 1852, Eliza Cook, in some sweet lines, told the fact that no tomb-stone marked the poet's grave.

Macaulay, Lady Morgan, Barry Cornwall, Dr. Mackay, Macready, De Quincey, Miss Mitford, and the late Duke of Devonshire took up the idea warmly, and wrote strongly in favour of the public monument. Mr. Longfellow also wrote, saying, "Poor Mrs. Hood, and the children who have lost him, they will have forgotten the stranger who called one October morning with Dickens, and was hospitably entertained by them. But I remember the visit, and the pale face of the poet, and the house in St. John's Wood." On the 18th July, 1854, the monument by Noble, the sculptor, was unveiled at Kensal Green, in the presence of many of his friends and admirers, Lord Houghton, then Mr. Monckton Milnes, delivering an oration on the occasion. A generous subscription was entered into for the widow and children, and in 1847, the pension granted to Mrs. Hood, by Sir Robert Peel, who heartily appreciated the genius of Tom Hood, was revived by Lord John Russell in favour of the children. Amongst the names of noblemen who honoured themselves by honouring him, I note that of the late Lord Stanhope, himself a great

historian and a gifted man of letters, the father of the present Earl, the late popular member for East Suffolk, and Lord of the Treasury; but Hood himself, no doubt, would feel that those who contributed most to his monument, like the olden story of the widow's mite, were the donors of trifling sums from Manchester, Preston, Bideford, and Bristol—"from a few poor needle-women," "from seven dressmakers," "from twelve poor men." It was the people's tribute to him for he sang, the "Song of the Shirt."

FINIS.

MAIMOUNE.

FORGOTTEN POETRY.

From the "Etonian."

CANTO I.

"Marriage is—Gad!—a cursed bore"—GOLIGHTLY.

In those fantastic days, when elves and fairies
Held high command o'er sublunary things,
And teased us mortals with as mad vagaries
As ever sprung frum bard's imaginings,
Playing strange pranks in cellars and in dairies,
Riding the Nightmare o'er the breast of kings;
Souring good beer, cow-milking, and cream-skimming,
And thumping clowns by night, and pinching women.

When madcap Oberon reigned in all his his glory,
Now holding king-like quarrels with his Queen;
And now with Puck upon the promontory,
Seeing such sights as since were never seen;
There liv'd, renown'd in Oriental story,
A mighty King—we'll call him Fadladeen,
Because his name's not mention'd by the Lady
Whose tale I borrow, Queen Scheherazade.

Fame says he reign'd with wondrous approbation,
(Especially of courtiers and bashaws;)
In times of peace was mild in his taxation,
And made some very creditable laws;
Indeed, in their invidious situation,
Few Monarchs ever gain'd so much applause;
In private life, a truth I can't evade is,
He was a perfect devil with the Ladies.

He had a most invetorate aversion
To matrimonial fetters; and he swore,
In oaths befitting so sublime a person,
That 'twas unworthy of the crown he wore,
And inconsistent with the State's exertion
To wed a number that exceeded four;
And so, to give his royal conscience ease,
He had four Wives, and sixty Mistresses.

It seems that this arrangement was ill-made, for
He had no issue, save an only son,
Whom twelve long years he had devoutly pray'd for,
To all his country's Gods;—when all was done
This single boy would have been cheaply paid for
By the oblation of his father's throne;
For in all lands, from Araby to Arragon,
The sun ne'er saw so wonderful a paragon.

I don't intend to give a long narration
Of his surpassing beauty, for I hate
Your curst, detail'd minute enumeration
Of cheeks, eyes, noses, lips, hair, shape, and gait.
It is enough that he became his station,
He look'd, and walk'd, and spoke, and drank, and ate,
As for a Hero of Romance 'tis meet
To look, and walk, and speak, and drink, and eat.

You may suppose the youngster was a pet,
E'en from his cradle, a spoil'd child indeed;
The self-will'd tyrant of the Haram; yet
It seem'd no spoiling could with him succeed.
'Twas very rarely he was known to fret,
And very quickly did he learn to read;
At four years old, I've heard, he wrote some verses
To a lame, humpback'd daughter of his Nurse's.

And years passed swiftly o'er him, and he grew
In stature and in strength; his Tutors swore
(And I believe that it was strictly true)
His Royal Highness knew a vast deal more
Than the most erudite of all their crew;
In fact, they found it an exceeding bore,
Whether for pleasure or for pride he task'd them,
To answer half the questions that he ask'd them.

He was a *great proficient* in Astrology;
The best Accomptant in his sire's dominions;
Had dipp'd in Mathematics; in Theology
'Twas thought he held heretical opinions;
But this was doubtful;—in all sorts of knowledge he
Was an adept, but on the Muse's pinions
'Twas his delight to soar; when mounted on 'em, he
Cared little for political economy.

An earnest lover of the Muse was he,
And did her bidding for her own sweet sake;
Nor Fame he sigh'd for, nor aspir'd to be
A star among the great; but in the lake
Which flows around the dome of Poesy
He long'd the fever of his thirst to slack;
And drink the Music in his soul, which springs
From her deep, holy, lone imaginings.

No proud intents, no purposes sublime
Had he, nor care for glory not to die;
No aspirations over Fate and Time,
Nor longings after Immortality.
He was no builder of the lofty rhyme,
His own glad thoughts were all his Poesy;
He call'd his Album, in quaint terms of praise,
His "register of comfortable days."

And thus, from all his bosom's best affections,
And sweet emotions, not unmix'd with pain,
From Childhood's hopes, and Boyhood's recollections,
And many a roving thought that cross'd his brain,
Season'd with here and there some grave reflections,
He fram'd a sort of desultory strain.
Of course, at Court his rhyming gain'd much credit
From all who had, and some who had'nt read it.

And thus his boyhood slid in smiles away,
And he was nigh upon his sixteenth year,
When, as it fell upon a certain day,
He had a summons straightway to appear
Before his Father; as he went, they say
His young limbs shook with an unusual fear;
He had a strange presentiment, no doubt,
That some infernal mischief was about.

His gracious Father had it seems discern'd
(He was a Prince of infinite sagacity)
Or it may be, by long experience learn'd
(Which much confirm'd him in his *pertinacity*)
That youthful blood with headstrong passion burn'd,
And play'd the deuce with Princes; so, to dash it, he
Forgot his own antipathies, and swore
His son should marry, and run wild no more.

He had moreover, as his subjects thought,
Some more conclusive reasons of his own;
The King of China would have dearly bought
Just then a close alliance with his Throne;
And had a most enchanting daughter, sought
By the East's proudest, yet the Maiden shone
Unmated still, and fancy-free, enshrin'd
In the pure brightness of her vestal mind.

She had seen fifteen summers; Youth had wrapt her
In its most radiant loveliness; no glance
Of her wild eyes ere shone without a capture,
E'en through her veil; and oh! to see her dance!
Why 'twould have kill'd our British beaux with rapture,
And caus'd a "great sensation" e'en in France.

Her voice or Music wander'd through
men's ears,
And, when most mirthful, fill'd their eyes
with tears.

Badoura! fair Badoura! would thy charms
Might float before my bliss-bewilder'd
vision!
Would I might once enfold thee in my
arms,
And fancy thou wert mine in dreams
Elysian!
I think I then could laugh at Care's
alarms,
And hold the bluest devils in derision;
For ever could we live (my Muse and I)
On the remembrance of that ecstacy.

I own it has not been my boyhood's lot
To fall in love so often as is common;
My early flames were speedily forgot,
Replac'd but slowly; though the name
of woman
Has always occupied a decent spot
In my affections, and I'm sure that no
man
Can write more highly than I wrote of
late
Of the enjoyments of the married
state.*

But, though I grieve extremely to declare
it, I
Feel bound to tell what I esteem the
truth:
That female beauty is, in fact, a rarity
E'en in the gay, unwrinkled cheeks of
youth.
In number, as in charms, there's a disparity
Between the plain and pretty, and in
sooth
I meet, at present, with few female eyes
Whose smiles remind me much of Paradise.

Yet have I dwelt, for many a pleasant
week, in
A land whose women are the boast of
fame;
Hail to the peerless belles around the
Wrekin!
Hail to each wedded and unwedded
dame!
Though really (unpoetically speaking)
With *three* exceptions, whom I dare not
name,
I wouldn't give the value of a gooseberry
For all the beauty that I've found in S——

Oh! gentle Lady, with the dark-brown hair
Braided above thy melancholy eyes,
And pale thin cheek so delicately fair,
And voice so full of woman's sympathies;
Woe for thy beauty; the fell demon, Care,
Too soon hath made thy tender heart his
prize;
Too soon those smiles, which ever and
anon
Threw sunshine o'er thy loveliness, are
gone.

Lonely art thou amid the fluttering crowd
That throngs the gay and gilded
drawing-room;
For aye enwrapt and darken'd in a cloud
Of cheerless and impenetrable gloom.
The heartless glances of the gay and proud
Which dwelt so rudely on thy beauty's
bloom,
Pass thy pale cheek unheeding, and despise
The dimness of thy sorrow-speaking eyes.

Yet when perchance a happier maid hath
woken
The sweetness of some old-remember'd
air,
Whose touching music to thy heart hath
spoken
Of the old days that were so passing
fair:
I've seen the spell that hangs around thee
broken
By rising visions of the things that
were;
And thy faint blush and gushing tears
have told
That crush'd affections have not yet grown
cold.

But oh! to be most lovely and most
lov'd,
In thy calm hour of dreaming solitude;
When I have tracked thy footsteps as they
rov'd
Through the thick mazes of the tangled
wood;
Or to sweet sadness by thy story mov'd,
By thy fair side, in mute attention,
stood,
Still in thine eyes my lovesick bosom
sunning—
But where the d—— is my fancy running?

(*To be Continued.*)

* Godiva Stanza, XLII.

Our Archæological Corner.

BROTHERHOOD OF THE HOLY TRINITY, ALDERSGATE STREET.

In the fifty first year of Edward III., Anno 1377, a Guild, or Fraternity was founded in St. Botolph's Church, Aldersgate, in honour of the Body of Christ, and of the Saints Fabian and Sebastian. Its founders were "Phillipus at Vine. Agnes, *ux'eius*, and Joh'es Bockynge," and in their time, fifty-three "brethren," and twenty-nine "susteren," entered into the fraternity. Afterwards, in the 24th of Henry VI., Dame Joan Astley, (some time nurse to that King) and others obtained a Licence to refound it in honour of the Holy Trinity; and under that appellation it remained till the 21st of Edward VI., when it was suppressed, and its endowments, valued at 30*l.* per annum, granted to William Harris, alias Somers.

In a Chartulary and Account-Book of this Guild, which is still extant,* called a "Blake Registre Boke," are copies of all the deeds, grants, wills, evidences, and other wrrtings, concerning the "lyvelode of the breth'hode," [brotherhood] together with the statutes of the fraternity, and other interesting particulars.

"These entries," says Mr. Hone,† "shew that the landed property of this Brotherhood consisted of Houses in Aldersgate-street, the Barbican, Lamb-alley, Fanchurch-street, and Long-lane; one of these was held on the annual payment of a rose, others in fee. They were proprietors of the *Saracen's Head Inn*, and the *Falcon-on-the-Hoop Brewery*. In the fourteenth year of King Richard II., Sir Rauff Kesteven, parson of St. Botolph, and the two churchwardens, granted a lease for twenty-one years to John Hertyshorn, of the Saracen's Head, with the appurtenances, at the yearly rent of ten marks; the appurtenances were two houses adjoining on the north side, and were included in that rental as worth eight shillings each by the year, and one on the south side, was valued at ten shillings. 'In the xxj yer of kyng Harry the vj^te,' the brethren received, 'For the rent of ij yere of Wyll'm Wylkyns, for the Sarresyn head, v. *li.* vjs. viij*d.*—paynge by the yer liijs. iiij*d.*.' and 'of the Faucon on the Hope, for the same ij yer, vi. *li.*; that is to say, paynge by the yer iij, *li.*;' but the same year they demised the Falcon Brewhouse to Robert Halle and John Walpole, brewers, for four years, at eighty-four shillings per annum. Six years before, there is, in the Churchwarden's Accounts, an item for 'kerving and peinting of the seigne of the Faucon, vis.'"

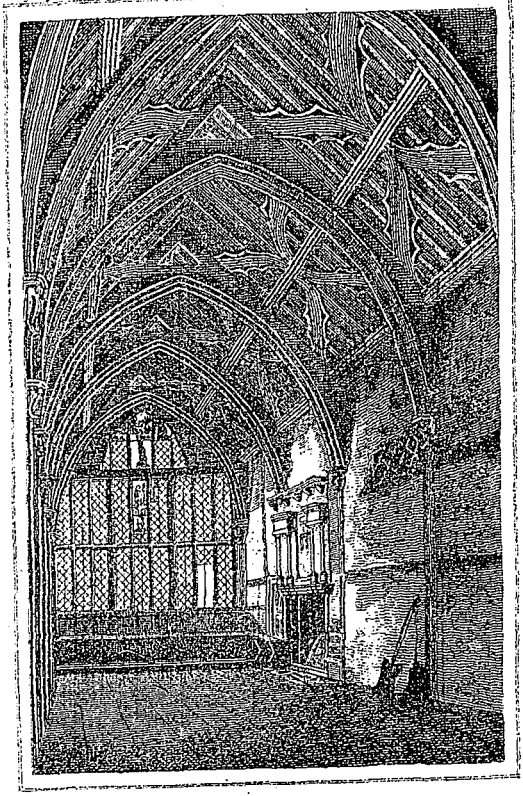
It appears, from the statutes of the Guild, that the Priest, or Chaplain, was allowed ten marks annually "for his lyflode," and also "a dowble hood of the colour of the breth'hode." He was charged "for to do his masse," winter and summer, by five o'clock, "sayinge by-fore masse, duly, a Memorie of the Trynytee;" and ordered to "be meke and obedient vnto the qwer' in all divine seruyces dvrynge hys time, as custome is in the citee amonge all othe' p'stes." On the Sunday next after "alle Sowlen day," he was to read openly, "stondynge in the pulpyte all the names of the brethren and sisters, "that ben on lyue;" commencing with this address:

"Gode bretheren and susteren; it is foreto weten and knowen, that the begynnynge of this Bretherode of grete deuocion, eu'y ma' pay'nge a peny, forto fynde *xiij tapers*, about the Sepulchre of C'ste at Estre, in the Chirche of Seynt Botulph, withoute Alderesgate. Aft' that, throug'e more gretter deuocio'n & sterynge vnto the worschippe of God, it' was yturne in'to a frat'nyte of *The Holy Trynyte*, nougt with stondynge the fyndynge eu'y yere, the may'tenynge of the foresayde xiij tapers; of the which breth'hode thes were thei, &c."

It has been remarked, that in the Romish Church, "*thirteen Candles*" are an allegory of Christ and the twelve Apostles; and that, in one of its Ceremonies, the twelve denoting the twelve Apostles, are extinguished, at intervals, during successive parts of the service, until one only is left, which represents Christ deserted by

* Vide Hone's "Ancient Mysteries Described," pp. 77 8.

† "Ancient Mysteries" &c., p. 80



HALL OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

As remaining in 1790

Tho.s Hurst. Edw.d Chance & Co.e London.

the disciples, and in the end that one is put out to signify his death.

In the warden's account of this Brotherhood for the tenth year of "King Harry the vi^te," there is the following charge: "Item, to the wexchaundeler', for making of the Sepulcr' lyght iij tymes, and of other dyuers lyghts that longen to *The Trinite, in diu's places in the chirche.* lvijs. x*d.*"

From the utter omission, in the *Register Book*, of any notice of the Scriptures, it may be inferred that this Brotherhood never possessed them; for although their entire property, at different periods is recorded, nothing is mentioned of the kind, except the "Myssall." They had, however, a "Rolle of velom' cou'ed with a goldeskyn, contenyng diu'se Pagent's paynted and lemenyd with gold," that is to say of "The Holy Trinite, Seynt Fabyan, and Seynt Sebastyan, and Seynt Botulff; and the last Pagent of Terement [Interment] and gen'all Obyte, of the brether'n and suster'n that be passed to God."

The *Common Hall*, and lodgings of the Priest, &c., belonging to the fraternity (consisting of eight messuages or tenements), was on the west side of Aldersgate-street, near Little Britain. The present Trinity Court occupies a part of the site of the old buildings, and some portion of the Hall still remains at No. 166, Aldersgate-street, where the Silver-street Chapel Sunday School is now established over a Scale-makers' workshop. The annexed print represents the interior of the Hall, as it appeared in February, 1790.

We take this from "Brayley's Londiniana."

FOR EVER AND FOR EVER.

I USED to think you very fair,
And, oh! so very simple,
Because you had a childlike air,
And such a saucy dimple!
I used to think you loved the birds
And lived among the flowers,
And that you meant the whispered words
You said in twilight hours;
And, oh! I thought you would be true,
Although you were so never;
And yet I will be true to you
For ever and for ever.

I wonder if you quite forget
The days we spent together,
Or if you think with vague regret
Of tangled grass and heather.
I wonder if your eyes are still
As blue as when we parted—
I saw them turn away and fill,
And thought you broken hearted.
Ah, well! you were a sad coquette;
But I'll forget you never;
I'll keep your rose (it is treasured yet)
For ever and for ever.

Forgotten Stories.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. IV.
CALUMNY.

"Protinus, ut moneam, si quid monitoris, eges, Tu,
Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe videto.
Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est,
Nec retinent patulæ commissa fideliter aures,
Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum."

AMONGST several kind and friendly precepts of Horace, from which I have selected the lines which appear at the head of this subject, a source of admonition presents itself to our view, which might be serviceably applied to all ranks of life, and deserves the notice of all generations. Were all inclined to bestow that sufficient portion of attention upon it which it merits, to resist that malicious propensity against which it so forcibly warns us, how seldom would the violations of friendship occur which frequently afflict mankind! How many enmities and jealousies, which have been formented by wilful slander, or a careless freedom of speech, would, in a great measure, sink into oblivion!

The vice of calumny can never be too harshly stigmatized, or too vehemently

condemned. It is unworthy of the man of honour, and contemptible to every follower of virtue, generosity, and honesty. We should preserve our tongues from it, as from the touch of pollution; and banish it from our hearts, as the enemy of candour and happiness—as the bane of friendship and peace.

Calumny, when merely exercised and encouraged for purposes of wickedness, denotes the heart from which it proceeds to be of the blackest nature, and competent to the performance of any actions degrading to a man and to a Christian. The foe who attacks our characters and our reputations in secret—who excites the opinions of mankind against us by false tales and dark insinuations—can, in no respect, be deemed less pernicious than the assassin, who, under cover of night, aims his dagger at our breast,—than the serpent, which corrupts our blood with its venom, while it lurks beneath our feet. That foe, when we unguardedly trust ourselves to its power, and confide ourselves to the seeming candour and sincerity so readily assumed by him, is occupied, at the very interval when we are most defenceless, in framing or executing some project for our ruin and misery. We can avoid the fangs of the rattlesnake; for, by the noise which accompanies his motions, we are informed of his approach;—we can shelter ourselves from the fury of the tempest, for the distant thunder and the gathering clouds forewarn us of its attack. But calumny assails us in secret; and, while her features wear the semblance of piety and friendship, the venom of malice and iniquity gushes from her heart.

Yet, although the calumniator must be held in the light of one utterly lost to all sentiments of virtue and conscience, we should not refuse our advice and pity to some, who, notwithstanding they are equally culpable with those infected with the above-mentioned vice, are perpetually liable, without any wicked intent, to involve their friends, and all who are acquainted with them, in misery. It is of those I speak, who heedlessly and incautiously relate whatever remarks they may have heard, and aggravate them by fabrications of their own, merely intending those remarks as an embellishment of conversation, and as a source of amusement for themselves and their hearers. The folly of such conduct must be observed by all who are inclined to bestow one serious thought upon it. When we behold the conflagrations which arise from a single spark—when we hear of the wrecks which proceed from one trivial instance of neglect—and the deaths which have been caused by a wound, trifling and insignificant in its origin,—how plainly must the danger and the sorrows, which spring from such heedlessness and folly as this, present themselves to our minds! Can we be ignorant, while we are amusing our companions at the expense of one who is absent, by relating his words and actions in a manner which we should think dishonourable in his presence, that many of his enemies may hear us, and succeed, by our own animadversions, in the accomplishment of their own purposes? Are we positive that many to whom we are addressing ourselves may not, in their turn, inform him of our cowardly and ungenerous attack, at a time when he is unable to defend himself, or answer our remarks? May we not excite quarrels between him and his friends, or lessen the good opinions of many of his acquaintance? May we not offend those who are most dear to him, and are confident that our assertions are unfounded and unkind? Such consequences as these must all, in the hour of consideration, occur to us.

But, as I have said before, a person may be the cause of much enmity and unhappiness, while he little imagines or intends it. He is encouraged by the laughter and applause which his attempts to please others receive, and is so deluded by them, that he finally suffers the most unguarded expressions to escape from his lips. But, unless he is kindly warned by some friend of his error, he will inevitably bring down misery upon himself and those connected with him; and, should he escape an unhappy end, which most probably awaits him, will be despised and shunned, as the propagator of mischief, and the pest of society.

Edward Overton was the son of a gentleman in the South of England, who possessed a handsome property, and was connected with several respectable and opulent families in that quarter. He was the youngest of

several brothers and sisters; and, being gifted by nature with talents far superior to the generality of mankind, became naturally an object of delight and admiration to his indulgent parents. But little did they, when applauding and encouraging those sallies of wit and brilliant remarks, which shone forth even in his earliest days, foresee the misery which their son might some day be subjected to, from his propensity of ridiculing the faults of others, and disclosing their errors. Many, indeed, would have suspected the consequences which might ensue from that freedom of speech; but his parents were so wrapt up in the admiration of his sprightliness, that he was suffered to indulge in this pernicious gratification, without the most distant restrictions, and to exercise his satirical qualifications, without fear of punishment or displeasure from his parents.

The origin of his future misfortunes and errors may be traced even to the nursery. At the most tender age, it was his amusement to irritate his sisters against each other, and disturb the sports of his brothers, by scattering amongst them the seeds of enmity. Ann was enraged against Elizabeth, because, according to Edward, Elizabeth had reported her intention of demolishing Ann's babyhouse; and Elizabeth forgot the love which she owed to Ann as a sister, having heard, from the same authority, that Ann made complaints of her to the nurse. In like manner, Henry was angry with Richard, and Richard looked upon Henry in no very favourable light, each having heard the other's strictures upon himself, together with sundry embellishments and additions, from the lips of Edward. But the author of these quarrels and heart-burnings escaped the punishment he deserved: and, when he had disturbed the little group with various intestine divisions, was highly gratified with the effects of his heart, and congratulated himself upon his malevolent ingenuity.

It is needless to follow him through his schoolboy exploits, as they much resembled those of his childhood, though perhaps more conducive to mischief in their end. Suffice it to say, that, after passing some years in that situation, embroiling his companions in several disputes, and sometimes receiving a sound drubbing for his pains, he entered upon the stage of life, attended by the best wishes and expectations of his parents, though not without the apprehensions of some of his friends.

Being undetermined as to what course of life he should pursue, he concurred with the wishes of his father, by directing his attention to the bar, and pursuing those attainments, which might qualify him to embrace a profession whence his friends were induced to hope that he would be happy and successful. Sanguine indeed was that hope, from those acute talents which he naturally enjoyed—from that unbounded versatility of genius which shone forth in all his sentiments, and enlivened all his observations.

He accordingly stationed himself at the Temple, and applied himself diligently to law. All his prospects seemed favourable; and his former errors lay dormant beneath the application and perseverance with which he followed that study. He allowed no trifling amusements to interfere with his labours; and carefully avoided all idle and dissipated society, so repugnant to that course of life which appeared to him most eligible. But at length he became acquainted with a young man, who was his neighbour at the Temple; but who, whatever might be his good qualities, was entirely deficient in the application and abilities which characterized Edward Overton. Their acquaintance, which at first consisted in mere respectful civility, was gradually and unfortunately for Edward, extended to an intimacy. I say unfortunately; for had no temptations been thrown in his way, no inducements to change his present tranquil and secluded life for one of pleasure and relaxation, those errors, which so strongly prevailed in his earliest days, would have vanished, and given way in every respect to the reason which governs the mind when it has arrived at full maturity.

We shall not be much inclined to wonder, on hearing, that through the persuasions of young Caernside, his new acquaintance, he in some measure began to waver in his original good resolutions; and that finally he consented to enroll himself in a club of young men, of which Caernside was the principal director and supporter. They were mostly of his own age and profession, and had instituted this

Society, as some relief to the monotony of their studies. We do not wish to accuse them of any wilful misconduct or want of principle; but, in strict morality, they might deserve some censure, from the freedom with which they attacked the characters of their absent friends, and from the satire in which they occasionally indulged with equal severity, though not with equal veracity, against the deserving and the undeserving.

Edward Overton was, as might be expected, a valuable acquisition to their body. His originality, his satire, his pungent wit and the real quaintness of his remarks, highly delighted his auditors, and contributed greatly to the joviality of their meetings. He knew, and alas! knew too well, the influence his talents had obtained over them; and was led on by the fatal desire of applause, and the solicitations of his companions—nor should we omit his own self-admiration—to those habits which afterwards so deeply involved him in misery.

His studies were now entirely neglected, that his days might be passed in sauntering about and picking up any casual reports which might meet his ear, whatever might be his authority, that he might relate them to the Club at night; and, by sundry of his own improvements, render them a subject for the diversion of his companions. Then was, indeed, his hour of gratification, then his reign of glory and triumph. But how dearly did he purchase that fame! How often, even at the risk of his honour and character, did he intrude himself into the company of those with whom he could claim no acquaintance; and gain possession of secrets and observations, in a manner from which honour would recoil in disdain. Nay, so totally did he forget all virtuous and upright sentiments, that he was more than once detected in listening to the private conference of persons, and committing it to paper;—an indelible stigma upon him through life, had not the injured parties most kindly forgiven him, on account of his father's respectability, and his own youth; and concealed their discovery from the world.

Now was the time that his parents began to lament their foolish indulgence. Many were their admonitions, and frequent his renewals of penitence. But this fatal habit had so completely overpowered him, that all his exertions were in vain; nor could they rescue him from that strange infatuation, to which must be attributed all his future shame and ruin.

His first exploit of mischief was to embroil two of his own companions in a duel, who, whatever were their actual differences, might lay the consummation of their quarrel principally to his charge. Their mutual dislike proceeded from a love affair, in which the affections of both rested upon the same object. But Edward heightened that dislike, by relating to each, in the other's absence, some insult which was offered, or intended to be offered to him, by his rival. The consequences need not be related. A duel was agreed upon in the heat of their passion. Fortunately, however, the blood of neither was shed; and, upon the interposition of the seconds, after their first onset, the affair was amicably adjusted. But the author of it, on a close examination of all the circumstances, was detected, and expelled from their society, of which he could no longer be deemed a worthy and honourable member.

Why did he not at this warning desist? Why should not the dishonour, which he incurred from this evil propensity, entirely check its farther progress? Alas! he only departed from the scene of his disgrace, and his enraged associates, to stir up dissensions in his own family!—his affectionate family—which, notwithstanding his pernicious qualities, received him in its bosom. During six short months, which he passed beneath his father's roof, he caused differences between all his relations; disturbed even the love and harmony of his worthy parents; and weaned the affections of his eldest sister from her lover;—all by his false representations, and the subtlety of his plots. Let us for a moment view the scene of domestic misery, which his idle and deceitful tongue created. A feud, which embittered the ties of consanguinity —a coldness of manner, so diametrically opposite to the warmth of affection formerly manifested in a most delightful manner towards each other by his parents —the separation of two worthy and innocent hearts, which caused the death of his intended brother, and clouded the happiest days of his sister's life with the

blackest despair :—all, all these miseries owed their birth to the disgraceful folly and cruel indiscretion of Edward Overton!

His unhappy father, although nearly sinking beneath the accumulation of distress heaped upon him by an unworthy son, had still the resolution, after having settled upon that son a handsome income, to dismiss him from the home whose joys and endearments he had eternally blasted. Yet, while he despaired of working any reformation upon his heart, he nevertheless, with some of the most tender and affecting admonitions which parental love could utter, bade him farewell for ever.

Edward Overton, whatever might be his failings, and great indeed they were, was by no means destitute of feeling. He saw clearly, and felt acutely, the miseries which he had wrought upon the very persons who deserved his most earnest attention, and most affectionate sincerity. Often did he repent; and fervently did he desire to cast himself upon the pity and forgiveness of those whom he had so deeply afflicted. But could he return to that roof, could he enter those doors, could he look upon those countenances, once so happy, when any other feeling than that of horror, melancholy, and self-reproach? His wishes were in vain; nor could he endure the thought of turning his footsteps to that home, whence he had banished happiness, tranquility and love.

For the space of a year he gave himself up to solitude and remorse; entirely relinquishing society. But the impressions of woe gradually faded away, and he again appeared in the world. None of his own friends indeed would form any connexion with him; but they kindly spared those strictures upon his character, which he had so frequently and so illiberally distributed against others. Hence his dangerous qualities were little known; and, from his superior talents, elegant education, and gentlemanly appearance, he was much admired and esteemed in all the circles of his new acquaintance.

He chanced to meet, at an evening party, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments; and, being somewhat captivated with her appearance at his first introduction to her, requested the favour of her hand in a dance, which constituted the principal evening's amusement. The favour was not denied him. He imperceptibly admitted sentiments, which, once entertained, quickly led to an attachment, and his feelings soon convinced him of it, when, at the close of the dance, after handing her to the carriage which was to convey her home, he left the assembly with emotions which his breast had never before known.

Having obtained her permission on the preceding night to visit her father, and inquire respecting her safe arrival, he proceeded in the morning to her abode. Mr. Williams was so much delighted with his conversation and engaging manners, that he requested him to renew his visits frequently. We need not doubt that the offer was accepted—that he soon became an inmate of the family—and that finally, having discovered his affection to the daughter and the father, he was successful in all his hopes, and received a promise of the hand of Emma Williams in marriage.

It may not be improper here to give a short account of the family to which he was about to connect himself. Mr. Williams was a man of large property, which depended chiefly upon an extensive mercantile firm in Liverpool. His wife had been dead for many years; and Emma was the sole hope, delight, and consolation of his declining life.

Every arrangement was proceeding in a most favourable way for the completion of their nuptials, when Edward Overton chanced one morning to enter a coffee-house, where he passed much of his leisure time in reading the news, and sundry other trivial employments, by which the idle beguile a tedious hour. He was loitering in solitude, and scarcely knowing in what manner he might dissipate ennui, when he fancied that he heard the voices of persons holding a serious conference in the next room. His culpable curiosity was immediately excited; and thinking that he now had found something to divert his attention, he applied his ear to the thin wainscoating which separated him from the unknown speakers. The subject which one was explaining to the other seemed to contain a secret of the greatest importance and mystery. The words which he could collect appeared to be relative to a large mercantile concern, which was pronounced in great danger, and

which, should any of the creditors discover its peril, would be inevitably ruined by their demands upon it. The person, however, who was giving this information, expressed a hope which Mr. Fitzgerald (as he styled the principal director), had induced him to cherish, that if their embarrassments could be concealed for a few months, they might regain their former prosperity. He concluded by desiring his auditor to preserve the secret with the greatest caution; and declared his satisfaction in having been able to entrust it to him with such security.

Edward Overton departed, and in the course of the day published at a large party, with his usual folly and carelessness, the tidings which he had so dishonourably gained possession of in the morning. Several persons, on hearing the name of Fitzgerald, and the danger of his firm, immediately took the alarm, and spread the news on all sides. The consequences, as might be expected, was dreadful. The unhappy merchants, unable to release themselves from their embarrassments, or to answer the demands of their creditors, were immediately pronounced bankrupts: and a house, which had long surpassed all others in wealth, in reputation, and the number and respectability of its directors, was reduced to disgrace—to a mere nothing by the babblings of one pernicious and heedless man.

It were enough to think of this with the most heartfelt sorrow. But as yet the reader is uninformed of the whole effects of Edward's indiscretion. What shall we say,—what must be our feelings, on discovering that the father of Emma Williams, although the circumstance was unknown to Edward Overton, was deeply concerned in the affairs of that ruined firm, which once bore Fitzgerald's name? He, consequently, was also plunged in the general misery and calamity. On hearing, therefore, the fatal discovery of that secret, which but one day before had been entrusted to him with such circumspection; on perceiving the adversity and wretchedness to which he and his daughter must necessarily be reduced; and, above all, on discovering that he was betrayed by Edward Overton—the friend of his bosom, the affianced husband of his child,—a shock was inflicted, which nearly proved fatal. But for Emma's sake he struggled against this painful trial; and through the aid of a mind whose natural strength was increased by true Christian fortitude, and the consolations of religion, gradually overcame the pressure of his woes.

Having collected the wrecks of a once splendid fortune, he retired from a world of tumults and vicissitudes, to the tranquility of a country life. Happiness at length began again to smile upon him and the innocent Emma, who was united to a lover far more worthy of her affections than the imprudent Edward. The father and his children lived beneath the same roof, and enjoyed in their retirement the sweets of affection and peace, undisturbed by the misrepresentations of falsehood—untainted by the breath of calumny.

But the days of Edward's happiness were at an end. Neglected by his friends, deserted by his acquaintances, and detested even by those to whom he had given his despicable and officious information, he also buried himself in seclusion. Alas! how different was his from that delightful retirement, which those which he had so cruelly injured now enjoyed! His was an attempt to fly from the scoffs of the world, and the odium which he had incurred as a talebearer. He could not, however, avert the pangs of conscience, or dispel the gloom of melancholy, which hung over him from day to day. So truly miserable was his life,—with such horror and shame did he look back upon the past, that death itself would have been a relief. But the Divine retribution had ordained it otherwise, condemning him to expiate his sins, and to feel the miseries which he had inflicted upon others, by a tedious life of anguish and remorse. No years diminished the care which preyed upon his heart; and this dreadful punishment of calumny was extended to his latest hour.

Further comment upon this tale is unnecessary. May those under whose observation it chances to fall, should they at any time perceive the impulse of slander rising in their breasts, for once recall to memory the sad example of Edward Overton; and be warned by it from those pursuits which allure us into the tracts of unhappiness, and betray us to the shackles of perpetual woe.

Architectural Jottings.

FOUR WELL-KNOWN ABBEYS.

(*Continued from page* 118.)

Of all the four Abbeys which we are describing, that of Dryburgh is much the most picturesque and beautiful for its situation. It stands on a semicircular level space, round which the Tweed sweeps at the foot of wooded hills. As the visitor comes in sight of the ruins, it may be after a hot walk from St. Boswell's in a powerful afternoon's sun, and after a morning at Melrose, he will probably sit on the wooden bench and contemplate the scene. Here, he may say to himself, is all the charm of solitude. Here one feels at home, with a pure early English building to look at; here are lancet lights with nook-shafts and dog-tooth, and a great south transept window of five lancet lights. Here all is seen intermingled with the fresh green of the beach and of the ash, and we have glimpses of ivy-clad ruins of some magnitude, not belonging to the church itself. For here, as we shall see, we have all the most important monastic buildings left, except the Church itself, a great part of which is gone. Dryburgh is too far from the haunts of men to have served as a convenient quarry, or, by its entire demolition, to have afforded desirable space for building. Much, however, is gone for ever; what remains, we will endeavour to describe.

The east end of the choir is nearly all gone, but enough of it is left to show that the sanctuary has extended eastward beyond the ends of the choir-aisles, as at Melrose (see below). The north aisle of the short choir, of one bay only, alone remains, forming a chapel which now serves as the burial-place of Sir Walter Scott and of his family. The north transept also standing, and very short, has only one eastern chapel. All this fragment of choir and transept is very fine Early English work; whether it be really of a date subsequent to Edward the Second's burning, or whether it was built previously, and survived that catastrophe, we are not able positively to affirm. Of the south transept little is left but its south end, rising above the top of the dormitory, the roof of which has encroached upon the lower part of its window of five lancet lights, which is so conspicuous a feature in all views of the Abbey. We have also the stone stairs leading to a semicircular-headed doorway to the dormitory, as at Melrose. Of the nave very little is left but the foundations of the piers and the west end, denuded of its facing-stones. The west door-way remains, a semicircular arch with filleted rolls and hollows containing square flowers, probably of the 14 or 15 century. In the south aisle lies the apex of the west gable just as it has fallen, consisting of eight or nine courses of stone still adhering by the mortar. At the east end of the south aisle is a great semicircular doorway with deeply-cut mouldings and shafts capped by square abaci and transitional volutes, doubtless belonging to the original structure. It leads by a flight of steps into the cloister quadrangle, which is on a much lower level than the church. This enclosure, with the buildings connected with it, may now be described. In the north wall we observe the fine doorway just mentioned, a tall semicircular-headed doorway about the middle, and another near the west end; both these are blocked up. In the east wall, beginning by the great door to the church, is a remarkably fine example of a book closet, with grooves for shelves, rebate for folding doors, and marks of two hinges on either side. It has a segmental arched top, quite plain, so that the doors would be flush with the wall. Its width is about six feet, its height four or five in the middle, and its depth about three feet, and the thickness of shelves 2½ inches. The upper one has not come quite to the front, and has been for smaller books, ranged under the arch with the tallest in the middle. The space from the bottom of the closet to the lower shelf is 23 inches, and from this to the upper shelf 16 inches. Would that we could see the goodly tomes that once were here preserved. We have been thus particular in the description of this book closet, because it is an arrangement regularly seen, and interesting as connected with the little studies of the monks ranged along the north walk of the cloister, so that they sat with their faces to the morning, noon, and evening light. But we do not know of any other example in nearly so perfect a

state. Next to this is a semicircular arched doorway to St. Modan's chapel, adjoining the south transept and under the dormitory. It has a plain waggon-vault, and is lighted by two small semicircular-headed windows with a vesica over them, at the east end. The altar remains, on two steps, but robbed of its slab. There is a very large ground-piscina at the south end of the altar, and a wall-piscina with a single plain hemispherical basin, in a plain semicircular recess in the south wall. A stone bench runs all round the chapel. There are doors to the transept and to a turret stair as well as the one from the cloisters. The chapel is encumbered by modern tombs.

The passage or slype adjoining on the south has a plain waggon vault, and is spacious, as at Durham. The east end is built up with imitation of old work to make it into an enclosed burial-place, but in Morton's plan it is shown open at both ends, as it should be. The opening from the cloisters is by a large semicircular arch.

Next we find the entrance to the chapter-house with its two lateral openings. The doorway is semicircular, and deeply recessed, with three shafts on each side, capped by square abaci and transitional volutes, the innermost member being a dog-tooth moulding running along each side and over the arch. The lateral openings consist each of a pair of pointed lights divided by a shaft, under a plain semicircular arch. The chapter-house itself is six feet below the cloister level in order to be got under the dormitory, a very peculiar arrangement. It must have been entered by a flight of wooden steps, for there are no indications of stone steps. It is a plain rectangular apartment, with a simple waggon vault, lighted only by three low lancet windows at the east end, and by one at each side where it projects from under the dormitory, and has over its eastern portion a building which seems to have been the library or scriptorium. This building has mortise-holes in its east wall as if for shelves, and is now occupied by a modern roof placed immediately over the vaulting of the chapter-house. The connection of this library, or whatever it is, with the adjoining buildings is not easy to discern. Either it has encroached on the dormitory, or a passage from the transept stairs has afforded access from the church both to it and to the dormitory, in which latter case the dormitory did not extend further north than the south side of the chapter-house. The chapter-house has had a poor Norman wall-arcade all round, which now remains only at the east end. We next come to another semicircular doorway, which has led to stairs between cloister and dormitory, and passing through it we find ourselves in a fine lofty once vaulted apartment running north and south under the dormitory, with widely splayed windows on the east side and a fire-place on the west. The original windows, of simple Norman character, have been taken out, and ill-shaped pointed ones, with diverging mullions and plain transoms, inserted. In the middle is a row of columns for the vaulted roof, the springers of which remain on the side walls. At the north end is a segmental arch, which has carried the dormitory stairs. In the south-east corner there seems to have been another stair to the dormitory in the thickness of the wall; it is lighted by a loop and two circular holes. At the south end is a door into a passage, under the dormitory, to the south of which is another similar vaulted place, a good deal ruined, but retaining its Norman windows on the east side. The apartment next to the Chapter House is generally called the Prior's Hall, but it is much more likely to have been the "calefactory," or recreation room of the monks, where they were allowed a fire and other indulgences. We cannot say what the similar room to the south of the passage may have been. These buildings are constructed on so lofty a scale that they do not strike one so much as a sub-structure to the dormitory as it does as an attic over them, so low is it in proportion. Nothing remains of it but its north end encroaching on the transept window as above mentioned, and part of its low east wall, with its row of small windows. The south end of the dormitory and any buildings which may have been connected with it are destroyed, but there is an artificial water course passing this way which has doubtless served as the great sewer. It has been cut so as to bring some of the water of the Tweed straight across by the south of the Abbey

buildings, instead of by its natural bend round the north side. It appears to have come by the porter's lodge, kitchen, and south end of dormitory. All along the east side of the cloisters may be seen the hooked stone corbels, holes for roof timbers and springings of groining.

On the south side of the cloisters has been the Refectory. Its side walls have disappeared, but its two ends are standing. The east end is simply a dead wall; the west has a radiating rose window like that at the west end of the nave at Jedburgh. Here also, we find a square locker, probably for mazer-bowls and plate, and the hatch by which provisions were served from the kitchen, through the buttery. At the west end of the refectory outside, are traces of these buildings, and when the ivy is cut there may be seen a roof-mark running up to the rose window. By an unusual arrangement, which however we find at Durham, the refectory has a vaulted substructure, which seems to have formed cellars, with a passage along the south side, and another from the cloisters to the south, which would pass under the dais, and correspond in situation with the dark passages from the south-east corner of the cloisters at Westminster, Durham, etc. In the west wall of the cloisters we have, near where the entrance to the refectory has been, a fine segmental headed recess for a lavatory, in which a modern stone bench has been placed. The recess is about half fairly in the west walk, and half facing the south walk. It corresponds in situation with the lavatory at Westminster, except that as there is no passage out of the cloisters here, it is placed nearer to the refectory. In this wall again the hooked corbels and holes for roof timbers show very well. Facing the bookcase is a small door leading to vaults, which have been under a range of buildings on the west side of the cloisters, now destroyed, probably the Abbot's lodgings. There are some remains of a porter's lodge with a bridge over the watercourse, and a garderobe, the upright drain of which remains. Such are the remains of Dryburgh, certainly not inferior in ecclesiological interest to those of Melrose, and very superior in their surroundings. Morton's view shows the cloister court planted as a flower garden. It is now, with much better taste, laid down with grass. But the air around is fragrant with the breath of flowers, shrubs, and especially those of a very fine large kind of syringa, described by the guide as quite a *by-ordinar'* kind of shrub. The trees and shrubs about the place are allowed to run almost wild, and so they greatly add to the beauty of the scene. The birds that sing among their branches are the only creatures that enliven what would otherwise be a silence as of death, in a summer's afternoon. At night, no doubt as at Melrose, there are times

> "When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
> And the owlet to hoot o'er the deadman's grave."

aye, over the very grave of him who wrote those lines.

J. T. F.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

24th July, 1790.

I CANNOT give you a stronger proof of the loyalty and attachment of the Deputies from the Provinces than the following circumstance will afford you:—

"Some of the orators of the Palais Royal having, on the 14th, presumed to censure the form of that day's proceeding, particularly in the dignity that attended the Monarch—his being seated on a throne, and his not quitting the throne to take his oath of allegiance to the Sovereign, the Nation, they were immediately seized by the Deputies, carried to the Corps de Garde, and from thence conducted to prison, where one has since put a period to his existence.

"The Keeper of the Chatelet had received a sum of money to open the prison-gates on the night of the 13th, but being discovered, or rather apprehending that he was so, he stabbed himself, and in his agony confessed his purpose; he has since been constantly delirious."

The Duke of Orleans lives neglected, unheeded, and despised. It is reported (but I believe it to be one of those reports which a fertile imagination invents, and then propagates), that he will soon bid a final adieu to a country where others have

reaped the advantages of his guilt, and he may serve as one more lesson to all men of distinguished rank, who put themselves at the head of a popular faction, that they will, when they are no longer necessary, be reduced to a level with those whose distinction they have been the means of.

I send you a Memoire of M. Neckar, who, thus, from time to time, recalls himself to public obliquy, and produces himself to notice, that every step he descends to contempt and obscurity may be apparent to the world entire.

The state of their finances are, at this moment, more embroiled than ever—so small is the amount of the declarations for la contribution patriotique, that you may be assured the ensuing week will be witness of a decree authorizing the Municipalities to tax each individual according to his *apparent expense*, and giving him redress only on the declaration and justification of his whole property.

"Les Assignats" are again prorogued to an indefinite term, yet their necessity is every day more apparent. To obtain even small sums of money, it is first necessary to purchase at a loss of 2 per cent., Billets of 200 livres for those you possess above that sum; you must then purchase money at the loss of 4 per cent., which, with the interest on the assignats, amounts to near six; nor has any effects been perceived from the large sums of money the Federaration was to bring to the capital. The only money that now circulates is that which is employed to secure Mons. Baillie his election as Mayor of Paris; and, however extraordinary it may appear, the sums expended proceed either from the Royal Treasury or from the purse of M. Neckar.

Paris daily is losing its inhabitants, and all the superior classes threaten to quit it. The accounts of the Deputies of the Provinces is not more favourable. In many districts the peasants have consented with reluctance to remit, till after the harvest, the repartition of lands which they demand. Every manufactory is destroyed, and the Commandant of the Deputies of Lyons assured me that all its richest inhabitants were securing their property; that during four winters they had struggled to maintain their manufactories, but that now they could expect nothing but total ruin, and consequently must be at the mercy of a starving populace.

It appears, by a calculation of the Committee of Finances, that the property of the National Debt is divided in the following manner: half to Paris, a fourth to the provinces, and the other fourth to foreigners.

The journey to Paris has opened the eyes of the Provinces, not only in regard to the National Assembly, but to the Republican projects and domineering principles of the City of Paris, they begin to imagine they have been sacrificed to her safety and to wants, and they already begin to distinguish the Nation of Paris and the Nation of France.

The popular entertainments have passed not only quietly, but even sadly; joy seemed the lot of few. After a dinner, that was given by one of the districts to the deputies, they proceeded in form through the principal streets; an old officer, carrying the King's picture, was elevated on a kind of triumphal car. They obliged all they met to pull off their hats, and cry, "Vive le Roy!"

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

Chapter XIV.

The Reference to the Euresis of the Mysteries.

(*Continued from page* 81.)

The Euresis was accompanied by a brilliant light, to convey, in a more striking manner, the idea of a resurrection, or return from death to life; and accordingly we find in the anaglyph before us, no lotus flowers, no burning torches, no altar tomb with its recumbent figure, or other funereal emblems, which might tend to throw a reasonable doubt over the correctness of our interpretation. In some instances, indeed, the point within a circle is said to have been esteemed an emblem of death,* but it very rarely

* See Brown's Hydriotaphia, p. 26.

occurs in this sense, although the application would evidently be to the aspirant in the pastos—Noah in the Ark—or a dead corpse placed within the coffin for interment.

It may be further observed that the Aphanism represented the darkness of Hades, and the Euresis the light of heaven, or the divine lights *τα Θεια φωτα*, called *μακαρίαν ὀχεν*, a beatific vision; and hence many of the caverns of initiation had an upper story admirably fitted up for the Autopsia, which was denominated heaven, the prototype of the Elysian fields, thus described by Virgil:—

> The fields are verdant, and with heaven may vie,
> With ether vested, and a purple sky,
> The blissful seats of happy souls below,
> Stars of their own, and their own sun they know.

It was a dome, and the sun, as the representative of Osiris, was placed in the centre of the roof, which being by some process brilliantly illuminated, exhibited an appearance so superb, as to induce a candidate to declare that he saw the sun shining at midnight with a most glorious lustre; while around this principal luminary the planets were arranged in their several spheres; the constellations were depicted on the walls, and the Zodiac was conspicuously displayed on a broad belt encompassing the whole.*

It was in reference to these abominations that the Lord predicted of Egypt, "When I shall put thee out, I will cover the heaven, and make the stars thereof dark; I will cover the sun with a cloud, and the moon shall not give her light. All the bright lights of heaven will I make dark over thee, and set darkness upon thy land, saith the Lord God."†

In the Tower of Babel the lower vaults were constructed for the celebration of the funereal part of the ceremony, and the upper story being reserved for the Euresis, was called heaven. This fact is recorded in the Pentateuch. The builders said, "Let us build a tower whose top may" (not "*reach to*," which is not in the original, but) "be for heaven;" that holy place where the sublimest mysteries of religion were intended to be made complete. This construction of the passage becomes more evident when we consider that Nimrod did not select a hill or mountain for his tower, which would have been the most reasonable mode of proceeding if it had been intended to reach to heaven; but the very lowest place he could find, even a place which Abydenus asserts was so deeply covered with water as to be called the sea, and Nimrod was obliged to drain it before he could lay the foundations.*

In like manner the pyramids of Egypt may have been intended to represent Elysium or heaven. Mr. Wathen, in his account of the great pyramid at Conjeveram, in India, appears to have been forcibly struck with this fact, although ignorant, as he probably was, of its application to the mysteries of religion. He says, "The tower, or most elevated part of this building, consisted of fifteen stories or stages; the floor of the lowest of these was covered with boards somewhat decayed, and was about twenty feet square, having much the appearance of the belfry of a country church in England. A ladder of fifteen rounds conducted us to the next stage, and so on from story to story, until we reached the top, each stage or floor diminishing gradually in size to the summit. Here our labour was most amply repaid, for never had I witnessed so beautiful and sublime a prospect. It so far surpassed every idea that I had or could have formed of its grandeur and effect, that I was almost entranced in its contemplation. I forgot all the world beside, and felt as if I could have continued on this elevated spot for ever." The vaults beneath these places were the dreary regions of Tartarus, the allegorical Infernum, in which was celebrated the mourning for the lost Osiris.

The building of Babel, and the confusion of tongues, by which the architects were dispersed, were not unknown to the heathen. Cyril, against Julian, quotes these words out of Abydenus: "Some say that the first men who sprung out of the earth, grew proud of their great strength and size, and boasted themselves to be superior to the gods. To show their superiority they attempted to build a tower where Babylon now stands, and their presumption was allowed to go on until they had got to an incredible height, when the gods with the help of boisterous winds,

*Porph. de aut. Nymph. p. 254, Apul. Metaml. i.
† Ezek. xxxii. 7-8.

* Euseb. præp. evan. l. ix.

threw it down upon them, and the ruins are called Babylon. Before this time men had but one language, but now the gods divided it; and then there was war betwixt Saturn and the Titans."

Light and darkness were remarkably identified with the religion of Persia, the benevolent Creator of heaven and earth being termed LIGHT, and the evil being DARKNESS. These were the principles in which Cyrus, the future conqueror of Babylon, and the liberator of the Jews, had been educated; and it was to convince him of the superior power of the True God, that the prophet introduces him as saying, "I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God besides me. I guided thee, though thou hast not known me; that they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none besides me. *I form the light and create darkness.* I make peace and create evil. I, the Lord, do all these things."*

It is a curious fact mentioned, Porphyry,†, that the Egyptians painted their statues black to denote the invisibility of the Divine essence; and made the crocodile an emblem of the deity, because that creature, by the help of a pellucid membrane descending from his forehead, was able, as they believed, to see with closed eyes. Now man living, as it were, in the confines of heaven and earth, his celestial mind being united to a body of gross flesh and blood; his understanding receiveth instruction through the gates of the outward senses, and is, in an especial manner, assisted by the phantasms which Light pictureth in the brain. This frame of man renders him covetous in his speculations respecting the help of some external and visible object; and although they knew that proverb of the Arabians, which said, "Shut up the five windows that the house may be filled with light;" yet they must have a visible deity to represent Light; and that deity was Osiris, the representative of the sun.‡

This is further indicated by another fact, viz., that the scarab was a symbol of generation as well as life; and the candidate, when he arrived at the final period of initiation, was pronounced by the hierophant to be *born again;* or, as it was more forcibly expressed in the Dionysian system of Spurious Freemasonry, *διφυης*, or twice born; the first time carnally, from his natural mother, and now again spiritually, in the Euresis of the mysteries; and sometimes *τριγονος*, or thrice-born, to signify his farther elevation to the highest point of perfection the Greater Mysteries could confer.

These three degrees of regeneration correspond with the three superior Sephiroth, and the three celestial spheres, and were coloured scarlet, sky blue, and green, to represent the three elements of initiation, fire, air, and earth.

CHAPTER XV.

THE REFERENCE TO THE GENERAL RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

"Some think that the souls of those who die, return again; others, that though they do not return, yet they do not die, but go to a more happy place."

MELA.

It has been asserted by some great and learned writers that there is no specific revelation of a future state in the Mosaic law. But it was a doctrine fully received by all the learned Jews, and is, at least, indirectly stated, not only in the book of Job (which from the internal evidence of its highly poetical style, indicative of the first ages, and in the absence of all other testimony, I should pronounce to have preceded the writings of the Jewish law-giver), but throughout the prophetical writings. It was understood by the patriarchs, and was strikingly exemplified in the three visible translations of Enoch, Elijah, and Christ.

Jacob knew that the God of Abraham and Isaac was his God also by peculiar promise, and was not satisfied with any reward which might have a reference to this life only. He confessed himself a stranger and pilgrim upon earth, declaring that he looked for a better country, that, a heavenly.* Job expressly asserted his belief in a Messiah, who should raise him from the dead at the last day.† The

* *Isa. xlv. 5-7.*
† Euseb. de præp. Evan. l. iii. c. 7.
‡ Ten. Javl., p. 25.

* Heb. xi. 16.
† Job. xix. 25.

Targum, or Chaldaic paraphrase of Onkelos, whose authority is undisputed, translates Deut. xxiii. 6: "Let Reuben live in life eternal. Let him not die in the second death."

David Levi, a learned Jew of modern times, contends that his ancient brethren were well acquainted with the doctrine of the resurrection and a future state in the days of Isaiah; nay, he adds, "I am confident that these doctrines were taught by Moses." And we have the authority of Jesus Christ for the same opinion, for He attributes the want of faith in the Jews to their ignorance of the writings of their law-giver. "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me; but if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my word."* His answer, also to the insidious question of the Sadducees concerning the seven brethren who had married one wife: "ye do err, not knowing the scriptures,"† plainly implies that the doctrine which they denied, viz., the resurrection of the dead, was contained in the Scriptures.‡ The Samaritans rejected all the sacred writings, except the books of Moses; and yet from that single source they gathered such knowledge as convinced them of the certainty of a future state.§

However this may be, the anaglyph before us contains an indisputable reference to the triumph of *eternity* over *time*; which forms indeed a prominent doctrine in the Hermesian writings. They contain metaphysical treatises in the form of dialogues between Hermes and Thoth, which throughout speak of the pre-existence of the soul, its transmigrations and final beatitude.‖

The symbol of Time is confined within certain concentric circles; or, in other words, within the operations which form the limits of time; while eternity is represented by the unlimited space in which the compound figure of the deity is placed. It is therefore, to be considered as an emblem of the resurrection and a future state, symbolised equally by the Euresis of the mysteries, and by the ear of corn which is placed on the tablet as a permanent hieroglyphic of the Hermesian Spurious Freemasonry. The aphanism was celebrated in darkness, and the Euresis in light. Darkness was an emblem of death, and death was a prelude to resurrection. And hence darkness and light, the prototypes of night and day, were sometimes symbolized by a black and white worm, which is represented as continually gnawing the root of the tree of life. It will at once be seen, therefore, in what manner the doctrine of the resurrection was inculcated and exemplified in these remarkable institutions.

It is clear from Origen and others,* that the Egyptians possessed a knowledge of the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and a future life of happiness or misery. Thus Porphyry, in Eusebius, says it was the general belief that "souls were immortal; and that those which have belonged to pious and just persons were taken up to heaven; although their bodies were subjected to various torments." And Strabo considers this to have been the first principle of their theology. They believed that this present life is but the life of embryo existence, a mere conception, but that death is a generation or birth into *true life*.

This is fully evidenced by the custom of embalming the corpses of their deceased friends. Diodorus Siculus asserts that "the Egyptians deem this life as of very inferior consequence; but they have a great value for a quiet resting-place for the body after death. Hence they consider the habitations of the living as mere temporary places to repose in during the short journey of this life; while they call the sepulchres of the dead everlasting dwellings, and therefore bestow upon them great care and incredible expense.

Their belief in a future state is confirmed by the practice of allowing a superb funeral to the bodies ef the just, who were represented under the form of Osiris, and esteemed worthy of divine honours, as deified mortals; while those of the wicked were excluded from funeral rites, and cast disgracefully into neglected ditches, and

* John v. 46, 47.
† Matt. xxii. 29.
‡ See "Tomline's Theol.," Part. III., Art. 7.
§ John iv. 14-42.
‖ I do not intend to assert that these were actually written by Hermes, but that they contain a digest of the doctrines ascribed to him.

* Orig. Cont. Cels. l. iv. Diog. Laert. in Proem.

other polluted places, as an indication that their souls would be subjected to eternal punishment, when the world, and all that is therein shall be burnt up; for it was a prevalent doctrine amongst the Egyptians that the present state of things shall be destroyed by fire, and the doctrine was transferred from them to the Greeks and Romans. Seneca affirms that "the stars shall run upon each other; and everything being on a flame, that which now shines regularly, shall be finally extinguished by a burning fire." And Ovid, in his Metamorphoses, adds; "it is decreed by fate that sea, and earth and heaven shall burn, and the vast frame of nature perish by fire." Numerous evidences of this fact might easily be produced.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Author of "Shakspere, his Times, and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitors' Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn-by-the-Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

MR. GARNIER'S remarks on the building of King Solomon's Temple I will give in another Note; but I trust I have already quoted sufficient to show that the author of *The Parish Church* has attentively studied Church Symbolism; and, if he at times rides his hobby-horse rather hard, I feel inclined to say with Sterne :—"So long as a man rides his hobby-horse peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him, pray, Sir, what have you or I to do with it?" Nevertheless, in great or in little things, the pursuit of Truth is always a sacred duty, and however one may differ in opinion on some points with Mr. Garnier, it is impossible not to be pleased by his able little book.

THE editor of *The Freemason*, who does his spiriting gently enough to please even Prospero himself, expresses a hope "that the generation which will succeed us will be as famous for their love of Masonic literature as their punctual attendance at a good dinner, and that while they do not neglect the wants of the body, they will also bear in mind the as important needs of the mind." To this every true Freemason will say, *So mote it be!* But why not for the future fearlessly blackball, not only every sensual, but even every merely sensuous man, who seeks for admission to the mysteries and privileges of the Craft? It is fearful to think of the many men who, on their initiation among us, unabashed, make promises which they never mean to keep, and console their consciences with the too true, but still very unsatisfactory excuse, that they are as good as many others who push themselves into notice on all Masonic occasions, except those when anything is likely to be done for the good of humanity.

Dr. Rabutea advocates the making of bread with sea-water, as being not only excellent in flavour, but beneficial to health, on account of the chlorides it contains.

I am glad to see that Mr. Joseph Pope, a retired army staff surgeon, in a paper read at the Domestic Economy Congress in Birmingham, stated that the notion that is still held of the possibility of hardening children by exposure and cold bathing could not too soon be abandoned. I have all my life seen the folly of stupid mothers sending their poor spindle-legged children without any covering from the ancles up to the thighs, in the coldest winter months, under the pretence of hardening them, and then putting them into trousers just when they have got used to the exposure, if they did not die of cold-engendered disease before it was done. If they were Highlanders, intended to wear kilts, I could understand it. But we shall never have a better world until our women are more truly educated.

Of the beauty of the autumnal tints on the leaves of the American forests, Mrs. B. Leith Adams remarks :— "Can any one imagine what they are until their delighted eyes have rested on a scene that seems like a bit of fairy-land? The exquisite masses of colour; the maples, gold and rose, and mottled in both colours; the soft amber moose-wood; the deep glowing crimson of one towering monarch of the woods, the flame-coloured pile of another, the tender pale cinnamon shade of the beech, the vivid rose of the Virginian creeper and the common briar; who can describe all this, the glory and magnificence of the garb in which the

year dies; the perfect loveliness of the form death takes, ere it is covered with the pure white shroud of the glistening snow?" And she adds:— "The silence of the woods in winter is most impressive: to the unaccustomed ear it has something almost awful about it. The migration of the summer birds has taken place, and with the first frost of October the last warbler has disappeared. The cross-bill, the pine-finch, and the faithful robin remain, but in those vast woods what are a few feathered inhabitants such as they? Perhaps a little squirrel stirs in the crystallised branches, or a ruffed-grouse rustles into his burrow in the snow; but, as a rule, the silence is such as makes the sense of hearing ache. Now and then a sharp report is heard, like a pistol shot in the distance. It is the trees splitting from the intensity of the cold, and from this cause the stems of the black spruce and the birch may often be seen furrowed almost the entire length of the trunk."

At Oswaldkirk—that is, the kirk or church dedicated to St. Oswald—in Rydale, a hen recently laid so many eggs in a nest that had done duty for a brood of young blackbirds, that they betrayed the secret by dropping on to the ground when over full, for the nest was in an old ivy-covered tree. It was at Newton Grange, in this parish, that Roger Dodsworth, the industrious Yorkshire antiquary, was born, well-nigh three centuries ago.

A quintuple rainbow has been witnessed by two professors of the missionary college of Santa Quiterra, in Portugal. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 were close together, and Nos. 4 and 5 were also together, but separated from No. 1, the principal.

Mr. C. Roach Smith, Hon. M.R.S.L. has just published a second edition of his *Remarks on Shakespeare*, [I am following his spelling] *his birthplace, etc.*, which was first written for private distribution in 1868, and the portion of which relating to the great bard's country experience has been superseded by our author's *Rural Life of Shakespeare, as Illustrated by his Works*, which I hope to notice in a future Note. It would be a poor book, pamphlet, poem, or anything relating to the greatest intellect we know of, that had no charms for me; and Mr. Roach Smith writes too sensibly not to please any true Shaksperean. I *like* our author's spelling of the poet's name much better than my own, seeing that the derivation most undoubtedly is from the shaking of a spear.

No doubt Spenser had this in mind when he sung,—

> "Whose muse, full of high thought's invention,
> *Doth like himself heroically sound.*"

Ben Jonson, when he writ,—

> ——"He seems to *shake a lance*,
> As brandish'd at the eyes of Ignorance."

And the Heralds' College, when they granted the family arms—*Or, on a bend sable a spear of the first*; and for crest—*A falcon displayed argent, holding a spear in pale or.* Even poor Robert Greene's cantankerous allusion to the greater dramatist who was eclipsing him, as "an absolute Johannes Factotum," who was "in his own conceit, the only *Shake-scene* in the country," was an evident pun upon the martial name of the gentle Willy. I have, in my *Shakspere, his Times and Contemporaries*, given my reasons for adopting the shorter spelling used by the poet himself, but will not quarrel with those who follow the general manner of his contemporaries, and never reply to the nasty attacks I have sometimes had to endure for supposing that the author of *Hamlet, Macbeth* and *Lear* might possibly know how to spell his own name. Spell the name as you like, say I, only let his unrivalled writings live within the chambers of your brains! "From the obscurity in which his life is shrouded," says our author, "the coeval remains of Stratford-upon-Avon have far greater importance than they would have possessed had Shakespeare received from his contemporaries notice such as has so frequently been lavished on inferior men. We cannot look upon him through biographers, through correspondence, or through any of the influences which, at the present day, secure immortality to thousands; but we may in the streets of Stratford, and in the highways and bye-ways of the neighbourhood, in the fields, meadows, and villages, see objects which must constantly have been before his eyes: the impress of many of these objects is reflected most vividly throughout all his works." And he very truly remarks:— "The whole vegetable kingdom seems also to have been searched by him with attentive eye and reflective thought; so that although

similes, metaphors, and allusions to plants and herbs, are occuring throughout his works, they are in most cases, if not in all, strikingly correct and appropriate." This is a confirmation of what I wrote a quarter of a century ago, when I stated:— "All his writings are fragrant of the country. The sweet song of uncaged birds, and the gurgling of limpid brooks,

'Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge'

chime through all his productions, like silver bells in the air at eventide. He has known every sweet wild-flower of his native land, and, what is better than all, he has loved them. too: for all his dramas are redolent of their beauty and perfume." Of our gifted Bro. David Garrick, Mr. Roach Smith remarks:— "Garrick, with all his abilities, and they were great, did not always show sound judgment. He was generous and warm-hearted, and no one before him, on the stage, had evinced so keen an appreciation of the genius of Shakespeare. Still he consented to give the plays, not from the original text, but from Tate's edition, which would have never been used, one would have supposed, by any manager of taste or of power to understand and feel the full force of the plays as written by Shakespeare; and Garrick never fully estimated propriety in costume. At the same time we can but ask, how it was he could have consented to place upon the stage such tame and witless plays as he produced in abundance with those of the great dramatist? It is obvious that both Garrick and the drama had to be judged by a public that could tolerate and be pleased with what would not be thought upon at the present day; a public that could relish coarse language, unrefined and often immoral sentiment, and gross vulgarity unrelieved by a spark of wit." We must remember that the actor has to live, and if he only performs the plays that come up to his own conception of a perfect drama, he is very likely indeed to starve. The false theatrical taste brought in with the Restoration, and the gross ignorance of the general public, would have left even our great Thespian brother, David Garrick, to have played to empty houses, had he attempted a pure Shakspere. Even now we are only just beginning to restore him to the stage. How much Mr. Roach Smith and myself, and every other true Shaksperean, owe to Bro. Garrick for our appreciation of the great bard, it it impossible to determine. He did his work well, considering the circumstances by which he was surrounded; let us be thankful for the noble impetus he gave to Shaksperean study, and do our parts with equal earnestness to carry onward the glorious cause of genuine English literature.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

BY BRO. LINNECAR.

Let there be light!—the Almighty spoke—
Refulgent streams from chaos broke,
T' illume the rising earth!
Well pleased, the Great Jehovah stood,
The Power Supreme pronounced it good,
And gave the planets birth!
In choral numbers Masons join
To bless and praise this Light Divine.

Parent of light! accept our praise,
Who shed'st on us thy brightest rays—
The light that fills the mind!
By choice selected, lo! we stand,
By Friendship joined, a mystic band,
That love, that aid, mankind!
In choral numbers Masons join
To bless and praise this Light Divine.

The Widow's tears we often dry,
The Orphan's wants our hands supply,
As far as power is given;
The naked clothe—the prison'er free—
These are thy works, sweet Charity!
Reveal'd to us from Heaven!
In choral numbers Masons join
To bless and praise this Light Divine!

—*Freemason's Repository for* 1797.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC, GIVEN IN LAST MONTH'S NO.

Initials, RASTY.
Finals, MASON.

Words:

1. Requiem.
2. Arcadia.
3. Sinless.
4. Torpedo.
5. Yarn.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

No. 53.—Vol. V. NOVEMBER, 1877. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

—o—

We have nothing to report this month except the onward progress of our Craft. On every side of us new lodges are springing up, and the *Freemason* of October 13th recorded the consecration of three Lodges in consecutive order on our Roll, Nos. 1713, 1714, 1715. This, perhaps an unprecedented coincidence, is not without its meaning to those who carefully note what is going on amongst us.

Though some look upon the rapid increase of English Masonry as an evil, more or less, indeed we hold on the contrary that it is a great good in many ways.

Though not unattended with drawbacks, as is everything of earth, it clearly is not to be condemned in itself, and is a not inconsiderable "factor" in the greater question of the onward progress of the beneficial principles of pleasant toleration and humanitarian benevolence. Yes, we say, "Prosper the Art."

The Girls' and the Boys' Schools have had their half-yearly elections, and have manifested as usual a numerous list of candidates, and a small proportion of elected pupils. Both institutions are being enlarged, and in 1878 we shall have 200 girls and 200 boys under careful training.

We mentioned last month Bro. Emra Holmes' little Volume of Tales, and we wish to commend it to the notice and approval of our brotherhood.

The work will repay perusal, is creditable to all concerned in its production, and as an act of Masonic kindness, as well as an effort of Masonic literature deserves the liberal patronage of a large circle of readers.

WORK OF THE CRAFT.

BY MARSHALL B. SMITH, GRAND MASTER OF N. J.

A nobler work than this we need not seek:
To weld the broken links, to make the chain—
As at the first—entire. The mystic word to speak
That binds in loving fellowship, again,
Brother to Brother; stays the impassioned word;
Calms the fierce billows, erst in fury stirred.

The friendly deed, in kindliness to do;
Covering, with love's fair mantle, many a stain,
And sin, and scar; relieving pain;
Aiding the needy, all our life-way through;
With GOD our helper, and our watchword Peace,
Toiling and loving, until labour cease,
And filled is all the outline of the Master's plan—
The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man.

—*Freemason's Repository.*

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

Chapter XV.

The Reference to the General Resurrection of the Dead.

(*Continued from page* 190.)

To ascertain the merits of the deceased, that there might be no mistake as to his ultimate destination, he was subjected to a death judgment. The body was placed in state within the vestible of the tomb, and an account was then given of the life and conduct of the deceased. It was permitted to any one present to offer himself as an accuser, and the voice of the people might prevent a sovereign from enjoying the funeral obsequies; a worldly ordeal, the dread of which tended to stimulate the Egyptian monarchs to the practice of their duty, far more than any feeling inculcated by respect for the laws, or the love of virtue.*

His actions were then formally weighed in a balance, which was placed before the image of Osiris; and is supposed to have had its origin or prototype in the handwriting on the wall, which predicted the death of Belshazzar. And on the Bembine table, and other Egyptian monuments, we find the figure of Orus, as acquitted and purified from all earthly pollutions, rising from the dead in his mummy bandages, and bearing the hermetic cross as a symbol of everlasting life.

We have already noticed the singular opinion of the Egyptians, that the souls of the deceased hovered about the body, and were not subjected to any transmigratory process so long as its earthly tabernacle was preserved from corruption. But this extraordinary people had another tenet which consigned the dead to a place called by the Greeks Hades, by which was meant a place of punishment for the souls of wicked men in a region of everlasting darkness. Thus Nazianzen says that "the house of Hades is full of mist and darkness." Chrysostom adds that "Hades is a dark mist." Eustathius calls it "a dark place under the earth." Nicetas, "the dark and dreadful tabernacle;" and to close these authorities, Phavorinus says it is "a place void of light, and full of eternal darkness."

It was termed by the Egyptians Amente, and had Osiris for its president, who entertained several inferior spirits under him, and Phtha appears to have acted as a kind of judge, to whom was committed the ultimate destiny of souls. The deified Hermes was also considered an associate of Osiris in this duty. Thus the Roman poet in his address to this deity, says:—

> Tu pias lætis animas reponis
> Sedibus, virgaque levem coerces
> Aurea turbam, superis deorum
> Gratus, et imis.

To Hermes was assigned the office of determining the passage of souls from one body to another according to their respective merits. He was placed in the moon for that purpose, and the transmigrating process was divided and subdivided into thirty-two parts or degrees of perfection, through which the souls were destined to advance by greater or less degrees, according to the state of purity which they presented at the tribunal of judgment, until they were ultimately absorbed in the divine essence, and floated freely in the empyræum as the human Scarab or emblem of the deity or perfectly purified soul, is represented to do in the figure before us.

The knowledge which heathen nations possessed respecting the immortality of the soul and a future state of existence was, however, of very little practical utility. It is true the Greeks and Romans had their Elysium and Tartarus, and the Hindoos their Siverga, or Nirvani and Patala; and the manner in which eternal punishment was supposed to be inflicted consisted of burning fire or freezing snow, of serpents, dragons, and other hideous reptiles, and broiling in tormenting flame. But their faith in these things was merely a speculative feeling and not a practical belief, for their religion consisted chiefly of observances in which vice was canonized and obscenity encouraged, while virtue existed only in the imagination as a bright

* Wilkinson, cited by Taylor, Eg. Mon. p. 15.

but unattainable good, wholly absorbed amidst the endless jargon of philosophical speculation.

Thus the doctrine of the resurrection, and a state of rewards and punishments after death, derived originally from the patriarchal religion, was used by the Egyptians, and after them by the Greeks, as a powerful engine to establish and confirm the influence of the hierophant; and accordingly it was taught in the exoteric or preliminary doctrines of the initiatory degrees. Indeed, it would be difficult to pronounce how their influence could have been supported for so many centuries without the assistance of a belief capable of being converted to such a powerful use.

The doctrine was enforced by a means so horrible that the most sceptical gainsayer was made to feel and tremble under an exhibition which penetrated at once to the very deepest point of superstitious awe; for while he beheld virtuous men shining with a transmitted glory in the blessed mansions of light, during the initiations, he was struck with horror at the sight of his most valued friends and relatives in the gloomy regions of darkness, under the guardianship of Hermes and his associates, and attended by evil demons, who inflicted upon them the most excruciating tortures without pity or remorse.

(To be Continued.)

OBJECTS, ADVANTAGES, AND PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

(*Continued from page* 152.)

IV. APPLICATION OF NATURAL SCIENCE TO THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE WORLD.

But, for the purpose of further illustrating the advantages of Philosophy, its tendency to enlarge the mind, as well as to interest it agreeably, and afford pure and solid gratification, a few instances may be given of the singular truths brought to light by the application of Mathematical, Mechanical, and Chemical knowledge to the habits of animals and plants; and some examples may be added of the more ordinary and easy, but scarcely less interesting observations, made upon those habits, without the aid of the profounder sciences.

We may remember the curve line which mathematicians call a Cycloid. It is the path which any point of a circle moving along a plane, and round its centre traces in the air; so that the nail on the felly of a cartwheel moves in a Cycloid, as the cart goes along, and as the wheel itself both turns round its axle, and is carried along the ground. Now this curve has certain properties of a peculiar and very singular kind, with respect to motion. One is, that if any body whatever moves in a cycloid by its own weight or swing, together with some other force acting upon it all the while, it will go through all distances of the same curve in exactly the same time; and, accordingly, pendulums have sometimes been contrived to swing in such a manner, that they shall describe cycloids, or curves very near cycloids, and thus move in equal times, whether they go through a long or a short part of the same curve. Again, if a body is to descend from any one point to any other, not in the perpendicular, by means of some force acting on it together with its weight, the line in which it will go the quickest of all will be the cycloid, not the straight line, though that is the shortest of all lines which can be drawn between the two points; nor any other curve whatever, though many are much flatter, and therefore shorter than the cycloid—but the cycloid, which is longer than many of them, is yet, of all curved or straight lines which can be drawn, the one the body will move through in the shortest time. Suppose, again, that the body is to move from one point to another, by its weight and some other force acting together, but to go through a certain space,—as a hundred yards—the way it must take to do this, in the shortest time possible, is by moving in a cycloid; or the length of a hundred yards must be drawn into a cycloid, and then the body will descend through the hundred yards in shorter time than it could go the same distance in any other path whatever. Now it is believed that Birds, as the Eagle, which build in the rocks, drop or fly down from height to height in this course. It is impossible to make very accurate observations of their

flight and path; but there is a general resemblance between the course they take and the cycloid, which has led ingenious men to adopt this opinion.

If we have a certain quantity of any substance, a pound of wood, for example, and would fashion it in the shape to take the least room, we must make a globe of it; it will in this figure have the smallest surface. But suppose we want to form the pound of wood, so that in moving through the air or water it shall meet with the least possible resistance; then we must lengthen it out for ever, till it becomes not only like a long pointed pin, but thinner and thinner, longer and longer, till it is quite a straight line, and has no perceptible breadth or thickness at all. If we would dispose of the given quantity of matter, so that it shall have a certain length only, say a foot, and a certain breadth at the thickest part, say three inches, and move through the air or water with the smallest possible resistance which a body of those dimensions can meet, then we must form it into a figure of a peculiar kind, called the *Solid of least resistance*, because, of all the shapes that can be given to the body, its length and breadth remaining the same, this is the one which will make it move with the least resistance through the air or water or other fluid. A very difficult chain of mathematical reasoning, by means of the highest branches of algebra, leads to a knowledge of the curve, which, by revolving on its axis, makes a solid of this shape, in the same way that a circle, by so revolving, makes a sphere or globe; and the curve certainly resembles closely the face or head part of a fish. Nature, therefore, (by which we always mean the Divine Author of nature,) has fashioned these fishes so, that, according to mathematical principles, they swim the most easily through the element they live and move in.*

Suppose upon the face part of one of these fishes a small insect were bred, endowed with faculties sufficient to reason upon its condition, and upon the motion of the fish it belonged to, but never to have discovered the whole size and shape of the face part; it would certainly complain of the form as clumsy, and fancy that it could have made the fish so as to move with less resistance. Yet if the whole shape were disclosed to it, and it could discover the principle on which that shape was preferred, it would at once perceive, not only that what had seemed clumsy was skilfully contrived, but that, if any other shape whatever had been taken, there would have been an error committed; nay, *that there must of necessity* have been an error; and that the very best possible arrangement had been adopted. So it may be with Man in the Universe, where, seeing only a part of the great system, he fancies there is evil; and yet, if he were permitted to survey the whole, what had seemed imperfect might appear to be necessary for the general perfection, insomuch that any other arrangement, even of that seemingly imperfect part, must needs have rendered the whole less perfect. The common objection is, that what seems evil *might have* been avoided; but in the case of the fish's shape, it *could not* have been avoided.

It is found by Optical inquiries, that the particles or rays of light, in passing through transparent substances of a certain form, are bent to a point where they make an image or picture of the shining bodies they come from, or of the dark bodies they are reflected from. Thus, if a pair of spectacles be held between a candle and the wall, they make two images of the candle upon it; and if they be held between the window and a sheet of paper when the sun is shining, they make a picture on the paper of the houses, trees, fields, sky and clouds. The eye is found to be composed of several natural magnifiers which make a picture on a membrane at the back of it, and from this membrane there goes a nerve to the brain, conveying the impression of the picture, by means of which we see. Now, white light was discovered by Newton to consist of differently-coloured parts, which are differently bent in passing through transparent substances, so that the lights of several colours come to a point at different distances, and thus create an indistinct image at any one distance. This was long found to make our telescopes imperfect, insomuch that it became necessary to make them of reflectors or mirrors, and not of magnifying glasses, the same difference not being observed to affect the reflection of

* The feathers of the wings of birds are found to be placed at the best possible angle for helping on the bird by their action on the air,

light. But another discovery was, about fifty years afterwards, made by Mr. Dollond, —that, by combining different kinds of glass in a compound magnifier, the difference may be greatly corrected; and on this principle he constructed his telescopes. It is found too, that the different natural magnifiers of the eye are combined upon a principle of the same kind. Thirty years later, a third discovery was made by Mr. Blair, of the greatly superior effect which combinations of different liquids have in correcting the imperfection; and, most wonderful to think, when the eye is examined, we find it consists of different liquids, acting naturally upon the same principle which was thus recently found out in Optics, by many ingenious mechanical and chemical experiments.

Again, the point to which any magnifier collects the light is more or less distant as the magnifier is flatter or rounder, so that a small globe of glass or any transparent substance makes a microscope. And this property of light depends upon the nature of lines, and is purely of a mathematical nature, after we have once ascertained by experiment, that light is bent in a certain way when it passes through transparent bodies. Now birds flying in the air, and meeting with many obstacles, as branches and leaves of trees, require to have their eyes sometimes as flat as possible for protection; but sometimes as round as possible, that they may see the small objects, flies, and other insects, which they are chasing through the air, and which they pursue with the most unerring certainty. This could only be accomplished by giving them a power of suddenly changing the form of their eyes. Accordingly there is a set of hard scales placed on the outer coat of their eye, round the place where the light enters; and over these scales are drawn the muscles or fibres by which motion is communicated; so that, by acting with these muscles, the bird can press the scales and squeeze the natural magnifier of the eye into a round shape when it wishes to follow an insect through the air, and can relax the scales in order to flatten the eye again when it would see a distant object, or move safely through leaves and twigs. This power of altering the shape of the eye is possessed by birds of prey in a very remarkable degree. They can thus see the smallest objects close to them, and can yet discern larger bodies at vast distances, as a carcase stretched upon the plain, or a dying fish afloat on the water.

A singular provision is made for keeping the surface of the bird's eye clean—for wiping the glass of the instrument, as it were—and also for protecting it, while rapidly flying through the air, and through thickets, without hindering the sight. Birds are, for these purposes, furnished with a third eyelid, a fine membrane or skin, which is constantly moved very rapidly over the eyeball by two muscles placed in the back of the eye. One of the muscles ends in a loop, the other in a string which goes through the loop, and is fixed in the corner of the membrane, to pull it backward and forward. If you wish to draw a thing towards any place with the least force, you must pull directly in the line between the thing and the place; but if you wish to draw it as quickly as possible, and with the most convenience, and do not regard the loss of force, you must pull it obliquely, by drawing it in two directions at once. Tie a string to a stone, and draw it straight towards you with one hand; then, make a loop on another string, and running the first through it, draw one string in each hand, not towards you, but sideways, till both strings are stretched in a straight line, you will see how much more easily the stone moves quickly than it did before when pulled straight forward. Again, if you tie strings to the two ends of a rod, or slip of card, in a running groove, and bring them to meet and pass through a ring or hole, for every inch in a straight line that you draw both together below the ring, the rod will move onward two. Now this is proved, by mathematical reasoning, to be the necessary consequence of forces applied obliquely; there is a loss of power, but a great gain in velocity. This is the thing required to be gained in the third eyelid, and the contrivance is exactly that of a string and a loop, moved each by a muscle, as the two strings are by the hands in the cases we have been supposing.

A third eyelid of the same kind is found in the horse, and called the *haw*; it is moistened with a pulpy substance (or mucilage) to take hold of the dust on the eyeball, and wipe it clear off: so that the

eye is hardly ever seen with anything upon it, though greatly exposed from its size and posture. The swift motion of the haw is given to it by a gristly, elastic substance, placed between the eyeball and the socket, and striking obliquely, so as to drive out the haw with great velocity over the eye, and then let it come back as quickly. Ignorant persons, when this haw is inflamed from cold, and swells so as to appear, which it never does in a healthy state, often mistake it for an imperfection, and cut it off; so nearly do ignorance and cruelty produce the same mischief.

If any quantity of matter, as a pound of wood or iron, is fashioned into a rod of a certain length, say one foot, the rod will be strong in proportion to its thickness; and if the figure is the same, that thickness can only be increased by making it hollow. Therefore, hollow rods or tubes, of the same length and quantity of matter, have more strength than solid ones. This is a principle so well understood now, that engineers make their axles and other parts of machinery hollow, and therefore stronger with the same weight, than they would be if thinner and solid. Now the bones of animals are all more or less hollow; and are therefore stronger with the same weight and quantity of matter than they otherwise would be. But birds have the largest bones in proportion to their weight; their bones are more hollow than those of animals which do not fly; and therefore they have the needful strength without having to carry more weight than is absolutely necessary. Their quills derive strength from the same construction. They possess another peculiarity to help their flight. No other animals have any communication between the air-vessels of their lungs and the hollow parts of their bodies; but birds have it, and by this means they can blow out their bodies as we do a bladder, and thus become lighter when they would either make their flight towards the ground slower, or rise more swiftly, or float more easily in the air; while, by lessening their bulk and closing their wings, they can drop more speedily if they wish to chase or to escape. Fishes possess a power of the same kind, though not by the same means. They have *air bladders* in their bodies, and can puff them out, or press them closer, at pleasure; when they want to rise in the water, they fill out the bladder, and this lightens them; when they would sink, they squeeze the bladder, pressing the air into a smaller space, and this makes them heavier. If the bladder breaks, the fish remains at the bottom, and can be held up only by the most laborious exertions of the fins and tail. Accordingly, flat fish, as skaits and flounders, which have no air-bladders, seldom rise from the bottom, but are found lying on banks in the sea, or at the bottom of rivers.

If you have a certain space, as a room, to fill up with closets or little cells, all of the same size and shape, there are only three figures which will answer, and enable you to fill the room without losing any space between the cells; they must either be squares, or figures of three equal sides, or figures of six equal sides. With any other figures whatever, space would be lost between the cells. This is evident upon considering the matter; and it is proved by mathematical reasoning. The six-sided figure is by far the most convenient of those three shapes, because its corners are flatter, and any round body placed in it has therefore more space, less room being lost in the corners. This figure, too, is the strongest of the three; any pressure from without or from within will hurt it least, as it has something of the strength of an arch. A round figure would be still stronger, but then room would be lost between the circles, whereas with the six-sided figure none is lost. Now it is a most remarkable fact, that *Bees* build their cells exactly in this shape, and thereby save both room and materials beyond what they could save if they built in any other shape whatever. They build in the very best possible shape for their purpose, which is to save all the room and all the wax they can. So far as to the shape of the walls of each cell; but the roof and floor, or top and bottom, are built on equally true principles. It is proved by mathematicians, that, to give the greatest strength, and save the most room, the roof and floor must be made of three square planes meeting in a point; and they have further proved, by a demonstration belonging to the highest parts of Algebra, that there is one particular angle or inclination of those planes to each other where they meet, which makes a greater saving

of materials and of work than any other inclination whatever could possibly do. Now the Bees actually make the tops and bottoms of their cells of three planes meeting in a point, and the inclinations or angles at which they meet are precisely those found out by the mathematician to be the best possible for saving wax and work. Who would dream of the bee knowing the highest branch of the Mathematics—the fruit of Newton's most wonderful discovery — a result, too, of which he was himself ignorant, one of his most celebrated followers having found it out in a later age? This little insect works with a truth and correctness which are perfect, and according to principles at which man has arrived only after ages of slow improvement in the most difficult branch of the most difficult science. But to the Mighty and All-wise Creator, who made the insect and the philosopher, bestowing reason on the latter, and giving the former to work without it—to Him all truths are known from all eternity, with an intuition that mocks even the conceptions of the sagest of human kind.

It may be recollected that when the air is exhausted or sucked out of any vessel, there is no longer the force necessary to resist the pressure of the air on the outside, and the sides of the vessel are therefore pressed inwards with violence; a flat glass would thus be broken, unless it were very thick; a round one, having the strength of an arch, would resist better; but any soft substance, as leather or skin, would be crushed or squeezed together at once. If the air was only sucked out slowly, the squeezing would be gradual, or, if it were only half sucked out, the skin would only be partly squeezed together. This is the process by which *Bees* reach the fine dust and juices of hollow flowers, like the honeysuckle, and some kinds of long fox-glove, which are too narrow for them to enter. They fill up the mouth of the flower with their bodies, and suck out the air, or at least a large part of it; this makes the soft sides of the flower close, and squeezes the dust and juice towards the insect as well as a hand could do, if applied to the outside.

We may remember this pressure or weight of the atmosphere as shown by the Barometer and the Sucking-pump. Its weight is near fifteen pounds on every square inch, so that if we could entirely squeeze out the air between our two hands, they would cling together with a force equal to the pressure of double this weight, because the air would press upon both hands; and if we could contrive to suck or squeeze out the air between one hand and the wall, the hand would stick fast to the wall, being pressed on it with the weight of above two hundred weight, that is, near fifteen pounds on every square inch of the hand. Now, by a most curious discovery of Sir Everard Home, the distinguished anatomist, it is found that this is the very process by which *Flies* and other insects of a similar description are enabled to walk up perpendicular surfaces, however smooth, as the sides of walls and panes of glass in windows, and to walk as easily along the ceiling of a room with their bodies downwards and their feet over head. Their feet when examined by a microscope, are found to have flat skins, or flaps, like the feet of web-footed animals, as ducks and geese; and they have by means of strong folds, the power of drawing the flap close down upon the glass or wall the fly walks on, and thus squeezing out the air completely, so as to make a vacuum between the foot and the glass or wall. The consequence of this is, that the air presses the foot on the wall, with a very considerable force compared to the weight of the fly; for if its feet are to its body in the same proportion as ours are to our bodies, since we could support by a single hand on the ceiling of the room (provided it made a vacuum) more than our whole weight, namely a weight of above fifteen stone, the fly can easily move on four feet in the same manner by help of the vacuum made under its feet.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SHADOWS OF EVENING.

The shadows of evening falling
Seem to darken the hazy scene,
And distant voices calling,
Whisper of what has been;

And echo now is telling
Of *soft music far away,*
And the heart, the heart is smiling
With the grace of an ancient day.

But, alas! how dim and dreary
Is this poor life of ours!
How passionless and weary
Are earthly aims and powers!
The sun has sunk in darkling haze,
The twilight has wrapped us in,
All but blinding our wistful gaze
With its vapours dull and thin.

The day has gone, the night draws near
In its isolating shade;
Vanished the hopes which once were dear,
The flowers but doom'd to fade;
Hushed are the songs of gladness,
Around, increasing gloom,
The serenity of sadness,
The silence of the tomb.

Oh, life of man, how idle seems
Thy gathering mist of years!
How transient all thy brighter gleams,
How plentiful thy tears!
Like to the *daylight waning,*
Under a lowering sky,
Our life is a dull complaining,
A lengthened irony!

Such is the psalm we all must sing,
Who wander on to-day,
As Time to each in turn must bring
Its message of decay.
Alas! alas! with the evening shades,
Life flickers and departs,
How all of earthly glory fades,
Broken the fondest hearts!

Vain is the song we seek to raise,
As we linger on awhile,
Fleeting is all of human praise,
Shortliv'd the dearest smile.
For earth's vanity depresses,
And *man's treachery appals,*
As the things which ban, and bless,
Stern memory recalls!

NEMO.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER V.

"A faded note, a lock of hair,
A flower within a book,
A little locket lying there,
In long forgotten nook.

Trifles are these? Ah, so they seem,
To those who do not know;
For me they bring a golden dream
Of long, long years ago."

WEATHERLY.

How wondrous, and often how startling, is our retrospect of life! We go on our wonted way, we mix with our great or little world, we live and move, and have our beings, like the other ordinary mortals with whom we consort, and, for the most part, ours is a very well used and common highway of Time's moving years. The lots we share, the sights we see, the scenes we take part in, the avocations we fill, all constitute a long dull level, perhaps of contented and useful mediocrity. The aspirations of the heroic and the great, the very true and the very real, have long since gone the way of all such airy phantasies! But on a sudden moment, at an unexpected turn of the road, before a speaking mile-stone, or in the midst of some pathetic incident, memory unlocks her store-house of years, and straightway overflows in a flood-tide of irresistible power—all those recollections which give a clue to our little history, or colour our humble romance, our most unpretentious personality. We see as in a glass the forms and faces of other days! we hear voices long since prematurely hushed; we breathe the fragrancy of hopes and expectations, which have faded for us for ever, passed away utterly from our outer and inner life, for long, long years.

And so Pacsiello, in his later autobiographical journal, has this simple, if touching, entry:—

"*Rome calls to me the scenes and* dreams most strikingly of ancient days—of sympathies which have never left me, of associations which will go with me to the grave."

At Rome our hero stayed some time, and made the acquaintance of some of those "classic friends" who were so greatly to influence his after career, and to whom I shall venture, in due course, to introduce my readers.

Rome has, and it must have, attractions for all who think. Some there still are to whom as a "daisy is only a daisy, and nothing more," so Rome—is only Rome, to be done with a "Cicerone," to be looked at in the light of this busy, noisy, peddling nineteenth century. But to most Rome speaks happily with a voice of grateful interest, from out a "mighty past." It is surrounded with imperishable "souvenirs," it is associated with much that is very grand, very heroic—if also very tragic and very dismal, not to say degrading, in the history of the world. It takes us back to its old Roman grandeur, to its historic worthies, mighty citizens of Time; Regulus and Numa, Pompilius, Cicero, and Cato, Scipio and Livy, Pompey and Julius Cæsar, Augustus and Titus, Trajan and Constantine, Virgil and Horace, and Tacitus and Juvenal, and then it links us on to those wondrous annals which tell of Christianity, and which speak so full of reality and tenderness to the serious student of to-day. And further there comes in its purely papal history, which throws such wondrous light alike on the waves of civilization, the struggles of religion, the passions and pettiness of men. Must we not add, alas! that Rome ever witnesses, of that darker side which weakens religion in the eyes of the man of letters and science, which lends strength to scepticism and offers weapons to unbelief?

But still Rome is classic ground, for all these reasons and many more, and if the "Niobe of Nations," it still has a great share in the interest and sympathy of the world. Rome is full of charms to those in whom imagination and intellect have not been deadened by the more active materialism of the day, those to whom all the romance and chivalry and poesy of life are not idle tales or unmeaning symbolism. Rome is still Rome, despite the episodes of the past, the changes of the present, and always must preserve a freshness and a meaning on account of its ancient history, which, except Jerusalem, is possessed by no other city upon earth.

Many other mighty aggregations of men have no doubt wondrous attractions and associations for us all alike. Paris specially speaks to the appreciative, to the citizen of the world, with a power and keen admiration which few others can equal, and we all of us can probably recall in some form or other special attributes and prevailing memories which Rome, London, or Vienna, Berlin or St. Petersburg, Naples or Venice, Stockholm or Copenhagen, Brussels or Constantinople—yes, and many other historic localities—have for us, I say, deeply imprinted on our hearts and souvenirs with the records of affection of friendliness, of culture, of happiness. For man, who is a "gregarious animal," is ever characterized here by all those graceful emotions, and all those gratifying sensibilities which seem to tell us how the Great Architect of the Universe has implanted in us all alike those inner yearnings and those intense companionships which are not only for time, but eternity.

But I have wandered far from my story!

At Rome, Paesiello, who was lodged in rooms which once had been the habitation of a prince, found everything to delight the imagination and to refresh the mind. He mused in the Coliseum, and became reverential in St. Peter's; he wandered through the Vatican, and was "Civis Romanus" in the Forum. And if Rome above ground had the deepest interest for him, alike in the names it recalled and the episodes it summoned up, his piety and fervour were warmed and excited in "Roma Soterranea," among those wondrous catacombs which so silently yet solemnly attest the faith and sufferings of the early Christian—that victory which overcame the world.

It was in Rome that Paesiello made the acquaintance of the Abbe Bartolo, a learned and tolerant ecclesiastic, and of the amiable family of the Allegri, which consisted of their still stately "madre" and two blooming daughters, in all the grace and fascination of early youth. Here it was, too, that he became, for his happiness, the friend and companion of Count Stanelli, a young Venetian, and

Baron Bechner, a gay "Tyroler," who happened then to be also loking at Rome, and with whom all his later years were so closely connected.

Stanelli was one of those charming natures—fresh, free, gay, impetuous, loyal, —which so often bless us, and help us along the dusty and dirty highway of life.

For them friendship means friendship; for them friendship is no cold, calculating profession of polished or frivolous society—but is a real thing, a most living actuality. Such a friendship transforms earthly isolation into closest companionship, and casts the halo of congenial unison over warm-hearted and intelligent minds.

He was, as the foreigners say, very "simpatico," a good mate, an agreeable companion, a true friend.

Baron Bechner had travelled much and long. A retired soldier, now holding his ancestral possessions and an old castle, he possessed that gay polish and that amount of pleasant information, which you ever find amongst cultivated soldiers. A stupid soldier is a great bore, a man who has no interest in his profession is in my opinion an ass, but a soldier who understands his profession, and likes it, and is an observant, genial citizen of the world; at the same time, is mostly not only very good company, but a most trustworthy and kindly associate.

It was not long before all three, living together "enbuon camarado," found themselves one day in the pleasant garden of the Allegri House.

The Allegris were mutual friends of all. And now what shall I say of the young ladies? The eldest was Anna, the youngest was Eva, and two more charming, if strikingly contrasted beings, it was impossible to see. Whereas Anna was a brunette, all fire and vivacity, the sparkling eye, the gleaming hair—a sort of purple black, Eva was the blondest of the blonde, calm and demure, silent and reserved.

You always knew what Anna thought; you seldom understood what Eva felt. And whereas the one put you at your ease from the very first—if she liked you,—the other, though courteous, kept you at a distance, *until she was certain of* your good qualities, and then no truer friend could be found than Eva, though always in the same undemonstrative way. When then all these various figures formed part of the fantastic scene, when these differing dispositions amalgamated in daily converse, in hourly intimacy in that close and congenial living together which is so pleasant for many a poor wayfarer, here it was impossible but that some little difficulties should arise.

Paesiello, who was both young and sentimental, attached himself to Eva. Don Balthazar was mightily struck with the "espiègle" and merry Anna!

But, as often happens, the little god, bent on mischief, had already equally affected the careless Stanelli, who had become the devoted servant of Eva, while the graver Bechner had been equally allured by the innocent, witty, and pleasant Anna. The good mother, comely in her comeliness, and kindly in her kindliness, smiled on all these little matters, and good and sensible warmhearted woman as she was, unlike some I have met with in life, left the young people to "suit themselves." For, as she used to say, "I did not like people interfering with me when I was young, and why should I, who have had my day, bother these girls of mine, who are quite able to choose for themselves, and, above all, quite able to take care of themselves."

How much better it would be for us all if everybody would act on such befitting principles, but the love of interference seems almost innate in us all, and especially in mammas and maiden aunts, and elderly married females! But I must leave this gay coterie for awhile, and revert to an incident which for a time greatly worried Paesiello.

Bartolo, the abbé, had a friend—the Abbé Pantaleoni—a keen and learned Jesuit, and no sooner had he seen Paesiello than he "marked him for his own." Bartolo, who grieved for his youthful friend, and did not admire that remarkable body of men, did not venture openly to resist his influential acquaintance, and so poor Paesiello was daily plyed with arguments as to his duty to do something for Religion, which meant, "selon" Pantaleoni, Jesuitism; and, in fact, if Pantaleoni could have had his way, our hero would have become a member of that secret and sagacious order.

Not indeed as that able man would say,

"do we covet your gold and silver, and olive-yards and vineyards. No, caro Paesiello, it is because I see in you qualities of the highest order, which are sure to be lost, thrown away in the baneful vortex of corrupted society."

But Paesiello had no taste that way, and I am afraid was also both mundane and shaky in his views. That is to say, though orthodox and religious, and well-behaved, he had a liberal and humanitarian spirit, which revolted from the extremes of anything. He did not like "faggots," he had a great detestation of the Inquisition,—he thought people might live and die in peace, and that all violent denunciations of everybody else were detestable. Some may think him a doubtful member of his Church, I do not, but only that he was, what many others are, far better and more tolerant than the loud-mouthed teaching of intolerance would lead you to believe. And so Pantaleoni failed with him. Antonio, when he heard, got frightened and angry at the same time.

"What does the Abbate mean?" he said to Bartolo, "mio padre, by putting such ideas into my young master's head? A Jesuit, indeed! Ah! Don Paesiello has something better to do than that; and, to tell you the truth, in my humble opinion, those enlightened folks do more harm than good."

Happily for Antonio the Inquisition was then in its last throes of decadence and dissolution, or there is no knowing what might have happened to him for so indiscreet and daring a speech.

But this mental struggle had a great effect upon Paesiello; it rendered him more friendly, large-hearted, and sympathetic than ever; and to the latest hour of his life, though he never joined in the outcries against them, he learned to retain a wholesome dislike of Jesuitism and Jesuits!

THE OTHER SIDE.

We go our ways in life too much alone;
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often we are deaf to sigh and moan,
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often, when distress and want abide,
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth, and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day;
Where lie the bruised ones who faint and mourn,
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide,
They lead us all too oft upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten, and the sick and sore,
And bear them where the stream of blessing runs;
Instead, we look about—the way is wide,
And so we pass upon the other side.

Oh, friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all,
In tender accents, born of grief and tears;
I pray you listen to the thrilling call—
You cannot, in your selfish pride,
Pass *guiltless* upon the other side.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

V.—NOVEMBER.

"Not in an hour are leaf and flower
Stricken in freshness, and swept to decay;
By gentle approaches, the frost and the shower
Make ready the sap-veins for falling away!
And so is man made to as peacefully fade,
By the tear that he sheds, and the sigh that he heaves;
For he's loosened from earth by each trial-cloud's shade,
Till he's willing to go, as the Autumn leaves!',

How vividly we can picture to ourselves the last few faded leaves still clinging by their almost-severed foot-stalk to the support which renders them sustenance no

longer, until a gust just a little stronger than usual of

——"Chill November's surly blast
Makes fields and forests bare,"——

and altogether snapping the thread of life, sends the dead leaf fluttering down to its last resting place in the tender bosom of its Mother-Earth; and gladly, too, it goes, for its work is done, and the biting frost and the burning sun, shall now alike for ever to it remain unknown:—

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, feel thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!"

And yet, when it comes to the point, there are but few of us who would be more ready than was the weary old man, whose interview with Death is narrated by Æsop that friend of our childhood, to welcome the final catastrophe. Why give way then to

"The tear that we shed, and the sigh that we heave"

if by their means we hasten the process of decay? Surely there are but few of us so burdened with the weight of our earthly troubles but that we would rather

——"Bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

No!

"Too often we wander, despairing and blind,
Breathing our useless murmurs aloud;
But 'tis kinder to bid us seek and find
'A silver lining to every cloud.'

May we not walk in the dingle ground,
When nothing but Winter's dead leaves are seen,
But search beneath them, and passing around
Are the young spring tufts of blue and green.
'Tis a beautiful eye that ever perceives
The Immortal illuming mortality's crowd;
'Tis a saving creed that thinks and believes
'There's a silver lining to every cloud.'"

Whilst, then, we know of the coming Spring and its myriad beautiful blossoms, we can well bear with that Winter dulness which gives that bright season its birth. Besides, is there any period when there are absolutely no flowers? A very short one indeed, if even there be one at all. It is true that at this time of year the blossoms may be few and meagre, but still there they are; and, what is more, very beautiful they are, quite as beautiful if we only examine them sufficiently to note their excellencies, as any of their more showy Summer neigbours. It is your cursory observer, striding along with nose high in the air, for whom there are dull times of year; but to the true student of Nature these do not exist, for Nature's God has so formed Nature's Law that there shall be—

"Good in everything."

Man's duty it is, no less than his pleasure, to search it out and be thankful to the Almighty Father who can, although He be the Great Architect of the Universe, for the sake of His earthly children, stoop thus to "clothe the lowly grass of the field."

Proceeding in this spirit, then, we shall turn our walk to good account, and find our search rewarded by plants which retain their bloom even thus late in the year. Whilst their gayer companions of the mead were in their glory our humble friends were quite in the shade, but now that those brilliant but fragile blossoms are gone, we are glad to welcome our more stedfast, albeit humble, friends.

What a picture of existence with its companionships does the silent mead afford us; the loud, flashy, evanescent acquaintanceships of the hour in strong contrast with the quiet, unobtrusive, lasting friendships of a life.

Here, then, is the Ivy-leaved Speedwell, with its light blue blossoms, so common in cultivated lands and hedgerows. Country people call it Winter-weed, from its continued blossoming. From the winds and frosts of earliest Spring, to the frosts and winds of latest Autumn, midst rain, midst snow, are to be found the azure flowers of one or other of our sixteen species of Speedwell.

The blossoms, from their colour, sometimes get these little plants mis-named Forget-me-nots, but they can be easily recognised from the fact of the lowest of the four segments into which the

flower is divided being always narrower than the rest.

Formerly this family was considered to possess medicinal properties, and was called by the Dutch "Honour and Praise"; one of the species used to be eaten with salads and is even now gathered and sold for this purpose in Scotland; it is however very pungent, so much so indeed as to have earned its Flemish name "*Beckpmgen*," or Mouth-smart.

The Annual Meadow-grass and the Ivy-leaved Snap-dragon still retain their flowers, the latter pretty little creeper making the hedgerow bright with its tiny purple blossoms.

Another little late-stayer is the favourite of our younger days, the Common Fumitory (French "*Fume-de-Terre*"; North-country, "Earth-smoke"), all names bestowed on account of its peculiar s mell, which however is not that of smoke. Kentish children call this pretty little plant "Wax-dolls." The Japanese, according to Thunberg, use it medicinally, whilst our own ancestors held it in great repute in cutaneous disorders. Clare speaks of its use as a cosmetic :—

"And Fumitory too . . . .
. . . . . .
Whose red and purple mottled flowers
Are cropped by maids in weeding hours,
To boil in water, milk, and whey,
For washes on a holiday,
To make their beauty fair and sleek,
And scare the tan from summer's cheek;
And oft the dame will feel inclined,
As childhood's memory comes to mind,
To turn her hook away and spare
The blooms it loved to gather there."

And so we may go on, even in this dreary month, filling some empty corners of our brain; well for us if we do, for we know what a family poet has said about "idle hands," and assuredly the same is true of idle brains, for "Nature abhors a vacuum." Do we not find the principle carried out in her own work? Where is the piece of land, neglected by the hand of man, that we do not find presently covered with vegetation of some sort, if even it be only with the stems of the irrepressible and ever-recurring Nettle?

Insignificant though it may be, we are tempted to add a word or two about our poor old friend, culled from a recent article of Mr. David Fitzgerald's on "Basque and other Legends," in which he incidentally mentions the cure for consumption, revealed by the Scottish mermaid :—

"Would they but drink Nettles in March
And muggins in May,
Sae mony braw maidens
Wadna gang till clay."

In the German legends the Tree-Woman says :—

"Valerian eat and Burnet-root;
So shall the sickness reach you not."

Whilst the less communicative Tree-Dwarf of the Grisons was beguiled to disclose a specific against the plague :—

——"I know it well,
Boar-Wort and Pimpernel!
But I'm not going it you to tell!"

By the above-mentioned muggins we are to understand Mug-wort and by Boar-Wort either Southernwood or Carline Thistle.

The hedgerows may now be getting more bare of leaves, but this only brings into greater prominence the rich stores of beautiful berries. Like bunches of Coral hang the lovely beads of the Honeysuckle or Woodbine, which is the Caprifole or Goatleaf of Spenser and Shakspeare; similar names prevail for it amongst the French and Italians, *Chevre-feuille*, *Caprifoglio*. This fruit, which is very insipid, is probably consumed solely by birds and children. One peculiarity we ought to notice in passing is, that all climbing plants follow an universal law in their seemingly careless twisting—every species of the same plant following in the same unvarying direction, whether it be to right or left; most of the British climbers follow the apparent course of the sun, from left to right.

The berries of the Bryonies, both white and black are equally beautiful, if more loosely hung. The stem of these plants is slight, yet—

"Now climbing high with random maze,
O'er elm, and ash, and alder strays;
And round each trunk a network weaves
Fantastic."

These berries are poisonous, but the black tuberous root of the latter species is useful, being sometimes employed as a stimulating

plaster. Internally they are white and full of starch; there is, however, as well, some very bitter, and not improbably unwholesome, property. Heat and repeated washings will render them both wholesome and palatable eating. The young shoots boiled and dressed with oil and salt are eaten by the Moors; but although in spring they possess with us a mild and, to some, an agreeable flavour, they can hardly be said to repay the risk of the experiment.

From the climbers we naturally come to those trees which support them, amongst which we find many very beautiful at this season; amongst such are the Wild Service Tree, which grows luxuriantly on the chalky hills round Caterham in Surrey, as well as in many other places in the suburbs of London. Leaving a description of the leaves and flowers of this ornament to our landscape to their proper season, we may notice its fruit, which, when touched with frost, is strung round sticks and taken to market for disposal by the country-people. The wood is hard and close grained and esteemed by turners.

A somewhat similar tree is its not unfrequent neighbour the White Beam Tree, the fruit of which is pulpy, and, when frosted, agreeable eating; from it, by fermentation, can be obtained a kind of beer, and by distillation a very strong spirit; it seems, however, hardly fair for so little result to deny the worthy Hedge-hog this one of his greatest dainties.

The wood of this tree, although small in size, is of more value than that of the Service Tree, as, wherever iron has not superseded it in mill-work, it is much employed for the cogs of wheels; musical instruments, too, are made of it, as well as handles to cutlery, spoons, and many small articles for which Box-wood must otherwise be used.

Another beautiful berry-bearing tree is the Mountain Ash, or Roan Tree. The Thrush is very fond of the fruit, whilst Evelyn says that "ale and beer brewed with these berries, being ripe, is an incomparable drink, familiar in Wales." Coleman adds: "These berries are even eaten raw as a fruit, but we cannot recommend them, except as curiosities, for they are harsh and austere, with a nauseous undertaste, so that, with most persons, one will suffice for a dose." The other names of the Mountain Ash, Rowan, Wiggen, or Witchen Tree, relate to its supposed power against witchcraft: a superstition which still lingers in the more benighted parts of Scotland and Wales. Amongst the old burying-places and within the stone circles used by the Druids it is not unusual to find the Roan Tree stump, having probably been planted by them on account of its sacred shade.

Another neighbour of these trees, and one perhaps still more appreciated, especially when cultivated, is the Medlar, which may be always known by its peculiarly twisted branches. The fruit of this tree is one of those known to our French neighbours as "*fruits de fantaisie;*" not so, however, that of one of our noblest English trees, the Walnut. Walnut-wood is too well known to need description here, whether it be employed in the boudoir or the camp; for the purposes of the latter it became during the Peninsular War extremely valuable for musket-stocks; and about the year 1806 some twelve thousand trees were required annually in France. This fact so deeply impressed itself upon a money-loving knight in one of our Midland Counties, that he actually planted an immense area with young walnut-trees, from the timber of which he hoped to add considerably to his already large fortune. Like himself—

> "Wars have come and wars have gone,
> But those trees grow on for—"

—well—the present!

Of the dish of walnuts with the bottle of port (of which latter, by the way, so much is not consumed now that the farmers keep smaller hedges; whether it is owing to the consequent diminution in the size of the Sloe bushes we should not like to say for certain) most of us are acquainted, as well as with the dish of pickled walnuts, which, although not so readily liable to adulteration as one of the former articles, may yet be susceptible of unwelcome additions. A friend of ours, towards the close of luncheon, wanting just one more, fished up one with no less than four unmistakeable legs and an equally patent tail. Verb. sap.—keep the jars well covered if you have any stray mice about!

The connexion of Nuts and Mice brings to our mind one very extraordinary fact,

which is just one of those pieces of apparently undesigned evidence of an all-wise as well as all-powerful Will permeating and regulating the whole course of Nature, which, when it thus incidentally crops out to the surface, stamps all Creation as the handiwork of God. The common Hazel or Wood-nut is eagerly devoured by three well-known, because commonly occurring, kinds of animal life—the Squirrel, the Field-mouse, and the Nut-hatch; but each gets at the kernel in a different way, so that finding, in the course of our walk, an empty nutshell, we are quite able to tell the creature that has opened it. Sitting on his haunches and holding the nut in his forepaws, the squirrel rasps off the pointed end, and then splits the shell into two parts, just as a man would do with his knife; the mouse merely drills a hole, so regularly round that it seems impossible that the work can have been done without some revolving instrument like a gimlet, and equally impossible that the kernel can have been extracted through so small an opening; whilst the nut-hatch picks an irregularly-shaped ragged hole with its beak: and here crops out a remarkable feature in the little creature's proceedings, which, if it be not actuated by reason, seems brought about by a quality very near akin to it; the quadrupeds have paws wherewith to hold the nut firm; not so the bird; but Nature teaches it to make up for the deficiency by making an extemporised vice of the cleft of a tree, crevice in a stone, or chink in some convenient gate-post. Whilst thus occupied the tapping of the bird's bill may be heard at a considerable distance; this, mingling with other sounds, and making up the whole of Nature's concert, led good Gilbert White to propound the query in his "Natural History of Selborne" as to why passages of music, produced either vocally or instrumentally by human beings, should possess the disagreeable property of continual recurrence, even at most inopportune times, so as at last to become well-nigh unendurable, whilst the music of Nature's choir produces no such annoying effects. White quotes Gassendus *in Vitâ Peireskii* upon the point, and Wood, who edits White, enlarges upon it, mentioning the fact of various repeated sounds, such as the rattling of a railway carriage, resolving themselves into a species of weird music. This latter circumstance is, we think, simply a case of memory or brain-adaptation, for we know a lady, very musical in instincts and taste, who can tell instantly any ordinary melody when drummed out with the finger-end upon a table. With regard to the former, the fact mentioned by Gassendus and White seems to us to supply one more link in the chain of evidence of the impassable gulf between Man and the animals. Soul-less Nature may charm, but cannot strike a responsive chord in soul-moved Man. The Music of Nature is soothing, even to the production of a pensive and holy calm; that of Man's invention is soul-stirring, even to warlike deeds of blood. The music of Human moulding is the stimulant, that of Nature's forming is the sedative. Both will one day be merged into the holy "music of the spheres," the soul-expected perfection of the Divine Art—

"The triumph-song of Heaven."

Cold and crisp though the air may be getting now, we shall still find one or two denizens of it fluttering about on their gauzy wings on the few brief days of sunshine. There are the Clouded-Yellow, the Brimstone, and the common Copper, amongst the Butterflies, the caterpillar of which last species may be found on the leaves of the Dock as late as the middle of December. Several Moths may also be observed, the Red-green, the Red-headed, the Autumnal, and, of course, the pale greyish-brown November Moth.

Amongst our migratory or partially migratory birds is that pretty little, active, dashing Hawk, the Hobby, which never builds a nest if it can find an old one in any way likely to suit it; it usually affects the deserted tenements of the Crow or Magpie. Other tiny friends that come to us now are the Gold-crest and the Fire-crest, whilst towards the end of the month the beautiful, but rather scarce, Waxwing or Bohemian Chatterer makes its appearance. This bird has, upon some of the secondary feathers of the wing, a flat, horny, scarlet plate, looking as if made of red sealing-wax, whence its name; the bird possesses, too, a handsome crest, which it can raise or lower at pleasure.

We reach the water-side, with just

enough of light left to see the movements of that most accomplished diver the Pochard, Red-headed Poker, or Dun Bird; its ruddy chesnut head separated from the pencilled body by a velvety band of black, makes it a conspicuous object amongst the rest of the duck family. The la t migratory bird that we must stay to notice is the pretty little Widgeon, with its warm chesnut cheeks and neck, reddish breast, handsomely marked body, green-streaked wings, and yellow crest. This beautiful little duck is, however, much less frequently seen on the water than on the table, which fact reminds us that it is getting late, and that there is rising round us that accompaniment, the fog, which renders November so damp and dismal, and makes us coincide with the poet's lament—

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead:
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbits' tread.

"Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves! the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly bed with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again."

Yet, once more, let us not lose heart, for—

"Nature in Spring's best charms
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,
Expand the bursting bud again,
And bid the flower re-bloom."

CIVIL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERS' SOCIETY.

Visit to Lloyd's Paper Mills, Bow.

7, Westminster Chambers, Victoria St., S.W.

The society during the Autumn recess has visited the following interesting works:—Truman Hanbury & Co., Brewery,—Richmond Water Works—New Law Courts, South Metropolitan Gas Works, and Lloyd's Paper Mills. The visits to Works supplement the Annual reading of papers on Engineering and Scientific subjects during the Winter Session, and form instructive and social gathering for the members and their friends. On the last of these visits to Lloyd's Paper Manufactory, on the 22nd ult. there was a numerous assembly, and the kind manner in which they were received, and the very lucid description given of the whole process of paper manufacturing fully recouped the visitors for their attendance. Owing to a previous engagement, Mr. Frank Lloyd was unable to guide the Company through the various departments of the establishment but appointed Mr. C. Waite, his Foreman, who took considerable pains to explain both verbally and mechanically the manufacture throughout, from the delivery of the English and Belgian straw, Esparto Grass, palm-leaves and waste paper, from the wharf on to the premises, cutting up the vegetable matter and separating all knotty substances from it, being unfitted for paper making, sorting the paper—filling the revolving boilers with the various materials and the necessary quantity of caustic soda, emptying the boilers and converting the straw, &c., into pulp, bleaching it with chloride of lime and finally passing it as *pulp* in at one end of the machine and seeing it come out at the other *paper* such as is used for our various daily and weekly journals.

The works find employment for 180 men, women and boys. The mechanical power is supplied by 5 boilers to 10 engines of 300 horse power collectively, and the quantity of paper manufactured weekly at this establishment alone is 42 tons, the proprietor having other mills at Sittingbourne. The company also inspected the two presses used for printing the Sunday Edition of Lloyd's newspaper, each press being capable of printing 20,000 copies per hour. The total circulation of the paper being over 600,000 weekly.

Amongst the visitors and friends present, we noticed the President, Bro. R. M. Fancroft of the Great Northern Railway, E. Perrett and A. Payne, Members of Council, W. C. Street, Hon. Treasurer, &c. The company were upwards of 2½ hours inspecting the works, and upon leaving,

unanimously passed a vote of thanks to the proprietor for his kindness in granting permission to the society, and also to Mr. C. Waite, who had, at considerable inconvenience attended to explain the various workings of the establishment.

The next Session of the Society will commence in December, when the President will deliver his Inaugural Address, and the Enrolment of New Members will take place at the close of the Meeting.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Paris, August 6th, 1790.

ALTHO' the appearance of tumult and discontent continued for some days after my last, all is now perfectly quiet, and the calm which exists I can only compare to the Lethargy and Stupor which often in desperate cases follows the violence of the fever.

I can not think that any Progress is making to a fixed and stable Government, and altho the excesses which desolated every part of the Empire are at present subsided, All Exercise of Law or Power is impossible, and to the popular propensity to crimes, and insurrection, may be applied the famous line or Messalina that if they are peacable it is *Lassata non Satiata recessit.*

No tax is paid, or will any tax be submitted to, the Barriers of Lyons are not, nor cannot be re-established and the Creditors of that City as well as its Public Establishments look up to the Assembly for the replacement of an *annual income* of 3 Millions of livres.

Yet this moment have the Assembly chosen as the most proper for an Act of Indemnity to all those whose cruelty have disgraced their Revolution, and whose crimes have devasted their Provinces. Chapelier last night proposed and without opposition, a general pardon to the criminals confined in the different prisons for all the murders, plunders and incendiaries which the avidity of freedom have occasioned, and Oppression sanctified.

Yet the proposer of this Decree is firm in his attachment to Mirabeau, and that Mirabeau equally adheres to the present Administration cannot for a moment be doubted.

The attack on the Prince de Condé was intended to divert the attention of the Assembly from the Ministers, it succeeded, and they escaped the storm which threatened them not only from the popular fury, but the Indignation of the Assembly. The conduct of M. de Montmorin has naturally excited all the hatred of the Aristocratic Party, yet his influence with his Master is certainly great. I begin to believe that imbecillity and irresolution are not the only qualities of the king, but that a sensual selfishness has hitherto dictated and still directs his conduct.

That he regrets more the pleasures, than the Power he has lost, has always been my opinion, but that a desire to obtain a speedy repossession of them, should induce him to proscribe his family and sacrifice the Interests of his Country and his crown at first exceeded the utmost stretch of my ideas. Yet Montmorin is his chosen servant—the friend and companion of his youth, and, however he may be inclined, had never dared denounce the Prince de Condé without the King's consent.

It was he who persuaded the King to issue the proclamation commanding all to wear the National Cocade, and unnecessarily censuring those who disapproved of the Conduct of the National Assembly. When the Proclamation was made public, the people in the Thuilleries surrounded the Palace with Vive le Roi. The Queen, astonished, asked the cause of this exultation; the King stuttered an answer that he did not know, unless it was the proclamation. What proclamation? He then, for the first moment showed her a writing so contrary to her sentiments and which probably even her prudence deemed unnecessary. She retired immediately with Madame Elizabeth to her apartment where the King followed her, and found her in tears. On her complaining that she had too many causes to shed them he said it is only your having waited too long for your supper.

The Party de la Fayette are again obtaining their superiority in the Assembly. The letter of the Ambassador of Spain declaring that she would seek new allies *without exception* amidst the other Nations of Europe produced much sensation, and

had not your *simulacre* of a Treaty arrived I have little doubt the decision would have been in her favor. Indeed a few at present cry out that it is improbable England should be contented with the satisfaction that was offered three months ago, but they are not listened to, their wishes blind the greater number, and it is the interest of the Democratic leaders to delay to the utmost the Discussion of a Question which must either confirm or destroy the Regal Power or rather the Remnants of Regal prerogative.

I say little of the Election of M. Baillie, because it has been productive of no remarkable event. I have only to observe that of 80,000 Electors, 14,000 only voted on so important an occasion. Such indifference argues ill for a Government which places its basis not on *Personal Interest* concurring to the General Good, but on Personal sacrifices to the General welfare.

SONNET.

ON THE "DUNMOW FLITCH." ADJUDGED JULY 23RD, 1877.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

(*For the "Masonic Magazine."*)

REJOICE ye Essex fields, woods, streams, and shores!—
Dunmow, rejoice!—true, wedded love thy crown,
Thy sceptre yon huge Flitch of vast renown,—
Thy county's pride, 'mid its uxorious roars.
About this flitch which Hymen so adores
And others praise, I've scruples of my own,
Why placed upon the jury should be none
But inexperienc'd maids and bachelors.
For if upon th' aforesaid jury were
Impanell'd, husbands and their wives instead,
Methinks, they would unanimously declare,
By long experience and long schooling led
In wisdom's ways—*that* Flitch could ne'er be claim'd
By *any* in the marriage archives nam'd.

LOST AND SAVED; OR NELLIE POWERS, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale of the Ocean.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. I.

WE take this powerful story from *Loomis' Musical and Masonic Journal.*

It was one of those cold, disagreeable days in December. The wind whistled around the corners of the streets, and between the cracks of the doors and window sashes of the houses, as a warning for those within doors to remain where the fire burned bright, and where the drifting snow would not, despite all efforts, find its way between the shirt collar and the neck of the most careful man.

It was one of those days on which no one was supposed to feel particularly happy, especially those whose duties called them out into the driving storm, or whose poverty compelled them to remain where no fire cast its cheerful glow. It should be particularly understood that it was a cold day, for only in this way can we account for the red noses of the men who were known to have just left a temperance ship, and who were, at the time our story opens, gathered around a wood stove, in a certain shipping office on South Street, in our great metropolis, rubbing the aforesaid noses in a manner calculated to make them look more suspicious. The owner of the afore-mentioned shipping office, and also the owner of a nose as red as any of those gathered about the fire, and which had not just left a "temperance ship," had, *with his usual generosity, given the men,* who had congregated in his office, the privilege of using his stove to heat his own office, provided they furnished the fuel, and the men who owned the noses mentioned, had obtained the blush, which graced this prominent portion of their features, gathering the wherewith to make the fire, along the docks opposite the office.

The shipping office spoken of was one of the first class kind, and consisted of a

small unfurnished room, around which a pine board seat had been made. One corner was partitioned off for the private office of the proprietor, while the larger room was for the use of sailors in search of berths on some vessel.

The fire had just begun to get the better of the wind that whistled under the door, and the men, who had been waiting patiently for the first touch of its warmth, had begun to realize what a short time it took for all their fuel to burn out, when the door was suddenly opened, and a man wrapped in a stout coat, and having all the appearance of being a son of old Neptune, made haste into the apartment. Placing himself in front of the dying embers, he spread his legs to their most convenient extent, pushed his sou'wester on the back of his head, thrust his hands into his pockets, and opened as follows :—

"Have you heard?"—

He had proceeded thus far when he was interrupted by a voice in the corner which said :

"Have you heard how you left that door open? if you have will you accommodate by shutting of it.

This request was complied with by the new comer; then he returned to the stove, and spreading himself as before, took a small black pipe from his pocket, which he proceeded to fill, while at the same time he resumed his remarks.

"Tommy, have you heard that the 'Sparkler' has come home?"

This seemed to be a piece of interesting intelligence to the listeners, whose names might have all been Tommy, at least they all answered "No," and then looked up into the weatherbeaten face of the speaker, in surprise, for further information.

"Well," answered the new comer, "she has, for I saw her pretty face comin' up the harbor as I came from the ferry."

"Well, thin," said a short, awkward-appearing man, who sat in front of the stove, and from whose speech the reader will infer, and correctly too, that he was a native of Erin, that green isle of the sea. "Well, thin, I'll not be after sindin' mysilf to sea along with that blasted down-easter, and with no advance. May the loikes of him sail to the East Indies with a crew of jacknapes that never handled a rope. Now that's my good wishes for him."

Having relieved his mind by these remarks, he too took from his pocket a short pipe, or the remains of one black and charred, and began to follow the example of his predecessor by filling and lighting it.

"No more dont't you go without any advance," said the first speaker again. "It's these fellows what don't give any advance what is spoilin' the profession," and as he spoke he looked about him to see what the effect of this profound remark would be on the minds of his hearers. The only response he got, however, was a silent nod of a dozen heads, which in that nod seemed to say, "Them's our sentiments."

At this juncture a boy, somewhat overgrown, who had been leaning against the wall fast asleep, awoke, and ventured to question the men, by asking :

"What is meant by advance?"

The first speaker again acted as spokesman, and proceeded to enlighten the mind of the fat boy.

"Before you have sailed the seas thirty years you will have occasion to know what advance money is, and besides findin' out that you can't get any of it from a down-easter, you will find out that you can't get along very well without it if you aspire to the profession of a seaman. For every seaman knows that he would be obliged to sail without pot or pannikin, sou'wester or blanket, if it was'nt for his advance."

This piece of information seemed to satisfy the fat boy, for he again leaned back against the wall and went to sleep.

While this conversation was going on in the shipping office, the subject of our sketch had run alongside the dock and tied up. Her name was the "Sparkling Sea," but she was known among the followers of the deep as the "Sparkler."

She was one of those trim, neat looking brigs which are a source of delight to every experienced eye. Her stays, shrouds, yards, and masts were always in as good condition as new paint, scraping, and fresh tar would make them. Her decks were kept as white as a well-scrubbed kitchen floor, while her sails were always free from stain. She was the pride of her part owner and master, and the pride of every man who had sailed in her. Good sailors had been known to wait months for her, and forfeit all

their advance for a chance in the Sparkler. She always made the quickest trips, and at square sailing beat any vessel of her tonnage out of New York. And it is for this reason that we find the man called Tommy so emphatic in his remarks at the beginning of our story. He had, on the morning before, after having become discouraged waiting for the long expected "Sparkler," shipped on a down-easter, and without any advance. Having just returned from a long voyage, and having spent all his dues, he would consequently have been obliged to sail without many needed necessities, but for the way he emphasized his remarks his companions knew that he intended to forfeit his agreement with the down-easter, and ship on the "Sparkling Sea."

While the "Sparkling Sea" is furling her sails, we will give the reader a description of the man who entered the shipping office in such haste, and after leaving the door open, and then shutting it, gave the sailors there congregated the first information they had of the arrival of the "Sparkler."

His was the sublime and historic name of Peter, Peter Dibble. He was a man verging on fifty years of age, of English parents, medium height, well built, had black hair, black eyes, and a heavy black beard. But he had a white heart, as his shipmates would say, for a better seaman, in all the particulars that go to make such a man, never trod a deck. He was an out and out sailor, one who had followed the seas all his life. His father had been second officer on the old emigrant ship, "General Putnam," and he was born while his mother was on the voyage from Merry England to the New World, in the vessel on which his father was an officer. So as Peter often remarked he was born a sailor, and from the first took to it as naturally as a duck takes to the water. The longest time he had ever remained on shore at any one time to his knowledge, was when on the voyage from London to Calcutta he was cast away on an island in the South Seas, and was ashore two months. Then he was very willing to be taken off by a passing vessel, having been ashore long enough to suit him.

He had doubled the Horn times without number. He had sailed the seas over and over from pole to pole. He had been on whaling voyages in the South Seas, and on voyages of discovery in the North Seas. He had been captured and had escaped from the cannibals of the Fee Jee Islands, and he had fought bears on the ice in Bhering's Straits. Once on a whaling voyage, the boat in which he happened to be, was struck by a bull whale and "knocked into splinters," he being the only man of the crew that was saved. The others became entangled in the ropes and boat's tackle, and were drowned.

He was a seaman who—

> Had sailed across the raging main
> To foreign lands and back again.

The adventures of his life he always took great pleasure in relating—and a forecastle was always lonely after Peter Dibble had left the ship.

The short, chunky man with the Irish tongue, and who answered to the name of Tommy, was no other than Thomas Mooney, Esq., at least that was the way he always gave it out among his shipmates. He, too, followed the occupation of a sailor on the billowy sea. In appearance he was a remarkable individual, short and stubby in stature; his figure-head, which was large, was dotted with a pair of little round eyes, which peeped out from under a pair of long sandy eyelashes; a turnup nose figured prominently on his face, while a beard of reddish hue hid his mouth from the curious gaze of a criticising world.

In consequence of having been too smart when he was young, and walking before his time, his legs bowed, his shipmates used to say, as much as any pair of legs had a right to do. But withal, he was a large-hearted, straight-forward, square-acting seaman, and one who could hold his own and stand the brunt of the jokes that are often thrown recklessly around in a forecastle, and keep his temper.

When from the shipping office window our new acquaintances saw the "Sparkling Sea" fairly docked, they drew their coats around them, pulled their hats firmer over their ears, and laying well against the wind, soon made their appearance on the deck of the aforenamed vessel.

They were recognized by her jolly captain, and immediately shipped for the return voyage, the date of the shipment to be on the day the vessel began to unload.

"Now, if I wasn't to sail on a tim-

perance ship, Peter," said Tom Mooney, "I would just take a drop of somethin' to warm mysilf inside. My coat does well enough for my outside, but with my nose for port holes, an' my mouth for an open hatchway, the inside of me is uncommonly cold at this minute." The jolly captain of the "Sparkler" heard this remark, we think perhaps Tom intended he should—at any rate the captain turned to the men and said:

"If you are cold, men, come down into the cabin, and we will have a good cup of my favourite beverage, coffee, which is all the "something" I allow men aboard my vessel, and which will do you more good than all the "something" you get up the dock, will do you harm, and that's a good deal.

Thus invited the men took seats about the cabin table, and their insides were soon as warm, Tom said, as the day Jack Griffin was sunstruck in the tropics.

That coffee was what Tom wanted. The taste of the coffee he had drank two years before on the "Sparkler," still lingered on his tongue.

When the men left the cabin to procure their kit (sailor's outfit), the captain told Tom that if he wanted to keep that coffee warm he must keep his hatchway shut, and his port closed to the windward—which was the short for telling him not to talk too much on a cold day.

The shipping papers which Tom and Peter had signed, held them to break out cargo. With Peter Dibble in the hold, and Tom Mooney tending guy with a sufficient number of stevedores to bear a hand, before many days the cargo of the "Sparkling Sea" had been delivered on the dock, and from thence distributed far and near throughout our great country.

The same men superintended the loading which was about the same cold and laborious task as the unloading had been. But as loading a vessel is one of the least tasks the workers in this world of ours have to perform, the last task was soon stored away in the hold; the hatch battened down, the vessel cleared and made ready for sea.

The "Sparkling Sea" had lain at the dock two weeks, when the orders came to get immediately under weigh.

The day selected for her departure was just another such day as the one on which her arrival had been proclaimed in the shipping office. The wind blew hard from the northwest, and the snow lay in great drifts along the shore. The streets were blockaded with the fleecy element.

It was such a day as one on which the railroad trains are sure to come in behind time, and on which the angry voices of merciless horse car drivers can be heard, above the din of the storm, urging their weary horses to greater efforts in a way not generally characterised as Christian-like, and belated travellers use words not consistent with their early teachings.

The ice floated in great floes on the East River, impeding the passage of ferries and crafts of steam or sail. But seamen are not to be detained by such a small display of nature's handiwork, but rather long to be wafted away to scenes less illustrative of ice and snow. To scenes where the winds of heaven bring not the chilling blasts from arctic climes, but where balmy winds make life a pleasure, especially a sailor's life.

The necessary preliminaries of getting a vessel under weigh were soon gone through with. The pilot, a long, lank personage, but a man whose qualities of good seamanship were apparent, came aboard. The boarding master brought down the "Sparkler's" crew. The bow line was cast off, and as she swung gracefully out into the stream, a tug boat made fast to her. Her stern line was then cast off, and she let go her hold on the New World, gently gliding out into the icy stream.

The sun for a few moments appeared, to smile on her departure, and as its rays glistened on the icy rigging of the "Sparkler," it gave her the appearance of a glass ship or some weird spectre from fairy lands.

(To be continued.)

MAIMOUNE.

FORGOTTEN POETRY.

From the "Etonian."

CANTO II.

THE fair Badoura had conceiv'd a whim in
Her lovely head, of wisdom most profound;
Her brain in wild fantastic dreams was swimming,
Such as with maidens now and then abound,
But rarely vex the pates of married women—
She fancied she might search the world around,
And find no husband in its dreary waste,
To suit her very reasonable taste.

And much she argued on the wiles of men,
Their base deceit, their gross dissimulation,
Their falsehood and their cruelty; and then
She prais'd the virtues of a single station:
And "if she should be married, when oh! when
Could she enjoy such mirth and recreation,
Such joyous freedom, such unbounded sport,
As she was used to at her father's court?"

Ah! poor Badoura! in a luckless hour
Thou com'st to urge thine innocent entreaty;
No, thought thy bright and eloquent eyes should shower
A sea of tears upon thy father's feet, he
Will never yield to their persuasive pow'r!—
He had, in fact, just ratified a treaty
By which his daughter was declar'd the Queen
Of the young hopeful heir of Fadladeen.

For six whole months the mischief had been brewing
With such sagacious secrecy, that few
Suspected half the plans that were pursuing,
And not a soul in all the kingdom knew
That his respected Monarch had been doing
What none but Monarchs have the face to do;
And sign'd the contract which he felt would sever
His child from hope and happiness for ever.

Alas! poor Royalty! how far remov'd
Art thou from all the blessedness of earth!
Is't not enough that thou has never prov'd
The bliss of friendship, nor enjoy'd the mirth
Of happy spirits, loving and belov'd?
Is't not enough that thou must feel the dearth
Of cheering looks, and languidly repress
The hollow smiles of palace heartlessness?

Is't not enough that tranquil sleep is driven
From thy uneasy pillow?—that thy brain
Must throb for ever, and thy heart be riven
With weariness and care, and scarce retain
A dream obscure, a wandering ray of heav'n,
So closely fetter'd by the earth's dull chain?
Is't not enough that Fancy's self hath left
Thy broken slumber of her joys bereft?

Oh! is not this enough! but must thou link
Thy care-worn heart to an unloving mate,
And for the bliss of chaste affection, drink
The bitter cup of carelessness or hate,
Unsolac'd and unpitied?—Canst thou think
There is on a thing earth so desolate
As thou, who yieldest for thy tinsel prize
Love's self, our last faint ray from Paradise?
So felt perchance Badoura, as she knelt

Before her father with her strange petition:
Oh! in her voice what sweet persuasion dwelt!
How moving was her look of meek submission!
I don't know how her gracious father felt,
But he was far too great a politician
To let absurd, intrusive feelings glance
Through his profound and passionless countenance.

He simply answer'd, that "he quite agreed
In every single syllable she'd said;
Such notions were most amiable indeed,
And did much credit to her heart and head.
He only griev'd that there was urgent need
That she should set off instantly to wed
The heir apparent of a distant State—
Her resolution had been formed too late."

This was not what Badoura had expected,
And a distracting scene of course ensued;
The Maid declar'd the match must be rejected,
The King swore roundly, "bless him if it should:
She ought to jump to be so well connected,"—
She still persisted that she never would:
He swore that she must do as she was bid,
And should be lock'd up closely till she did.

Poor girl, they shut her in a lonely tower,
(Oh! subject meet for melancholy verse;)
Nor would the old hard-hearted brute allow her
One poor companion, save her kind old Nurse.
'Twas a sad stretch of arbitrary power,
For the convenience of his privy purse:
(I own to me it seems extremely funny
How *money matters* mix with *matrimony*.)

In the meantime, while all the Chinese court
Was in confusion with this pleasant scene,
Another, quite as pleasant of the sort,
Was acting by the Prince and Fadladeen.
But 'twould be indecorous to report
Such angry squabbles as should ne'er have been.
The Youth, in short, was of the Lady's mind,
And like the Lady was the Youth confin'd.

Judge not, fair dames, too harshly of his *heart*,
Nor deem it quite to your attractions blind,
Insensible and dead to Cupid's dart,
And careless of the eyes of womankind,
Perhaps some luckier beauties had the start
Of poor Badoura in his wayward mind;
Perhaps some young Court-Siren's fascination
Within his breast had caused a palpitation.

Perhaps—but no—the truth must be confest;
No *woman* had dominion o'er his soul;
His eye had wander'd o'er earth's loveliest,
And still his heart was free from their control:
Yet did he madly love, and o'er his rest
Dreams of such bright and passionate beauty stole,
As oft in slumber to the Poet's eyes
Disclose the long-lost joys of Paradise.

He was, I said, a Poet from his birth,
And fairyland around his boyhood shone;
His soul drank in the beauty of the earth
With fervent joy, but near *his father's* throne
How did he feel of kindred souls the dearth!

How sigh for some belov'd and loving one,
To whom he might in solitude reveal
Bliss which the hearts around him could not feel!
So he grew pensive, and at times would wander
Through lonely dell, and unfrequented wood;
And on his fate in deep abstraction ponder,
And in his more imaginative mood
Would picture to himself a dream of wonder,
A lot he would have chosen if he could;
And shadow out a creature who would be
The gentle sharer of his sympathy.

And then he search'd the tomes of old romance,
(I don't know how he got romances) there
He cull'd from many a heroine's countenance
The traits he thought most exquisitely fair;
From one he stole her eyes' o'erwhelming glance,
And from another clipp'd her auburn hair:
From this her lips, from that her blushes stole,
And from five hundred form'd one lovely whole.

And then for taste and feeling, sense and wit,
With which this dainty creature must abound;
Again he search'd all Tales that e'er were writ,
And chose the brightest models that he found;
Which blending with his dreamings, in a fit
Of joy he swore that all the world around
No living beauty could be found so bright
As that which swam in his Quixotic sight.

'Twas ever with him, this imagin'd form,
And as the wayward fancy stronger grew;
The bright creation shone in hues so warm,
So palpably apparent to his view,
That he grew quite enraptur'd, and a storm
Of such wild passion on his bosom blew,
That in his fits he deem'd the vision real,
And fell in love with this bright shape ideal.

It was a silly fancy—never mind;
It made him happy, if it made him mad:
The worst on't was he could'nt feel resign'd
To execute the orders of his Dad.
But when he was, in consequence confin'd,
Wrapt in this vision he was seldom sad,
The King imagin'd that the boy was frantic,
Though the fact was he only was romantic.

The good old Monarch lov'd his headstrong son
(Though 'twas a cruel measure, I must say,
A thing which no wise Father would have done,
To lock him up in that outrageous way),
And, fearing sorely that his wits were gone,
He bled and dosed him every other day.
'Twas all in vain,—no physic could remove
His wild, ideal, solitary love.

Affairs bore now a most forlorn appearance,
Both Monarchs were confoundedly afraid,
That, spite of their parental interference,
The marriage would be grievously delay'd.
Though both had hopes, they said, "that in a year hence
They might perhaps contrive to be obey'd."
So in this state we'll leave them for the present,
And turn to prospects rather less unpleasant.

I don't know how for many a weary line
I've pros'd of courtship, wedlock, love, and fighting,
Till I've arriv'd at Stanza forty-nine,
And grown half-weary of the stuff I'm writing;
And yet (confound this stupid head of mine)

Ne'er thought, one single moment of inditing
A strain of soft and eulogistic flummery,
On your approaching nuptials, Miss Montgomery.

A little while—a few short weeks—and thou
Shalt go forth gaily in thy bridal dress;
Serene, yet bearing on thy modest brow
The timid blush of virgin bashfulness.
And thou shalt pledge the irrevocable
And utter (if thou canst) the fatal "Yes"
At which most ladies' lips are apt to falter,
When they come fairly to the marriage altar.

Thou hast done wisely—thy young eloquent eyes
Long might with gentle victories have shone;
Well dost thou choose, for many a fleeting prize,
The better triumph of securing one,
Well dost thou choose, for many a lover's sighs,
A husband's smile; and since we can't but own
That you were form'd for doing execution,
The more praiseworthy is your resolution.

But we shall miss, beside our quite hearth,
The delicate form the sunshine of thine eye,
The frankness of thy laughter-loving mirth,
Thy voice so rich in sweetest melody;
And when I seek this dearest spot of Earth,
From my world-weary rovings, I shall sigh
To meet no longer in my Father's hall
The fairest face, the lightest step of all.

I'll write a fine description in the papers
Of the proceedings of your wedding day;
And give old maids and bachelors the vapours,—
Telling how bright your looks, your dress how gay;
And then I'll praise your milliners and drapers,
Beginning somewhat in the following way:
"Married last week, at —— in this Shire,
Miss H. Montgomery to T. S ——, Esquire."

Fie on my giggling Muse, who can't be serious
For half a stanza on so grave a theme;
But 'tis in vain for me to be imperious,
When she's determined to rebel; I deem,
Most courteous readers, that this strain will weary us,
And I shall sadly sink in your esteem
If I pursue it longer; if you please
I'll breathe awhile, and give your Worships ease.

Yet, ere I close my Canto, I must mention
What should have been declar'd some stanzas back—
That 'twas not my original intention
To follow so irregular a track;
And I must own I merit reprehension
And punishment for having been so slack
To introduce you to the sportive dame,
From whom this wondrous story takes its name.

I must implore your pardon, and will try
(If you get through this Canto) in my next
To check the rovings of my Phantasy,
And stick a little closer to my text.
"I've wandered from my theme, yet scarce know why,"
As sings a friend of mine,—for I'm perplext
For time; could I but polish as I would,
I'd make my Poem wonderfully good.

Reviews.

SYSTEMATIC TEACHING.*

We Englishmen are occasionally prone to indulge in a somewhat self-satisfied smile, not perhaps quite free from a

* "The Standard Guide to Knitting"—"The Standard Guide to Needlework"—"Diagrams of Patterns"—and "Broadsheet of Subjects" of above—by 'The Lady Manager.' London: The Central School Depot, National Society, Home and Colonial School Society, and all Booksellers.

"Some account of a new system of Elementary Teaching," by Edward Barrington de Fonblanque. London: Pickering.

pitying condescension, when we hear our neighbours, on one side and another, boasting of their civilization and the enlightened education of their people.

When our German Connexions used to tell us of their wonderful Normal schools and of every child born in the country being compelled by its step-father, the State, to attend them, we used to think of a certain quality known as 'bombast'; and when our American Cousins were boasting that, notwithstanding the large importation of ignorant 'Britishers,' there was no natural born citizen of 'The States' that could not read and write, we were apt to give them credit, if not for strict veracity, certainly for a considerable use of the figure of speech called by them 'high-falutin.'

As for ourselves?—Well! we had a free and open Bible, a Bible so free, so open, and withal so cheap, that we put it, if it were not there already, into the hand of every man, woman, and child in the kingdom. One thing we quite forgot to ask or even think about—could they read it? Of course we pooh-poohed any such absurd question, and should probably have gone on pooh-poohing it till the end of time if certain philanthrophic individuals—amongst whose names stands prominently forward that of a distinguished brother, Mr. Bernhard Samuelson, M.P. for Banbury,—had not have kept their eyes open when travelling abroad, and casting aside our insular prejudices, have been ready, not only to recognise, but to introduce any really good points in our neighbours' educational modes into our own system of national teaching.

It is quite true that before this time there were numerous schools, chiefly maintained by philanthrophic bodies or individuals, scattered up and down the country, and a capital work they did, and doubtless a thoroughly good work so far as it went, or rather so far as it reached; but it did not reach far enough, and hence arose the necessity for the Government taking up the question and supplementing the then existing Voluntary Schools, by so many compulsory ones, that no child should be born and grow up in this land of ours without being provided, either at the costs of his parents or the State, with at least the rudiments of a sound education.

At first, of course, as in everything else exaggeration was the order of the day. Existing Schools were not only inadequate to cope with the numbers of the younger members of the community, but the education was worthless to a degree; and, therefore, the most wonderful schemes were mooted of making all our little Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, senior wranglers at least. Existing Schools too were mostly supported by either some self-denying individual, or some well-intentioned religious denomination; of course that individual exercised his right of "Shibboleth," and equally of course in any such denominational school, nothing was taught but the bitterest of sectarian "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness;" therefore religion must be altogether banished, and, so far as the State was concerned, a generation of polished heathens was to succeed the effete Denominationalists. Just as these exaggerations of scheme were rife amongst some of the first advocates of a National Education, so when this became an accomplished fact, was there a tendency to exaggeration in the details of the scheme.

The time, however, of such exaggerations seems now to be to a great extent passed by, and the 'Education Department' seems to be adopting a really rational and workable scheme; and whilst the Board sets forth reasonable requirements it offers to Schools a fair compensation for the good work of the scholars educated in them.

It is a good sign that the department is beginning to recognise that a mere fancy education is not the best schooling for the embryo servant or future poor-man's wife; other tongues than our own with the history and description of the lands in which they are spoken may be all very well in their way, piano-playing and tissue-paper mats may also, in some places, be a recognised want; but surely in Schools supported by the State, in which the few, very few, too few, years that can be spared of the future worker's life, must be employed in putting into the mental edifice a concrete foundation of sound information and useful knowledge, such fancy lessons are a little out of place. Forbid it that we should for a moment say that true genius, when found, should not have every opportunity given it of developement; for such

individuals are as jewels to any State, and to be polished and treasured accordingly; but such instances are rare. The majority of children are destined for a certain work in life, and whilst we would not deny them every possible opportunity of culture and advancement, we would most certainly insist upon it that there should first and foremost be instilled into them such useful knowledge as will prove not only a benefit to them, but will meet a necessity that they will experience in after-life.

With this view has evidently been framed the Department's requirements in the case of girls presented for examination, with a view of obtaining Government grants. After passing in any two of the four subjects—(surely the *last* would have been enough)—grammar, history, elementary geography, and plain needlework; children, according to their standards, are eligible to compete in needlework for an annual grant of four shillings per child. This needlework beginning, in the case of infants of three, with position drill and simple hemming, goes on through every gradation of useful manipulation, such as hemming, seaming, stitching, felling, pleating, &c., &c., to the art of cutting out, fixing, and making garments of every description for women's and children's wear; nor is mending neglected; whilst that most useful employment, which may well take the place of light and fancy-work, stocking-knitting, is made a prominent feature in the scheme of teaching.

Now to meet these varied requirements of the Government, it is quite evident that some guide or manual of teaching is a boon if not an actual necessity; and further, for such guide to be of real utility, it is quite as evident that it must not only state explicitly what the Department requires in every standard, but also the best way in which these requirements can be met; in short, a handbook to be of real service must not only set forth 'what to do' but also 'how to do it.' One other necessity there is too in a work of this kind, and that is that, whilst it shall contain all that is necessary, it shall not extend to one line beyond; and further, that that all that is necessary shall be told in the fewest possible words, and those of the simplest possible description.

Many guides, hand-books, and manuals have been, and are still, published, and several of the best now lie before us; but in nearly every case, either from the size and price of the book, or from the complicated nature of the details, or a presupposition of a great deal of knowledge that can hardly be called fundamental; these, otherwise excellent, books are practically useless for the purpose we have in view. Not so however with a series of little works just published by Mr. J. S. Laurie, at the Central School Depot, 22, Paternoster Row, and dedicated by express permission to H.R.H. the Princess Louise, which are the embodiment of a system of teaching adopted by the Lady Manager of a Voluntary School in the neighbourhood of London.

These little books are a marvel of cheapness as well as excellence, and comprise "a broadsheet" for posting on the wall, containing the Government requirements in each standard, explained and arranged in a tabular form; a statement of what specimens of work are required by the Government Inspector; supplemented by a well thought-out weekly course of instruction. We say well thought-out, because the scheme, whilst taking in every kind of work required, so disperses it over the week and mixes it as it goes, that there is always sufficient variety to prevent weariness in the mind of the youngest child.

Next we have a little book in which all the mysteries of knitting are explained in each standard.

Next, a similar book, devoted to the details of sewing and cutting out.

And lastly, a series of diagrams on card, of the specimen garments required by the Inspector, drawn to scale, and so arranged that there is as little complication of form as possible and almost no waste of material, indeed none, if the advice of the authoress be followed to utilise all scraps in the instruction of the infants in the elementary principles of the art.

Add to this that the language is so simple that any child can read it for itself and understand it, and yet further, that 'The Lady Manager' fully justifies her title of doing what we have never seen done before, telling us to what use to put every specimen made, even to the smallest hemmed strips, and we think that we have

about as perfect a set of instruction books as can be devised whereby to instruct the *youthful sempstress.* We ought, perhaps, to add that specimens of the results of the teaching are in our hands, and that they fully carry out the opinion we have formed, and here express, of these little manuals, the whole of which we recommend all our lady-readers to procure and study at once, if only with a view to putting them into the hands of their own children.

We wish that we could say as much for the other work before us, but at the risk of seeming captious, we cannot but feel that, whilst it advocates a most valuable principle, it has gone a step too far into the region of 'faddles.' It is almost too self-evident to need statement that, in every school, Discipline is of the first importance; but, whilst we have not the least doubt that, in the school described by Mr. De Fonblanque as manipulated by the "signal," of which he gives an account in his little book, this quality is present in a marked degree, we cannot accept the proposition stated, at least by implication, that in all, or nearly all, schools not so worked there is—

"The usual noisy, slovenly method where the teacher deals out books to a parcel of children sitting all sorts of ways, using either or both hands, reaching over, talking, &c., thus necessitating the loss of several minutes before order is established and the work commences;"—

nor can we see that, if "the signal" were placed in the hands of any teacher whose schools were in such a condition as this, any difference whatever would be made thereby in order and discipline. All depends upon the tact and energy, qualified by the experience and patience of the teacher, and this being indisputably the case, we fail to trace the discipline of the Centre Vale Schools to "the signal" in shape and size resembling a glove stretcher; nor, if the only result of Mr. De Fonblanque's book be to lay down the rule that children, to gain the maximum of good at school with the minimum of trouble and anxiety on the part of the teachers, must be, at least, quiet and orderly, could we help recalling to mind a certain proverbial instruction of elderly ladies in the ovivorant art. But, although it may have been stated in a somewhat obscure manner, and the principle have been made subservient to one of the ways of putting it into practice,—"the glove-stretcher signal" to wit,—we cannot but recognise that much good would accrue to both pupils and teacher by some more silent and methodical system than that generally in use.

As *one* way, then, if not *the* way, of working this desirable consummation, we may still commend Mr. De Fonblanque's book to our readers attention, trusting that it may, at least, help to bring about good results, if only in exciting in them an interest in the great work of education. We feel, however, that it may do even more than this,—exhibit the absurdity of a teacher's shouting himself hoarse where a less noisy method might be found. In any case we gladly welcome and heartily commend Mr. De Fonblanque's evidently disinterested effort to benefit our children by attempting to remove

"That stolid weariness which in ordinary schools gradually gathers on the pupils' faces, and that listless and hopeless air which is so often the characteristic expression of the teachers."

To give a child the power of imbibing knowledge is good, to awaken enquiry in its mind and so to develope its power of intelligently assimilating the knowledge so imbibed is better. To endue it with the power of reading that free and open Bible of which we spoke, is thus undoubtedly a benefit; what then is that quickening of the pupil's mind which shall fit it to understand what it reads, and reading act upon and profit by it? The one makes it a better citizen of Time, the other of Eternity.

W. T.

SOME ORIGINAL LETTERS.

We have seldom been so interested, or laughed so heartily for some time as we have done over a collection of original letters which appear in *Scribner's American Monthly* for September. We think it well, as the promoters especially of Masonic geniality, to communicate our impressions and enjoyment to others, and we therefore make no apology for reproducing them to our readers, commending earnestly as we

do to our readers our artistic and always enjoyable contemporary, *Scribner's Monthly Illustrated Magazine*. The letters were written to an American, Captain E. E. Morgan, who commanded more than one American packet ship, and who seems to have won the confidence of his friends and retained the affection of his passengers. He died a few years back. He must have been a man of many parts, and much sterling merit. His biographer says that he was "honorable, generous, clear-sighted and sound of judgment, he was also more than ordinarily successful, while the wonderful heartiness which characterised him throughout was in itself a full source of happiness to him and to all who came within his influence."

We are also told, and no doubt truly—

"There can be no doubt that the strong friendship which subsisted for so many years between Captain Morgan and his English friends owed much of its charm to the fact that while he was a true lover of Old England, his devotion to New England was unswerving. His humour was of the dry Yankee type, and his jokes and stories, of which he had an unfailing supply, had always a flavour of the keen New England air."

One of his amusing narratives is alluded to in the following morceau :—

"One of the characters who did frequent duty in these stories was an old gentleman whose odd ways and speech were well known in his own corner of Connecticut. His piety was by no means of the sternest, but at the same time he was convinced that his Satanic Majesty had an especial spite against him, and would at any time go out of his way to do him an ill turn. This was held by Mr. S. to account for the fact that his ships had always more than their share of head-winds, and as his mind was set on thwarting the adversary, he succeeded, after various false starts, in maturing a plan which he believed precluded the possibility of failure. He made an arrangement by which four of his homeward bound ships sailed simultaneously from the four quarters of the compass, N., S., E., and W., so that let the wind blow as it would one ship at least must be in luck. 'Now, Mr. Devil,' said the old gentleman, 'I've got you.' But, alas for the plans of mice and men, the devil is not so easily outwitted, and one would like to have seen the old gentleman's face, when with solemn gusto he ended the story of his defeat, 'It was a dead calm for six weeks!'"

When we state that he corresponded with Landseer, Dickens, Thackeray, Sydney Smith, and Turner, and last, though in no sense least, Miss Leslie, we need only remark that there must have been some great and remarkable qualities in the man to inherit so much fun and to develope such sincere friendship. Sir Edwin Landseer's are very amusing and interesting. We give two of them.

". . . Since last I wrote you my time has been chiefly occupied in the other art, sculpture! and it is likely to remain my daily pursuit for Heaven knows how long. It is two years since I have had a picture in the Royal Academy. This season I hope to assert myself in some sort of form. The two arts rather overwork me, and I lose weight, but not pluck. Now, if you realised the reputation that your friends give you in the old country, you would bring a shirt over to England, shake a lot of old friendly hands, and look at my colossal lions and say if I have done justice to Nelson! My lions are not bumptious, nor do they swagger, but look (I hope) as though they might be trusted, and, as a truly national group should be represented, are all gentleness and tranquillity till Nelson gives the word. Be a brick, and take us, not by surprise, but as you find us, viz., always delighted to see you. . . . Dickens has a house in London, so you would be sure of being welcome 'all the year round.' . . . Give serious attention to my invaluable hints; take a turn with us, and see how very much in earnest we are with old friends.

"Ever truly yours,
"E. LANDSEER."

"I have half a mind to make an example of you, and accept your invitation to the New England country. If I were not eager to make good certain promises in the old home land before going underground, I would drop in like Paul Pry, to laugh and sigh over old friends and old times.

. . . . As a good Welshman you will quite understand my hoping that the fighting may last in the new country as it did in the case of the Irish cats, and that when you come to tell the tails, I may be present. I trust that you will make an effort to return to *our* United States; you will find a very honest group happy to shake hands with you.

"Always sincerely yours,
"E. LANDSEER."

What can be more natural, and yet more genuinely delightful?

Sydney Smith's letter is characteristic, just as Thackeray's is most amusing. We give them both:—

"Sir: I should have written long since to have thanked you for your apples, but I unfortunately lost your address, and it lately occurred to me that I could find you by means of our friend, Mr. B. The apples have been eaten with universal applause after I had assured the company that they came from a solvent state. My opinion (worth something, not much) is that Pennsylvania will *not* pay. I heard my friend, Mr. Stokes, upon the subject, but his facts and his arguments led me to conclusions very opposite to his own. I sincerely hope that you have only a theoretical interest in the subject.

"Your obliged and obedient servant,
"SYDNEY SMITH."

"January 14th, 1844,
"Combe Florey, Taunton."

"My Dear Morgan: As soon as I am a free man, be sure I shall come down to —— street to look for a kind old friend to whom I owe a letter of thanks for a box of old cigars, a most cordial shake of the hand, and a book, the last I wrote, which I brought from London with me expressly for E. E. Morgan, and in which his name is at the present moment written. Sir, I have been so busy that I have been nowhere except to E. 22d, where I found you lived by the directory, and when I got there with the books under my arm and saw the plate on the door, 'Good Heavens,' I thought, 'these Americans turn their hands to everything! Is it possible that, after having been a sea-captain, a farmer, a merchant, Morgan should now be keeping a ladies' school?' But they told me it wasn't you that kept the young ladies' seminary, and that you didn't live in 22d street any more.

"Haven't I twenty more notes to write this morning?

"I send my best regards to Mrs. Morgan and the young ones, and am,

"Your always, dear Morgan,
"W. M. THACKERAY."

Charles Dickens's must gratify all who have a grateful remembrance of the writer of "Pickwick" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." There is a heartiness about them quite catching, and a reality which is very pleasant:—

"My Dear Morgan: Another box of cigars just received at this little old-fashioned country house of mine, perched on the very hill-top where Falstaff ran away! You don't know, my dear fellow, how often you are with me. Two or three times every week, as I light my cigar after dinner and sit down in my study, or go out walking (according to the season) to muse, I say, 'I wonder whether Morgan will ever bring one of those big ships back, and beam upon me with the light of his bright face and hear *me* tell *him* the story of the wet lovers and the dry one!' God bless you and yours! I heartily tell you that every short letter from you comes to me like a wholesome breeze from the other side of the Atlantic, giving me assurance that fine natures and sound hearts will never die out of any land so long as the rainbow shines. . . .

"I will inaugurate the first chapter of the next book (whenever it comes into life —it is in the land of shadows now, unknown to me, but waiting to be born) by fumigating it with a cigar reserved from this very box.

"Faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

"Dear Friend: I am heartily obliged to you for your seasonable and welcome remembrance. It came to the office (while I was there) in the pleasantest manner, brought by two sea-faring men as if they had swum across with it. I have already told —— what I am very well assured of concerning you, but you are such a noble

fellow that I must not pursue that subject. But you will at least take my cordial and affectionate thanks. . . . We have a touch of most beautiful weather here now, and this country is most beautiful too. I wish I could carry you off to a favourite spot of mine between this and Maidstone, where I often smoke your cigars and think of you. We often take our lunch on a hill-side there in the summer, and then I lie down on the grass—a splendid example of laziness—and say, 'Now for my Morgan!'

"My daughter and her aunt declare that they know the true scent of the true article (which I don't in the least believe), and sometimes they exclaim, 'That's not a Morgan,' and the worst of it is they were once right by accident . . . I hope you will have seen the Christmas number of 'All the Year Round.' Here and there, in the description of the sea-going hero, I have given a touch or two of remembrance of Somebody you know; very heartily desiring that thousands of people may have some faint reflection of the pleasure I have for many years derived from the contemplation of a most amiable nature and most remarkable man. With kindest regards, believe me, dear Morgan,

"Ever affectionately yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

"I really cannot tell you how highly and heartily I esteem your friendship. What if I were to come to America and try to tell you myself? More unlikely things have happened since the world began. I have been making an extraordinary sensation in divers places by reading my Christmas books to immense audiences, and sometimes I have thought, dreaming with my eyes open, 'Lord! I should not wonder if they would be very glad to hear me in America, after all.' I saw Leslie not long ago, looking very well, but, on the whole, exceedingly like Don Quixote, with a grizzled beard. All your other artist friends are flourishing. I dined with a dozen of them last Tuesday, and they all smelt horribly of oil and varnish. . . .

"We have as much public humbug here as usual, and I should very much like (in imitation of your Washington legislature) to dodge it with a stoneware spittoon, and dash its brains out."

The following letter of Turner will be welcome to all Turnerites:—

"47, Queen Anne St.

"Dear Captain Morgan: The storm of Saturday last having stove in the dead-lights in my gallery it is at present a complete wreck. Have the goodness to ask Mrs. Morgan to allow all the time available before you sail for America for the said broken lights to be repaired by the glaziers. The room is now in a state of darkness to keep the rain out.

"Many thanks for the brushes and kind offer of a trip to Portsmouth. Believe me truly your obliged,

"J. M. W. TURNER."

And now we come to what we venture to deem the "gems" of the collection—the very quaint and witty letters of Miss Leslie. The writer says there are others. We hope to see them in print, for they are worth a great deal in this age of dulness and dissipation, and full-mouthed pretension and brazen hypocrisy, combined.

"Dear Captain: Shall we ever forget that sunset with your sublime ship before it, both fading from our eyes at once, as you set sail in a manner worthy of so great a man? Our ceaseless wish is that you may come again like the sun to brighten our horizon; we should, as W. said, 'know you by your cross-jack yards the moment we saw the top of your mainmast.' But I must tell you how we spent the rest of that evening after we parted from you. At the dock we all got into one fly (Gravesend flys are small), nine of us and the driver (we did it by the rule of three and one over), and drove to the hotel. By the time we had accomplished a grand white-bait tea, we found it was half-past nine; we could not be in time for that train, we must stay till half-past ten, of course; so we all took a promenade on the terrace fronting the river, which by this time had assumed a most poetical appearance, with distant ships, light reflected on the calm, &c. I wish it were possible for my weak mind, and weaker pen, to give you a faint idea of the fun that we had, the poetry that was composed, blank verse recited, &c., but it can't be done; I must leave the whole scene to your powerful imagination,

and if you sketch it to the utmost, it will not be able to picture the merriment of our party. At last we went back to the railway and luckily caught the last train. We all got into one large saloon carriage, which just held us and one stranger, who, I am certain, must have thought himself bewitched. There were two lamps in the carriage, and some of our party proposed spending a fortnight in it, going up and down, without communicating with our unfortunate relatives. Dickens was in the best humour in the world; he stuck all the tickets round his hat, to the astonishment of the guard. We all came home in one omnibus, and Dickens dropped one tear into it when he left us. It was past one o'clock when we blessed the sight of our wondering friends, and I am sure I never enjoyed a day's excursion so much in my life. Of course you have seen what Mr. Thackeray wrote in the next *Punch*, with E. E. Morgan's name in letters a yard high. We have seen him two or three times since, and he always speaks of you and says he is going to write to you about his lectures. He has sent me a ticket, and we have been to two; they were delightful. Your friend, Mrs. B., goes, because she says she has found it is 'the thing to go to Thackeray.' He gives them at Willis's Room, and has crowded audiences —all the great people. . . . . Sir Edwin Landseer is going to the Queen's fancy ball on Friday, and was here all one afternoon for papa to help him choose his dress. Landseer was so amusing! He told us that Count d'Orsay, when he was going to a fancy ball, sent a very splendid walking-stick to his tailor and told him to dress him according to that.

"I am savage to think you should have missed Mr. Peabody's grand ball, the very grandest event since you left England, but it's of no use to say anything about it. I send you one of the *cartes de danse*, and from that you can imagine what the rest of the entertainment was, and how the American eagle hopped about quite tamely with the American flag in his beak.

"I was told that His Eagleness condescended to dance a polka with a certain young English beauty, but I can't say I saw it. The Duke of Wellington shook hands with everybody and looked delighted, and as for lions, they roamed about as gentle as doves. I have such an exquisite drawing by Dick Doyle (who went, he says, in the character of a poor artist of the reign of Queen Victoria), of the Duke of Wellington shaking hands with a crowd of pretty girls. He (Dick) sent it to me with the inclosed 'carte' for you, as I had lost mine at the ball, with my heart and a few other trifles. My adored Thackeray was there, too, and he told me who all the great people were, and introduced me to Disraeli. He says the 'carte' I send you is a 'Peabodial trophy.'

"Mamma is gone out of town, and papa is going to the Duke of Northumberland at Sandwich, so we shall be left like Banvard, with no pa—nor—a—ma. When they come back we are going to have the best party on record, but it wont be complete without you, so let me know what day will suit you, and I will send out invitations accordingly, but you must not be long crossing the stream—never mind damaging a little canvas. We will have Dickens, Thackeray, and a blaze of genius, and not a single person or party of high principles admitted. I can't write any more, for the family is gone to bed, and you know how I am afraid of ghosts, so I wish you all as pretty a moonlight night as this . . . . I must not get too sentimental, though it is excusable in winding up; even sailors sing sentimental songs in winding up (I mean weighing the anchor), so I shall anchor here for the night, 'off the drawing-room lights,' mean time, 11 o'clock. "H. J. L."

"Free and Enlightened Citizen: You have never been to Paris. I pity you. I have been to Paris, and a delightful place it is. Such churches! such palaces! such pictures!—miles and miles of pictures! such gardens! such houses! such streets! such hotels! such shops! such coffee! such waiters! such hats! such boots and shoes! such bridges! such fountains! such fortifications! such *gens d'armes!* such Bonapartes! I don't know which of all these things delighted me most; but I know Versailles would suit you, for in the palace there are many large rooms full of pictures showing Bonaparte doing everything he ever did or didn't; and, above all, there is a picture of him as he appeared

pardoning the Duke of Wellington after he had won the battle of Waterloo!

"Louis Philippe desired to be kindly remembered to you, or, as he expressed it, '*Veuillez, mademoiselle, faire mille et-mille compliments, et dire tout ce qu'il y a de plus tendre de ma part à mon ami le Napoléon de Connecticut.*'

"We found the French more polite than we could have believed any earthly beings to be. The churches are splendid, and in one we wished particularly for your presence, as over the altar there was a picture of Napoleon in quite a new position—that is to say in heaven! or very near it. By the bye, you are perhaps not aware that you have been elected President of the Royal Academy, and are expected to come over at once to commence the duties of that high position. The temporary president is Eastlake, who has been knighted, as, of course, you will be on your arrival. I went to the Royal Academy the other day with the Doyles, and we saw P—— come in (you remember how short he is). Dick said, 'I won't speak to him; why don't he come full length like other people, or else stay in the miniature-room?' P—— came to see us yesterday, and is as mysterious as ever. We suppose him to be the man in the moon, and that he can only get leave of absence 'when de moon am gone away.' He takes, he says, 'a morbid view of everything;' the world is getting worse and worse every day, and sighs as deeply as his size will let him for the good old times when you might see any of your friends' heads stuck on Temple Bar, or be burned yourself for saying your prayers out of fashion. He says that you are the only person one never sees too much of. You always like to hear of my misfortunes, so I will tell you of the last, on Monday, just as we were starting for a party at Dickens's!

"You must know I had a very pretty pot of snowdrops of which I took such care and was so fond, and that evening, to my horror, the maid threw them down and completely smashed them! She did it in the dark, so I could not scold, and for want of better relief I cried!—there's a goose! made my eyes red, &c.—'no consequence'—went to Dickens's; never enjoyed a party so much in my life; danced with Cruikshank; talked with Thackeray a great deal; he smokes, luckily, so I am going to send him some of the cigars you left, as I am sure no one can be more worthy of them in your opinion or in mine. Now you know who is the reigning monarch! The room was full of genius and fun, and I got leave of absence for the night from the 'High Principled Society.' Mark Lemon said it spoilt his back hair to dance in a crowded quadrille. I talked to Stanfield about the attempt you and papa made to steal the club drawings. He asked how I heard it, and I told him I saw it in the police reports: I need not tell you all the people who were there. . . . . Though I know you don't get my letters, I write because it is my duty to do so; but you should remember that a correspondence is like a triangle, it should have two sides equal to one another.

"H. J. L."

"The barometer is very low; it rains; the postman is seen looming; he comes in; and what a consolation to find a letter in the box from the captain! The spirits of the whole house rise. Papa has just returned from a visit to the Duke of ——, and declares that dukes are the pleasantest people in the world except captains. He talked rather grandly when he first came back, but has come down again now and walks to Hampstead every fine Sunday. I go with him to keep him from being carried away by effects—chimney-pots, &c. He is going to lecture there soon on Constable and Girtin, and the room will be hung all round with their pictures; but I'm afraid the Hampstead Heath-ens won't understand it. The Chalons have gone to a new house at Kensington, that is, an old house, very pretty with a real garden. We paid a state visit and were shown everything, and, as they have some goats, Alfred said, 'Would you like to see a chamois-hunt?' Then Louis carried a beautiful little kid to the other end of the garden, and called Tiny and Mizzy, and let the kid go; away it bounded, and the two fat dogs ran after it for a few yards, and then gave it up; but the grand triumph was to see the little kid jump over a crag of flower-pots placed expressly to make the chase more interesting. Alfred is much the same, but John is much changed; Stanfield and Landseer have both been ill, and the club is entirely

given up. I believe Stump met by himself for a good while. All the rest of our world is the same as ever, except that everybody has had the influenza, and everybody thinks he has had it worse than anybody else, and gets quite angry if you don't allow it. Do you remember a fine, handsome young man, very lively, named Mr. George Peabody? I am thinking of falling desperately in love with him. He took us to the opera the other night, and treated us so magnificently and gave us such beautiful bouquets, that we think he must be one of the princes of the 'Arabian Nights' revived, and reverence him accordingly. He gave a grand breakfast lately at the Star and Garter (in writing to a native of the U. S. I should have said Star and G——). We and everybody else went, and afterward we had Grisi and Mario to sing 'Yankee Doodle.' . . . We are just now like a magnified 'Happy Family'—Yankees, Turks, Rooshians, Prooshians, Chinese, Germans, Tartars, French, Italians, camels, elephants, hippopotamuses, and cardinals—all living peacefully in one cage. All London, soul and body, is absorbed in the Great Exhibition of Industry, and when we say we haven't been, people stop talking to us as if we were deaf and dumb, but we won't go till you come to go with us. There is to be an opposition Exhibition of Idleness, to which I am going to send something.

"'No Popery' is all the fashion—no one knows what it will come to; but, if the Roman Catholics get the best of it and roast us all, you shall have some of the ashes of your dearest friends sifted and sent over in a coal-scuttle. I don't mean to be burnt, but shall join the Pope's party.

"By the bye, we had such a nice lecture from Thackeray on Pope (of England), and, ever since, all the family have been reading or grabbing at Pope's letters, which, to my shame (and yet to my joy, for they are such a new treat), I have seen all my life in the book-case and never read a word of, for two foolish reasons—one, because they are bound in a colour that most dull books wear, and, the other, that the pictures in the beginning are of a class that I hate, namely, Roman emperors with hooked noses, and temples of learning with pastoral warriors in armour with shepherds' crooks larger than the temples. I dare say you have met with that kind of books, and avoided them as I did, but, if you don't know Pope's letters, do make friends with them very soon. . . . Have you forgotten all your poetry on that high stool? We shall call you as they do the cardinal, 'His Eminence,' if you don't come down. I am sure you could not read Burns up there; Milton, you might, perhaps, and, pray tell me if you think there is as much sense in 'Lycidas' as in the 'Twa Dogs.'

"Papa looks so well in his Turkish dress (which he had made for our fancy-dress party) that he says he has been an ugly Englishman long enough, and now intends to go and live in Constantinople and be a handsome Turk for the rest of his days. Mamma and all send love to the poor captain, who has got aground at last after so many safe voyages. "H. J. L.

"Mrs. P. makes me open this to tell you that she has entirely forgotten you. I went with her to Mdme. Tussaud's last night, and tried to bring you to her recollection by taking her into the Napoleon room and showing her the wax-works for which the catalogue says you are the model. I was delighted with everything, and we got into a regular row and were nearly taken up by the police for staring at a live man, taking him for a wax murderer and criticising him accordingly, and, though his eyes very naturally rolled fiercely in his head, we, of course, thought that was part of his business. Mrs. P. won't let me write any more, and, besides, I can't spell well with her pen, so good-bye."

"Tell the captain that the two Chalon boys have got some new pets. A pair of fine carp were sent them to eat, but Louis said, 'Oh, Mr. Alfred, they're not dead.' So they put them in a tub of water and they revived, and now they have a wire net over the tub to keep cats and all the other wild beasts that roam in the deserts of Wimpole-street from eating them, and they feed them on minnows, and take all their friends to look at them."

We think our readers will agree with us that few more thoroughly witty letters it

is impossible to read or to realise, and we shall be very glad to know when we can gratify alike our sense of intellectual fun and playful pleasantry with some more like them. We conclude this little but, we venture to think, very readable paper with one of Captain Morgan's good stories :—

"On one of Captain Morgan's voyages from America to England, he had under his care a very attractive young lady, who speedily distinguished herself by reducing five young gentlemen to the verge of distraction. She was quite ready to marry one, but what could she do with five? In the embarrassment of her riches she sought the captain, who, after a few moments' thought, said : 'It's a fine calm day; suppose, by accident, you should fall overboard; I'll have a boat lowered ready to pick you up, and you can take the man who loves you well enough to jump after you.' This novel proposition met the young lady's views, and the programme was accordingly carried out, with the trifling exception that four of the young men took the plunge, and, being picked up by the boat, presented themselves a dripping quartette upon the ship's deck. The object of their undampened ardour, no less wet than themselves, fled to her state-room and sent for her adviser, the captain. 'Now, captain,' cried she in despair, 'what *am* I to do?' 'Ah, my dear,' replied the captain, 'if you want a sensible husband, *take the dry one*'—which she did."

DEAR HEART MINE.

Dear heart mine
How clear to-day
That form of thine
With me doth stay!
What boots repeating,
How still for me,
Fond memory's greeting
Seems but a Vesper sigh for thee?

Long years roll by,
And Time fast flown,
Speaks with a sigh
To me alone;
For all I hear,
And all I see,
Does but appear
Dear heart mine, a dream of thee!

If fancy 's hushed,
If faith 's congealing,
If hope is crushed,
If life 's revealing
A sombre hue;
If doomed to flee
Are hopes most true,
Dear heart mine, I think of thee!

In tears by day,
In dreams by night,
Though far away,
Yet fair and bright,
Thy laughing face
In winsome glee,
In untold grace,
Dear heart mine, betokens thee!

Oh, gracious sight!
How much I prize
All clear and bright
Those loving eyes,
Which seems to shine
In words to me,
"I still am thine!"
Yes, dear heart mine, I dream of thee!

NEMO.

Forgotten Stories.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. V.

TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

(A Tale from the Italian.)

TANCRED, Prince of Salerno, was distinguished in the age in which he lived for the courtesy of his manners, and the kindness and generosity of his disposition; and he would have preserved this character to his grave, if, in his old age, he had not, by a strange concurrence of events, become the murderer of his child and of his friend. This child, the only one he ever had, was

a daughter; and happier far would it have been for the souls of both, if she had never existed. No father ever loved a daughter with more tenderness; insomuch that it was not until Sigismunda had passed the age usually destined for the marriages of the Italian Princesses, that Tancred could prevail upon himself to part from her. She was, however, at length betrothed to the son of the Duke of Capua, who dying within a very short time afterwards, she returned, as the custom is, to her father's palace, a blooming widow. There are some old natives of Salerno who remember having seen her in their boyhood, and they relate, that her shape was exquisitely proportioned; that she was rather taller than the ordinary run of women, with a most pleasing roundness of figure, quite consistent with perfect elegance; all they could say of her face was, that they had never seen anything like it since throughout their lives; and that altogether, her youth, her vivacity and wit, rendered her the gem, or the rose, of the south of Italy.

When the days of her mourning were expired, her father introduced her publicly in his court, which was one of the most splendid of the age, and took great pleasure in indulging her in every sort of luxury and amusement that she had a fancy to, chiefly with a view to prevent her from desiring a second marriage, and so to keep her near him for the remainder of his life. But it is not the first time that love has baffled the plans of greater princes than Tancred; and, in the present instance, before that potent influence, all the nets which were hung around the heart of Sigismunda, were ineffectual to bar the access of the little Corsair God. Amongst the numerous retainers of the court, there was a youth called Guiscard, who, though of low birth and mean connexions, had, by means of the beauty of his person, his gentle and polite manners, and well-known courage, been taken great notice of by Tancred, and at length raised from extreme poverty to be his constant attendant, in quality rather of companion than page. With this youth Sigismunda fell passionately in love, as was not much to be wondered at; and he, from the first moment he had seen Sigismunda, had scarcely dismissed her image from his mind; but knowing the vast distinction of rank between himself and the Princess, it had never entered into his head that his love could ever be ought else but a fruitless romantic attachment, which he must conceal within his heart from the eyes of all the world. Thus affairs stood some little time; each loving in secret, without the consciousness of being loved in return, and each despairing of that which despair alone rendered impossible. But it is the nature of all passion, more especially of love, to be always in motion, increasing or decreasing, and so it fell out (and let not the gentle lover, Knight or Lady, blame the poor girl for her rashness) that Sigismunda, becoming more and more enthusiastic in her devotion to Guiscard every time she saw him, and perceiving that the dignity of her rank constrained her to make the first advances, resolved at length to drop somewhat of the reserve usual to females in these matters, and contrive, by means of a stratagem, to make known the condition of her heart to the young and amiable, but humble, object of her affection. To this end she wrote a letter, containing minute instructions to Guiscard of the mode which he should adopt of procuring an interview with her on the following day, and, concealing it within a hollow cane or tube, which, in that country, is used for the purpose of blowing a fire, she sportively presented it to him, with these words: "If you are wise you will make use of this cane to kindle a flame at home." The youth took it, and reflecting within himself that Sigismunda would not have given him such a present without some hidden meaning, he went to his own house, and, finding upon examination that the cane was cut through on one side, he opened it, and discovered the letter, and read it, and blessed his stars for his good fortune, considering himself, not without some appearance of reason, as the happiest man living. The means of accomplishing the proposed plan of meeting now occupied all his thoughts.

Now, adjoining the royal palace there was a grotto, excavated in the mountain, which had been used in former days for purposes of war and rapine, and into which a scanty light descended through an aperture at the top, which aperture, however, owing to its having been for many years

entirely abandoned, was now, in a great measure, choked up by thorns and wild bushes growing there. Into this grotto a secret staircase led from that part of the palace in which the Princess herself had taken up her particular residence, though it had been so entirely disused for a great length of time, that most probably not a person in the palace remembered its situation, or even its existence. But Love, to whose eyes nothing is so hidden that it will not become manifest, had turned the ardent imagination of the enamoured maiden to benefit by this ancient prison, or receptacle for booty. She employed herself many days in effecting an opening into the staircase, which had been guarded by a large massy door, and having at length descended into the grotto itself, she calculated the height from the ground to the opening, and told Guiscard in her letter the result, and whither he was to betake himself, and at what time, to accomplish the intended interview. Accordingly, the youth procured a rope-ladder of sufficient strength and length, and, protecting himself from the thorny bushes at the opening by a coat of leather, without letting another soul into the secret, went by night to the mountain, and, having fastened his ropes to a stump of a tree, descended safely and quietly into the cavern below. The next day, the maiden pretended to her damsels that she wished to sleep, and having caused them all to retire, and fastened her chamber-door inside, she opened the staircase entrance, and flew down into the grotto, where Guiscard expected her. Need I describe the rapturous expressions of love and joy which burst forth from the happy pair on their first embrace? Need I say that Guiscard fell at the Princess's feet, and swore eternal fealty to the sovereign of his heart, and that Sigismunda, half blushing and half smiling, bade him not swear lightly, for that Love was a tyrant, and would not endure or pardon rebellion? After their first emotions were a little subsided, the maiden conducted her lover into her apartment; and, taking their seats by the side of a window, which commanded all the romantic country and sea-view around Salerno, they mused in sweetest melancholy upon their unequal lot in life, which forbade their openly avowing their attachment to the world; and the Princess often sighed, and wished she had been born a shepherdess—and the youth as often responded to her look by an inspiration that he could have been able to have demanded her hand as a Prince. At length, by a simultaneous movement of their feelings, the idea of a secret marriage suggested itself: and, when once either had taken the courage to communicate it to the other, it was immediately determined upon, and the means alone formed the subject of their doubts. Guiscard was nephew to an aged priest, whose godchild he was, and with whom he was an absolute favourite. After leaving the grotto with the same precautions as before, he flew to this priest, whom, after long entreaty, and much argument about the danger and propriety of such a step, he engaged to attend him to the mountain the next night; and, having let themselves down by the ladder, they waited but a few minutes, until Sigismunda, arrayed in white, and resplendent with jewels, made her appearance with a torch. Upon Guiscard's expressing his surprise at seeing her so richly dressed, she said, "I was willing to do our nuptials all the honour which I could have bestowed upon them if they had been open and notorious; for, dearest Guiscard, this rugged grot and single torch, sanctuary and light as they are of genuine love, please me far better than gilded roofs and ten thousand lamps, when they only serve to add the weight of splendour to that of sorrow." This tender speech filled the heart of her lover with the softest emotions; and he thought that he had never, to this moment, loved the beautiful creature before him with half the fervour and devotion of soul with which he now felt himself animated. The aged priest shortly placed their hands within each other; and, faintly chanting a Latin service, and pronouncing a benediction upon the lovers, bade them ever, in all holiness and sincerity, protect and defend each other, and know no change of affection to the end of their lives.

It was two months after their marriage, while they were yet intoxicated with their own perfect happiness, and fondly believed that it would last for ever, that Fortune, envious of so much and so pure delight, determined to crush the opening blossoms of their garden of bliss, and in an instant

sweep away with a hurricane all the airy illusions of the love-created Elysium. To understand how all this came to pass, you must know, gentle Reader, that Tancred delighted so much in his daughter's company, that he very frequently went without attendants into her apartment, and would spend many hours in conversation with her, and take great pleasure in hearing her play upon the guitar, upon which instrument she was accounted an excellent performer. Now it happened one day that the Prince, after dinner, took it into his head to pay one of these visits to his daughter; and finding, upon entering her apartment, that she was amusing herself in the gardens with her maidens, he was not willing to call her away from her diversion; but perceiving the windows all closed, and the curtains of the summer couch let down, he sat himself at the foot of the said couch upon a cushion, and, reclining his head against the side of the frame, and drawing the curtains over him, he fell sound asleep. Soon after this, Sigismunda softly entered the room without her attendants; and, not perceiving her father, proceeded immediately to open the door of the grotto staircase to admit Guiscard; whom, as the Fates were determined to destroy them, she had appointed to meet her that day. Guiscard was there; and, going to their favourite seat by the window, which they opened, they were absorbed in fond questions and eager answers, and indulging in the chaste and innocent endearments of nuptial love, until upon Guiscard's saying, with an animated tone of voice, "My dearest wife, let us fly from hence, and live in humble liberty;" and accompanying the speech with a kiss upon her cheek, Tancred awoke, saw the action, but heard not the words, was struck dumb with astonishment; and was at first upon the point of rushing forward with his drawn sword upon the couple, but the natural hesitation attending old age checked him, and he determined to remain concealed, and make sure of his victim by other means; and, besides, he was anxious to spare his daughter's reputation as much as possible. The two lovers continued a long time in the same manner repeating their caresses, until, upon its growing dark, they separated; Guiscard to the grotto, and Sigismunda to call her maidens. In this interval Tancred emerged from his hiding-place; and, being willing to escape observation, he let himself into the garden from a small window which communicated very nearly with the ground, by a flight of steps, to another window below. Upon his return to his chamber he gave loose to his restrained indignation and deadly sorrow; for it seemed to him certain that his daughter had dishonoured herself, and that with one of such low and ignoble condition, as aggravated the disgrace. Inflamed with rage, he gave orders that two of his guards should watch the egress of the grotto, through which he immediately conjectured that Guiscard must make his escape, and strictly enjoined them, at all hazards, to bring him alive in his presence, which was shortly after accomplished: for though Guiscard was strong and brave, yet, being taken unexpectedly, with such odds, and encumbered with his leathern dress, he could make no effectual resistance. Upon being brought into his presence, Tancred gazed upon the prisoner; and, hardly refraining from tears, from the recollection of his past affection for the youth, and the fate which now awaited him, said—"Guiscard, my kindness towards you did not, methinks, deserve the outrage and the shame which you have inflicted upon me, and of which, alas! I myself have this day been an agonized witness." To which Guiscard replied nothing but this: "Love was more powerful than either you or myself." Tancred upon this ordered him to be removed quietly into some inner chamber, and guarded until further orders; which was instantly performed. The next day (Sigismunda all this while knowing nothing of the fate of her husband), Tancred ruminated for many hours upon his future conduct towards his daughter; which ended at length in his going about the same hour as in the preceding evening to her apartment; and, having closed the door, and called her to him, he took her hand for a moment in silence, then let it go; and, withdrawing himself somewhat from her, burst into a passionate fit of weeping, to the amazement of Sigismunda; in a few minutes, however, he recovered himself, and with a distressed, yet kind tone of voice, he began thus:—"Sigis-

munda, supposing as I did, that I knew your virtue and sincerity, it would never have occurred to me that you could have deigned to give up your honour to any man; nay, that you could ever have thought of such a thing: this you have done, and the small remainder of my life is now embittered by the reflection of my having outlived the modesty of my child. I wish, indeed, to God, that at least you had selected for your lover some man of illustrious rank; but now, amidst all the various princes and nobles of my court, you have picked out this Guiscard, whom I myself brought up from infancy and rescued from poverty, and who hath never been emancipated from a servile condition. With him—for know that I have taken him and have him in confinement—I am resolved how to act; but with you, God knows, I am at a loss what to do. On one side love draws me, for no father ever loved his child more than I did; on the other, a most just anger at your great crime: the one bids me pardon; the other orders me, against my nature, to behave cruelly to you. But before I take one part or the other, I desire to hear what you yourself have to say;" and having thus spoken, he bent down his face, and wept so violently, that you might almost have supposed him a corrected child.

Sigismunda hearing her fathers words, and perceiving that not only her secret love was discovered, but that Guiscard was also in prison, was penetrated with a thrilling pang of despair which nearly overwhelmed her, and she was many times at the point of bursting into lamentations and tears, as most women are accustomed to do; but soon her lofty spirit quelled this inclination to weakness, and recomposing her countenance and repressing the starting tear, instead of having recourse to prayer and entreaty, she determined at once to die herself, since she considered her Guiscard as now already dead also. Therefore not as a sorrowing female, or one caught in a fault, but as one regardless of fate and courageous in misfortune, with a serene look and steady voice, she thus replied to her father:—"Tancred, I am not disposed to deny or supplicate; since the one will not avail me; and I do not myself wish that the other should avail me; neither do I, by any act of mine intend to appease your anger, or render you propitious to my voice; but, confessing the truth, I will defend my reputation with reason, and then, as by my deeds shall appear, will unalterably execute the fixed purpose of my soul. It is true, that I have loved, and do love, Guiscard, and as long as I live, which now will be but short, I will love him, and if in death it be conceded me to love, even there will I love him still. That I have forfeited my claim to innocence I deny. I am not the mistress—I am the consecrated wife of Guiscard. Love called us, but religion joined us and blessed us. Pure as the robe that now veils it, is the heart that beats within me: if to love be a crime, I yield and own myself an offender without redemption. But where learned you that doctrine? not, O Tancred, when you fought to save and win my mother, as I have heard you oft relate with mixed triumph and sorrow! And have you forgotten that I am young? But again you say, that Guiscard is ignoble and base, and that I might have selected a noble of your court upon whom to confer my heart. Your nobles are not so noble as Guiscard. God created all mankind equal; he gave them, and does now, although the world think differently, give them courage, and genius, and virtue, without reference to title or riches. He who is most eminently endowed with these gifts—he is the noblest of all; and can you deny to Guiscard now, what so often you have allowed to him formerly? It was you who first taught me to love him by extolling his modesty, and valour, and gentleness, and wit, and yet you call him ignoble! You speak not the truth! But he is poor—let it be so! It was your fault that, knowing his worth, you did not heap riches upon him; but let him be poor—kings have become beggars, and beggars ere now have lived to be the greatest of kings. You doubt, you say, what you should do with me!—dispel that doubt; for if now, in your old age, you are determined to do that which in your youth you would abhorred, that is, be unjust and cruel—proceed—torture me! I will not shrink or pray to you; and if left to myself, I swear to inflict upon myself, by my own hand, whatever you shall do, or have already done, to Guiscard. Go, then, and shed

those tears with my women, and then ferociously kill, by the same blow, a husband and wife."

Tancred, though he was conscious of the determined character of his daughter's mind, yet did not think she would put in execution all that she had threatened; and being indignant at the open, and, as he thought, shameless avowal of her connexion with his own servant, he departed, secretly resolving, not, indeed, to use any kind of violence upon Sigismunda herself, but to cool the fervour of her love by removing for ever from her the living object of it. Accordingly he gave orders to the two who guarded Guiscard, that on the ensuing night, with the utmost silence, they should strangle their prisoner, cut out his heart, and bring it to him. Which being forthwith executed, and the heart on the next day being presented to the Prince, he ordered a very large and richly-chased gold cup to be brought, in which he placed the bloody relique, and closing it with a lid of gold, committed it to a faithful page, with injunctions to deliver it to Sigismunda with these words:—"Your father sends you this to console you for the loss of that which you loved most; as you consoled him for the loss of what he once loved most."

In the meantime Sigismunda, unshaken in her terrible purpose, had been collecting certain poisonous herbs and roots, with which she was well acquainted, and had distilled from them a deadly liquor, which she kept close to her to use instantly, as she knew for certain what she anticipated must happen. The page entered with the present and with the enjoined words; and the maiden, taking the cup, and uncovering it, and seeing the heart, knew in a moment that it must be Guiscard's. A short space she fixed a vacant gaze on it; but in an extraordinary manner recovering herself, with perfect calmness she answered the messenger thus:—"A coffin, less royal than this golden one, did not become a heart so nobly formed as this, whosoever it be; in this my father hath acted discreetly." And having thus spoken, lifting the cup to her mouth, she kissed the heart and then continued:—"In every thing from my infancy, even to this last extreme hour of my life I have always found the love of my father most tender towards me, but now more than ever; render, therefore, I charge you, my last thanks to the author of my existence for this so splendid and invaluable a present." This said, she again bent her gaze upon the cup, which she held with a convulsive grasp close to her bosom, and kissing the heart, went on thus:—"Ah, sweetest habitation of all my earthly pleasures, accursed be the cruelty of him who has caused me to behold thee with the eyes of my face. It was enough for me to see thee at every hour more clearly with the eye of my mind. Thou hast finished thy course, and now thou art rid of thy worldly fortune, whatever it might have been. Thou art arrived at that goal whither we all are running. Thou hast left all the miseries and the fatigues of this world, and hast gained from thine enemy himself a sepulture worthy of thy merit. Nothing was wanting to thy perfect obsequies, but the tears of her whom thou lovedst so dearly when alive; and no doubt God has put it into the heart of my indignant father to send thee to me, that I might perform this last duty. My tears thou shalt have; and then suffer me to dry these fountains, which would flow for ever; for I have determined to die royally, without a groan or a tear. I will hasten to join thee; thou shalt not long mourn in solitude for thy love. With whom or when could I better make the journey to the unknown regions of eternity, than with thee? Blest spirit, speak to me; for I know by a mysterious pressure upon my soul, that at this instant thou art hovering around me, and taking a last farewell of the scenes of our earthly joys. Spirit—yet a moment, and I come to thee for evermore!" Thus speaking, without any womanish lamentation, she bent her head upon the cup, and, in a miraculous abundance, shed a torrent of tears into it, kissing every instant the dead heart before her. Her *attendant damsels knew neither what heart it was, nor the import of her soliloquy; but moved with pity they approached her, inquiring the cause of her grief, and proffering their feeble consolations. After she had given her

* The remainder of the translation has been given by another hand, owing to a circumstance which it is unnecessary to explain.

sorrows full scope, she raised up her head, and wiping her eyes exclaimed, "Thou heart most tenderly beloved! all my duty is now performed towards thee; and it only remains for my soul to accompany thine!" Then she bade them reach the vessel which she had prepared the day before, and pouring its ingredients into the cup containing the heart, which was bathed all over with her tears, she drank it off without the least dread or apprehension, and threw herself upon her couch with the cup in her hand. Composing her body as decently as she could, and clasping her lovers heart to her own, she lay without uttering a word more, calmly awaiting the approach of death. Her maidens, on observing this, though they knew not what she had drunk, sent to inform Tancred of the circumstance; who, fearing what had really happened, came into the chamber soon after she had laid herself down, and although it was too late began to pour forth the most bitter lamentations: she then addressed him—"Sir, reserve those tears against worse fortune that may happen—I want them not. Who but myself would mourn for an event which by thee hath been brought about? But if any part of that affection now remain in thee, which I once enjoyed, grant this my last request—that, as thou would'st not permit us to be happy together whilst living, our two bodies (wherever you have disposed of his) may be publicly interred together when dead." Extreme grief forbade him to reply. Finding herself drawing near her end, she pressed the heart with an effort of remaining strength to her bosom, saying, "Receive us, Heaven, I die." Then, closing her eyes, all sense forsook her, and she was released from a world of sorrow. Such an end had the loves of Guiscard and Sigismunda. The Prince, too late repented of his cruelty, caused his unfortunate victims to be buried in one grave, with the most public solemnities; and the people of Salerno, wept over their fate.

HER LITTLE SHOE.

LITTLE Blue Shoe—sad little shoe!
Face that was tender heart that was true?
Full many and many a year has flown,
  Since into the sunlight she came:
And one there is left and one there is gone,
  The tender, the bright little Dame.
I see her now—with the dancing eyes,
  The sea-shell tint, the glance so sweet,
The fluttering lip and laugh of surprise,
  And the bright blue shoes on the little feet.
Little Blue Shoe! gay little shoe!
Face that was tender, heart that was true!

Full many and many a year has flown
  Since the sunny day in June
When she brightened the house that was now her own:
  Her laugh as gay as a tune.
For now up the stair, and down the stair,
  And busily through the street,
Fluttered so fast in matronly care,
  The little blue shoes and restless feet.
Little Blue Shoe! bright little shoe,
Face that was tender, heart that was true!

And many and many a year has flown,
  Each bringing a colder chill;
And one there is left, and one there is gone—
  The little feet are still.
All in the days of November gloom
  The house I am wandering through,
And I find in a lonely, forgotten room,
  Lost in a corner, her little shoe!
Little Blue Shoe! sad little shoe!
Face that was tender, heart that was true!

PERCY FITZGERALD (*Gyngetic*).

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NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Author of "Shakspere, his Times, and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitors' Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn-by-the-Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

MR. ECROYD SMITH, of Shotley Bridge, has added to his Quaint Yorkshire Characters, the portrait of our late Brother, Matthew

Greathead, the Centenarian Freemason, an engraving of whom was given in the *Illustrated London News*, of June 11, 1870. Bro. Greathead was born in the township and parish of High Coniscliffe, a pretty part of the banks of the Tees, four miles from Darlington, and was baptized April 24, 1770. He was apprenticed to a joiner; and, on the expiration of his apprenticeship, went to work as a journeyman at Richmond, in Yorkshire, where he soon afterwards commenced business on his own account. He was initiated into the Lennox Lodge, December 27, 1796, and died December 31, 1871, at the age of 101 years, having been for three quarters of a century a Freemason. It is said that his family had kept an inn at Coniscliffe for three hundred years. Pity but they had also kept a register of local events along with it. Mr. Ecroyd Smith's portrait represents Bro. Greathead in Masonic clothing, as photographed by Mr. Riley, May 4, 1870.

I have just read, with much pleasure, Bro. Yarker's very able work on *Speculative Freemasonry*, which I regard as one of the most valuable contributions ever made to Masonic literature. Every member of the Craft ought to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" it. It is full of curious and useful information, which will be quite new to the majority of Freemasons,—who, unfortunately, seldom pay that attention to the history of our great fraternity, which might be reasonably expected from them. The book itself must be procured and studied to enable the reader to form any conception of the mass of erudite inquiries which Bro. Yarker has instituted, and followed up with marvellous success; and as the price is only 3s. 6d., it is within the reach of the humblest Craftsman.

We know little of the geology of Eastern Asia; but Mr. T. W. Kingsmill, President of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, has been lecturing at Shanghai on "The Border Land of Geology and History," and regards the wide-spread deposit called *loess*, which is so characteristic of the surface geology of that portion of the globe, as having been formed in the same way as the grey ooze found in such large quantities by the Challenger, which has been altered by the dissolving action of carbonic acid at great sea depths, so as to lose most of its earthy carbonates. As the *loess* has been found at an altitude of 6,000 feet above the present level of the sea, to admit this theory we must grant an enormous elevation of land in Eastern Asia since the Middle Tertiary period, of not less than 18,000 feet. Mr. Kingsmill, who believes the doctrine of the glacial epoch has been carried much too far, considers this will account for many of the peculiarities in the geographical distribution of both animals and plants in China and throughout Asia generally.

Mr. Robert Gillespie, in his *Glasgow and the Clyde*, says:—"About the close of the sixteenth century, we find the beadles ordered to have staffs for securing quietness in church; while the women were prohibited from sitting on the same forms with the men, and had either to sit 'laigh' or bring stools with them. Even in 1750, the citizens were prevented by authority from walking on the Lord's-day; nor were any of the public lamps lighted on that evening, as nobody was expected to be out of his own house after sunset. About 1771, the inhabitants were so strict in their attention to public and private worship, that strangers, in passing through the streets in the evening, and hearing innumerable psalms of praise issuing from the commonest doors, were apt to imagine themselves in church." Sir Andrew Agnew ought to have lived in Glasgow then. In all ages there has been abuse of the blessed rest of the Sabbath; sometimes by the grossest profanity, at others by a puritanical excess of strictness. "It is recorded," says Peter Proletarius, "that a poor infatuated Jew, one Saturday, in the year 1258, fell into a cesspool at Tewkesbury, and would not allow himself to be drawn out on that day, because it was the Jewish Sabbath; whereupon Richard de Clew, then Earl of Gloster, would not allow him to be drawn out on the following day (Sunday), because it was the Christian Sabbath. And so the poor Jew perished: but, alas! Fanaticism and Superstition did not perish with him!" Few folks ever think, that to the institution of the Sabbath, during a lifetime of "three-score years and ten," they owe no less than ten years rest from worldly cares and toil. Only think of a ten years' holiday!!

The lovers of ancient customs, of which I freely confess myself one, will peruse

with pleasure the *History of the Dunmow Flitch of Bacon Custom*, by William Andrews, F.R.H.S., which (for a single shilling) gives the entire particulars of this curious remnant of the manners of our ancestors, told in a pleasing manner, and illustrated by Hogarthian engravings.

"I would not, if I could, recall the Past;
Unless 't were for a day or two, to show
Better than tongue or pen can ever do,
What was the real condition of our Isle,
In palace, castle, monastery, and cot,
In our forefathers' days. And yet I love
All innocent enjoyments for their sakes;
And good Old Customs are to me as bonds
To bind us in a loving brotherhood,
Though passing through the grave. And thine, Dunmow!
That gave a Flitch of Bacon to the Wife
And Husband who could swear they ne'er had rued,
E'en for a moment, that they plighted troth;
That, for a twelvemonth and a day at least,
They never once had done an unkind thing,
They never once had spoken unkind word,
They ne'er had harbour'd unkind thought at all
Of one another; but had lived and loved
With that delightful harmony of soul
All married couples always ought to do;
Thine was a Custom, Dunmow, that I love."

In another Note, aided by Mr. Andrew's interesting little book, I hope to give a summary of the history of this quaint Old Custom.

Professor Draper, of New York, claims to have discovered oxygen and nitrogen in the atmosphere of the sun.

It appears from the report of the Charity Commissioners for 1876, that the total income of the endowed charities in England and Wales is £2,198,461. Of this sum, £666,863 is applicable to education; £87,865, for apprenticing poor children, etc.; £90,843, for clergymen and lecturers; £112,895, for other church purposes; £38,832, for nonconformist chapels and ministers; 66,875 for parochial and general public uses; £552,119 for alms-houses and pensioners; £199, 140 for medical hospitals and dispensaries; and 383,028 for distribution amongst the poor.

What an immortality of fame is that of Homer, though too few, in our money-grubbing age, pay their devotions at his shrine! Holland, which is said to possess no good translation of his works, is to be favoured with a new rendering of the *Iliad*, which is to be into Dutch hexameters, from the pen of poet Vosmaer, the biographer of Rembrandt. "I have a great liking and reverence for Homer, who is the great master of all tragic poets," remarks Plato, in his *Republic*—"indeed from childhood I have loved his name; but I love truth better. And what has Homer done for us after all? He has not given us laws, like Solon or Lycurgus; he has not given us inventions, like Thales and Anacharsis; nor has he founded a brotherhood, like Pythagoras; nor, again, has he taught us any of the arts of war and peace. If he had done any real good to men, is it likely that he would have been allowed to wander about, blind and poor? No; all that he does is to give us a second-hand imitation of reality, to exult the feelings which are an inferior part of our soul, to thrill us with pity or terror, and so render us unmanly and effeminate." Plato would have no poets in his republic; but one might just as well say that reading such ballads as "Chevy Chase," would unfit the British soldier for service! I rather think that Bonaparte took a wiser view of the noble old Greek, when he said to Las Cases at St. Helena: "Homer, in his epic poem, has proved himself a poet, an orator, an historian, a legislator, a geographer, and a theologist. He may be justly called the encyclopedist of the period in which he flourished." Even the divine Plato showed himself fallible in his estimate of Homer.

We have of late years done a little in England by way of ornamenting our towns with a few trees and evergreens, so that human eyes may have something occasionally to look at to remind them of the country; but they really "order these things better in France," as Sterne would say. In Paris, is spent nearly £80,000 a year over trees, shrubs, seats, and such like; the trees in the cemeteries numbering more than 10,000; and those in the squares, and other places where the people can see them, exceed 8,000; and there are upwards of 8,000 seats for the citizens and visitors. Nor is Paris less liberally supplied with water, for all purposes, useful and ornamental. Surely John Bull might copy the example of his neighbours, without Frenchifying too much English institutions. The British Constitution would survive it.

Bro. T. B. Whytehead, of York, has printed, at the request of the Sir Knights of the Ancient Ebor Preceptory, a paper read before them, on "The Connection between the Templars and the Freemasons in the City of York," of which he has kindly sent me a copy. Bro. Whytehead says :—"I am in favour of the theory of a direct succession in the Order, and I believe ourselves to be legitimate Knights of the Temple descended from the ancient Crusaders." Bro. Whytehead's paper is full of useful information, but I confess its perusal leaves me unconvinced that there ever was any more real connection between the genuine Knights Templar and the Freemasons, than there is between the ancient Foresters, who protected the king's deer, and the excellent, but modern benefit society, which has adopted the name and insignia of a widely-different class of men. I believe that the multiplicity of degrees were manufactured by the adherents of the rival Grand Lodges, each of whom were anxious to outshine the other; that all other, than the three first, or Craft, degrees are quite modern, and even those in their present form cannot boast of a higher antiquity than the so-called Revival. Nevertheless, I will carefully preserve Bro. Whytehead's able paper, as a useful addition to our Masonic literature. The copies of warrants, etc., which he gives are very valuable to one who is really anxious to collect facts for a History of Freemasonry in the North of England. The records of every Lodge, Chapter, Preceptory (a better name than Encampment), should be carefully examined wherever there is a Brother capable of doing so with judgment—and it is pitable to think that any Freemason is incapable—and the results should be communicated to our Masonic periodicals, or published in a separate form. Freemasonry will not suffer by this; but, on the contrary, will be all the stronger for the true history of the glorious institution being known, even though some of the absurd pretensions of a portion of its members are swept away.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

MY LORD THE KING;

A Mere Story.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Annabel Vaughan;" "The Path of Life, an Allegory;" "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER V.

TWO YEARS AFTER. CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

The 24th December, 1866. Scene: The Great Northern Railway Station, and the morning train. A crowd of people waiting to go off for their brief Christmas holiday. A thorough winter day. Outside, all frost and snow; inside, hundreds of passengers, mostly men, with huge great coats and comforters on, walking rapidly up and down the station to get a little warmth into their frozen toes—a little colour into their blanched cheeks. Hampers of game without number; Christmas presents of all kinds and every variety piled up to go by the train; a cartload of evergreens, amongst other things, sent off into the country by some cynical wag, no doubt, who thought it would be as good a joke as sending coals to Newcastle.

As the train moves slowly out of the station, our attention is drawn to a distinguished-looking man in half-mourning, and with a black hat-band, who has just procured his ticket for York, and takes his seat in a first-class carriage.

After carefully adjusting his railway rug about his knees, he pulls out a cigar case, and with careless politeness offers it to his only fellow-passenger—an overdressed little man, with a hooked nose, surrounded by half-a-dozen small packages, covered with black oil-cloth (strongly suggestive of samples), and who, with an overdone air of civility, accepts the proffered cigar, and proceeds to light the same, after having carefully wetted the end all round with his tongue, as is the habit of some connoiseurs of his class.

"Little cad; bagman, I suppose," ejaculates the other, *sotto voce*, as he strokes his long, tawny moustache with the forefinger and thumb of his right hand, and silently

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regards his evidently self-satisfied companion with an air of amused disdain.

Poor devil!" exclaims the "commercial," soliloquising as his eye is caught by a paragraph in that day's "Telegraph" concerning a trial between the creditors of Goverend, Urney and Co., and an unfortunate shareholder, who had lost the case, and had been directed by the Court to pay the £30 per share now called up in consequence of the failure of that company, and who, since the judgement, had been completely ruined and gone out of his mind. "Poor devil!" the over-dressed bagman repeated. "These are bad cases of Goverend and Urney's; aren't they, mister?"

"Very bad!" the other said gravely. "I am sorry to say several have come under my notice."

"Indeed! Professionally, I suppose?" the bagman replied, with a soapy smile, passing one hand over the other,; or, as somebody has described it, washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water.

"Scarcely!" the man with the moustache rejoined. "I have only watched cases for the defendant in one or two instances."

"Barrister, sir?"

"Yes."

"If I might be so bold," and the greasy smile was again put on, "if I might be so bold, can you tell me whether, if a man had invested and sold out before the company smashed, he could be rendered liable for calls?"

"Could hardly say, unless I had the particulars."

"Well, to be open, mister, 'honour among thieves,' you know," and the fat fat little man winked at his companion in an insufferably familiar manner (the other merely stroked his moustache, and gravely watched the bagman as if he were a witness in court, whom he was going to demolish presently): I sold £300 worth of shares to a gentleman in 1864, in my own name, though not the owner. He's been bankrupt, and through the court; and now the company (blow them) want to come down on me to pay up the calls for his shares, which he had failed to do. Blow *him*, I wish he were in Jericho. Poor beggar! he's in very low water, nearly starving, I am told; for I set the lawyers on to see if they could bleed him any more, directly I found I might be rendered liable. Queer name he had, sir," our garrulous friend went on—"Mauleverer."

"Mauleverer," the other repeated, his cynical languor cast aside in a moment. "Did you say Mauleverer?"

"Yes; rum name, ain't it? Did you ever know any one of that name?"

"I think I have heard it somewhere," was the reply, as the speaker with an air of constrained carlessness caressed his moustache with his right hand (it seemed to be a habit of his)and lapsed into silence.

No more was said; the little man tried in vain to renew the conversation, but finding it useless, amused himself with the paper until they arrived at Holme Station, where the tall gentleman with the moustache left the carriage.

Two o'clock, and the express train has just come into the Paulborough Station, a slow train from Holme following, but the latter waits outside the station for some minutes. At length, as it moves slowly in, the same gentleman calls to a porter and asks him to put his things into the other train, as he is going on to York by the express.

"Express just gone, sir."

"But I came up from Holme on purpose to catch it."

"Holme train always waits outside till the express goes out, sir."

"Confound it! can't I go on then by this train?"

"Well, sir, as far as Doncaster, if you like; but I think you'll be more comfortable here; train goes on to York at 7 o'clock this evening."

The gentleman gets out, leaves his luggage in charge of the porter (who sees he looks like a "*tip*"), and walks into the refreshment-rooms.

"Three hours and no lunch at Holme, because that blessed Franks wasn't at home, and left no message at the Vicarage that I was coming. I'll have something now," and the stranger strolled leisurely up to the counter and ordered some refreshment, and as he did so, his eye was attracted by the appearance of one of the young ladies at the other end of the room. The pale face, regular features, large lustrous eyes, and dark tresses interested him, and he stood for a minute or two stroking his moustache, looking eagerly

and with a somewhat troubled countenance at the girl, who was quite unconscious of the admiration she had evoked. A little man came in at the other end, whom our friend recognised as his companion of the morning, but who seemed decidedly the worse for liquor. Presently he became uproarious, and shouted out that, as it was Christmas-tide, he intended to kiss all the young ladies present. The pale-faced one, who seemed more determined than the rest, quietly ordered him out of the room; but the little man, with drunken bravado immediately tried to carry his threat into execution, and seized hold of her. She screamed, and in a minute the tall gentleman was at her side, and, with one well-aimed blow, knocked the little snob down, who lay blubbering—"My name is John Bond, sir; you shall hear of me again." One long earnest gaze, and with the one word, "Harry!" sobbed out with passionate emotion—she faints in his arms.

A dozen ministering, gentle, womanly forms are at her side. They bear her into an adjoining room, whilst one of the porters (he who took Harry's luggage) hails a companion, and the pair get the commercial traveller — who is somewhat punished, and whose nose and mouth are bleeding profusely—out of the place.

It was lucky there was no one else by, or there would have been a row, and our hero would probably been locked up.

The sudden shock to the system caused by the sudden appearance of Harry Mennell—for he, indeed it was, as the reader has long ere this divined—prevented her immediate recovery from the swoon into which poor Marian had fallen and so they ordered a cab and took her home, Harry explaining to the others that he was an old friend of the family, and, with that excuse, accompanying her. The presence of her lover sooned revived the poor child, and ere they got to the house—a little cottage in one of the back streets of Paulborough—sweet Maid Marian was herself again. If I said that Harry had kissed her pale cheeks over and over before that, I daresay I should account for her speedy recovery.

The story was easily told.

In the beginning of that year, Goverend, Urney, and Co. had failed, and Mr. Mauleverer was a ruined man. They had come upon him to pay up the £30 per share (£4,500) still unpaid, and he had been obliged to go through the Bankruptcy Court. They had impounded his superannuation at head-quarters, and he was allowed only £100 a year, the rest going to his creditors. Marian had, after infinite trouble, got a situation as governess, but she was so unhappy there that she had been obliged to leave. Then she tried to get daily pupils in Paulborough, but failed; and at last it had come to this, that the descendant of the Earls of Derwentwater had become a waitress at the refreshment rooms at Paulborough Junction.

"It is very kind of you to come to see our humble home," Mr. Mauleverer said, with his old-fashioned courtesy, as Marian went up to him, and bending over his great-high-backed chair, close to the fire, kissed him fondly and cried:—

"I brought him, papa; wasn't I good."

Yes, my dear, and very good of him to come."

Harry, who had been looking dreamily into the fire (having taken off his great coat and hat and placed them aside, in accordance with Marian's suggestions, as that young lady herself hurriedly threw her bonnet and cloak off, and sat herself down on a footstool at her father's feet) seemed suddenly to have made up his mind, —moved by some extraordinary impulse— to an unexpected course of action, for turning round to the feeble invalid, he said, "Mr. Mauleverer, I am not given to say much of my feelings; but now that I have found you out, I must say what I should have said two years ago, had not circumstances prevented it. I have loved dear Marian from the first moment I saw her, and I cannot remain in suspense any longer. Will you give your consent to our marriage?" and he spoke in a tone of feverish earnestness.

"You must ask *her*," said the old man, shading his face with his hand, perhaps to hide his emotion. "She must speak for herself."

"I saw it in her eyes an hour ago," Harry replied, looking down fondly at her.

Then Marian rose up, kissed her father's cheek tenderly, and came and stood by Harry's side without a word.

He took her in his arms for a moment,

and sealed her lips with passionate burning kisses, whilst the tears came trickling down the cheeks of the old man as he sat there looking sadly into the fire.

The end is soon told.

Harry went up to York that night, determined to break to his friends at once the step he had taken.

His mother had died two years ago, and he had come into an income of £700 a year. People had said that he was engaged to his cousin Maud, with whom his sisters lived, near York, their own home being broken up through the death of their mother.

But there had been no truth in it, on his part at least, for his heart was true to the memory of sweet Maid Marian, though he had almost given her up for dead. Arrived in York, he saw his old friend, the Rev. Mark Chaplain, now curate at one of the churches there, and in a few words told the whole story.

Mark briefly, but fervently, congratulated him, and then said as Harry had made a clean breast of it, he might as well do the same.

He had been long attached to Maud Trevanion, and had reason to believe she was not altogether indifferent to him. He had, however, never spoken to her, as he felt in honour bound "not to poach on his neighbour's preserves," as he styled it.

"Go in and win, my dear boy," said Harry, "and no one will congratulate you more heartily than I shall."

Before he had left Paulborough on Christmas-eve, he had scoured the city for a turkey and other Christmas fare, which was sent anonymously, with a hamper of wine, to Mr. Mauleverer.

The path was made smooth at last, and Harry came down to Paulborough, on New-year's-eve, summoned by a telegram from Marian, which said that her father was dying. She had no friend in the world now, save him; all the others were dead, or had left them when trouble came.

When Harry drove up to the door of thn white cottage in —— street, Marian came out to meet him with her finger upon her lips.

The old man had asked to see Harry before he died, as he had to ask his forgiveness for something.

"What is it, darling?" Harry asked in a whisper, as they entered the room.

"I don't know," she answered, looking up with a half-frightened look of love and sorrow in her face.

"Mr. Mennell," the old man said; "I wish to say goodby to you. I am going to my long home at last; and not too soon, for I am better now out of the way. What should an old man do but die?"

"Oh, don't say that, father," Marian sobbed; don't say that; you know how very much I love you, and how good you have always been to me."

"Good! no my dear, not good; it was through my folly that you lost your fortune, and nearly lost your lover, too; but God be thanked," he murmured "I have not done that mischief. You wrote to Marian, did you not?" turning to Harry.

"Yes, sir, once or twice; but receiving no reply, I concluded the letters had miscarried, or Marian was dead," and he put his arm round her waist and drew her to his side, as if she should not leave him again.

"I received and destroyed them. I did it all for the best, hearing bad accounts of you; but I should have inquired for *myself*, and I now ask your forgiveness;" and the old man stretched out his thin white hand from the bed, and tried to grasp Harry's.

The other took his hand, whilst he muttered, in a voice thick with emotion, "Never mind now, sir: it's all over."

"Marian, my dear, be as good to your husband as you have been to me, and then he will bless the day heaven gave you to him, as I do. Henry, some water, thank you. I have served the State many, many years now, as my ancestors did before me; but now I am going above, to serve—to serve '*My Lord, the King.*'"

And so he sank to rest as the Cathedral bells rang out the old year and rang in the new. May we all sink as peacefully into our last slumber.

* * * * * * *

Amongst the visitors announced in the "Yorkshire Herald," as staying at Barton-le-Bar last autumn were—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mennell and the Rev. Mark Chaplain and Mrs. Chaplain. The Rev. Mark has just been inducted into the family-living of the Mennells.

LIGHT.

CONTRIBUTED BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

"How often 'Light' is the last word of those round whom the shades are gathering."—BULWER.

THE sun's bright rays are dancing
Through the clear morning air:
Upon yon fair child glancing,
Guild his soft auburn hair.
And the first gush of infantine delight
Springs from the source of all, Light, glorious Light.

The child is in the greenwood,
The summer sky is bright;
And all around him there is food
For deep and still delight.
And his heart thrills with joyous ecstacies,
As the bright sunbeams flicker through the trees.

Youth with bright and fairy dreams,
Rejoiceth still in light,
In the calm and chastened beams
Of still and silent night.
So the bright lustre of an earthly love
Receives its brightest radiance from above.

Man hath many hours of care,
His path with trial is sown;
Yet still hath Mercy planted there,
A softened undertone.
And he rejoiceth in the light of day,
For that is ever young, while he grows grey.

In the solemn hour of death
When all is still around,
Save the thick and fluttering breath
With painful restless sound;
The shadow of the tomb obscures the sight,
And the weak sufferer's cry is, "Light, more Light."

Last word on dying lips. First wondrous sight,
When Heaven's bright portals open on our gaze;
And floods on floods of living glorious Light,
Pour from the throne of Him, Ancient of Days.
Veil thine eyes mortal; cease thy feeble lay,
Heaven's harps alone attune, Heaven's melody.

E. R.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

No. II.

To the Editor of THE MASONIC MAGAZINE.

WHAT have you discovered? pray,
Brother Warden, kindly say?

1.

My bow is bent; the arrow's head
Is pointing to the human race;
Yet none of me need be in dread—
The world will still roll on in space.

2.

By aid of *me* in days of old,
Were wond'rous works by sages done;
Most worthless things were changed to gold,
And fortunes ofttimes lost and won.

3.

I in the head of man reside,
And useful am to him no doubt.
I have a brother by my side,
Whom I should useless be without.

4.

If just and upright you would be,
And in your deeds be true and fair,
I hope you will not stand on *me*,
Or you will act not on the square.

5.

My good Lord Cardinal, beware!
You placed *me* once before the king;
In future all should be aware,
A priest can do a foolish thing.

6.

The Mason true, ne'er *this* can be;
Unto his brother or his queen
He prides himself on loyalty,
And lives within the laws, serene.

RICHARD SIMMONS.

Mildmay Road, Chelmsford,
27th Sept., 1877.



CAPT. NATHANIEL G. PHILIPS, S.G.D.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 54.—Vol. V. DECEMBER, 1877. Price 1s.

A Christmas Greeting.

—:o:—

We greet our kind readers to-day, with heartfelt sincerity and pleasure. We wish them one and all, old and young, "A Merry Christmas, and Many of Them!" We come before them this month in unwonted brilliancy, and in somewhat novel form; and we trust that neither the one nor the other will be unwelcome to our numerous friends.

On the contrary, we feel persuaded that they will gladly hail this fresh proof—if further proof be needed—of the zealous and unselfish efforts of our Publisher, to gratify their tastes, and to retain their patronage!

When, then, with this Christmas Number for 1877, (our last greeting to our friendly "clientèle" for 1877), we seem to appeal with fresh energy and artistic ornamentations, let us hope and trust that our motives will be appreciated, and our efforts rewarded with the ready patronage of the indulgent and the sympathetic. Literature, like everything else, to be good for anything, must live in the sunshine; and we can confidently look forward in the time to come, as in the years that are gone, to warm hearts and sunny smiles, applauding our labours and cheering our sacrifices.

To all to whom these pages may appeal, with pleasure and—we would fain believe—with improvement, with kindly voice and hearty greeting, we do wish most earnestly, as we write to-day, a very happy Christmas amid dear friends and loving hearts!

As the Old Year speeds on to its rest, let the lively voice of youth, and the pleasant utterances of maturity, the tender and whispered syllables of old age, all unite to echo—as if the angel strain still lingered and resounded over this suffering earth of ours—

Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Goodwill towards Men!

BRO. CAPTAIN JOHN N. PHILIPS.

WE give to-day a short sketch of the active Masonic life of our worthy Brother, an admirable Photograph of whom ornaments our pages. Brother Captain Philips was "raised" in the St. George's, Liverpool, in 1855, and soon after joining the Lodge 311, Irish Constitution, Templemore, was elected ere long W. M. He joined the Mark Degree, and was elevated to the R. A. Degree in Limerick, and also became a Templar in 1858. In Encampment No. 13 he became a Principal and Commander and Prince Mason. At Malta he joined the Zetland Lodge 756, which he more or less resuscitated. He became S.W. and W.M. He established a Mark Lodge at Malta, revived the Orders of the Temple and St. John, and became E. Commander of the Malta Encampment. He is, however, perhaps principally known by his zealous services with the A. and A. S. Rite. He has served the offices of G. Treasurer, Secretary, and Lieut. Grand Commander, and on the retirement of Bro. C. J. Vigne, became Sen. G. Commander. He however resigned that office in favour of Lord Carnarvon, and is now Lt. Grand Commander.

Under the influence of Bro. Captain Philips the G. Council has collected an admirable Masonic Library at 33, Golden-square, particularly rich in scarce books and interesting MSS. He was one of the founders of the Friends in Council Lodge, 1383, and is S.G.D. and G.S.N. of England. He is high up among the dignitaries of the Priory of the Temple, and is representative for very many Grand Councils in the English G. Council of the A. and A. S. Rite.

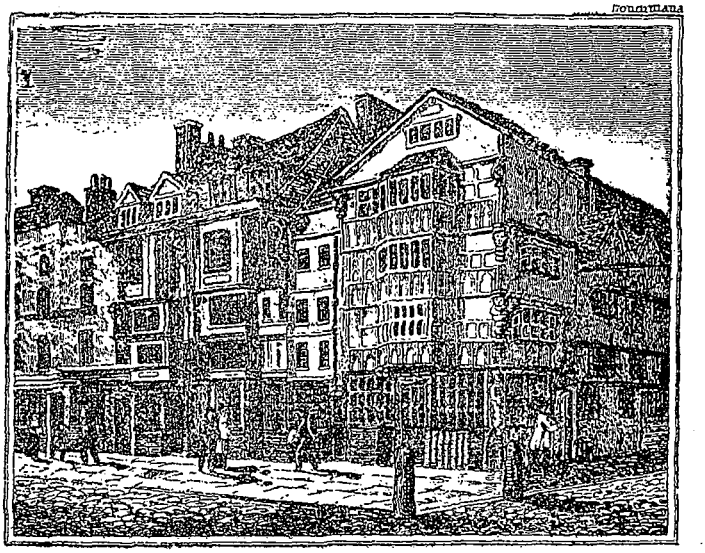
As some of our readers know, our excellent Brother is Gentleman Usher to Her Majesty, and is equally celebrated for his kindness and geniality, and many Masonic and social virtues. We know of no more active, zealous, hard-working Masonic life amongst us, and we are glad to have his photograph and name to grace our pages.

SONNET.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

Now hills, plains, frozen streams are all in white,
Snow-clad—o'er which the moon, night's beauteous dame,
Shines, while group'd stars of less or greater name
Twinkle;—as gazing upward at their light,
My soul thinks how not only infinite
And boundless, from Creation's dawn, the frame
Of things, but brotherly in mingled flame
Of universal love how all unite
With each, in one sublime fraternity—
Twining in one bright mystic tie the whole
Of Nature's realms—suns, systems, as they roll
Round some great centre, which for diff'rency
Excludes none from the many-mansion'd skies;
In which, though each unlike, all harmonize.

OLD BUILDINGS IN FLEET STREET.



OLD BUILDINGS IN FLEET STREET. *near Chancery Lane.* IN 1790.

Pub. March 1st 1834 by Edw.d Chance & C.o London.

RESIDENCE OF IZAAK WALTON, THE ANGLER.

THE old buildings delineated in the annexed print give some insight into the state of London in former times, when timber framework, gable ends, projecting windows, and overhanging stories, conferred a picturesque character on our streets, although, it must be owned, too frequently to the exclusion of light and air, and most favourably to the ravages of fire. This view has an adventitious value from being connected in our associations with the memory of Mr. Izaak Walton, author of that well-known work, "The Complete Angler." He was born at Stafford, in August, 1593, and first commenced business in the Royal Bourse, as it was then called, in Cornhill; but previously to the year 1624, as appears from a deed quoted by the late Sir John Hawkins, in his "Life of Walton," "he dwelt on the north side of Fleet-street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery-lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the *Harrow*," and which is now the emporium of Bro. Geo. Kenning.

"Now the old timber-house," continues his biographer (writing in 1760), "at the south-west corner of Chancery-lane, till within these few years, was known by that sign; it is, therefore, beyond doubt, that Walton lived at the very next door; and in this house he is, in the deed above referred to, which bears date 1624, said to have followed the trade of a Linen-draper. It further appears by that deed, that the house was in the joint occupation of Isaac Walton and John Mason, hosier; from whence we may conclude that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton."

Walton subsequently removed into Chancery-lane, a few doors higher up, on the left-hand, where in 1632 he carried on the business of a Sempster, or Milliner. He was then married: his wife was Anne, daughter of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of the Rev. Thomas Ken, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells.

The house represented in the view, at the corner of Chancery-lane, was that which bore the sign of the Harrow. It was pulled down a few years ago, when that end of the lane was widened at the expense of the City.

COLE'S LIST OF LODGES, 1763.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

OUR indefatigable "Masonic student," Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., has kindly lent me Cole's List of Lodges for 1763, for publication in the MASONIC MAGAZINE. Every edition of such Lists are most valuable and important, especially the earlier ones issued by the same engraver and publisher, or by John Pine. The first by the latter was started in 1723, and then was issued year after year, until he was succeeded by Cole. The curious part of these little Lists is that the "signs" of the houses in which the Lodges assembled, are engraved and printed in artistic manner, and form a unique feature of the work. Some, however, are difficult of explanation, and so we have thought it well to leave them out from the present reprint—the first of the kind attempted. The title page is also omitted, which, though of value, cannot well be reproduced in these pages—and with these trifling exceptions the reprint is *verbatim et literatim*. The frontispiece is partly of an allegorical character, differing from the earlier copies,—and below the representation, the arms and description of the Grand Master are skilfully depicted: the dedication being, "To the Right Hon. Washington Shirley, Earl Ferrers, Viscount Tamworth, Grand Master, A.D., 1763, A.L. 5763." The numeration observed is according to the new List made in 1756, the former alterations having been made in 1740. The third change occurred in 1770, and the numbers were again re-arranged in 1781, 1792, 1814 (after the "Union, 1813), 1832, and 1863. The Grand Steward's Lodge, started in 1735, was not placed at the head of the Roll until later, and in the List now reproduced it appears as No. 70. Several vacancies will be observed, and were we at the present time to leave out all those that have ceased to work, or been removed to other Jurisdictions, there would be considerably more spaces left blank than of those "filled" in. We shall have transcript of a List of Pine's for 1725, and another for 1729 to present to our readers shortly, and intend as soon as possible, to prepare them for publication. Their scarcity and value render them of so much importance in the study of our early Masonic History, that it would be a pity to confine the knowledge of these handy Lists to their possessors only. Of the editions of 1723, 1729, and 1734, only one each have been traced by us,—and now we are most anxious to complete the issues between 1729 and 1734, none at present being known. Any information as to either of the missing links, would be most acceptable and most warmly reciprocated and acknowledged.

A LIST OF REGULAR LODGES,

According to their Seniority and Constitution by Order of the Grand Master.

Printed for and sold by BENJN. COLE, Engraver and Copper Plate Printer, the corner of Kingshead Court, Holborn.

			CONSTITUTED.
1	The West India and American Lodge at the Queen's Arms, St. Paul's Churchyard	2d. Wednes., the 4th a Master's Lodge	Time Immemorial
2	Westminster	2d. Thursd.	
3	High Holborn	1st and 3d. Thursd.	Jan. 17, 1721
4	Chancery Lane	2d. and 4th Tuesday	Jan. 19, 1721
5	King Street, Seven Dials	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Jan. 28, 1721
6	Charles Street, Soho Square	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Feb. 27, 1722

7		New Bond Street	2d. and last Thursday	Nov. 25, 1722
8		David Street, Grosvenor Square	Fourth Wednesd.	May, 1722
9	Dundee Arms	At their own private room, Red Lion Street, Wapping	2d. and 4th Thursd.	1722
10		In Globe Lane, Chatham	1st and 3d. Monday	Mar. 28, 1723
11		Wandsworth	First Tuesday	Mar. 30, 1723
12	Anchor & Hope	Aldgate Ward Coffee House, Leadenhall Street	First Friday	Apr. 1st, 1723
13		Aldersgate	2d. and 4th Friday	1723
14		Chancery Lane	2d. and last Thursd.	Aug. 4, 1723
15	Golden Anchor	At ye Ballast Key in East Greenwich	2d. and 4th Tuesday	Sep. 18, 1723
16		Snow Hill	First Thursd.	Sep. 18, 1723
17		White Cross Street		Oct. 20, 1723
18		Cross Street near Hatton Garden	2d. and 4th Thursd.	Dec. 24, 1723
19	Thatcht House	Norwich, St. Lawrence Parish	First Thursd.	1724
20		Chichester	Third Wednesd.	Jul. 17, 1724
21		Portsmouth in Hampshire	1st and 3rd Friday 4 o'clock	1724
22		Cornhill	2d. and 4th Monday	Jan. 22, 1724
23		At Stockton upon Tees in the county of Durham.	1st and 3d. Friday	Feb. 1724
24		Ludgate Street	1st and 3d. Monday	Apr. 1725
25		Castle Street	1st and 3d. Tuesday	May 25, 1725
26	St. Alban	St. Alban's Street	3rd Monday	Jan. 31, 1727
27		St. Bernard Street, Madrid	First Sunday	1727
28	Red Cow	West Smithfield	1st and 3d Wednesd.	1728
29	Red Cross Inn,	In Southwark	Second Thursd.	1728
30		At Gibraltar	First Tuesday	Nov. 1728
31		Lynn Regis, Norfolk	First Friday	Octo. 1, 1729
32				Jan. 22, 1729
33				Jan. 24, 1729
34	Albermarle	Dover Street	2d. and 4th Tuesday	Mar. 25, 1730
35				
36		Barbican	1st Wednesday, 3d., a Master's Lodge	May 22, 1730
37		At Putney	3d. Tuesday	Jul. 17, 1730
38				Sep. 7, 1730
39		White Lion Yard, Norton Folgate	First Friday	Jan. 26, 1730
40				1730
41		Bishopsgate Street	Second Monday	1730
42		Rosemary Lane	First Monday	1730
43		Macclesfield, Cheshire		1731
44	St. John	Jerusalem, Clerkenwell	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Dec. 17, 1731
45				
46		Newgate Street	1st and 3rd Monday	Jan. 11, 1731
47		St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark	Third Monday	Feb. 2d. 1731

48		Leigh in Lancashire		Feb. 22, 1731
49	A la Ville de Tenerre	Rue des Boucheries a Paris	First Monday	Apr. 3, 1732
50		Gerrard Street, Soho	2d. and 4th Tuesday	May 25, 1732
51		Mary Lebon Street, Piccadilly	2d. and 4th Tuesday	Jun. 21, 1732
52		Shoreditch	2d. Thursday	Jul. 12, 1732
53		St. Michael's Alley in Cornhill	Third Tuesday	Sep. 8, 1732
54		Derby	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Sep. 14, 1732
55	A Private Room	Bolton Lee Moor, Lancashire	Next Wed. to every full moon	Nov. 9, 1732
56	Chough	Blue Boar Row, Salisbury	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Dec. 27, 1732
57		West Cowes, Isle Wight	2d. and 4th Monday	Feb. 17, 1732
58		Chelsea	2d. and 4th Thursd.	Mar. 3, 1732
59		Bath	1st and 3d. Tuesday	May 18, 1733
60	Standard	Leicester Square	Second Monday	May 23, 1733
61	Red Lion	Bury, Lancashire	Next Thur. to every full Moon	Jul. 26, 1733
62	Talbut	Stourbridge, Worcestershire	Every Wednesd.	Aug. 1, 1733
63		St. Paul's Churchyard	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Dec. 27, 1733
64		Birmingham	Last Monday	1733
65	Royal Exchange	Boston in New England	2d. and 4th Saturd.	1733
66	Vallenciennes	French Flanders		1733
67	Barnstaple Inn	Princes Street, Plymouth Dock	1st and 3d. Friday	1734
68	Sampson and Lion	E. Smithfield, late the Ship at ye Hermitage	1st and 3d. Thursd.	Feb. 17, 1734
69		Near ye Watch House, High Holbourn	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Jun. 11, 1735
70		Steward's Lodge, Fleet Street	Public Nights, 3d. Wed. in Mar. & Dec.	
71		In Holland		1735
72		Near Newcastle upon Tyne	First Monday	June 24, 1735
73		At Aubigny in France	First Monday	Augu. 12, 1735
74	Solomon's Lodge	Charles Town, South Carolina	1st and 3d. Thursday	1735
75	Savannah	In the Province of Georgia		1735
76		Colchester	2d. and 4th Monday	1735
77		Gateshead Bishopric, Durham	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Mar. 8, 1735
78	Green Man	Shrewsbury	First Monday	Apr. 16, 1736
79		Fashion Street, Spittle fields	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	June 11, 1736
80		Norwich	Last Thursd.	1736
81	The Custom House	By the old Dock Liverpool	First Wednesd.	June 25, 1736
82		In East Cheap	1st and 3rd Monday	Aug. 16, 1736
83		Edgebaston Street, Birmingham	2d. and last Tuesday	Sept. 20, 1736
84		Cheapside	2d. and 4th Friday	Dec. 2, 1736

85		Ironmonger Lane	2d. and 4th Tuesday	Dec. 21, 1736
86	Caveac Tavern	Spread Eagle Court, Finch Lane, Cornhill	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Dec. 31, 1736
87	Blue Posts	Southampton Buildings, Holbourn	Third Tuesday	Jan. 24, 1736
88				Feb. 14. 1736
89		Spittle fields	2d. and 4th Friday	Apr. 18, 1737
90	Chapmans	Sackville Street	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Aug. 24, 1737
91	Dog Inn	In the Strand	First Tuesday	Sept. 21, 1737
92		Milk Street, Honey Lane Market	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Dec. 8, 1737
93		Shipton Mallet, Somersetshire	1st and 3d. Monday	Dec. 12, 1737
94	Parham Lodge	Parham Antigua		Jan 31, 1737
95		Gloucester	1st and 3d. Friday	Mar. 28, 1738
96	Crown Tavern	In Leaden-hall Street	2d. Tuesday	May 3, 1738
97		Halifax, Yorkshire	1st and 3d. Thursd.	July 12, 1738
98	The Great Lodge	At St. John's Antigua	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Nov. 22, 1738
99		Near the Square, Manchester	1st and 3d. Monday	1738
100	Red Lion	Nottingham Court, 7 Dials	2d. and 4th Monday	Jan. 27, 1738
101		Watergate Street, Chester	Second Tuesday	Feb. 1, 1738
102				
103	Red Lion	Hornchurch in Essex	First Friday	Mar. 13, 1738
104	Baker's Lodge	St. Mary's Street, St. John's Antegoa		Mar. 14, 1738
105	Kingston	In Jamacia	1st and 3rd Saturday	April 13, 1739
106				Apr. 24, 1739
107	Scotch Arms	The Mother Lodge at St. Christophers held at Basseterre	First Thursd.	June 21, 1739
108		Playhouse Yard, Black Fryers	First Tuesday	Aug. 24, 1739
109	East India Arms	John Street, Blacksfield, Horsley-down	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Octo. 8, 1739
110		Hyde Park Corner	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Octo. 25, 1739
111	Bell Inn	Opposite Fetter Lane, Holbourn	First Wednesd.	Dec. 7, 1739
112		In the Poultry	Third Friday	Jan. 10, 1739
113	Private Room	Lausanne in ye Canton of Bern, Switzerland		Feb. 2, 1739
114		Banbury, Oxfordshire	every Full Moon if on a Thu. or the Thurs. before	Mar. 31, 1740
115		James Street, Covent Garden	Third Tuesday	Jun. 26, 1740
116	Tavern	Corn Street, Bristol	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Jul. 10, 1740
117	The 3d. Lodge	Calcutta in East India		1740
118	St. Michael's Lodge	In Barbadoes		1740
119		Decker Street, Hamburgh	Every other Thursday	Octo. 23, 1740
120		Whitehaven, Cumberland	Second Monday	Mar. 19, 1740

121		High Street,Haverford W., South Wales		Apr. 14, 1741
122		The Old French Lodge in Grafton Street	1st and 3d. Thurs.	Apr. 13, 1742
123	Old Road	St. Christophers		Jun. 17, 1742
124	Union	Francfort in Germany	2d. and 4th Tuesday	Jun. 17, 1742
125		Leominster in ye County of Hereford		Octo. 11, 1742
126	Port Royal Lodge	Jamacia		1742
127		Dolgelly, Merionethshire North Wales	First Tuesday	Sept. 17. 1743
128	St. George	Emperor's Court at Hamburgh	Every other Wednesd.	Sept. 24, 1743
129		High Street, Bristol	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Mar. 20, 1743
130	New Lodge	Copenhagen, Denmark		Octo. 25. 1745
131	St. Jago de la Vego	In Jamacia		Apr. 20, 1746
132		Norwich	2d. and 4th Tuesday	May 9, 1747
133	A New Lodge	St. Eustatius Dutch Island, West Indies		Jun. 6, 1747
134	Prince Geo.	Plymouth	1st and 3d. Monday	May 1, 1748
135				Jun. 15, 1748
136		Norwich	Third Tuesday	Jan. 5, 1748
137		Cambridge	Second Monday	Mar. 31. 1749
138	Lodge of Orange	At Rotterdam		May 5, 1749
139	St. Martin's Lodge	At Copenhagen in Denmark		Octo. 9, 1749
140		St. Peters, Mancroft, Norwich	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Jan. 9, 1749
141	No. 1	At Minorca	First Thursd.	Feb. 9, 1750
142	No. 2	At Minorca	Second Tuesday	May 23, 1750
143	No. 3	At Minorca	First Wednesd.	June 24, 1750
144	St. Christopher's	At Sandy Point		July 20, 1750
145		St. Peters, Mancroft, Norwich	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Feb. 12, 1751
146		Falmouth	2d. and last Thursd.	May 20, 1751
147		Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk		Jun. 6, 1751
148		West Street,Gravesend	1st and 3d. Thursd.	Jun. 8, 1751
149	The Sea Captain's Lodge	In Fenchurch Street	First and 3d. Tuesd.	Aug. 29, 1751
150	No. 4	At Minorca	First Monday	Nov. 26, 1751
151		At Helston in Cornwal	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Apr. 14, 1752
152	St.John's Lodge	At Bridgetown in ye Island of Barbadoes	Fourth Monday	Apr. 23, 1752
153		Leadenhall Street, late the Bell at Aldgate	2d. and 4th Monday	Jul. 13, 1752
154		The Corner of Maggot's Court, Piccadilly	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Aug. 21, 1752
155		At Truro in Cornwall	2d. and last Tuesd.	Sep. 22, 1752
156		At Chardenagore, ye Chief French Settlement in Bengal,East India		
157		At Madrass in East India		

158		At the Hague in Holland		
159	St. Peter's Lodge	In the Island of Barbadoes	1st and 3d. Saturday	Dec. 15, 1752
160				Jan. 7, 1753
161		Grosvenor Street	2d. and 4th Monday	Feb. 24, 1753
162		Corner of Bartlet's Buildings, Holborn	Second Wednesd.	Mar. 4, 1753
163		Piccadilly	2d. and 4th Monday	
164	Lilly Tavern	In Guernsey		May 10, 1753
165		Wine Street, Bristol	2d. and 4th Tuesday	Aug. 22, 1753
166		In High Holborn	2d. and 4th Tuesday in Winter, and 4th Thursday in Summer	Octo. 23, 1753
167	Red Lion	Market Street, Carmarthen, South Wales	1st and 3d. Monday	Octo. 24, 1753
168		Princes Street, Cavendish Square	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Nov. 5, 1753
169		Church Stile Street, Peters, Mancroft, Norwich	Third Wednesd.	Nov. 10, 1753
170	Evangelist's Lodge	At Antigua		Nov. 10, 1753
171		At Amsterdam		Nov. 30, 1753
172		At Prescot, Lancashire	Wed. next before full Moon	Dec. 20, 1753
173	The Royal Exchange	In the Borough of Norfolk in Virginia	First Thursd.	Dec. 22, 1753
174				Jan. 31, 1754
175		Mansel Street, Goodman's Fields	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Feb. 9, 1754
176		Redruth in Cornwall	1st and 3d. Thursd.	Feb. 14, 1754
177				Feb. 18, 1754
178		Union Street, Westminster	Second Tuesday	Mar. 2, 1754
179		North Cornsford, Norwich	1st and 3d. Monday	Mar. 4, 1754
180		Ramsgate in the Isle of Thanet	2d. and 4th Monday	Mar. 8, 1754
181		Cow Lane in Leeds	First Wednesd.	Mar. 28, 1754
182		At Cambridge	1st and 3d. Friday	Mar. 29, 1754
183		Gray's Inn Gate	Third Monday	Apr. 5, 1754
184	Marquis of Granby's Head	Near St. George's Church, Southwark	First Wednesd.	Apr. 10, 1754
185				May 13, 1754
186		Silver Street, Golden Square	2d. and 4th Thursd.	Jun. 4, 1754
187		Leicester	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Aug. 21, 1754
188		Cardiff, Glamorganshire South Wales	Second Monday	Aug. 1754
189		Cow Bridge, Glamorganshire	Last Monday	Sep. 1754
190	No. 2	At St. Eustatius, Dutch Island, West Indies		1754
191		Lowestoff in Suffolk	Second Monday	Octo. 29, 1754

192		Charing Cross	Second Tuesday	Nov. 2, 1754
193		Ludgate Hill	2d. and 4th Monday	Dec. 14, 1754
194	Cromptons	Manchester	1st and 3d. Thursday	Feb. 4, 1755
195	No. 8	The Kings own Regiment of Foot	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Feb. 15, 1755
196		King Street, Bloomsbury	2d. and 4th Frid. Winter, 2d. Friday Summer	Mar. 2, 1755
197	Jack Newberry	Chiswell Street	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Apr. 5, 1755
198		St. James's Street	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	May, 5, 1755
199		Penzance in Cornwall	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Jun. 14, 1755
200		Tower Street, 7 Dials	1st and 3d. Monday	Jun. 17, 1755
201	Leg of Mutton	St. Augustin's Parish, City of Norwich	1st and 3rd Monday	Jun. 17, 1755
202	The Lodge of Charity	At Amsterdam		Jun. 24, 1755
203	Golden Lion	Foregate Street, Chester	Every other Monday	Jun. 24, 1755
204		Beccles in Suffolk		Jul. 14, 1755
205	Savern	In York Town, Virginia	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Aug. 1, 1755
206		In St. Austin's, Norwich	1st and 3d. Friday	Sep. 16, 1755
207		Sunderland near ye Sea, County of Durham	First Friday	Octo 7. 1755
208	The Grand Lodge Frederick	At Hanover		Nov. 25, 1755
209		Bridges Street, Chester		Dec. 2, 1755
210	P. W.	Upper end of Cranborne Alley Leicester Fields	1st and 3d. Monday	Jan. 20, 1756
211	A Lodge in Captn. Bell's Troop	In ye Rt. Hon. Ld. Aneram's Regimt. of Dragoons		Feb. 7, 1756
212		In the Strand	2d. and 4th Friday	Feb. 26, 1755
213	A Lodge at Wilmington on Cape Fear River in the Province of North Carolina			Mar. 1755
214		Merlin's Cave, Old Shambles, Liverpool		Apr. 15, 1755
215	The Lodge of Peace	At Amsterdam		Sep. 23, 1756
216				Apr. 30, 1756
217	White Horse	Corner of New Burlington Street	1st and 3d. Thursd.	Dec. 2, 1756
218		At the Marquis of Carnarvon's at Sunderland near the Sea	1st and 3d. Tuesd.	Jan. 14, 1757
219		In the Parish of St. Mary in the Island of Jamaica		Feb. 17, 1757
220	The 3 Kings	In Small Street, Bristoll	2d. and 4th Thursd.	Feb. 17, 1757
221	At Parliament Coffee House	In Parliament Street	2d. and 4th Thursd.	Feb. 14, 1757
222		At Lynn Regis in Norfolk	Fourth Wednesd.	Feb. 21, 1757

223		In ye Parish of St. Lawrence, Norwich	Second Wednesd.	Mar. 23, 1757
224		St. a Croixa, Danish Island in ye West Indies		1756
225	The Head of ye Side	New-Castle-upon-Tyne	First Monday	Octo. 13, 1757
226		Bloomsbury Market	2d. Monday	May 4, 1757
227		At Shadwell	1st and 3d. Monday	Octo. 31, 1757
228	The Lodge of Regularity	At Amsterdam		Nov. 21, 1757
229		Bath Street, Cold Bath Fields	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Dec. 20, 1757
230	St. Michael's Lodge	In the City of Severn, in the Dutchy of Mecklenburgh		May 15, 1754
231		In ye Parish of St. Mary, Norwich	Every other Wednesd.	Feb. 18, 1758
232		South Side Street, Plymouth	2d. and 4th Monday	Mar. 1, 1758
233		Broad Street, Bristol	2d. and 4th Monday	Mar. 1, 1758
234	Lodge at Bombay in the East Indies			Mar. 24, 1758
235	Green Man	Barwick Street, St. James's	1st. and 3d. Friday	Aug. 6, 1758
236	The Sea Captain Lodge	At Yarmouth, Norfolk		Jan. 1, 1759
237		The 2d. Division of Marines, Plymouth		Jan, 2, 1759
238	St. James's Lodge	At Barbadoes		Mar. 20, 1758
239	New Inn	At Exeter	2d. and last Friday	1732*
240		At Newton Abbot, Devonshire	1st and 3d. Thursd.	Mar. 17, 1759
241	Meadway's Wine Vaults in the West Town of Crediton in Devonshire		First Monday	April 21, 1759
242		Portsmouth Common	2d. and 4th Friday	April 21, 1759
243		Barnard Castle in the County of Durham	First Monday	April 21, 1759
244	Mermaid	At Windsor	Third Monday	June 6, 1759
245	The Temple Lodge	At Bristol	1st and 3d. Monday	July 2d., 1759
246	Lebeck	In the Strand	Third Friday	Augst. 24, 1759
247	Prince George Lodge in George Town, Winyaw, South Carolina		Once a Month	1743*
248	The Union Lodge at Charles Town, South Carolina		2d. and 4th Thursd.	May 3, 1755
249	A Master's Lodge at Charles Town, South Carolina		2d. and 4th Thursd.	Mar. 22, 1756
250	Port Royal at Carolina	Beaufort, Port Royal,	Every other Wednesd.	Sep. 15, 1756
251				
252		In Mighton's gate at Hull	2d. and last Thursd.	Aug. 20, 1759
253		Canterbury	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Jan. 14, 1760
254		On board His Majesty's ship the Vanguard		Jan. 16, 1760
255	St. Andrew	The Mariner's Lodge near ye Hermitage	1st and 3d. Friday	

256		At Guernsey	1st and 3d. Monday	
257		In Hatton Garden	1st and 3d. Friday	Nov. 27, 1760
258	Talbot	At Leeds in Yorkshire	Second Wednesd. and ye 4th a Master's Lodge	Jan. 8, 1761
259		Stonegate, York	1st and 3d. Monday	Jan. 12, 1761
260	Tavern	Cheap-side, ye Caladonion Lodge	1st and 3d. Thursday	Mar. 9, 1761
261		Whitehaven in Cumberland	Second Monday	May 4, 1761
262	Granby's-head in the Town and Port of Dover		1st and 3d. Thursd.	May 8, 1761
263	Bay Horse and Jocky at Darlington in Yorkshire			June 19, 1761
264		Wisbeach in ye Isle of Ely and County of Cambridge	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Aug. 8. 1761
265		Union Street, Portsmouth Common	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Aug. 20, 1761
266	TheUnionLodge	At Crowlane in Bermuda	First Wednesd.	Sep. 17, 1761
267		Kingston upon Hull	2d. and 4th Thursd.	Octo. 27, 1761
268	All Saints Lodge at Wooler in Northumberland			Jan. 1, 1762
269	St. George's Lodge at the Half Moon, Exeter		2d. and 4th Fryday	Jan. 20, 1762
270	Green Man	At Ipswich in Suffolk		Jan. 21, 1762
271	Royal Frederick	At Rotterdam		Jan. 25, 1762
272	No. 2 S. John's Lodge	Ann Street, New York	2d. and 4th Wednesd.	Dec. 27, 1757
273		Digbeth Street, Birmingham	1st and 3d. Tuesday	Feb. 23, 1762
274	A Private Room at Appledore, Devonshire			Mar. 18, 1762
275	The 8th Lodge at Calcutta in the East Indies			Feb. 7, 1761
276		At Colne in Lancashire		
277	The Merchant's Lodge at Quebec			Mar. 2, 1762
278		At Portsmouth Common		May 8, 1762
279		On Board his Majesty's Ship the Prince	At Plymouth	May 22, 1762
280	Fox Inn	At Salop	1st and 3d, Wednesd.	May 28, 1762
281		Barnstaple, Devonshire	1st and 3d. Monday	May 28, 1762
282	The 3 Kings	At Deal		June 8, 1762
283	Duke's-head	Lynn Regis in Norfolk		June 9, 1762
284	La Logè des Frere reunis at Amsterdam			June 16, 1762
285	The Lodge of Inhabitants at Gibraltar			July 12, 1762
286				
287		At Ottley in Yorkshire	First Monday	Aug 16, 1762
288	Virtutis et Artes Amici at Amsterdam			Sep. 16, 1762
289		At Workington in Cumberland	First Monday	Sep. 22, 1762
290		At Hereford	First Thursd.	Octo. 12, 1762
291		Portsmouth in Hampshire		Nov. 2, 1762

292		Peck Lane, Nottingham		Jan. 31, 1763
293	Sun Inn	Ye University in Cambridge	Second Thursd.	Mar. 1, 1763
294	Crown Inn	Rochester	2d. and 4th Fryday	Mar. 17, 1763
295		At Hexham, Northumberland	1d. and 3d. Wednesd.	Mar 8, 1763
296		At Chippenham the Lodge of Perfect Union		May, 1763
297		At Richmond in Yorkshire		May 4, 1763
298		At Havant in Hampshire		1763
299	St. Mark's Lodge, South Carolina			Feb. 8, 1763
300	The Lodge of Regulants at St. John Hall, Black river, Musqueta Shore			Mar, 8, 1763
301	White Lion	At Dover		Aug. 2, 1763
302	Lodge at a Private Room at Hubbington, Near Lichfield, Hants			Aug. 6, 1763
303		In the Parish of St. Thomas ye Apostle near Exeter	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	Aug. 10, 1763
304	Marquis of Granby's head at Durham		First Tuesd.	Sep. 8, 1763
305		At Havant, Hams	1st and 3d. Wednesd.	

LET US BE KIND.

LET us in the days of our strength
Be gentle and kind to the young.
To the poor and the weak,
Who succour may seek,
Let sympathy flow from the tongue.

CHORUS.

The young have the future to meet—
The poor with hard fate to contend—
The weak get more blows
Than any one knows!
And the friendless require a friend.

Let us unto Woman be kind,
Be loyal and honest and true,
That man is a knave
Who would to her misbehave,
And disgraces the Mason's true blue.

Let us scorn to utter a lie!
For truth boldly stand on our feet,
And with a strong hand
Help those to withstand
Who are tossed on the waves of deceit.

A brother in need let us help—
  Kind words at the least we can give—
Let us give what we can
To help the true man,
  And try and assist him to live!

The young have the future to meet—
  The poor with hard fate to contend—
The weak get more blows
Than anyone knows!
  And the friendless require a friend.

W. CORBETT,
Mariner's Lodge, 249.

Oct., 1877.

ARRIVALS, SURVIVALS, AND REVIVALS.

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER.

HOW very difficult it is to say anything new about Christmas! For instance, I dare not delude myself into believing that it is original to remark that the festive Yule season reminds us of the old Latin poet's reflection, "How swiftly the years slip away!" I am afraid that somebody—perhaps a good many somebodies—observed long ago, about the recurrence of the feast, that life was made up of greetings and good-byes. We scarcely have time to realise to ourselves, that the jolly holly-crowned old monarch is with us once more ere we find ourselves clasping his honest hand in the farewell grip. How the years glide away indeed! Why as you approach, what the old philosophers* were wont to call the grand climacteric, they seem to acquire miraculous momentum. They slither adown life's declivity with a velocity resembling the glacier on the mountain's side. We all know with what a dignified ponderous concession to the law of gravitation the immense mass commences its stately glissade, and how it imperceptibly accelerates its progress into the mighty "Kerwosh"† of the avalanche—*Anni labuntur* indeed! Well, I am not so sure about the sliding. As one's sun is westering, one rather likens the progress of the years to the orders at a cavalry review: Walk! Trot!! Canter!!! Gallop!!!! Charge!!!!! Yes, I think that is the sequence as you begin to note it, at, say half a hundred: "so soon passeth it away and we are gone," as the Psalmist says. But this is but a melancholy vein to approach Christmas in. Let us try to greet Noel cheerfully if we can. Greetings! Why, when I was a boy, it seemed an eternity between the shutting out of fairy-land at the fall of the baize one Christmas season, and the longed-for avatar of pantomimical paradise at the next, and now—*Helas!* the "Here we are again!" from the lips of last year's buffoon, seems still to be ringing in my ears as I am preparing them to receive the annual repetition of the hilarious announcement.

* "And to all states not free,
  Shall climacteric be." $49=7\times7$.
ANDREW MARVELL.

† Artemus Ward compares a certain description of oratory to "my sister Sal's teapot, which either wouldn't pour a drop or let everything out, 'Kerwosh,' leaves and all."

Christmas illustrates my title as being—and I speak it reverently—a perfect trinity: an arrival, a survival, and a revival. Yes,—

> "——though our mortal summers to such length of years may come,
> As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home,"—

we always hail Christmas happily, heartily, gleefully, as an arrival. The jolly old boy is always fresh. He has taken no ill effects from the immense deal of nonsense that has been talked about him. He has poked his goodly old head up through masses of overwhelming gush. He has from time to time gone heavily to grass; but has always contrived to come up smiling. Sometimes he has been surfeited, sometimes he has been starved. Poor old fellow, he has had to steer his bark at one time a point or two to starboard to weather the Scylla Scrooge; at another he has had to port hard, and swing round by a hair's breadth to avoid being engulfed in the Charybdis Fezzywig. But he has always come up to time—see how conveniently I drop my nautical and resume my pugilistic metaphor when it suits me!—and his arrival has ever been gladsome for the hearty, the honest, the genial, of all ages and years. Well now, is not this a survival also? Think of the attacks made from time to time upon this ancient Institution. It has been proscribed by Act of Parliament; it has been denounced by fanatics; it has been derided by utilitarian philosophers. True, the veteran has

> ——"seen the rare times when the Christmas chimes,
> Were a merry, merry sound to hear,
> When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
> Were filled with good English cheer"—

but he has beheld periods, too, when the occupants of the said halls and hovels had to do their Christmas spiriting very gingerly. There were days you know when Corporal Fight-the-battle-of-faith Dobbs, and Sergeant Walk-in-the-light Higgins, would prowl about the purlieus of Tudor mansion house and thatch-roofed homestead, with their squads of crop-eared musqueteers, eavesdropping if perchance the strains of "Cuckolds come dig," or "The King shall enjoy his own again," should mingle with the notes of "God rest ye merry gentlemen," or cheery "Green-sleeves and pudding pies." Dreary days, my masters, when the round-headed rulers of the furtive revellers did

> "Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
> And blasphemed custards through the nose,"

when they would

> "Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
> Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge."

Well, well, Father Christmas survived all that, and as for the jolly old fellow's revival when the King did enjoy his own again—when turkey and chine, and fat rump smoked once more on every "honest" fellow's board, and the veriest churl of a sour-faced Roundhead dared not refuse to drink—and on his marrow-bones too—confusion to old Rowley's enemies in a brimming bumper of the best—why has not that delirious bouleversement been said and sung time and again? It was the best of times—it was the worst of times—that time of the most happy and glorious Restoration: but, on the whole, there is something not altogether Christmassy about the associations of that reactionary Saturnalia. The reek of the plum pudding copper in that revival mingles with an unpleasant savour, as of Ketch's quartering caldron, and the sound of the joy bells, clanging through the air from a thousand rocking steeples, is not without association with the clink of the blacksmith's hammer, as he knocks off the fetters of Harrison, Axtell, and Peters in the press yard of Newgate, ere they start on their last fatal "expedition," "going up Holborn Hill in a cart" to seal with their blood "the good old cause" 'neath the triple beam at Tyburn.

But as Hamlet says "Something too much of this." Turn we now to a period when the wild fervour of political passion had to a great degree subsided, when, in even those old "low and slow" days of the national church establishment, 'twas still "merry in hall when beards wagged all at the hallowed season

> "Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated."

Hacknied as the reference may be, who can forget the Christmas revelries of the immortal Sir Roger de Coverley?

Thus does the good Knight in his confidences with Mr. Spectator in the memorable interview in Gray's Inn Walks, describe the festivities at his ancient seat. It has been often reprinted, but surely never tires—can never be too frequently reproduced—

"He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house "during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always "keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him, that he had killed eight fat hogs "for this season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his "neighbours, and that, in particular, he had sent a string of hog's puddings with a "pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. 'I have often thought,' says Sir "Roger, 'it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. "'It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would "'suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm "'fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts "'at this season, and to see the old village merry in my great hall. I allow a double "'quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every "'one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince pie upon the "'table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in "'playing their innocent tricks and smutting one another. Our friend, Will Wimble, "'is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.'" And surely every reader will echo Mr. Spectator's remark, "I was very much delighted "with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it;" nor can I suppose any one, of whatever creed, whose eye should rest upon these pages, to be insensible to the exquisitely dry humour of the context: "He then launched out into "the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and "told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for "that a rigid dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, *had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum porridge!*"

But to come down to our own time. Can Yule-tide ever arrive without our recalling the survival, if not the revival, of its appropriate sentiments in the pages of our ever to be regretted friend, and, oh! incomparable and most agreeable teacher, Charles Dickens? Do you not remember Dingley Dell, and the Wardles, and the never-to-be-forgotten Christmas, when that expert "rinker," Mr. Wardle, lost his sportsman-like heart to the little girl with fur round the tops of her boots? To be sure you do. Have you not often in spirit danced right down all the long vista of couples in the immortal country dance so vigorously performed in Mr. Fezziwig's warehouse? Of course you have. And have you ever reverently, gratefully, solemnly, and yet—pardon the apparent paradox—cheerfully, sat with poor Bob Cratchit's eager children around that impecunious city clerk's humble board, and seen the debut of poor Tiny Tim in his triumphant progress, perched on his cheery, albeit care-worn, little father's shoulder? "He was a little child and had a little crutch," you know, and may remind us, and doubtlessly was intended to remind us, of a certain other little child that He, whose blessed birth consecrates the season, "took and sat upon his knee in the midst." Do you not remember that the infant cripple's shriek of joyous welcome was the shrillest, as poor Mrs. Cratchit brought in the holly-crowned *chef d'œuvre*; and have you not in spirit, oh dear gentle Christmas reader, often echoed the pious aspiration of the afflicted baby's Yule-tide toast, "God bless us every one!"

Oh, Charles Dickens! you were not an author—that is to say, not in the conventional or Mayfair sense. Meretricious gaiety gilded not the ink that flowed from your pen. You never painted in deluding colours—

"——the foolish whine
Of the feeble who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints."

You worshipped not in cushioned pews, "flexing condescending knees" to velvet hassocks, but often—

"Turned aside, and from the simple sod,
Sued as *in forma pauperis* to God."

The bard's robes you folded about you were not of the finest of fine linen. Your harp was not a presentation instrument framed of the most glittering gold, or, at least of the choicest Mosaic, embossed with jewels of the first water, or at all events, of very presentable paste. Rather was the lyre like unto the torques and annula we sometimes dig up from the ruins of what were once great cities—gold, pure, unalloyed, as dug from the mine, yet, ah! how artfully and dexterously fashioned. You sung rather as the poet of Lazarus than as the laureate of Dives. Yet in my heart of hearts do I believe that it has, ere this, been said unto thee "As ye have hymned even the least of these, ye have carolled unto me!"

So we see Christmas again arriving as we have—some of us—seen it revived, and as we—all of us—see it surviving, and may we all live to see the dear old fellow arrive again and again for many happy and festive, or at all events, tranquil, years.

In the course of composing this paper there has been borne in upon me again and again the oft-repeated axiom that—

——"the best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang oft aglee."

The capital, or stock in trade, with which I began this recondite dissertation, has been most woefully diminished, in the matter of arrivals, at least, since I took pen in hand, and thereby the reader has lost much most learned disquisition. For instance, there was a long expected arrival about which I had proposed to gossip, which has not justified my title by a survival, and there—see how fate goes against me!—was an expected arrival which I had quite justifiably discounted, which hasn't arrived at all. I do not know, however, whether I should most pity or congratulate the patient peruser. Can you not conceive the vast mass of erudition you have lost by the untimely decease of that provoking visitor, Mrs. Balæna, if that be the precise denomination of the late ponderous mammal. Why, if the lady *had* survived, how can you tell how far afield—ice field—I might have carried you? Othello in the marvellous recital of *his* moving accidents by flood and field transported his mistress, in fancy, to

——"antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven."

And might not I have bidden you follow me to Greenland's icy mountains, to snowy Spitzbergen, to the cold blue waves with crisp white crests, breaking on the bleak shores of Lapland? Would not the capacious whilom inmate of the Royal Aquarium tank have served me for a text, whereon I might have discoursed eloquently of harpoons and blubber, and greasy caravels, and Polar bears, and Arctic expeditions, and I know not what? Don't you remember the story of the gushing "young man," who, bidden to write a treatise on Chinese metaphysics, was locked up in a room with an Encyclopœdia, and the suggestion to look out the respective words "China" and "metaphysics," and combine his information? How do you know what varied information I had combined anent the subject, when that interesting animal took it into her prodigious head to die! Go to, then, and be disappointed or grateful as ye list. And then again, you remember that poor Mr. Dick couldn't get the late King Charles's head out of his much laboured memorial. Well, I take it, that do what my collaborateurs may, they cannot altogether escape from importing a flavour, as it were, of the square and compasses, the triple tau, and the level and plumb rule, into the columns of this Magazine. Well, then, how naturally and gracefully would the expected arrival—that didn't arrive—have introduced the esoteric element into this article! The delayed avatar—only deferred let us hope—was of a magnificent and munificent present by an exalted member of our noble Craft. Beshrew me!—you will perceive that I get mediæval in my language when I am disappointed and angry—it yerked me forsooth, when on Friday last I saw a vile counterfeit presentment and image of the great gift in an undignified, reclining—

may I say humble and halting?—posture, lumbering ungracefully through the portals of that dilapidated and, *proh pudor!* still surviving excrescence, Temple Bar. I was about to preface the cripple's title with the adjective "old," but it has not even that respectable title to our regard. There is a survival for you! *Pace* Sir George Bowyer—but never mind, his well-known principles regarding our ancient mystery afford a sufficient guarantee against his ever reading these lines—this bastard copy of a spurious order of architecture has not a single claim to our reverence. It recalls the bad old days when principles the most diametrically opposed to those of the Masonic body ruled rampant; when men were persecuted for conscience sake; when no man dared to speak the thing he would; when Ketch's halter and quartering knife never lacked employment, and that, not on the necks and limbs of thieves and murderers, but on the throbbing frames of patriots and statesmen. The bad old times, when French gold supplied the luxuries of an English monarch's seraglio; when an enemy's cannon roared defiance in the port of London; when men, high in rank and in the councils of their sovereign, yearned for a revival of the tyrannies of the Star Chamber and High Commission; and when a Recorder of the renowned city, "the nursing mother of freedom," in the year that saw the moribund incumbrance reared, dared to assert that it would never be good time in England until the Inquisition was introduced!*

But to turn to the arrival that didn't arrive. Alfred De Musset has put it upon record that "the first duty of wine is to be red." I will anticipate the obvious pun of some witty critic that that is also the first obligation of a Magazine article. Now I conceive that the first duty of an obelisk is to appear in a vertical position, and so I hereby enter my protest against the manner of the debut of the Needle's canvas and scantling representative in Lord Mayor's Show, albeit the humiliating posture it was made to assume was of course wholly due to the monstrous survival I have been denouncing.

But just fancy how I could have button-holed you, gentle reader, while I poured forth a whole flood of lore upon Rameses and Thothmes, and Scarabei, and Osiris, and Isis, and hieroglyphic writers and records in stone generally, had the obelisk associated with the name of the "serpent of Old Nile" arrived in time. Why, I have no doubt that I could have proved to demonstration from the indentations upon that piece of syanite, that Moses was a Mason and Past Master of a Lodge meeting at Thebes; and please don't retort that all this illustration can be derived as well from photographs or from our learned and worshipful brother's interesting brochure upon this interesting subject. Photographs won't do for me. There is a turn of the hand in the real thing incapable of reproduction by the graver of the woodcutter, discernible only by the esoteric, a secret to the exoteric. A Mason's work is recognised only by a Mason, though here, at all events, in this splendid presentation is a work truly Masonic, if only in the display of the munificent and enlightened liberality of our worthy and worshipful brother, Dr. Erasmus Wilson. Let us hope that ere long the adventurous monolith may afford us all the opportunity we desire of a closer investigation, when it displaces its rather shabby simulacrum on St. Stephen's Green.

But is this looked for arrival wholly without association of a survival? Alas no! There survive widows and children of six gallant British seamen, who, in a service which all will recognise as truly Masonic, died at the post of duty, of that highest duty of a sailor, to succour and to save his messmate. Let the records of every Lodge under the banner of that constitution, of which the donor is so illustrious a member, bear some remembrance of the pathetic legacy the brave souls have left us. To shed your blood in doing your duty is a tradition familiar to every Master Mason. What did these dead men do less? Let their memories be a survival, and let the care of and love for their sorrowing survivors remain an imperishable

* The inscription over the south foot passage of the bar (east side) runs:—"Erected in the year 1670. Sir Samuel Starling being Maior." This Sir Samuel Starling, in that very year, presided at the trial of two Quakers, Penn and Mead, for seditiously addressing a public meeting. One Thomas Howell, was the Recorder, and of course took the leading legal justiciary part. In an altercation about the terms of the verdict, this learned luminary thus delivered himself:—

"*Recorder.*—'Till now I never understood the reason of the policy and prudence of the Spaniards in "'suffering the Inquisition among them; and certainly it will never be well with us till something "'like the Spanish Inquisition be in England!'"—*Howell's State Trials*, vol. vi., page 965.

monument of our admiration for the martyrs and of our gratitude to the brother in furtherance of whose generous purpose they died.

And after all, I am driven back for an illustration of a survival and a revival to the glorious old Craft under whose flag we sail. And what does that flag symbolise? not a creed, for it requires no sectarian profession,—not a principle, for millions who have not shared in its illumination have, "as entertaining angels unawares," practised its teachings—as witness the six gallant tars I have alluded to, for we are forbidden to assume that they were all brethren of the square and level,—not a system of theology—not a religion—for all men in whom the germs, the rudiments, of religious profession, can be surely ascertained, are eligible for free admission to its privileges—privileges granted to all men "free and of good report," "full measure, pressed down and running over." I am driven back, I say, for full illustration of my title, an arrival, a survival, and a revival in one, to the system—ah! that is the word—which is most peculiarly interesting to the male readers of these pages. Ye who have "seen the light" reflect how wonderfully my title applies to our beloved Craft—An arrival! Why every week sees a welcome addition to the family of our adored mother—A survival! Carry your minds back, learned brother antiquarians, and think how many storms the old barque has lived through, how much misrepresentation she has ridden over, how much obloquy she has run down, how many narrow prejudices she has rammed in. Has she not borne unscathed the broadside of kingly decree and priestly denunciation! Have not the insidious torpedoes of ignorant misapprehension and popular indifference been laid for her in vain! and she has remained, she has flourished to be—what? It is a serious question, brother Freemasons; but let us thank God that we can answer it confidently and calmly. She has remained to be a safe refuge from the persecution that operates in one place by open oppression, in another by cynical derision. She has remained to be a neutral deck where all righteous men of all creeds may labour for good together. Her flag shelters no rival factions, flies over no conflicting aims. The glory of God and the good of man are the objects desiderated and composedly, but determinedly, pursued. Surely at this time, with the proclamation of the herald angels ringing in the air, it is not unseemly to remind our brethren of this—to afford, so far, to the outer world a proud reason for the faith that is in us.

I had intended to illustrate the fact that Freemasonry is also a revival, but it is unnecessary. We live in an age of revivals. The Church of England, Dissent, nay, even the Jewish and Mahommedan Churches, show evidence of that restless vitality, which, involving more extended spiritual activity, finds popular expression in the convenient word, revival. In politics the old vulgar and short-sighted profession—

> "I don't trouble my head with affairs of the nation,
> I've enough of my own for to mind,"

is long ago exploded. The advance of education, the accessibility of the suffrage, have resulted in a greater number interesting their minds in imperial, national, and local concerns, than at any previous period of our history. Art has had a "great upheaval," to use Lord Bacon's expressive term, in the extended number not only of its patrons, but of critics that advanced intelligence and more liberal and greater educational facilities have produced. Science is even feverish with activity in presence of the already achieved miracles of the age; its professors eagerly contemplating each new achievement as but "earnest of the things that they shall do," and in Freemasonry each day sees a graver, nobler, deeper view, taken of its meanings and its teachings. Regarded less than a hundred years ago as merely an excuse for convivial meeting, in the days when convivial meetings occupied a great, an unduly great, proportion of life's golden hours, it had to work off the slough of its mean estate, and rise to the level of the responsibilites of its mighty inheritance. It has had its reward. Its beautiful system of symbolic teaching is more and more studied. Its excellent discipline more and more conscientiously observed. Its wisely ordained offices more and more faithfully filled. Its exquisitely eloquent ritual more and more intelligently and gracefully interpreted. Yes, our Craft is a great reality, a thing of much beauty, a mighty instrument for good. In this grand revival we can all of us aid. On this colossal structure every labourer can find work. Lord Bacon has eloquently said that even in the most lively strains of music the discerning ear may

trace some notes of pathos. Is it then permissible to enforce what I have been saying by reminding the Mason, even at this merry Yule-tide, in the most solemn of solemn utterances, of his duty to do all that in him lies to advance the banner of which he is one of the bearers, however humble?—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

Yes, brother Masons, let us so keep this festival that we may begin the approaching new year with heart and vigour, to rear still higher—to adorn still more—the edifice on which we are employed—the noble institution to which, by solemn obligation, by ties of deep affection, by the attractions of intelligent respect and deep reverence, we are irrevocably bound—FLOREAT SEMPER!

A TALE OF LOVE.

The moon was shining brightly,
  The nightingales, in bowers
Of jasmine, rose, and eglantine,
  Were warbling to the flowers;
The brilliant stars were glinting
  O'er the surface of the pool,
When a soft voice murmured near me—
  "Go, get to bed, you fool!"

A cloud came o'er the radiance
  Of the moon so sad yet bright,
And the scene of summer brilliance
  Was sinking fast to-night;
My heart felt dull and lonely
  With bitter thoughts and sad,
When the same voice broke the stillness—
  "I'll warm you!"—'twas her dad!

Once more, deep sunk in reverie,
  I mused upon a face
So beautiful, and bright, and good,
  So full of witching grace:
My thoughts were far from earthly,
  But they soon came flying back,
For, e'en in love, one's shoulders feel
  A well-dealt hearty thwack!

But my soul flew on to meet her,
  Feeling a martyr's fire,
And inwardly determining
  That nought should rouse my ire;
Now dawned the blissful moment,
  Tho' I felt rather addled,
To my soul came inspiration,
  And so—I just skedaddled!"

T.

MRS. FERNBRAKE'S "LUCKY BIRD."

A Yorkshire Story.

BY MRS. C. M. TWEDDELL (FLORENCE CLEVELAND).

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

"Let us trust a New Year will look back on the last,
As in all things a stage of existence that's past."

ETA MAWR.

"NOO mark mah wods, Mary! We sal hev nowt bud bad luck all t' year, just thruff thoo lettin' Rooas Campion cum in fost, o' Newry Day i' t' mooanin', asteead o' waitin' tell a man or lad com tit deear, te be t' lucky bod."

"Nonsense, mother!" said Mary. "It is all a superstition. What difference can it make whether a man or a woman cross the threshold first on New Year's Day? I do not believe a word about it. But I do think it very unkind of any one to believe, that a rough lad can bring more good luck into their house than a lovely, sweet girl, like Rose."

The speakers were seated in the best parlour of a large, old-fashioned, but substantially built farm-house, the owner of which was a man of ample means, and one also who possessed a warm heart, and an open hand to all that stood in need. The speakers were his wife and daughter; old Mrs. Fernbrake being a true specimen of a Yorkshire dales woman. She had been born and had lived all her life in the house that she then occupied, it having descended in her family for several generations; and with the house had descended also various customs and superstitions that had been held by the family, or had held them, for hundreds of years.

"Thoo may believe i' what thoo likes, lass!" said Mrs. Fernbrake; "bud Ah sal nivver set mah feeace ageean what me fayther an' granfather an' greeat granfayther believt in. Things hez getten te sike a pass, noo-a-days, that bits o' lasses can set up ther crops, an' say tha deea n't believe i' this, an' tha deean't believe i' t' udther; as if *they* knew better then ther fooar-elders 'at 's geean afooar 'em! Fer mah pait, Ah hate newfanggel'd nooashins. Ah like te deea ivverything az it's been deean afooar mah tahm bi' them 'at knew better ner me. Bud this all cums o' the fayther sendin' tha away te that fine skeeal. Becoas thoo was all t' bit bairn we had, he thowt he wad mak a lady o' tha; an' Ah can plainly see 'at when t' fahm cums to thee, all t' awd ways 'at me fayther delighted in 'll be deean away wiv. Howsumivver, Ah sah n't be theer te see 't, an' that 'll be a comfot. Bud tahm Ah iz here, things mun gan' on az tha hev deean, Ah can tell tha. Thoo 'z a gud lass, Mary, tak tha all throo; bud thoo 'll be fooast te yummer ma aboot t' awd ways. Ther was that daft-heead ov a sarvant-lass ov oors let Awd Jeremiah cum in an' leet hiz pipe durin' Kessmus. Ah knaw nut what sheea wor thinkin' on te let onnybody tak a leet oot o' t' hoos i' Kessmus week! An' Ah waz nobbut just i' tahm te stop her frev takkin' a leet fra t' yell-cannel. Them 's beeath unlucky things te deea. Bud lasses knaws nowt noo-a-days. Yan hez te watch 'em like a cat watchin' a mouse! An' the fayther actally cut a bit off t' cheese afooar he meead t' cross on 't. Sike a thing Ah nivver knew deean afooar. Thoo may depend on 't, mah lass, we 'z hev nowt bud bad luck this year."

"My dear mother!" said Mary, "I know it is of no use me talking to you on this subject; but really all those things will not make the least difference to us. And as to letting poor Rose in first, I never gave it a thought at the time, or I should have respected your fancy in the matter. But I do hope that you will not bear *her* any ill will about it; for it was me alone that was to blame."

"Nay, nay, Mary, honey!" said her mother, "Ah 'll nut bother Rooas aboot it; bud thoo mun nivver deea t' like on't ageean. Thoo ommest meead a job ov uz yesterda' an'

all. Thoo browt tweea greeat peehacock's fedders an' stack 'em in tit seein'-glass frame; bud Ah spied 'em, an' teeak 'em oot sharp. Diz n't thoo knaw it iz unlucky te hev 'em i' t' hoos? Tha weea n't be lang in afoear ther's a deeath i' t' famally, let ma tell tha. Bud mebbe thoo weean't believe that nowder!"

"No, mother, I don't."

"Whyah, things hez cum'd tiv a pitch noo! Fooaks weea n't believe owt seean, Ah deea think. Happen thoo diz n't believe i' fooaks at 'z gahin' te dee i' t' next year walkin' intit chetch o' Sent Mark's Eve; bud Ah deea. Ther waz yance a lad an' lass 'at waz sweethartin' went an' sat 'em down i' t' awd chetch pooatch at Yutton Rudby, an' tha 'd teean neea nooatis hoo tahm went, an' it hed getten te be twelve o'clock, when an awd man wiv a stick iv hiz hand walkt past 'em, an' vanisht reet thruff t' chetch deer. Then a bairn went by, an' vanisht i' t' seeam way. An' ther waz lots mair, beeath awd an' yung, kept gahin' by 'em, tell tha wer ommest flayd oot o' ther wits; when all at yance it cam intit yung chap's heead 'at it wor Sent Mark's Eve, an' as weel az tha cud, thay gat croppen oot o' t' chetch pooatch, an' went yam. An' thoo may be seer tha nivver went *theer* onny mair te sweethart. Howivver az nowder on 'em had fallen asleep, tha knew tha wer seeaf; for if onnyboddy 'at 'z watchin' falls asleep, it 'z a sahn 'at tha 'll dee i' t' followin' yeaf. Ah see 'at thoo 'z laffin', bud mebbe thoo wad n't like te gan' an' watch theesel.' Bud here's Rooas cummin.' Gan' away an' oppen t' frunt deear, an' let her in. Ah'll awand sheea 'z cum'd te hail t' fost new moon i' t' year wi' tha, az sheea sed sheea wad deea."

Away went Mary, and opened the door, and in came a pretty, blooming girl of sixteen, and said:—

"Good evening, Mrs. Fernbrake! I have come, according to promise, to hail the new moon with Mary to-night."

"An' reet welcum thoo iz, me lass!" replied the good old dame. "Bud cum away tit fire, an' squat tha doon, an' git warm'd; an' then we'll hev a gud cup o' tay. Ah'll gan' an' see aboot it, Mary, tahm thoo tawks te Rooas."

As soon as Mrs. Fernbrake left the room, the two girls began to talk on a subject which was of great interest to them both. Rose had a dashing young brother, who was a sailor, much against the wishes of his parents, who were well-to-do people, and who would have fain kept him at home. But the quiet home life of a simple country squire was distasteful to him; and a longing to see foreign countries, and to "go down to the sea in ships," and to "do business in great waters," had taken possession of him some three or four years before. His wishes had been gratified, and he had so far enjoyed the new sphere of life which he had chosen for himself. Mary and him had been playfellows in childhood. He it was who gathered flowers for her in their rambles, and who carried her across the brook; and she then always called herself his little wife. After her return from school, and during one of his annual holidays, they had again met, after a parting of three years, when true love entered the hearts of both, and they became engaged to each other, with the full consent of both their parents. And now Rose was urging Mary to endeavour to persuade Fred to promise that the voyage he was then about to take should be his last; and she was nothing loath to undertake the task that very evening, as he was expected at the farm to accompany his sister home.

The table having been spread, with the teapot Mrs. Fernbrake again entered the room, and the three were soon discussing the good things set before them. Before the meal was at an end, Mr. Fernbrake's pleasant voice was heard in the passage, saying:—

"This way, Fred! Ah'll be bun we sal be i' tahm fer summat te eeat."

Opening the door, he said:—

"Ah've fetcht yan mair tit tay then ya aim'd on; bud Ah knaw 'at he'll be welcum."

"Ay, John, Ah seer thoo knew that varry weel, else thoo wad n't ha' browt him here," said his wife, "fer Ah've oft heeard tha say, Ah'd a way o' leeakin' varry glum if onnyboddy cam 'at Ah did n't want. Bud cum here, Fred, an' tak a seeat atween t' lasses. What, we mun all hev a sup mair tay te keep ya cumpony."

The new comers being comfortably seated, the meal went forward in good earnest, Mr. Fernbrake asking Fred to tell them some little incident that he had met with in his travels.

"Well," said the young sailor, "I was thinking to-day about a man that I met with in Australia; and I was wondering how he is getting on. But I will tell you what I know about him.

"One morning, when we were in port, I was taking a stroll by the water side, when I met with a respectable-looking man, who was wandering listlessly along, with his hands in his pockets, looking the very picture of despair. I bid him good morning. When he raised his head, and returned the compliment, I said:—

"'You are an Englishman, I see. Will you join me in my walk, and then we can have a chat about the old country.'

"'Willingly,' he replied, 'for I am in great trouble; and if you will kindly listen to my tale of woe, it may perhaps relieve my mind.'

"'Most willingly,' said I; and as we walked slowly on together, he began:—

"'I am a married man, and the father of two children. At the commencement of my married life, I was in business in a market town in the midland counties of England. I tried hard to succeed in life, but everything seemed to go against me. At last I was obliged to give up all I possessed for the benefit of my creditors, and, with my wife and children, went to reside for a short time with a near relation of hers. Then it was that he kindly proposed to advance me a sum of money to emigrate with, also a few pounds for our immediate wants on arriving at our destination. We landed in Sydney four months ago; and all my time since then has been spent in trying to find suitable employment, but in vain. Grim want is now staring us in the face; and when I came out here this morning, I had wicked thoughts in my head, for I fancied that it would be better for me to throw myself into the sea than to see my wife and little ones wasting away for want of proper food. Your speaking to me so kindly recalled me to myself again, and I see that it would be cowardly of me to leave my dear wife and them to struggle alone.' And, speaking in a loud tone, he said:—'If I could only meet with a good Freemason who would give me employment, he should never have cause to regret having trusted a poor needy brother.'

"These words were evidently overheard by a gentleman, who was passing at the time, for all at once, by means of some secret sign which I then wot not of, the two were soon brought together, and shaking hands. I walked slowly on, and in a short time my late companion ran after me, to bid me good morning; for he said that he had found a brother Mason through his conversation with me, and he hoped that we might meet again.

"About a fortnight afterwards, just when we were about to sail for England, I was going along a busy street, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and turning round, I saw my late companion of the sea-shore. But what a change that short time had made! A pleasant smile was on his face; and, taking me warmly by the hand, he said:—

"'I am so glad that I have met you! I wanted so much to tell you about my good fortune. The gentleman who overheard part of my conversation with you, has taken me into his office as clerk, and has put me and mine into a nice little cottage; and I hope, by God's help, to make headway in the world yet. I shall never forget you. But for your kindly word, I shudder to think what might have happened. Think of me sometimes when you are in the dear old country; and now, Good-bye, and God bless you! Here is my name and address. I should at any time be glad to hear from you, or of you. You see, my friend, what I owe to the *Mystic Tie*. All true Masons are indeed Brothers!'

"I pondered much on his words, and determined on my return to England, to try to gain an entrance into the Craft. I succeeded; and now, I am proud to say, I also am a Freemason."

"Weel deean, Fred!" said the old farmer. "Ah like te hear tha tawk. Bud cum on wi' me, lad. Ah want tha te see a yung hoss 'at Ah've bowt. It wad mak a rare hunter. Ah wish thoo wad stop at yam, mun, an' gan' efter t' hounds sumtahms, asteead o' gahin' sailin' on t' sea."

So saying, the two went out together.

"Mary," said Rose, "the moon has risen; don't you think we had better go and hail it now?"

"Stop a bit, honeys!" said the old lady. "Ah mun gan' an' finnd ya a silk hankutcher

at Ah hev put by 'at 'z nivver been wesht. A hankutcher 'at 'z been wesht weea n't deea. This yan 'z been kept a vast o' years fer t' job. Mah mudher hailt it thruff 't; an' Ah hailt it thruff 't, an' monny mair 'z deean t' seeam,—skooars o' lasses, Ah may weel say."

Bustling off, Mrs. Fernbrake soon returned with an old-fashioned silk handkerchief wrapped carefully up in paper, evidently a family heirloom.

"But, Mrs. Fernbrake!" said Rose, "you will have to teach us what to say."

"Ay, that Ah will!" she replied. "Yoo mun beeath lissen te me. Whahl you're hoddin' t' hankutcher atween yer feeaces an' t' meean, ya mun say:—

> "'New moon! new Moon! I hail thee!
> Hoping this night my true love to see;
> Not in his best or his worst array,
> But in the clothes he wears every day!
> Grant that to-morrow I may him ken
> From among all other men.'"

"Oh, I am sure we can think of that!" said Mary. "Come along Rose! let us be off." And putting on their hats, and warm shawls about their shoulders, they went out.

Mrs. Fernbrake followed them to the door, to make three curtseys to the new moon, that she "mud git a presint," she said, "bud it did n't deea te hev glass atween yoo an' t'meean when ya did seea."

After the girls had been absent a short time, Rose returned to the house without Mary, and told Mrs. Fernbrake that Fred and her had gone for a moonlight walk.

"Whyah," said the old lady, "Ah can't say mitch ageean that, thoo knaws, Rooas, fer her fayther an' me had monny a yan tegidder; an' it diz n't deea te fergit 'at yan 'z been yung yansels. Bud how monny meeans did ya see, Rooas?"

"Well, Mary says she only saw one; but I fancied I saw two or three, but I can't say which."

"That 'z just like oor Mary!" exclaimed Mrs. Fernbrake. "Ah deea n't believe 'at sheea wad say ther waz onny mair deea what yan wad; sheea 'z seea varry hard o' believin' aboot owt o' that sooart. Ah howp thoo iz n't like her. Sheea diz n't believe i' ghosts, an' sheea sez 'at nut monny fooak diz noo. Ther waz sumbody sayin' yah day 'at t' railrooads had freetent all t' ghosts away. An' Ah seer Ah think 'at it wad be a gud job if tha cud invent owt te freeten t' bad men an' wimmen away, fer tha deea a vast mair harm ner ivver t' ghosts did,—fer tha meeastly cam te get things reeted, bud bad fooaks nobbut cum te put things wrang."

"You are quite right in that, Mrs. Fernbrake!" said Rose. "Wicked people do a very great deal of harm in the world; but we must try to teach them to do better, not only by talking to them, but by setting them a good example in our own lives. But did you ever see a ghost, Mrs. Fernbrake?"

"Nay, honey!" she replied, "Ah nivver did see yan; bud Ah believe iv 'em fer all that. Whyah oor Mary weean't believe 'at if a dog yowls i' t' frunt ov a hoose 'at it 'z a sahn o' deeath! An' yah neet, when Ah browt her te t' deer te hear t' Gabriel Ratchets, sheea wanted te mak ma believe 'at it wor nowt neea mair ner a lot o' sea-bods fleein' owwer an' squeeakin' oot. Bud Ah ken better ner that; Ah've heer't 'em owwer offens i' me tahm, cryin' oot aboon fowksiz hooses,—an' it hez n't been lang afooar sum o' ther frinnds hez deed. Bud here cums oor maister. We'll say neea mair aboot it now, fer oor Mary 'z meead him rayder hard o' believin' i' sike like things o' leeat."

The old farmer entered the room, and seating himself in his easy chair, began smoking his pipe, asking, as he did so, what had got Fred and Mary.

"Whyah," said his wife "thay've geean te hev a moonleet walk, seeam az Ah've knawn udder fooaks deea afooar 'em; bud Ah think ther just comin' in, fer Ah heer'd t' fawd yat clap teea a bit sen."

And she was right, for a few moments after the two entered the room, with smiling faces.

On condition that Mary would delay their marriage no longer than the following Christmas, Fred had promised to relinquish his sea-faring life, and settle down at home. And now he stated the case to Mr. and Mrs. Fernbrake, and asked their consent to this

arrangement. This was at once given; and poor Rose was quite overcome with joy, and went and kissed Mary, and said how pleased she would be to have her for a sister, and how delighted her father and mother would be when they heard the welcome news. Old Mr. Fernbrake gave two or three extra puffs from his pipe, and then said:—

"Ah'll tell ya what Ah mean te deea te-mooan. Ah'll gan' tit toon an' see t' beelder aboot a new hoos. Ther's a grand spot fer yan at 't top-end ov oor wotchet; an' we 'll beeld a hoose fer me an' t' wife te liv in; an' yoo tweea sal hev oors."

But here he was stopped by his wife saying:—

"Nut seea fast, John—nut seea fast, me lad! Ah iz n't gahin' te leeave *this hoos fer* onnyboddy. T' chaimer Ah waz booan in, Ah mean te dee in. Bud thoo can beeld yan theer fer them if thoo likes, fer Ah wad n't like mah lass te leeave ma varry far."

"All reet, wife!" said John. "It sal just be az thoo hez a mahnd. An' mebby it 'll be better, fer then tha can plan 't an' fonnish 't just az tha pleeaz. Think on, Fred, 'at thoo 'z here betahmz i' t' mooanin' te gan' wi' ma, fer thoo nobbut hez fowwer days noo afooar tha hez te leeave uz ageean. Bud Ah iz fain te think it 'z te be the last voyage. Ah'll keep t' yung hoss, an' thoo sal rahd him efter t' hounds next winter, if all be weel."

Fred promised them to be there in good time, next morning, and Rose being ready for going home, the two went on their way together.

* * * * * * * * *

Spring came round, and the new house was commenced, and all went well at the farm; no worse luck having happened to Mrs. Fernbrake than the dairy door being left open, and the cat getting in and taking the cream off three large bowls of milk,—which she attributed to the mistake made on New Year's morning. During the summer, however, a valuable cow died; and this, to the old lady, was "confirmation strong as proof from Holy Writ" of the bad luck she had anticipated; and no one could persuade her any other than that it was all because a female had been the first to enter her house on New Year's Day.

Two or three letters had arrived from Fred. The ship had got safely to its destination, and was expected to reach England again in October. The house was nearly completed, and Mary was as happy as the day was long. In September, however, gloomy tidings reached them. The ship had sailed on her return voyage at the appointed time, but was missing, she having never been heard of since she left the foreign port.

Mary was quite overcome with grief, as were also Fred's parents and sister. Old Mrs. Fernbrake did her best to try to comfort them all. "What waz t' use," she said, "ov 'em meetin' trubbels hawf way! What t' ship wad toun up all reet, sheea had na doot, an' tha mud all howp fer t' best." But when she got amongst her servants in the kitchen, she would shake her head, and say:—

"Ah telt yah all hoo it wad be!—nowt bud bad luck fer uz all t' year, just thruff Rooas cumin' in t' fost."

After a time came more news. The ship had put into a foreign port, very much disabled, having experienced a severe storm. Several of the crew had got into the long boat, for they were all about to leave the ship, but suddenly the rope gave way, and they were at once parted from it; and the storm having somewhat abated, they that were left had managed, with some difficulty, to carry the vessel into port. But they had not seen or heard of the boat since it parted from them. A list of names of those of the crew who were missing was given, and Fred's was amongst the number.

This was another heavy blow. Poor Mary wandered about in a listless manner, without heart for anything. She could not bear to look at the new house, and wished many times that it had never been built, as it would only serve to remind her of what might have been.

A week or two after the last tidings, Mrs. Fernbrake received a letter, informing her that an old aunt, whom she had not seen for thirty years, and who resided in a distant part of the country, was dead, and had left her a legacy of two thousand pounds, clear of legacy duty. This was quite unexpected; and, as she had never known much about the old lady, brought more joy than sorrow to her.

"Noo, Mary!" said Mrs. Fernbrake, "thoo mun cheer up, mah lass! Fred 'll cum back, an' that thoo 'll see; an' thoo sal hev hawf o' me legacy te fonnish the hoose wiv. Ah've getten a gud letter, an' thoo'll be hevin' yan afooar lang. Willy mun yoke up, an' thoo an' me 'll gan' tit toon an' buy a bit o' black te weear fer t' awd woman; an' t' next tahm we gan' it 'll be te buy weddin'-drisses."

Poor Mary shook her head, but could not speak. But she got ready, and went with her mother,—thinking that *her* black might have to be worn for another, as well as for her great aunt.

Old Mr. Fernbrake kept all going on about the new building as usual; for he said that he had a presentiment that all would be well at last. He was one of those happy, hopeful men, who see a "silver lining" to every cloud.

Mary had gone one morning to spend the day with Rose and Fred's parents, for when she was there she could freely indulge in her grief, they being as much cast down as herself. She had not been gone more than an hour, when the postman arrived with a letter for her from abroad, which they at once saw from the address was in Fred's handwriting. Her father threw up his hat, and at once began cheering lustily, as soon as he saw who it was from.

"Ah mun be off efter her!" he said. "T' rooases 'il cum back te mah poor bairn's feeace ageean now!"

He soon crossed the fields to Mr. Campion's house, and went in whistling, "When Johnny comes marching home."

Mary looked up, and smiling through her tears, asked:—

"Father, what is it that makes you so gay?"

"Will tha gi'e ma a kiss fer a letter?" he replied; "an' a reet letter an' all!" at the same time drawing it from his pocket.

Mary seized it hastily from him, and giving him the kiss, dropped down on her seat, and fainted, causing great alarm to her father.

After a short time, however, she recovered, and was able to read her letter.

It stated that they had experienced a severe storm, and on himself and some others of the crew taking to the boat, they had been accidentally cast adritt; and, after spending a day and a night on the open sea, without provisions, they had been providentially picked up by a vessel bound for the port which they had left a short time before. There they had been safely landed; and he had secured a passage in a ship to return home. The letter he would send by the mail just about to leave for England; and would Mary kindly read it to his father and mother and sister, as he had not time to write another letter before the mail sailed. But all being well, he said, they hoped to reach England about the middle of November, and then good-bye to the sea for ever!

The joy in Mr. Campion's house was unbounded; and the welcome news spread rapidly in their quiet neighbourhood.

Mary and her father returned home, and were met on the threshold by her mother, who after affectionately kissing her dear daughter, said:—

"Did n't Ah tell tha all wad cum reet i' t' end? Now, cheer up, me lass! Ah'll be bun fot thoo hez gud news i' the letter."

The letter was once more read over, and the old lady was delighted to hear that Fred was likely to be back again so soon.

"We mun push on noo," said she "an' git all riddy fo' t' weddin'."

All was now bustle about the house. Mary began to sing again as she went about; and unlimited orders were given to the upholsterer about fitting up the new house, which had been finished building some time. Nothing now was wanting but the arrival of Fred. And this event took place in due course; the meeting being highly satisfactory on all sides. Rose was tripping daily from one house to the other, and wedding dresse were in preparation.

During one of the milliner's visits to receive instructions for the dress for Mary to be married in, Mrs Fernbrake asked if her daughter was going to try it on before she put it on to be wed in?—"fer if shee diz, honey," said she, addressing the mantua-maker, "ya

mun leeave a few stitches te be put in efter,—fer it 'z varry unlucky te put on a gown 'at yer gahin' te be wed in efter it 'z decan, tell ya're mackin' riddy fer t' chetch."

The young woman told her that she often received similar instructions from her customers, and that she invariably followed that practise, because she believed in it herself.

"Thoo 'z a sensible lass," said the old lady; "Ah ain't met wi' yan like tha fer a gud bit. Neeaboddy else sal deea mah wark, Ah can tell thoo. Thoo 'z be mah manteymakker tell yan on uz dees,—an' neeaboddy can say which ov uz may be teean fost."

After the young woman was gone, Mary said:—

"What nonsense it is, dear mother, about trying on the dress! It is just as bad as you making yourself uneasy about poor Rose being the 'lucky bird.' And I am sure that we have had more good luck than bad this year, take it all through. Now don't you think so?"

"Whyah," replied her mother, "Ah deean't think 'at ther waz mitch gud luck i' poor Fred being at sea a day an' a neet iv an oppen booat; nor iv oor best coo deein': ner i' t' cat gettin' all that creeam, thoo knaws."

"But still mother," said Mary, "look at all the good luck that we have had to set off against this bad! Fred was mercifully saved, and has been restored to us in good health. Then if the cow died, you had a legacy left that surely would have compensated you for the loss of many cows. As for the cat stealing the cream, it is not worth mentioning. Now you know very well that we lost more stock last year, when we had a man for our 'first foot,' or 'lucky bird,' than we have done this."

"Ah deaa n't wunder 'at tha perswadin' Fred te stop at yam," said her mother, "fer thoo can git owwer owt, thoo hez sike a nice way o' tawkin.' Mebby thoo may be reet this tahm tak' 't all thruff: we may hev had mair prahzes ner blonks this year; bud Rooas cummin' in fost diz n't count fer t' prahzes; she nobbut counts fer t' blonks. Howsumivver we weea n't try 't on onny mair iv mah tahm, fer Ah sal tak all t' deeher kyghs wi' ma up stairs owwer neet next Newry Eve, if Ah be spared az lang,—an' then Ah'll see wheeah cums in t' fost."

It only remains to be stated, that the wedding took place on the Christmas-day following, and that great rejoicings were held at the farm; the poor people all round the neighbourhood being feasted to their hearts content with an unlimited supply of roast beef and plum-pudding. And many were the good wishes that followed the happy pair on their wedding tour; and long and loud were the cheers that were given for them—and for Mr. and Mrs. Fernbrake—and for Mr. and Mrs. Campion—and also for dear little Rose, Mrs. Fernbrake's "lucky bird."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

CONTRIBUTED TO THE "MASONIC MAGAZINE" BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

Oh, all ye green things of the earth, bless ye the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

Oh all ye green things of the earth,
Praise ye the Lord, they sung,
And out into the distant woods
The echoing voices rung,
On came the sound-wave like a river
Praise, magnify the Lord for ever.

Loud roared the wind that Christmas eve
In gorgeous coloured flame,
Flashing across the stormy sky
The rainbow went and came.
Oh! glittering drops, oh! storm-cloud weather
Praise, magnify the Lord for ever.

Loud roared the wind, but louder yet
The Church's joyous strain,
The forest clapped its thousand hands
In answer back again,
Now from the branch our fair boughs sever,
We come to praise our God for ever.

The stately cedar bent its head,
Fir tree, and box, and pine,
Mingled their boughs with ivy spray,
And laurel's glittering shine,
And oh! more loved than all beside
Holly of green and scarlet pride.

Shake off the icicles and snow,
Bind we the boughs together,
Once safe within the quiet porch
Who cares how wild the weather,
Hail storms without and tempest din,
All holy calm and peace within.

Oh! pillars white, oh! windows bright,
Oh! marble paved floor,
Altar! where saints and angels meet
With mortals to adore,
Oh aisles by many a pilgrim trod,
Now in the city of his God.

Oh loved abode, how fair thou art,
But when our task is done,
When wreaths and cross and coronal
Welcome to morrow's sun,
Shall it not be more fair to meet
The coming of his blessed feet.

For the King cometh, shouts of joy
Circle creation round,
Up to the very heavens they reach
And angels catch the sound,
Till earth and heaven combine to raise
One loud grand thunder-clap of praise.

FRANCES EMRA.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

VI. DECEMBER.

"The Autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying;
Old age begin sighing.

The year's in the wane,
There is nothing adorning,
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;
Cold winter gives warning."

'TIS the season for gloomy days and gloomier nights, at least out of doors; for within, to our thinking, there is no time so bright and cheerful as the winter-night. The time when with curtains close drawn, a bright fire sparkling in the grate, and the room filled with the bright but subdued lamplight, we give ourselves up to an evening's quiet enjoyment. The vigorous bustle of the busy mart by day is good for us because it is the period of work—of creation; the intense quiet of the Summer evening's solitary walk is good for us because it is the season of rest—of recreation, nay better, because it is the time of communing with our own souls, affording us an opportunity of increased usefulness in the future; but best and happiest time of all, humanly speaking, is that evening hour spent in the quietude of our home circle, when our entire family is gathered round us for social reunion and affectionate intercourse after the labours of the day are ended.

"O winter . . . . . .
. . . . . .
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know."

Whilst then we have an equivalent for what seems to be a loss sustained, we have no right to grumble, but rather to be glad when our deprivation brings us such compensation as this; nay indeed, have we not cause to be very thankful that our winter is but a pleasant change of season in a country which is a mean between those torrid lands where a period of delightful coolness is never known, and those other climes where no sun rises and no day dawns for many long weeks at a time. By our own bright hearths then we have reason to be very thankful when we remember those

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er they are,
That bide the pelting of the pitiless storm!
How shall their houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Their loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend them,
From seasons such as these?"

Should we not, instead of grumbling, think of and put in action a 'Brother's' touching words?—

"Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!"

* * * * * * *

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

The sufferer and the season are alike ready to our hand, let us seize the opportunity feeling that—

——"deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all His works abroad,
The heart, benevolent and kind,
The most resembles God."

Perhaps, however, we are flower-lovers, and, like Hood, we are not fond of that in-doors makeshift, the so-called winter nosegay—

"Oh, wither'd Winter blossoms,
Dowager-flowers,—the December vanity.
In antiquated visages and bosoms,—
What are ye plann'd for
Unless to stand for
Emblems, and peevish morals of humanity?

* * * * * * *

Away! dull weeds,
Born without beneficial use or needs!
Fit only to deck our winding-sheets:
And then not for the milkmaid's funeral bloom,
Or fair Fidele's tomb—
To tantalise,—vile cheats!
Some prodigal bee, with hopes of after-sweets,
Frigid and rigid.
As if ye never knew
One drop of dew.

Or the warm sun resplendent;
Indifferent of culture and of care,
Giving no sweets back to the fostering air,
Churlishly independent—
I hate ye of all breeds!
Yea, all that live so selfishly—to self,
And not by interchange of kindly deeds—
Hence!—from my shelf!"

Well, we need not remain to grumble even at these, for if we wander out of doors, we shall soon find a few flowers if not as yet

"Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloudfolds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow."

And even then we may wait patiently for some day of sunshine to dissolve Winter's snowy pall, and we shall presently be able to gather our Winter-garland.

The first we chance to find is a very humble little plant, so much so, indeed, that we may perhaps think it beneath our notice, we mean the Groundsell, which our feathered favourites know better than to despise. Its bright green succulent leaves and faintly yellow flowers and white seed-tufts hardly need description. Another plant beloved of birds is the tiny, white-flowered Chickweed. Another favourite with them, which, too, flowers throughout the entire year is the Shepherd's Purse. This little plant is perfectly

irrepressible, growing not only in meadows and hedgerows, cultivated fields and waste-places alike, but even pushing its hardy way through the chinks of the pavement in the bustling town. So troublesome is it, with its innumerable seed-pods, that the farmer has bestowed upon it the name of Pick-pocket. The leaves possess but little flavour, but they are sometimes boiled and eaten, and, in Philadelphia, its young foliage is commonly sold in the markets for salad. Although now-a-days we recognize in it no healing virtues, yet our ancestors' name for it of 'Poor Man's Parmecetic' shows that they thought differently. Worthy George Herbert, in recommending to the "Country Parson" a knowledge of 'simples' "wherein," he says "the manifold wisdom of God is wonderfully to be seen," and adding, "one thing is to be carefully observed, which is to know what herbs may be used instead of drugs of the same nature, so as to make the garden the shop; for home-bred medicines are both more easy for the parson's purse, and more familiar for all men's bodies," proceeds to enlighten his readers on the various medical virtues of Damask and White Roses, Plaintain and Knot-grass, and Shepherd's Purse. Lightfoot speaks of it as "an external and internal application for man and beast." However these really simple plants attained such a reputation is a mystery past comprehension, until we remember the intimate connexion between mind and body, and take into account in the process of healing, the great factor, 'Faith.' Probably, too, our ancestor's ailments might be divided into two broad classes, those which carried them off, and those from which they recovered equally well either with their 'simples' or without.

Another friend that is with us everywhere, and all through the year alike is the Daisy. Humble the little flower may be, but it has ever been the prime favourite of the poet's heart, from Chaucer down to Wordsworth, nor is the admiration of it confined to our share of Britain, nor even to Britain itself, for wherever it is seen, its modest beauties are appreciated; thus amongst our favourite's pretty names are the Italian *Pratolina*—Meadow Flower; and *Fiore de Primavera*—Flower of Spring; Dan Chaucer's pet 'Day's Eye' is still known to our French neighbours as *La Petite Marguerite*, nearly the same name as that of his own day:—

"Of whose invencion lovirs maie be glade,
For thei . . . . . .
. . . . . .
Owe to worship the lustie floures alwaie,
And in speciall one called se of the daie,
The daisie, a flowir white and rede,
And in Frenche callid *La bel Margarete:*
O commendable floure, and moste in minde!
O floure and gracious of excellence!
O amiable Marga'rite! of natife kind"——

In the poetry of our own day there is the same tribute of affection, witness what Wordsworth, one of Nature's best and truest interpreters, has said:—

"When soothed awhile by milder airs
Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly shades his few gray hairs;
Spring cannot shun thee;
Whole summer fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

* * * * * * *

Nor car'st if thou be set at naught:
And of alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

* * * * * * *

Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The poet's darling."

'Over the Border,' the Daisy is equally precious, for our 'Brother' Burns, turning one down with his plough, thus touchingly moralises:—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

* * * * * * *

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

* * * * * * *

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To misery's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!"

But it is not always thus sorrowfully that the Daisy speaks, for does it not often seem to recall

——"Some brief delight,
Some memory that had taken flight,
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right,
Or stray invention?"

From the fact of its affording our little ones such delight, our tiny favourite is called in the North 'Bairnwort,' and often in distant lands, naturalised in Madeira, or tended in a flower-pot in India, it brings back to the wanderer many a thought of his far-off home and his childhood's days. Backhouse says of Australia: "Many little flowers begin to enamel the ground, one of which is too much like an English daisy not to excite pleasing recollections associated with that little flower." Leyden wrote of his "longings" whilst in India, "to look on the Daisy-flower." Pringle, dreaming of his home, whilst in the burning desert of Africa, saw the meadows "gemmed with the Primrose and Gowan." Gardner, the botanist, thus wrote in the interior of Brazil:—

——"I ask where the Violet and Daisy grow,
But a breeze-born voice, in whisperings low,
Swept from the North o'er Southern seas,
Tells me I'm far from the land of these."

Cattle do not like the Daisy amongst their pastures, nor will even Geese touch it, if we except certain human specimens that have been said to boil and eat its acrid leaves. In former times it was considered a valuable poultice for freshly made wounds.

At present we have only white, yellow, and pink in our posy, but here is a red flower just to hand, the Red Dead Nettle. This ubiquitous plant is one of a very numerous family, including our useful herbs the Sages and the Mints; these relatives are as pleasantly aromatic as they are useful, but the Dead Nettle, which can be put to but little, if any, use, possesses an odour the reverse of agreeable; like a good many other plants, it has been used both as a food, and as a medicine: we should imagine that it answers either purpose equally well. All the plants of this family have square stems with opposite leaves, and two-lipped blossoms which are usually red, purple, or lilac.

Our bouquet still wants leaves, and there are none so graceful as those afforded by the Ferns; of these beautiful plants, if the situation be a favourable one, we shall be sure to find at least one, the *Hart's-tongue*. The waving and spreading fronds of this handsome, although somewhat common kind, is too well known to need description. The addition of a few berries will be no unwelcome addition, so let us look for the little black clusters of the Privet. These berries will dye silks or woollens a beautiful and durable green; the leaves yield a rose-coloured dye, similar to that with which Oriental beauties stain their nails, whence its Portuguese name of *Al Hena*. The shrub itself is a great favourite, from its small roots and close growth, as a garden hedge.

Speaking of hedge-row shrubs brings us to our Christmas friend, the Holly, which makes a capital hedge; there was one 400 feet long, 9 feet high, and 5 feet thick, at Saye's Court, the residence of John Evelyn, who much deplored its demolition by the destructive Czar Peter. One peculiarity of its growth, has been beautifully described by Southey :—

"O Reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

* * * * * * *

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

* * * * * * *

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng—
So would I seem among the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree."

In France the young shoots form winter food for sheep and deer, whilst the stems are much used for driving-whips; the wood is beautifully white, and is employed as a groundwork for painted ornaments, such as screens. The berries afford food to the birds, but the treacherous bark supplies to their enemy the bird-catcher the fatal bird-lime

The Holly is a plant everywhere venerated;—the followers of Zoroaster believe that the sun never shadows it; whilst the Parsees are said to throw water, in which it has been steeped, in the face of new-born children. The Christian use of it for Christmas decoration, is said to have its origin in the tradition that Holly formed the Redeemer's crown of Thorns.

Other shrubs used for decoration are the Laurel and the Bay, the latter sometimes mixed with Rosemary, as mentioned by Ovid in his beautiful description of the far-famed Hymettus :—

"Near, where his purple head Hymettus shews,
And flow'ring hills, a sacred fountain flows,
With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'ershade,
There, Rosemary and Bay their odours join,
And with the fragrant Myrtle's scent combine.
There, Tamarisks with thick-leav'd Box are found,
And Cytisus, and Garden-Pines abound.
While thro' the boughs, soft winds of Zephyr pass,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of Grass."

A curious property in the growth of the Bay, (worth quoting in its entirety, for the lesson it conveys, did space permit,) is noted by Eliza Cook :—

> "The Bay-Tree is a bonny tree, but never is it known
> To flourish in the richest soil that holds the Bay alone."

The Box is another shrub that lends its aid to Christmas adornment :—

> "——— Box, like a tough-liv'd annuitant,—
> Verdant alway,—
> From quarter-day even to quarter-day."

Although this pretty evergreen grows in profusion at Box-hill, near Dorking in Surrey, it rarely attains a sufficient size te be of much practical value; the blocks used in wood-engraving, being mostly cut from wood that comes from Turkey.

The Evergreen Pine and the Fir, both majestic additions to the landscape in their native wilds, are pressed into the service at Christmas-time. Their solid worth as timber trees is too well recognized to be dwelt upon here. The Larch, though very beautiful in spring with its pea-green leaves and pink tasselled flower-spikes, soon grows dingy and bare, and is useless except as an outdoor ornament, where its cones dotted over its slender bare branches, give it a very graceful appearance.

The Yew seems made for Church-decoration, so closely is it linked to the Churchyard. Fitting place for it :—

> "Cheerless, unsocial plant, that loves to dwell
> Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and tombs."

There are many fine specimens of this tree in various parts of the country—on the banks of the Wye, at Buckland near Dover, at Fisbury in Dorsetshire; at Staines is one of a thousand years old, and at Fortingal, in Perthshire, one that used to measure upwards of fifty-six feet in circumference. The leaves of the Yew are poisonous, not so its waxen berries, which are much relished by children. With the bow, as a weapon of offence, the glory of the Yew has well-nigh departed; appropriately, therefore, does it take up its abode in the corner of the old Churchyard,

Of all plants for adornment commend to us the Ivy, for it is a decoration ready-made, and a decoration, moreover, far more beautiful than any art can form; what more graceful than a simple Ivy-spray negligently trailing over column or window, moulding or architrave? As an ornament of the person, poets have from very early ages sung the praises of the plant—the very crown of the singer being one of its wreaths; so too was the Bacchanalian garland, Ivy being credited with the property of preventing intoxication. Thus we find Theocritus, Virgil, and Ovid versifying its merits, whilst nearer our own time, Shakspeare makes "the Passionate Pilgrim" offer to his mistress—

> "A belt of straw and Ivy buds,
> With coral clasps and amber studs."

Of the value of the Ivy in the economy of nature, hardly enough can be said, nor of the vital importance it is to the feathered world: when other shrubs are leafless and bare, the Ivy bush affords those of our songsters a shelter who are making early arrangements for house-keeping, or rather house-building. The flowers coming late in the Autumn, present a supply of food to innumerable insects; whilst its berries, which no frost can touch, are just ready for bird-consumption, when every other species of hedge fruit is exhausted.

The growth of the Ivy, by which we mean shape and size of leaf and the like, is as various as are the different modes of growth it adopts,—one beautiful kind is found mantling the low stones of Mendip, making them, when well-nigh every other leaf than its own is falling dead and discoloured, a very picture of gorgeous colours, from pink, through crimson, to purple, and from primrose-yellow, through every shade of orange, to deepest richest brown and almost black. Another pretty sort is that which twines along the hedgerow-bottom, deluding the children with the idea that spring has come. Clare thus sings of it :—

——"Oft in pleasure's dreams they lie
Round homestead by the village side,
Scratching the hedgerow masses by,
Where painted pooty shells abide;
Mistaking oft the Ivy spray
For leaves that come with budding spring,
And wondering, in their search for play,
Why birds delay to build and sing."

Talking of growth conjures up in one's mind the fine old ruin, the venerable relic of the past, clad in its verdant Ivy-garb, which instead of—

——"feeding on ruins old,"

serves to bind the crumbling mass together and preserve it. Round dwelling-houses, too, it is a preservative from damp, adding the warmth as well as the dryness of our houses.

Ivy is frequently called a parasite; but this is incorrect. Its branches, it is true, need some support, be it rock or be it tree-trunk; but, inasmuch as they independently derive their sustenance from their own root and not from the living tree that may chance to form that support, the plant cannot be considered parasitic. That it may do injury, sometimes, by strangling the growth of the young tree, round which it has climbed, by its cable-like embrace, we can understand,—nevertheless, "take it for all in all," we cannot but re-echo the beautiful pleading of Calder Campbell in its behalf:—

"Oh falsely they accuse me,
Who say I seek to check
The growing saplings flourishing;—
I better love to deck
The dead or dying branches
With all my living leaves.
'Tis for the old and withered tree,
The Ivy garlands weaves."

Although the Ivy is no parasite, the last on our list, the Mistletoe is, and that the only one indigenous to this country.

Back, far back into the ages of the past, does this plant carry our thoughts; back to the days when the Druids held sway in the land, and when they lopped the sacred branch with the knife of gold; sacred, because it was the emblem to them of "The Branch," which, "taking root upward," even in the first prophecy and promise of The Father to fallen man, "grew downward" through countless generations till it was manifest in the fulfilment of the prophetic promise—the Son.

The Mistletoe has one modern use, whether valuable or not we leave to our Fair Young Readers to determine, as well as the question, which we need not perhaps put—for we should not get an answer if we did—as to whether to the desired result the presence of the plant is an absolute necessity. These things are "secrets" of the "Craft," to which our Fair Maidens pay allegiance, and it is not for us to seek to solve their "mysteries," for—

——"nobody knows, nor ever *shall* know.
What is done under the Mistletoe!"

Our list of "Greenery" is, we think, complete, and long be the day ere "Merrie Englande" cease to put up in church and hall, castle and cottage, those symbols of His coming, who brought—

"Peace on Earth, Goodwill 'mongst men!"

Long be it ere has died out the race with whom there is—

——"a good old fashion when Christmas is come,
To call in all their old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room"—

—long before true English hearts forget to extend, to every brother rich and poor, alike, the rites of good old English hospitality! Long indeed may the time be, if ever that Clare's lament shall be entirely true:—

Old customs, oh, I love the sound,
However simple they may be!
Whate'er with time hath sanction found,
Is welcome and is dear to me:
Pride grows above simplicity,
And spurns them from her haughty mind;
And soon the poet's song will be
The only refuge they can find."

And now a word for our insect favourites, of which we may still find a few Brimstone Butterflies, besides those more daring Admirals, Peacocks, and Tortoiseshells, that a more genial and sunny noon than usual may tempt from their winter quarters; one or two Moths may also be seen, as the December, and the Chesnut, and the terribly destructive Winter-moth. Of the denizens of the air, there come to us this month, amongst others, the Pintail Duck, the Snow Bunting, and the Grosbeak or Hawfinch; whilst of the denizens of earth, that remarkable creature, the Mole, is most troublesomely active, running his burrows in every direction, and throwing up his hillocks wherever they are sure to be most unsightly and destructive to growing crops or the smoothly-shaven lawn. However, he has his own place of usefulness in Nature, and so we must pardon him for the numerous mischief-working grubs that he destroys.

And now the year is drawing to a close, and soon must we, true to human nature,—

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

God grant that another year may find us better, wiser, truer to Him and to each other aye, and to ourselves, than the past. Some winter time, however, both material and mental, must yet be undergone. Looking back, then, over the winters that have gone, let us be better prepared for the springs that are to come, cheering each other for the battle of life in the Poet's words:—

"Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part deem'd evil is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all."

FROM LISBON TO BELEM.

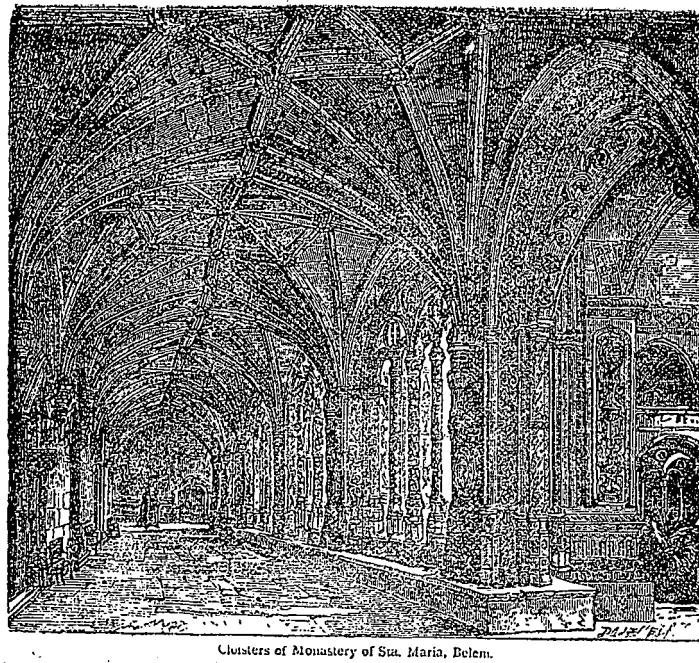
BY BRO. C. H. WYATT.

MAY 25th, 1871.

A FEW minutes' walk transferred us from the glaring, sun-burnt, stifling streets, to the deck of a Portuguese nigh-pressure steamboat, with saloons for'ard and aft, fitted neatly but not gaudily—admirably clean and well-ventilated. Still the air is stronger on deck; so taking camp-stools, we ensconce ourselves under the awning abaft, and lighting our "weeds" (who, in these days of flying telegrams and news, ever saw a "special" making a note of anything without his cigar), proceed to contemplate the passing scenery. On the right the whole city defiled before us, with its broad esplanade close to the water's edge, dotted every here and there with landing slips, for boats, on the one side, and bordered on the other by markets, hotels, and shops of all descriptions. Beyond these last rise endless rows of streets, one above the other, all engirdled at each story by verandahs —the monotony of the whole being relieved, now and again, by the parti-coloured mansion of some aristocrat surrounded by terraced gardens, whose slope towards the river adds much

to the beauty of the picture. From countless points rise domes and minarets of cathedrals, monasteries, schools, and other public buildings in never-ending variety. Further on and nearer the crest of the hill, away from the immediate "smoke and stir" of the city, stands in all the glories of unfinished (?) architecture, the winter palace of the King (the Ajuda). During the summer, his Majesty occupies the Alhambra of the old Moorish Kings of Lisbon, situated at Cintra, fifteen miles out.

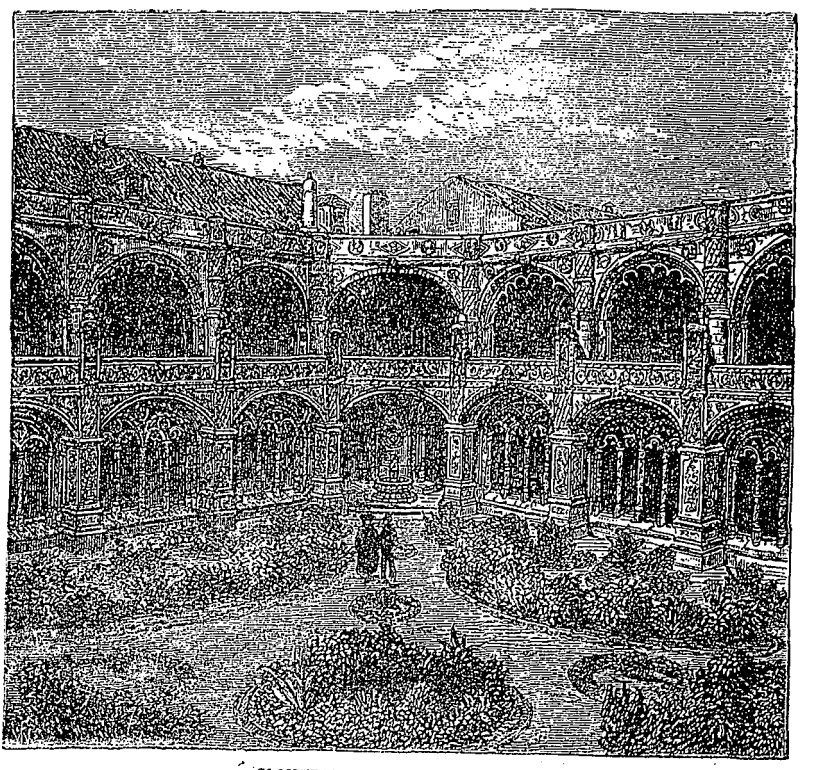
On our left hand we have a splendid view of the broad Tagus, dotted with large and small craft of various nations, conspicuous amongst which appear two English ironclads, a U.S. frigate and corvette, a large French trooper, and several mail boats, whilst far back rises the bold and rocky high ground of the opposite shore. But the steamer is already at the Belem-pier, and waiting for us to land. We first wend our way towards the Caza pia, or monastery and church of Santa Maria of Belem—a gem of Gothic-Moresque architecture, which has seen many vicissitudes since it sprang into existence in 1499, when it was founded by King Manoel the Fortunate, on the spot where Vasco de Gama embarked on his successful venture round the Cape of Good Hope. The singularly varied carvings are executed in a pale, brick-red limestone, and have, unfortunately, suffered a good deal from wind and rain; but the whole front is now undergoing a thorough renovation. The roomy cloisters



Cloisters of Monastery of Sta. Maria, Belem.

form a square, bordering a garden of the most brilliant and beautiful shrubs and flowers. From either side you gain entrance to the wings—that on the right leading into the chapel. The immense height of the vaulted arches, the heavily ornamented massive pillars, the narrow stained-glass windows, the old paintings of the Apostles and Saints of the early Church, the two enormous organs, one on each side of the chancel, their pipe sending in golden trumpets pointing upwards to the sky—the whole was so vast, so grand, that we became lost in the hallowed gloom of the aisles, and might have lingered on, amongst its ever-changing beauties, till our own individuality had departed, had not our guide suddenly, with a thoughtful consideration for his own wants temporal, if not for ours, broken our reverie by informing us that if we would visit the schools, we must hurry on before

the children came in for their mid-day meal. Accordingly, we proceeded through the cloister to the opposite side, and entered the Monastery of St. Jeronymo—so-called from its having been occupied formerly by monks of that order—now an orphan asylum where 500 boys and 350 girls are clothed, fed, and taught. We met them just marching out of school bare-legged and bare-headed, but their faces showed they were well cared for. In the dormitories we found thorough order and cleanliness; each bed was numbered, and, in appearance, much like small English-made iron ones, and the make-up was *home-like*, save in the matter of pillows (Portuguese ideas of those articles evidently being somewhat different to our own); these were perfectly round, like pancakes, but slightly thicker, with a frill or flounce—as ladies call it, I believe—of lace round the edge. But they looked charming on the snow-white sheets. Behind each bed was a ventilator, open during the day, and so easy to work that any child could open or shut it himself. So through the

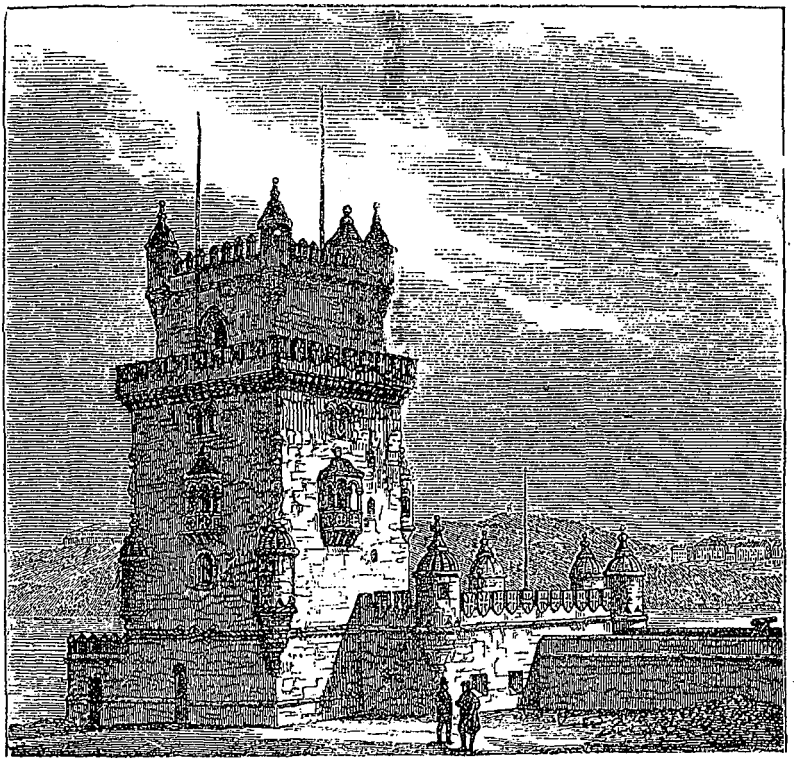


CLOISTERS OF BELEM MONASTERY.

corridors, and down a broad stone staircase, to the ground floor again, where we were led through the dining-hall, already laid for dinner. Everything was exquisitely neat, flowers bloomed in profusion at one end of the room, whilst festoons and flags adorned the walls. Through the whole length of the building ran two parallel rows of tables, on either side of which were small high-backed forms, showing that even amongst the Portuguese a rest for the back whilst sitting is not deemed superfluous for school children, as it is by many learned and honourable members of British School Boards. Ranged on each side of the tables, at equal distances, were tin cups on triangular folded white napkins. We next paid a visit to the gymnasium, an extensive piece of ground at the back, possessing all and every of the latest improvements made in that noble art. It was deserted and solitary, so we turned back once again to the cloisters, and out into the gardens, whose beauty I have before mentioned.

In the cool of the evening no doubt one might linger long and lovingly over such a spot; but now with an almost vertical sun pouring its rays down into the enclosed on-all-sides-space, it reminds us of an immense caldron, from which we are only too glad to flee. Before leaving the scene of our rambles, I may be allowed to quote Professor Sir Wyville Thompson's words regarding the sacred structure, regretting the want of that instinct which would lead me to know, at all times, and under all changes, a flint from a piece of granite.

"The stone is a light pink carboniferous limestone, almost a marble, with many fossils, and in some places the elegant forms of the imbedded shells have been reproduced by the sculptor, and the nautilus and the goniatite of the elder times, and arabesques and horns of plenty, and the chubby faces of Christian cherubs, blend in the creation of the old architect like truth and fiction in the dream of a poet."



BELEM CASTLE

Turning our backs on the glories of the historic pile, we wend our way towards the river-bank and the Castle of Belem, built in 1521. It is 150 feet high, and armed with 21 guns, 10 large (but not *large* according to the gun nomenclature of to-day) and 11 small, for saluting purposes. There are five stories above the lower bastion, approached by irregular winding staircases of 22, 15, 24, and 30 stone steps respectively, each flight ending in a cross-shaped room with stained-glass windows. No furniture—no adornments,—yet, withal, strangely grand and beautiful. But we cannot do justice to it! Why? We had seen the Cathedral first.

A PORTRAIT.

Ah! pleasant face that shinest
  Upon me sitting here:
Ah! memory divinest
  Of many a vanished year!
Thou whisperest soft-voiced
  To this poor heart of mine,
Which once of old rejoiced
  In that calm smile of thine!

Amid the toils and sorrows
  Of many weary days—
Amid the long to-morrows,
  And obloquy and praise—
That comely picture beameth
  Like a ray of light to me;
That gentle seeming seemeth
  The best of company!

Yes, in thy gracious bearing,
  And in thy goodly mien,
Thou now would'st e'en be sharing
  Those glad days which have been;
And still, as of old, believing,
  And full of trust and truth,
Thou art as undeceiving
  As in some glad days of youth!

Thy face is still as pleasant
  As when, in ancient hours,
We trusted in the present,
  And loitered in the bowers;
Thy eyes are full of light and love
  As when, in days gone by,
We little recked of the clouds above,
  Or yonder lowering sky.

Oh! dream which once was mine—
  A star amidst the gloom!—
I greet that laughing face of thine
  As it lightens up my room!
And though oft I turn with sighs away
  From darker hours now,
That radiant vision seems to stay—
  I gaze on that placid brow!

Once more thou beamest in thy grace—
  Once more I hear thee speak!
I watch the smile upon thy face,
  The dimple on thy cheek!
I speak to thee. Alas! no more
  An answer comes to me,
And that Portrait which I grieve before
  Is all I have of thee!

NEMO.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

Chapter VII.

"Vous trouvez une lettre à l'écriture fine,
Parlant à tout votre être une langue divine."
ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Fils.

HE must be a very unobservant, or a very apathetic individual to whom Rome presents no interest, and offers no occupation. For, as I observed in the last chapter, there is an atmosphere of intellectual sympathy and historical souvenir peculiar to Rome, which must have ever deep and abiding influences on the artistic, the educated, and the thoughtful. Hardly a street you traverse which has not a history, hardly a church you enter which has not a legend, hardly a spot you visit which has not an undying association.

"Travelling made easy" has robbed, no doubt, many shrines of earthly pilgrimage of their sentiment and their greatness, their marvels and their glory; and too many a voyager rushes to-day with Bâdëner, or Murray, or Hare, from point to point, from crumbling churches and decaying palaces, from this scene of beauty or that creation of grace, merely to say openly, or to convince others, "we have done Rome." I have met, for instance, with travellers, over and over again, who certainly did not travel for travelling's sake, who had no intelligence and less perception, to whom art was a mystery, architecture a riddle, intellect a shadow—sad, dull dogs, hopeless and helpless pilgrims, idle and profitless companions!

They cared more for breakfast and dinner, and Röederer and cognac, the cigars they smoked and the jewellery they wore, than for a masterpiece of Vandyke, or Titian, or "chef-d'œuvre" of Cuyp, or a sublime conception of Murillo!

What mattered to them that that church was a wondrous creation of skill and beauty? How did it affect them, that old Hôtel de Ville was full of historical souvenirs, or national greatness? To them, that ruined castle was only a ruined castle still; that, to us, marvellous amphitheatre, "something built by those old chaps the Romans or the Trojans."

What was a "fellah" to do in a town which was full of gabled houses, and old shops, and where the tobacco was doubtful, and the beer was bad?

Alas! alas! my masters, in this respect the schoolmaster may be abroad, but he has got a good deal to teach a good many people, whom you and I wot of well, kind reader, before they are really educated and cultivated.

Let me illustrate this with a little story. There is a famous hotel at Antwerp, called the St. Antoine, well known to all who have crossed in the Antwerp boat, or made that interesting town their "sejour," for a longer or shorter space. A young man, (quite different, of course, from most of our young men,) was asked what he had seen at Antwerp. "Well," he said, to the astonishment of his catechist, "I saw a very good-looking gal opposite my room, on the other side of the court-yard."

This, apparently, was his only recollection of Antwerp!

Paesiello, however, was not open to such a reproach!

To him Rome was like the opening of the graves of the past, the disentombing of long generations of buried beings!

He loved to recall its history and its fate, the march of Roman armies, the efforts of a wonderful organization. With his clear vision and student mind, he did not fail to see how Rome has affected the annals of nations, and the progress of mankind. How it has entered into, with its still surviving traditions, even from out of a decayed and

defunct empire, the whole course of civil, domestic, family, and public life in Europe!

How, in fact, as it were, out of its ashes, the fires of learning, of taste, of government, and of religion have mounted upwards, transfusing and transforming the savage barbarity of Gothic and Vandalic conquerors, with the gradually augmenting and reviving powers of Law, Liberty, and Refinement, religious emotion, and artistic civilization!

And in the meantime—amid the charms of a cultvated and elevated social circle, Paesiello's sympathies expanded, and his inner psychology developed. Rome taught him, if not "Civis Romanus sum," at any rate this most important truth, that there are world-wide links and interests which blend into one plan even here, and which none can forget, without danger to themselves, without becoming warped in opinion, or narrow in judgment. Though a great believer in Patriotism, I have over and over again realized what stout old Johnson meant, when he so dogmatically declared that it was "the refuge of a scoundrel." You and I, kindly patrons of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, have lived long enough to know how true it is that many a knave when all other trades fail him, when society expels him, or the moral sense of mankind remits him to Coventry, proclaims himself a suffering Patriot for conscience sake. The ancient and modern history of the world teems with the successes of the charlatan, the empiric, and the "Escroc," who, under the specious name of Patriotism, has preyed upon the resources of credulous friends, or the honest sympathies of a deluded people!

And so, though I always like the famous Lord Malmesbury's simple yet thorough motto—"ubique patriam reminisci,"—though I can still feel proud of the man when I am told of William Pitt's noble apothegm, "non sibi sed Patriæ,"—though I hope that, like all good loyal Englishmen, I am always ready to sing "Rule Britannia," and to say, "hats off; God save the Queen!" (and to make people take off their hats, too,) I yet feel strongly that the proposition of Patriotism has, and must have, some limitation.

We good, free "citizens of Bulldom," "male and female Bulls," as witty Lord Rokeby used to like to say, we have a national tradition, that there is nothing good out of England, nothing does well out of England, nothing is safe or sound but English laws, English customs, the English Constitution! Now for all these things I have, for one, the most ardent admiration. I believe in them fully, entirely, and I am always ready to break a lance with any one who doubts the fact, that we are a "wise and understanding people," and one, perhaps, of the greatest of nationalities which ever has existed, or ever will exist on earth, in the good Providence of God.

But then we sing this national pæan of ours sometimes a little too loudly in foreign ears. We do not make sufficient allowance for the "amour propre," or natural susceptibilities of other people. We forget that some other nations may like to think themselves very nearly as good as we are, and we do not realize the possibility that we and they may look at the same thing from a different point of the compass, that other peoples beside ourselves may in fact hold the same truth also as a matter of faith. Foreigners, therefore, often think us supercilious, intolerant, haughty, overbearing, impracticable, when, in fact, all this arises from an overpowering habit of Britannic self-laudation and self-esteem!

I for one, as you observe, do not affect to deny that we may have a good ground for all we advance and assert, and we are quite right in doing so, but where we err is, in my opinion, in expecting other nations to agree with us, and doubting their sense or propriety when they do not do so. And thus we have yet to learn, as Time runs on, bringing its mighty changes, levelling artificial distinctions, to become a little more truly "citizens of the world," to look beneath the level of foreign institutions and national distinctions, and to believe that there is something good, something of utility, something for the common weal in all alike, the most contrasted and the most differing.

But where am I going to?

I had meant to talk of love, and I have been discussing the dry and abstract proposition of Patriotism,—very different things,—and therefore I must leave for another chapter, what is so much more interesting, and certainly so much more sentimental!

Indeed, a young lady friend of mine,—artless and blushing as all our young ladies are,—says that she never could have supposed I would write so uninteresting a chapter. I accept the compliment while I deplore her disappointment.

But, after all, which is the best—Patriotism or Love? As a hopeless old bachelor, I think it safer, in these excitable times, to go in for Patriotism. A young "fellah" of my acquaintance remarks to me, "It 's not a question of love, just now with us, old boy, its only a question of 'Tin!'" Well, I hope my fair readers will not deem me very unsentimental.

But yet as variety is pleasing, and change is often welcome, I may not have displeased some of my more serious readers, and, whether or no, they like still to follow the adventures of "Don Pasquale," they will yet, I venture to hope, agree in the main with the opinions I have expressed, and the theories I have propounded. If they do not, if to them my free-spoken opinions savour a little of heterodoxy, let them bear in mind that we cannot ever here affect to settle what another person's "Doxy" shall and must be, and if they do not relish any such remarks on my part, why, then,—yes, they can and may, with my full permission, skip the entire chapter!

(To be Continued.)

A CHAPTER ON OAKS.

BY BRO. R. M. BANCROFT,

Member of the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society.

IN the early books of Scripture the oak is always mentioned as connected with some sacred place, rendered holy by the near neighbourhood of a sanctuary, an altar, a pillar of memorial, or the grave of some remarkable person. After Abraham had left the land of Haran, at God's command, and had journeyed into Canaan, his first resting place was at the Oak of Moreh,* Genesis xii. 6, and in the place of Sichem, which oak, even at that time, probably marked a sanctuary, for when Joshua made a covenant at Sichem with that numerous people descended from Abraham, which Moses had led up out of Egypt, he placed the pillar of the covenant "under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord." Josh. xxiv. 26. Again, Abraham came and dwelt in the oak-grove of Mamre, † and built an altar unto the Lord. "And the Lord appeared unto Abraham in the oak-grove (Plain) of Mamre, and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day." Gen. xviii. 1. Abraham's hospitable reception of the three strangers who bore the message of the Lord is thus related:—"He said, let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the TREE." He does not say "on the plain," or "in the tent," but "under the tree," the chief tree of the grove.

The first time that our version mentions the oak, it refers to the oak in Sichem. When Jacob learned that his wives, on leaving Padanaram, had brought away the family teraphim, or sacred images, of their father Laban, he collected them, and buried them under the oak in Sichem, already a consecrated place. Gen. xxxv. 4. A few verses on we read of the death of Deborah, Rebekah's nurse; and that Jacob buried her under the oak that was in Bethel, that is the very place where Abraham had rested, and built an altar to the Lord. And the place where Deborah was buried was called Alton Bachuth, or, the Oak of Tears. Gen. xxxv. 8.

Under a peculiar oak the angel of the Lord appeared to Gideon, and gave him the divine commission to set Israel free; and under the same oak Gideon built an altar to the Lord. But the grove hard by, belonging, as it would appear to his father's house, Gideon was commanded to destroy, because the offerings of Baal had polluted it. Judges vi. 25.

In the First Book of Samuel, chap. x. 3, Saul is directed to go to the Oak of Tabor,‡ at which spot he should meet a man to conduct him to the high place of the

* "Plain of Moreh," English version. † "Plains of Mamre,"

‡ In our version "plain," but the propriety of reading "Oak" is obvious.

prophets, among whom, after his being anointed king, he was to receive the Divine Spirit of prophecy, and to became another man.

Before any further mention is made of the oak in Scripture, David had been for some time king, and had resolved on building a house to the Lord; a design which was fulfilled by Solomon his son. From that period the use of groves and high places was forbidden, on account of the temptation to idolatry which they presented.

But the *oak* was to David a fatal tree; for in an *oak* his rebellious but still beloved son Absalom was entangled and there slain (2 Sam. xviii. 9-11).

Twice again the *oak* is spoken of in the historical books of the Old Testament. It was under an *oak* that the disobedient Prophet sat, when he determined to turn back, and to eat and drink in defiance of the command of God; and so incurred the punishment of disobedience (1 Kings xiii. 14. And it was under the Oak of Jabesh that the compassionate men of Jabesh-Gilead buried the bodies of Saul and his sons (1 Chron. x. 12.*

Waterson's Cyclopœdia gives the following account of this timber:—

Oak (Fr. *Chêne.* Ger. *Eiche.* It. *Quercia.* Por. and Sp. *Roblé*), a genus of trees (Quercus) embracing about 150 species, two of which, common in our forests, excel all the others in the production of timber. The common British oak (Q. pedunculata), "the father of ships," that which chiefly abounds in our island and the N. of Europe, is distinguished by having the acorns on footstalks; the sessile-cupped oak (Q. Sessiliflora) bears the acorns without footstalks, but has the leaf-stalks longer than the other; it is found chiefly in the West of England, N. Wales, and the S. of Europe. The best oak is said to be that which grows in cold or elevated situations (if not stunted), on stiff, clayey soils, and is the longest in arriving at maturity. The common species is of slower growth than the sessile-cupped, and is commonly preferred to it; but there is great difference of opinion as to which is really the best; much seems to depend on the soil and health of the individual tree.

The "unwedgable and gnarled oak," when cut down at a proper age (about 60 years, is superior to all other timber in point of strength, durability, and general application.

It is not grown in this country sufficient for the consumption; and large quantities are imported, especially from Prussia and Canada. The kinds principally used in the Royal Dock Yards are Welsh, Sussex, and Baltic,—the last being the most esteemed of the foreign kinds: the Adriatic, formerly much used, has turned out ill. In domestic architecture oak is only used in the largest and best buildings; occasionally for the principal beams; but its chief use is for door and window frames, sills, sleepers, king posts of roofs, trussing for girders, sashes, gates of canal locks, sluices, posts, and piles.

The white oak (Q. alba) of the United States is the kind chiefly used there for ship-building, houses, and liquor casks: it is also imported into Britain. But the live oak (Q. virens) abundant in Texas, is the best American species.

Large Oak Trees.—In a book published by John Mason, in 1848, the following interesting account is given:—

"On the west side of Clipston Park, county of Nottingham, stands the 'Parliament Oak,' so-called from a tradition of two parliaments having been held under it, the first by King John, in 1212, who, whilst hunting in the park with his barons, received intelligence of the revolt of the Welsh, and hastily assembled his followers under it, and held a consultation; the second, by Edward I., and is supposed to be 1,500 years old. It is in a state of ruinous decay, and yet it may stand for several generations to come.

"In Welbeck Park, Nottinghamshire, stands another venerable tree, bearing the name of "Green-dale Oak." It is supposed to be upwards of seven hundred years old. Its circumference at the base is thirty-three feet, and its branches cover a space equal to seven hundred square yards. In 1724 a *coach-road*, upwards of ten feet in height, and six feet three inches in width, was cut through its trunk; and the then proprietor of the estate used to drive through it, of which there are several paintings in the neighbourhood, forming signs to public houses. It is in a state of great decay, having

* Calcott's "Scripture Herbal."

but one branch to crown its head, which, however, yields a good supply of acorns, which are carefully gathered and planted each year by direction of His Grace the Duke of Portland. Great pains have been taken to preserve this splendid monument of antiquity, by numerous props clasped with iron bars; and in some places there are patches of lead, forming an artificial bark, to protect it from rain.

"Near at hand is another tree, likewise of oak, one hundred and eleven feet six inches high, containing four hundred and forty solid feet of timber, and of the computed weight of eleven tons. This is termed 'the duke's walking stick.'"

The largest Oak in England is said to be at Calthorpe, in Yorkshire; it measures 78 feet in circumference where it meets the ground.

The *Builder* of March 17th, 1877, places on record the following account of a large Oak tree:—

"A few days ago the Tyberton Timber was sold. The sale was rendered especially interesting from its including the 'Monarch Oak,' said to be the largest tree in Herefordshire. The reason for cutting down this 'king of the forest' was because it has been three times struck by lightening, within the last seven years, and though these repeated attacks have shattered a great part of its top, it still contains upwards of one thousand cubic feet of timber. Its girth is sixty six feet."

Mr. H. Hems, the well-known sculptor of Exeter, exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition an oak chest, which deserves special mention, the carved details of which are exact reproductions of existing examples of the Early Perpendicular Gothic in the West of England, is intended as a receptacle for communion or family plate. The old Oak from which it was made was formerly a beam in Salisbury Cathedral, from whence it was removed in the course of the restoration of that fabric, about 18 months ago. The beam was built into the cathedral in 1216, and must, therefore, for over 600 years have formed a portion of that venerable pile, and to its age is doubtless due the richness of tone and colour which the chest presents. It has twelve carved panels, all of which differ in design, each panel being surmounted by an elegant patevas. The lid of the chest, which is of great weight, is secured by three heavy padlocks—one being in the centre, and the others at either end.

It is known that the Oak which is said to have proved fatal to William Rufus was standing, not long since, in the New Forest, in Hampshire. A venerable Oak stood, not long since, at Tormond Wood, Stirlingshire, under which, tradition says, William Wallace convened his followers. There are vestiges of the ancient Druids in the neighbourhood of this tree, which was 22 feet in circumference. There are other Oaks in Great Britain which are probably more than 1,000 years old.

Oaks and yews, the most venerable of our trees, are, in several instances, so old that it is difficult to form an estimate of the time which has passed since they were planted. Several Oaks felled in Sherwood Forest, about a quarter of a century ago, exposed, on being sawn up, the date 1212, and the mark or cipher of King John; and it has been calculated that these trees must have been several centuries old at the time the marks were made.

In 1867, L. Booth, 307, Regent Street, published a book, in which is given the following interesting account of this timber:—

"We wonder how many celebrated oaks there are in the world. In England alone there is a whole forest of them, each one remarkable for its gigantic size, and still more deeply interesting on account of the historical or traditional associations which attach to it. No tree has, properly speaking, a history except the oak. The Winfarthing Oak, in Norfolk, for instance, is believed to have been called the "Old Oak" in the time of William the Conqueror. Indeed, according to the opinion of learned writers on the subject, this more than venerable—this very ancient—tree is probably fifteen hundred years old, and thus seven hundred years older than the Conquest. Its circumference at the extremities of the roots is 70 ft.; in the middle it is 40 ft. The Threeshire Oak, near Worksop, was so situated that it covered part of three Counties—York, Nottingham and Derby, and dripped over 777 square yards. But even this tree was a sapling compared with the Spread Oak in Worksop Park, which dripped over an area of nearly

3,000 square yards, or more than half an acre, and could have afforded shelter to a regiment of a thousand horse. On one of the estates of the Duke of Bedford there is a tree growing, called the Oakley Oak, having a head measuring 110 feet in diameter. Another, in Rycote Park, is said to have been extensive enough to cover 5,000 men. The great Oak at Magdalen College, Oxford, which fell in the summer of 1788—its rushing sound alarming all the college—must have been a tree of goodly proportions in the time of Alfred the Great. This magnificent tree could have sheltered 3000 men, for it flung its boughs through a space of sixteen yards on every side from its trunk. And the village of Ellerslie, Renfrewshire, the native place of Wallace, there still stands the "Old Oak," among the branches of which, tradition says, that the Scottish patriot, with 300 of his men, hid themselves from the English. But more interesting than all these, if the interest be of a different kind, is Herne's Oak, which Shakespeare, in "the Merry Wives of Windsor," has made immortal. The identity of this celebrated tree has long been the subject of discussion. The result has not been eminently satisfactory. It is well known that there were two oaks in Windsor Park, both locally known as the oak of Herne the Hunter—that is to say, opinion is divided as to which of the two was the tree supposed tobe described by Shakespeare. A great deal has been written by Shakesperian commen tators and others in favour of both trees, and it appears to us, that the claims of both have been urged with equal ingenuity and ability. The latest writer on the subject is Mr. William Perry, wood carver to the Queen, who has recently published "A Treatise on the Identity of Herne's Oak, showing the Maiden Tree to have been the Real One." Without entering into the details of so crudite a question, we may state briefly that Mr. Perry is strongly of opinion that the tree which stood near a spot called the Fairies' Dell, in the Home Park, Windsor, and which fell in 1863,* was the tree, and not the one which was cut down in 1796. Mr. Perry argues his case very ingeniously, and at the same time very honestly, and we must say that he has produced better proof on his side of the question than the majority, at least, of his opponents have done on their side. We believe the balance of evidence to be decidedly in favour of the oak which fell in 1863. Among the believers in this tree is Her Majesty, as was also George III., and Mr. Perry has executed a bust of the great dramatist out of the wood for the Queen. The neat little work before us contains several illustrations of the oak itself, and also an engraving of a casket which the author designed and executed out of it for Miss Burdett Coutts, to whom he dedicates his book. In a statement which accompanies Mr. Perry's book, he appears to think that he finds incontrovertible evidence that he is right. The statement is certainly singular. It is this:—While working up a portion of this venerable tree into covers for the book under our notice, looking on the end he observed a great peculiarity. The annular rings accumulated in a healthy and vigorous manner up to a certain point, where they suddenly ceased, became almost imperceptible, then increased again in size, till they attained nearly their former width, afterwards gradually diminished towards the outer edge of the tree where they finally became undistinguishable. Upon mentioning this phenomenon to an intelligent gardener of fifty years' experience, without informing him in what wood he had observed it, the gardener remarked that the tree must have been struck by lightning, or blighted in some way, so as to have stopped its growth, otherwise such an appearance would not have been presented. It was in the nature of trees, as with human beings, when they arrived at maturity they began to decline, just as man does, but it was generally a gradual process; the rings in the trunk would become smaller and smaller by degrees, as the sap flowed less and less up the tree. Mr. Perry has since examined the wood more closely and from the healthy part of the tree to the outside of the piece he has counted 164 annular rings. If to these are added 20 for the sap which was wasted away from it, and 44 years, which time at least it is known to have been dead, we are carried back as far as 1639 as the latest time when the tree could have been scared or blighted. How much earlier than this it may have been Mr. Perry is

* There is part of this tree exhibited in No. 3 Museum, Kew Gardens labelled "Relic of Herne's Oak, which was blown down in the Windsor Forest, on the 31st, of August, 1863. Presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, 19th September 1863." R. M. Bancroft.

not in a position at present to prove, but considering that the rings are so small as to be scarcely discernible, and that some of the outer portion of the tree had been wasted away, he submits that it is not a very preposterous idea to assume it not improbable it happened during Shakespeare's time. Referring to the first edition of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' published 1602, we find no mention made of Herne's Oak, neither do we in the reprint of 1619. The first mention of it is in the first folio edition, 1623, so that the probability is that the story of Herne the Hunter existed before the tree was attached to it, which, subsequent to 1602, being blasted, the superstition of the age imputed it to the evil power of the spirit of Herne, who, according to the previous tradition, 'walked in shape of a great stag, with huge horns on his head.' We are, therefore, led to suppose that between 1602 and the date of Shakespeare's death, 1616, he perfected the first sketch of the play, by adding to it such information as he could gather, and such improvements as his maturer judgment suggested, and if we take the period of his retirement from New Place as the probable date when he calmly set himself to revise and improve his plays, collecting them together in the form in which they where given to the world in 1623—say, 1610, or 1612—we are thus brought to within 27 or 29 years of the date to which we can satisfactorily trace the blasting of Herne's Oak to have taken place. This evidence, says Mr. Perry, is not sufficient in itself to identify this tree with the play of Shakespeare, yet, when taken in connection with all the other points in favour of the tree which he has previously advanced, forms a powerful collateral evidence which the most sceptical cannot deny."

Other innumerable instances might be cited of the great age and enormous size to which oak has attained in this country, such as the famous Golyens oak, felled in Monmouthshire in 1810. This magnificent tree had, it is recorded, been improving for four hundred years, and with the exception of a portion at the intersection of its principal limbs, was pefectly sound when it was cut down. It contained 2,426 cubic feet of timber and was sold for £500. This tree had never been pruned, and was not more than ten feet high in the stem before the lateral branches commenced.

Mr. G. R. Burnell, F.S.A., says "the weight of a cubic foot of seasoned oak is 58·3 lb., its specific gravity is 0·934. There are usually about 38·3 cubic feet to the ton. The tenacity per square inch is 17,300 lb., and I have applied a crushing weight of 11,240 lb. per inch superficial on a cube of English oak without producing any permanent change in its elastic powers."

The timber found in the oldest buildings is uniformly oak. The doors of the inner chapels of Westminster Abbey are said to be coeval with the building.

We have a portion of a trenail which was used in the foundation of old Blackfriars Bridge, which will bear ample testimony to the lasting qualities of oak when constantly under water, where it was submerged for a period of 100 years, and is now quite hard and sound.

The average height of sixty-six trees now standing in Scotland is 65 feet, the highest one being at Old Kilpatrick in the County of Dumbarton, a place famous for lofty trees. The one in question is 110 feet high, 13 feet in girth, growing on a loamy soil, exposed to the South, and about 175 years of age. At Inverary, in Argyll, there is one 100 feet high and 12½ feet in girth: and another of similar dimensions at Leslie, in Fife.

The average girth of 90 trees is 12 feet 3 inches; certainly a large average for so many trees in Scotland. The greatest is that of a tree at Hamilton, in the county of Lanark, 26 feet. There is another at Dalziel, in the same county, 24 feet, the height of both being 60 feet, the former growing on loam, the latter on strong clay.

Amongst the collection of timber shown in museum No. 3 at Kew Gardens, are some magnificent sections of this kind of wood, we may mention the following:—

"Common oak, *Quercus robur*, (Willd). Tree 200 years old, Denmark." The diameter of this section is about 6 feet.

"Canadian White Oak. *Quercus alba* (Linnæus) widely distributed throughout Canada in all rich soils. Average height 130 feet, height to first limb 70 feet, diameter 30 inches, and quite common 60 inches diameter and found 84 inchs in diameter in the western parts of Upper Canada. Of the twenty varieties of oaks in North America, the

white is the most valuable. The wood is of great strengh and durability, and extensively used in ship building for staves of casks, spokes and naves of waggon wheels, railway ties, &c.; bark useful in tanning and medicine. The timber is largely exported to England and West Indies, and can be furnished in the remotest parts of Upper Canada at £40 sterling per 1,000 cubic feet; freight to Quebec about £11 sterling per 1,000 cubic feet. Specific gravity 0·84; weight of cubic foot, fully seasoned, 50lb. Potash obtained from outer wood 13·41 and from heart wood 9·68 per cent., value for heating purposes 81, shell bark hickory being 100."

All oak presents the inconvenience of splitting and warping in the seasoning, and it is on this account it is so important to use none but seasoned timber in ship-building, and the best oak is liable to objection on account of the gallic acid it contains, which has an injurious action upon any iron nails, or bolts, used in connection with it. Young oak is tough and hard to work; old oak is said to be more brittle, but much easier work. Oak trees are subject to the attacks of numerous insects, some of which bore holes of more than half an inch in diameter into the very heartwood. The growth of trees takes place with greater rapidity when young than it does in the maturer stages of their growth, but with all varieties there is a period (dependent upon the nature of the tree, and of the conditions under which it grows) at which all increase, whether of height or volume, ceases, and the tree then, instead of gaining, begins to lose strength and vitality. It is easy to discover when this period has been attained, for the upper branches begin to lose their leaves, and the tree becomes, in a woodman's phrase, "stag-headed." Indeed, the state of the upper branches of a tree may be considered to be amongst the best indications of its soundness; and, provided they be in a healthy condition, the withering of the lower branches is a matter of comparatively small importance. So long, however, as the tree continues to grow, the heartwood is the harder and denser; but when they are on the decline, the outer rings, which seem to be more actively concerned in the vital processes of the tree, absorb the nutrition from the heartwood, and thus superinduce in it a gradual but sure decay.

(*To be Continued.*)

MISERY.

BY BRO. RICHARD SIMMONS.

I HAVE no legend wild to tell
Of olden times long since gone by,
I draw my story from the well
That never fails nor yet runs dry:
Some poets seek the distant past—
With ancient fuel build up their fires;
I deal with modern writer's blast,
And it enough my Muse inspires.

'Twas Christmas—time of joy to some—
Though frost and snow the earth had bound,
The king of ice had swiftly come
And spread his mantle o'er the ground;
In many homes a cheerful light
Leaped through each frost-decked window pane,
And holly berries, red and bright,
Looked down on mortals young and vain.

I loved to hear their laughter ring,
To mark their shadows on the blind,
To hear their dulcet voices sing
And mingle with the rushing wind;

Well might they chase the flying hours,
With mirthful jest, with dance and song,
Enjoy in full their youthful powers
Ere sorrows deep should round them throng.

God speed them in their merry sport
God keep them through the coming night;
Let gentle sleep their glad eyes court,
And peaceful be their dreams, and bright.
Whilst all seemed tranquil joy within,
Without, loud howled the winter's blast,
And sought a poor man's garments thin,
Whose tatters were not few, but vast.

In vain he wrapped his rags about,
Or held his hands upon his breast,
The storm-fiend did each effort flout,
And rushed beneath his ragged vest.
Heard he the sounds of mirth and joy?
Saw he the shadows on the blind?
Not he. He knew he was the toy
Of Fate, of Winter and the Wind.

In vain he in his pockets thrust
His hands, they could not find a coin,
And none to him a doit would trust—
No reveller with him would join;
With snow the urchins him did pelt
And shouted loudly as they ran.
He heeded not, yet still he felt,
Himself a wretched, reckless man.

Soon, one by one, each shop was shut—
Soon, one by one, each light was quenched;
The poor man, fortune's latest butt,
By snow and sleet was fairly drenched.
Where should he turn to lay his head?
Where could he rest each weary limb?
His eyeballs seemed like molten lead!
Alas, there was no rest for him.

He went and sought a river's side—
The river rolled both dark and drear—
He listened to the sullen tide,
Which sang a welcome to his ear;
He thought of early happy days—
Bethought him of his gentle youth,
When he loud sang his simple lays,
And dreamt of honor, love, and truth;

He tried to sing an old-time song,
His lips could not the accents form;
He gazed upon the river long,
And then he cursed the bitter storm.
He muttered something, softly low,
The river scarce could catch the words,
As onwards it went, creeping slow—
But yet an echo answered "Birds."

The man retired from the bank,
And then upon his knees he fell.
Close by a shed those thin knees sank,
And then was heard a smothered yell.
Soon up he rose, the river sought,
And gazed upon the farther shore:
Had meditation reason brought?
I know not; he was seen no more.

* * * * * * *

Next morn a farmer living near
Found much disturbed his usual peace;
His man came, shouting as he ran,
"By Jingo! Some one 's stole the GEESE."

Chelmsford, Oct. 4, 1877.

MASONRY—ITS PAST AND FUTURE.

BY BRO. GEO. R. HARRIOTT.

MASONRY! Masonry! Friend and Guide of the human race! when we consider thy primæval condition, scanty in numbers, though rich in the adherence of the Great—the Wise—and the Good, and then turn our eyes to the present superlatively flourishing Edifice, radiant in glory and renown, sparkling with gems of the highest value: we are led once more to a consideration of the Dedication of the Temple of Jerusalem, when Solomon and his nobles, and the great potentates of the earth, were dazzled by the magnificence of the building, far surpassing their most earnest hopes, their most ardent imagination. Did it occur to our Royal Grand Master, King Solomon, to even dream, "that one day (and that not very far distant) not one stone should be left upon another!" The foundations of this glorious structure were laid, and the superincumbent edifice was wrought "by human hands, directed by human minds, albeit by the command of the Great Architect Himself." But if I may be allowed to use the words, "The Noble Edifice of Masonry was raised not by mortal hands! *it emanates from on High!* and though it may be, no doubt has been, and in fact will be impaired in the future, according as its votaries are true to God and themselves, it can hardly suffer the fall of its Great Prototype."

It can never happen to Masonry as it did to the Temple of Jerusalem, that it *should* be *utterly* destroyed! The spirit and essence that has existed from time immemorial can never die out *in every* Masonic breast! Temples may fall from decay and other natural causes, "but so long as a *true Masonic spirit* is preserved in a true Masonic breast, a corner stone will remain on which to renew again a future superstructure."

Masonry in the Past has risen and fallen! been ardently supported, and persecuted with undying hate! but still it exists and flourishes. The Temple of Masonry is the heart of man! Its teachings are those of God Himself! So long, then, as an honest and true heart imbued with the Spirit of Masonry lives, so long will true Masonry continue to exist.

I would have my readers to understand thoroughly, that I do not claim for Masonry *(as it now exists)* any great Antiquity! We all know the disputed point as to the

junction of Operative and Speculative Masonry! but the Spirit the Essence has existed in various forms since the creation of the world! it is the origin, the foundation of all religious relief! the groundwork of the teachings of the Bible! aye, I may say also of the Koran! the Zend Avesta! and the Antient Philosophical Schools of the Greeks! is is the "το ον" of the human race. The Spirit of Masonry worked in the minds of Noah, Abraham, &c., but how various the forms thereof!!

Enough then for Masonry of remote Antiquity. Let us now turn to the Speculative and Symbolical of the present day. In 1717, four old London Lodges met, and constituted a Grand Lodge of England to rule over the Craft, arrange disputes, and many other matters. From that period we must date our present Edifice. I confess I am not a disciple of those very cautious Brethren who draw a hard and fast line, and say, that because there are no proofs to the contrary, therefore Speculative Masonry only commenced at that date. No doubt it then received its first touch of its present perfection. Speculative Masonry must have been the outgrowth of the Operative, and taken time to mature itself. However, "*its new birth*" was then thoroughly established, and from that time it has pursued an uninterrupted course of prosperity in the British Empire up to the present day.

Before many years had passed away, we find Lodges established, under the ægis of the Grand Lodge of England, in France, America, Hamburg, India, Germany, and many other countries. In the British Empire alone can we say that its course of prosperity has been uninterrupted—in Catholic countries the Jesuits and others have fiercely assailed our noble Order; but it has emerged triumphant from all attacks, and we can assert in all truth, that from "*the tight little Island*" there has gone forth a sound into the very ends of the world. In India, in nearly every country of Europe, in the United States of America, in the British Colonies, in the nations of South and Central America, in many parts of Africa, "the Banner of Masonry has been unfurled," and it is our proud boast, "that go where you will, north, south, east, or west, in all lands and climes, in all nations and countries, among all sects and religions, a Mason will find a Brother, whose open hand, whose open heart, will be ready to welcome him, and succour *him in difficulty and distress.*" Of what more noble theme, then, than Masonry can we sing, especially as the time of "Peace and good will to all mankind" is now coming upon us with giant strides. Soon another year will have passed away, and we are reminded of "*the future.*" Before however turning to that subject, let us consider the present. In speaking of the material prosperity of the Order, spread throughout the Globe, I have omitted to mention the various sects and religions that contribute their quota to the Muster Roll of our votaries. This, in my mind, is not only the *criterion of its great success, but also a solid proof of the necessity of the first and* greatest landmark—"*Belief in God.*" Though creeds and sects and religions may agree to differ in forms and dogmas, they have one common standpoint, "Belief in a Supreme Being." This is the "το ον" of Masonry! the groundwork of every religious faith! the corner stone of the Great Superstructure. We know from the books and muster rolls of the Order, not only does every Christian sect send its battalions, but also the Jews, the Parsees, the Mahommedans, the Hindus, the Brahmins, the Wild Savage of America, the Islanders of the Southern Seas, all send their quota to the various "Corps D'Armeés" of Masonry.

In addition to this, I am informed that strong traces of Masonry are found in China and Japan, which if correct, will go far to prove not only the universality and comprehensiveness of the Craft, but also to establish its great Antiquity.

Contemplate this magnificent structure extending throughout the length and breadth of the Globe, and rising to the four winds of Heaven, and every Brother is bound to feel like King Solomon, and be dazzled by the "glory of the Edifice, far surpassing our most sanguine hopes or imaginations. But here again, in looking to the future, and remembering the destruction of the wondrous Temple of Jerusalem—the Glory of all lands—we must look at the reverse side of the picture. In that Temple every stone was carefully wrought, squared, and tested, so that the building could defy time. Though the work of man, directed by God Himself, it failed, because God's chosen people forsook

Him! "The Edict went forth from on High, and not one stone was left upon another." On two points I now wish to draw ths parallel between the two temples, viz., that of Jerusalem and that of Masonry. First, then, the difference between the materials and construction of the two edifices; and secondly, the difference between the material temple and that "built without hands Eternal in the Heavens." That of Masonry!

First, then, as to the materials and construction. The materials with which the Temple at Jerusalem was built, were all of the very best kind, perfectly wrought, so that no fault could be found in any of them; but can we say so much of those of the Masonic Temple? Every stone in which is the heart of a weak and erring Brother. But yet the one has fallen, and as Masons, we hold that the other can never fall. In whatever form or shape Masonry shall continue to exist, the "true essence" must ever remain. Second, the material Temple at Jerusalem, though designed by God Himself, was the workmanship of mortals, all its materials were mortal. The Temple of Masonry was designed by the Almighty and wrought out by him, and its materials are immortal souls. The only things in Masonry that are human, are the "forms and ceremonies," which have from time to time been devised by man, though the great teaching inculcated by them have ever been, and ever will be, those of God. The material Temple was built for one sect, one nation; the Masonic Temple "for the good and true of every race, *every believer in God!* Mighty idea! Would that Masons would earnestly contemplate thereon! There would then be less apathy, more real energy and vitality—more care would be taken to keep scoffers, idlers, evil-doers, out of our Order! the *apparent* prosperity would be less, but the real more abundant.

In Article 1 of the Old Charges and Constitutions of the Order we read as follows—"God seeth not as man seeth! for man looketh to outward appearance, but God looketh to the heart." Apply this to ourselves at the present time. New Lodges are being consecrated, and hundreds of members added to our Muster Rools daily, the *apparent* prosperity is certainly dazzling; but have the characters, and habits of life of these candidates, their tempers, their morals, been duly enquired into? How many of these hundreds of neophytes will ever trouble themselves about the esoteric teachings of the Order, and endeavour by their own example to lead others? How many, alas! will never again enter a Lodge after their curiosity has been satisfied, and they have received their degrees? Is the prosperity, then, of the Order so great, as it would outwardly appear to be? Can the best among us say that we have truly acted up to our promises as Masons? I fear but few can! Sad thought; but it is true that, amidst all this outward glory and magnificence, a cloud hangs over the sacred Edifice of Masonry. In its greatness and power the weakness of Masonry exists! Already some portions of the building are showing signs of decay. Several Continental Grand Lodges and Grand Orients are striking out of their "Articles of Faith," that Greatest of all, "*Belief in God.*" It is true that the offenders, compared with the vast number of our votaries throughout the world, are comparatively few in number, but this decay must have had a yet smaller beginning. We know not how far the evil may spread.

It is certain that with its material prosperity, the "Light of Masonry" shines more dimly than in the days of yore, when our numbers were fewer but more earnest—more devoted! Our Rulers, in fact every true Brother, *must look to the heart;* they must not be dazzled by spurious glories and fictitious glitter. There are many signs that Masonry is not practised as it should be; and now is the time, when, to the outer world, all appears fair and in order, for our Craftsmen to repair all damages, that the glories of our Ancient Structure be not dimmed.

Again, how many of us know that there are esoteric teachings in Masonry? They imperfectly understand, perhaps, various ceremonies. They know that Masonry is a system of morality; but knowing this, trouble themselves no further. They have a vague idea that Charity is a great point in Masonry, and occasionally give alms to distressed Brethren, or donations to the Masonic Charitable Institutions, but have no idea of *the full meaning* of the word "Charity." On the two great Landmarks of the Order, viz., "Faith in God and to be in Charity with all men," is built up the esoteric teachings of Masonry. Surely this alone should lead the Brotherhood to search more

diligently for knowledge. But, no! Many accept the fact when told them, but it is like a fleeting breath, the next moment forgotten and gone.

To many, Masonry is only an excuse for gluttony and excess, under the pretence of Brotherly Love and Friendship; but why enumerate the numerous backslidings and errors of weak Brethren—enough has been said to show what causes may dim the glories of the Masonic Temple. The faults being known to all of us, it remains for us to try to eradicate them.

Good readers bear with me, these remarks are not made in the spirit of uncharitableness, but in pure Brotherly love; so that the earnestness and devotion of the future may repair the decay of the present; and that the present *apparent* prosperity of our Order may in the future become more genuine.

What a contrast between the materials and construction of the two Temples! In the one case human materials, but of the best quality, perfectly wrought and tested; on the other hand immortal materials, but in many cases rough and unhewn, "the souls and hearts of mankind." The one Temple is gone for ever, the other still exists! nay prospers more than ever. Its glories may be veiled or grow dim; but it can never be wholly taken from the human gaze. The principles and teachings must exist till the end of time, even if only one true heart remains. Masonry! Masonry! would that all thy votaries could fathom thy beauties—the depth and richness of thy glory and thy teachings; but alas! alas! we poor mortals are but weak and erring creatures: "we look to the outward appearance, but God looketh to the heart!"

UNCLE CHARLES'S STORY.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

"UNCLE CHARLES," said some laughing fairies in a cosy drawing-room, "tell us a story, 'pour passer le temps.'"

Uncle Charles, who was reclining in his arm-chair with his eyes closed in meditation, not in sleep, suddenly started up, and replied, "A story?"

"Yes, a story, uncle," repeated Ethel, the "blossom" of the party.

"A story!" ejaculated that worthy individual; "story! God bless you, girls, I have none to tell you," unconsciously repeating Canning.

"It is better to tell a story than go to sleep."

"Asleep! who's asleep?" asked Uncle Charles a little hastily, for his temper bordered on the irritable. But as no one answered (a very good recipe, by the way) for that "ira" of ours, which is only often "brevis furor," he slowly said: "Well, I will tell you a story—an adventure which once happened to me in Paris."

"Oh," said Ethel, "that will be charming!"

"But do you think you can all keep quiet?" asked Uncle Charles; "for I know it is a very difficult thing for so many female chatterboxes to keep their potato-traps shut." But as they all declared they would be as still as mice, Uncle Charles, having cleared his throat, and remarked elegantly, "Silence in the Pig-market!" began.

"I was once staying for a short time in Paris, and I may say that Paris is always a pleasant place to me. I like Paris in all seasons, and, as the French say, 'Sous tous les rapports.' I delight in the Boulevards and the Bois de Boulogne; I am always happy in the Louvre and the grand Libraire; the Cafés and the Comedie Française are to me most enjoyable. I am capable of laughing at the Gymnase, and I have been impressed at the Porte St. Martin; I get sentimental at Père-la-Chaise, the Chapelle Expiatoire, the Trianon, and Vincennes, and, like Louis Quartorze, I am always ready to say, 'Vive

la Grand Ville! Vive Paris!' With the Baron of Bradwardine, I could ever repeat, 'et dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos,' which has been freely translated by a rising poet of the day:

"Where'er I go, o'er land or sea,
Pleasant Paris, I think of thee!
I joy in thee in health and breath:
I cling to thee in life and death!"

"At one of the Cafés where I used to dine very often, (where, matters not), and where at my little table I enjoyed my good and well-cooked dinner off the modest 'carte du jour,' my nearest neighbour was a foreigner—I will not say a foreigner of distinction—but he was a foreigner. There are, you know, 'foreigners, and foreigners.' He spoke several languages, and seemed not averse to 'liquoring up.' He appeared to know everything and everybody, but there was a restlessness in his eyes, and a general shakiness in his habits, which did not strike me favourably, and I often felt inclined to say to 'Thomas,' 'Mon garcon, prenez garde!' or to the smiling 'dame de comptoir,' 'Ma chere, look out for the spoons!' His English was the most wonderful English I ever heard in my life: it was partly spoken through the nose, and it was a jargon which put you in mind of that interesting soi-disant Baron, of dubious antecedents, who was so agreeable at the Table d'Hote, who spoke such bad English, whose hands were so dirty, and who, you learned afterwards, was particularly wanted by the Parisian police. For some reason, moreover, my attention was attracted by the movements and the manners of my neighbour, and, to use a detective's phrase, I 'kept my eye upon him.'

"One evening I was comfortably eating my little plât, which, if I remember rightly, was 'Bifsteak au petits pois,' and I was sipping a demi-bouteille of 'La Rose,' when all of a sudden I saw my neighbour enter with a companion, and after they had sat down at the table, I heard that they were speaking English.

"My neighbour's table was so close, as the Café was very crowded that evening, that I could have touched him, and hence I heard almost every word of their striking conversation.

"'Himmel,' said my neighbour to his companion, who was a very queer-looking chap, 'Himmel, vot veather! I've done noting to-day. De bisiness is no goot. Everyting is very slack, and de money is very scarce.'

"Hallo, says I to myself, what's up? There's more than meets the eye in those apparently innocent remarks!

"Just at that moment my eyes caught the eyes of a very sharp-looking chap, who I had often seen in the Café, and who appeared to regard my neighbour and his friend with the most lively interest.

"'Looks like a Detective!' says I to myself; 'I'll pay attention.'

At this moment my neighbour poured out a glass of champagne for his friend and himself, though not with a very steady hand, and after looking at each other, and nearly emptying their glasses, in a little he began again to speak.

"'Vat times dose vere!' and they both chuckled; and then filling again, they clicked their glasses, as foreigners sometimes do, and then for the first time I heard his companion's voice.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I'm blowed if ever we shall see the like again. Them was the days, and that was the way of doing business!'

"They both laughed inwardly, which is always unpleasant to hear, and I looked across the Café. There I saw the sharp-eyed man was eating very calmly his dinner, but keeping a steady look-out all the while on my neighbours.

"'Vell,' said my first friend again, 'I do not tink dat ve can do any more business in Paris.'

"'No,' says the other' 'I thinks we had better go home. I know of a nice little job, with lots of ready.'

"'Ah!' said the other; 'vere?

'That's tellings!' replied his friend, who evidently was getting what the young ladies call 'chippy'.

"'Ah,' said my first friend, 'I often tinks dat ve do not improve de opportunities as moch as ve might do. Dere is my Angel—'

"His companion nodded, and said, 'Let's drink her 'elth.'

"'Vell,' said the other, sentimentally, 'a angel, did you say? She is, when she's asleep, and no mistake.'

"'She is first-rate; she does a deal, but she might do more. Now there was dat,' and he lowered his voice—'you know—it was very good, but it might have been moch better.'

"'Ah, yes,' replied his companion, who I saw by this time was solemnly drunk, and had been imbibing several 'petits verres' of cognac as well as his wine, 'there is no saying how things turns out. Something is good that might be bad—no, that's not what I mean!—something is bad what ought to be good.'

"But here he got very indistinct.

"'Ah, my friend,' says his friend to him, who was very tight himself, 'you have taken just a little too moch. Suppose dat ve toddles—dat is, go home? I can give you some viskies-and-vater in my chamber. Let us pay de bill. Oh, I find I have left my porte-monnaie in my dispatch-box, and I have not one sous about me!'

"His friend pulled out his money with difficulty, but paid the bill—a very high one—with very bad grace, muttering something to himself like a 'dreadful old Do.'

"I observed the 'gentleman' opposite 'in black,' during this little episode, had also paid his bill, (more modest in its 'addition,') and as these two distinguished individuals left the Café, somewhat unsteadily, quietly followed them out.

"When I got out into the street he was lighting a cigar, and my two neighbours were doing ditto a few paces on. So thinking I might venture, I said to him civilly, touching my hat by way of introduction, 'Queer chaps, my neighbours! You seem to take a great interest in them.'

"'Well, I do,' he replied, looking me steadily in the face. 'You appear a decentish sort of chap, and so I don't mind telling you—on the square, remember—that I am a Detective officer—Sergeant Jones, from Scotland Yard, of whom you may have heard in London,' tapping his hat with his forefinger.

"I said immediately that I had heard of that celebrated professor of the Detective art, and that I was very glad to make his acquaintance.

"'Well,' says he, 'walk along with me, and we can talk as we go on.'

"'Those two fellows,' I said to him, 'seem to me to be precious rascals; their whole conversation has a double meaning.'

"'Rascals!' was his reply; 'two bigger rogues don't exist in the world. They've had a long run and a merry one, but they are nearly at the end of their tether. That chap's real name who sat facing me is Jackmann—he is called the "Hackney Jigger;" and the other facing you is a chap we call among ourselves the "Doctor,"—a very sly and dangerous fellow; his real name is Boggs. You'll see them nabbed some fine morning. They've been preying on Society a long long time. But I must wish you good night, for I've to attend to duty." And at this moment a civil-looking individual, who had also often dined, I remembered, at the Café, came up and spoke to Jones.

"'By the way,' said he, 'this is the famous Mr. Attrapiat, of the French Police,'—and so I also touched my hat to that well-known 'Agent de Sureté,' and wished Jones and him 'bon soir.'

"He and Jones apparently followed the two worthies, who turned down the Rue de Richelieu, and I saw them no more. I had forgotten Jackmann and the Doctor, and Messieurs Jones and Attrapiat, when I met Jones one day in the Place Vendôme, close to the monument, and under the shade of the 'Paletot Gris.' It was before those 'barbares' had pulled down the 'Petit Caporal.' Oh, 'insanis ira civium!'—oh, happily short-lived heathenism of the Commune!

"'Do you ever read the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, Sir?' Sergeant Jones asked me, as we mutually put our forefingers to our hats.

"'No,' I replied; 'I have often heard of that interesting periodical, but I have never improved myself, mentally or intellectually, by its study.'

"'I do not know anything about that,' he said, a little hastily (police officers don't always like chaff, why?) 'But if you want to see the end of our two friends of the Café, read it, that's all. The French police have done it very neatly, I must say—very neatly indeed; and they give good sentences in France. They have each got five years at the Bagne, and police surveillance for ever. The 'Doctor' was very 'stout;' he is a precious sly old rascal; but Jackmann turned 'soft,' and wanted to 'squeak,' and said it was all his 'Sa femme méchante.' He always was a bit of a cur.'

"'Have you any command for the 'Little Village?' he added, as he wished me good-bye.

"'No,' I said; 'I shall soon be again enjoying the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall."'

"'Bon voyage!'

"Well, I perused the *Gazette des Tribunaux* that evening, and two more thorough-going rapscallions I never read of before, and a more well-deserved sentence was never passed. If it erred, it erred on the side of leniency. Voila! mon histoire."

"Well," said Ethel, "is that all? What have we to do with two 'polissons,' and the 'police,' and the *Gazette des Tribunaux?*"

"My moral!" says Uncle Charles, loftily—(how fond some men are of moralising!) —"is this: Keep yourselves to yourselves; do not be too free and easy in making acquaintances; and, above all, do not be too intimate with any chance companion of whose antecedents you know nothing."

The young ladies "did not see it." I can only trust that it will be quite different with my indulgent readers.

FRIENDSHIP AND BROTHERHOOD.

BY G. SOMERS BELLAMY,

Author of "The New Shaksperian Dictionary of Quotations," and Joint-Author of "Flirtation" (Comedy).

"What need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? They were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves."—*Timon of Athens*, Act i., sc. 2.

"A friend should bear his friend's infirmities."—*Julius Cæsar*, Act iv., sc. 3.

"We are born to do benefits."—*Timon of Athens*, Act i., sc. 2.

IT is certain that no body or class of men will better understand and appreciate the noble words I have quoted above than Freemasons; but they appeal to all with equal force, to every individual, to all classes, to all nations. I could crowd these pages with quotations from Shakspeare to demonstrate, if need existed, how strongly he felt in the matter of friendship, how keenly he appreciated the bond of brotherhood that should exist between man and man, irrespective of race, colour or creed. The inherent selfishness of man, his pride of birth or wealth or station, his absorption in the daily pursuit of his own well-being, and above all, perhaps his overbearing conceit in his own brain powers, and the individual vanity that makes him view with such complacency his few good points through a magnifying glass, and his many faults through the wrong end of a telescope, reversing the process when he deals with his neighbour, have combined to somewhat isolate him in the present day from the great virtue of that friendship, of which the poet has said, it was "to men and angels only given." And rightly said—for true friendship is the least selfish of the many loves that exercise the human mind from infancy to age. I say the least selfish, because there is some grain of selfishness in every affection of the human heart—every good action,

every noble impluse, every motive can be traced to love of self. The "grand passion," of which every poet of every country has written, and written his best, to extol and ethe-realize, hiding the one black spot with many words, diverting the attention from what it really is to the grand castle in the air wherein dwells the might be, is of all human loves the least worthy, for it has its origin in the selfish passions which appeal to the lower nature of man as an animal. Man freed from the flesh has no need of the "grand passion," but whether in the flesh or in the spirit his higher nature can never dispense with that love which we call friendship—the sweet intellectual sympathy, the intercommunion of congenial souls.

But friendship, like everything else in this age of progress, has lost much of the vigour, because much of the self-abnegation which characterized this virtue when science had not attained those glorious dimensions which turns all things, but progress in materialism, into ridicule. The modern progressionist would reduce friendship to a science. If this cannot be done, then he bids you shelve the "sweet instrument," that it may keep its sound to itself and in a case too, lest some stray breeze call it into feeble play. The great and noble friendship between man and man, which, like sunrays, have served to relieve the dull and bloody canvass of man's history, become fewer and fewer as the progress of the age teaches us the art of a greater selfishness and invites us to laugh where once we wept, and never to weep at all. There seems to be left no room in a man's heart now, no vacant spot wherein he can hide his friend's faults; he cannot bear his friend's infirmities, so, in another sense, he bares them to all the world.

In his terse, epigrammatical way, Shakspeare comes to the very pith of his subject by the question, "What need we have any friends if we should never have need of them?" He does not imply, as the progressionist would doubtless argue, that we must make use of our friends and be careful our friends make no use of us, but he means that it is the need, the necessity, the adversity that calls for the display of friendship; that if we have no need, then, indeed, would friendship be a mere fashion, a toy misnamed after the honoured dead. The one grand need, however, which must ever be a powerful reason why man, more gregarious than any other animal, cannot exist with any degree of happiness without some kind of friendship, is his craving, whether in joy or grief, for sympathy. Man only finds the sympathy he desires in his brother man; a woman's sympathy, though often given when withheld by man, is but a poor and chilling substitute; not purposely so, but naturally, for the very fact that woman was designed to supply man with the wants of his lower nature, precludes her from ever entering into the sacred precincts of his inner soul. Friendship is the highest form of human love, and is therefore only given to the highest of the human race—"to men and angels only given." After the affection as between one man and another must come the love, the feeling of brotherhood that should link all men in the union of a united family. "We were born to do benefits;" this should be the axiom to supplant the grossly selfish, unchristian phrase so prevalent in this age of progress, of "Every man for himself and God for us all." If every man be but for himself, be sure God will be for none. And I have marked of late that even this quasi-Christian termination of "God for us all," that comes in like a "God have mercy on your soul" after a sentence of capital punishment, is often omitted, and "Every man for himself" is passed from mouth to mouth, is enacted day by day and, may be, to the satisfaction of the progressionist, is passing into a perfect science in its completeness of perfect selfishness.

The idea of brotherhood which must of necessity embrace the Shaksperian axiom, "We are born to do benefits," seems to be confined to bodies or cliques of men, and pre-eminently, perhaps, to Freemasonry, and does not extend as it should to all classes of men in a Christian country. Our national sense of brotherhood, which should be a broad-minded cosmopolitan charity which knows of no religious prejudice, no political bias, no prejudgment because of caste or race or colour, has degenerated into a narrow Samaritanism tainted with the spirit of the Levite—a Samaritanism that savours of the feeble charity of Exeter Hall, that would aid and then pass on the other side—a Samaritanism that can never grasp the sense of true brotherhood conveyed in the words of our Poet, "It is not enough to help the feeble up, but to support him afterwards." The temper of true brotherhood is to overcome ill-deeds by good returns, to leave the world a little better than we found it, to have a high

standard of goodness and raise others to it; not to look down from our high pedestal with an indifference or contempt that precludes charity or a cynical criticism that excludes justice, but to stoop, if need be, in order to raise some brother in the struggling mass below to a seat on that moral pedestal where, indeed, there is room for all. We look, however, on all sides and in vain for that universal love that bespeaks true brotherhood. In vain we seek to find it in those who in the abstract are united by a common Christianity, for every form, every sect of divine doctrine damns with every prayer it utters the brother who cannot see through the same spectacles. In vain we turn to the fraternity of letters; it knows no charity; it perverts justice and loves only a lynch law; it breaks-fast on prejudgment, dines on malice, sups on envy and retires with the down-going of the sun with bitterest hatred. In fine, every special fraternity nurses the notion that each member in it is a member of his own household, and consequently, not to belie the prophet, his own foe. Yet each man knows in his heart that the great Architect of the Universe loves the work of his own hand, and in leaving man to complete the great design, calls upon him by direct command and by a thousand indirect influences to labour in love, to hold together "and learn the wisdom of universal love, the true self-interest of strict brotherhood."

SONNET.

Oh, what is Masonry—but gushing streams
Of human kindness flowing forth in love!
Bright flashing—on whose crystal bosom beams
The light of truth, reflected from above,
Teaching sweet lessons, waking kindly thought;
Such as from time to time have warmed the hearts
Of earth's best children. Men by heaven taught,
That man is likest God when he imparts
To other's happiness. Such is the light
Which will burn brightly in a Mason's breast;
If he has learned his glorious task aright,
And with the lesson duly be impressed.
Yes, such is Masonry! and blessed are they,
Whose noble hearts reflect its feeblest ray.

EXTRACTS FROM THE RECORDS OF AN OLD ASSEMBLY OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR MEETING AT BOLTON.

BY BRO. JAMES NEWTON.

THE book from which the following extracts are taken contains in its present state twenty-two pages, evidently a portion of a larger book, from which the binding has been removed, for reasons which will appear from the extracts. This interesting memento came into our possession along with the records of the Royal Arch Chapter of Concord, No. 37, some extracts from which were published in the Masonic Magazine of April and May, 1877.

The first extract we give is as follows:

"*Rules and Regulations*

"Agreed on by the Knights Templars of St. John of Jerusalem, now of Malta, who hold an assembly in Bolton, are as follows:—

"1st. That the time of meeting be the first Friday in March, June, September, and December, at 6 o'clock, and that every member do deposit one shilling to the fund, and four pence to spend.

"2nd. That the clothing be black velvet sashes lined with crimson sarsnet.

"3rd. That a Knight Templar be admitted for five shillings, to be spent.

"4th. That every Knight dubb'd by us do pay one guinea, to be disposed as follows:—10s. 6d. to the fund, 2s. 6d. to the Chancellor, for certificates, &c., 2s. 6d. to the Tyler, and 5s. 6d. to be spent.

"5th. That three swords be purchased, the property of the fund, for the use of the standing officers, and likewise jewels, &c.

"6th. That a subscription be established for the purposes of discharging the debts that may be incurred, to be refunded by instalments when the fund is able to make a dividend of 20 per cent., beginning with the largest subscriber."

To these rules are attached the signatures of T. Rycroft, C.G.; Wm. Johnson, 1 G.W.; Thos. Wilson, 2 G.W.; Thomas Heaton, Chancellor; and eight others; also the impression in black wax of a triangular shaped seal, containing various emblems of a Knight Templar character. Underneath the seal is the date, "26th October, 1785."

Meetings of the Assembly appear to have been held on 12th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 23rd, and 26th October, 1785, 15th December, 1785, 20th January, 1786, 4th April, 1787, and 2nd June, 1787, but no minutes of such meetings are recorded, the only records thereof being lists of members, with the dates of admission and payments of fees and subscriptions.

There is also a "List of the Knights who entered into a subscription in pursuance of the 6th Bye-law," and the amounts subscribed, and the dates "when rec^{d}" and "when paid back," from which it seems £7. 5s. was subscribed by 17 Knights, in sums ranging from 21s. to 5s.

Under date 4th September, 1789, are the records of the last meeting named in the book, viz.:—

"Resolved, That this Assembly be discontinued."

"Resolved, That those members who do not attend before eight o'clock this evening be considered as not entitled to any benefit from the fund, they having forfeited their shares by non-attendance, according to notice given or sent to them."

"Resolved that W. Johnson and Jas. Stewart, from the circumstance of their residing in Manchester, shall be excepted from the last resolve and considered as present."

"Resolved that A—— M——, having disobeyed former summonses, be considered as not a member of this Assembly."

"Resolved that the transaction book, as far as is written on, be destroyed, and that the rest with the jewels be disposed of to the best advantage, also that the certificate plate and the seal, with the parchments for certificates, be sealed up and laid in the lodge chest."

"Resolved that the money arising from the present fund and the disposal of the jewels and transaction book be divided among the following members (here follow 8 names). Reducing the expenses of everyone from the beginning to an equality."

From subsequent entries in the Book, the funds appear to have been so divided, and at the end of the Book is a cash account, showing the various items of receipt and disbursement, amongst the receipts being:—"To an abatement at this Book not being filled, &c., 2/-"

Fortunately, however, the resolution, "that the Transaction Book as far as is written on be destroyed," has not *yet* been carried into effect, nor is it probable that it will be for some time to come. These memorials of our ancient brethren are too precious in the present day to be destroyed. Doubtless, in many parts of this country, there are to be found numerous old records of Freemasonry, which it would be interesting to peruse, and we can only express a hope, which we are sure will be echoed by the readers of the Magazine, that the possessors of them will see their way to re-producing them in the Masonic Press.

A MODERN NOVEL SOMEWHAT UNDERVALUED.

BY FRATER SCHOLASTICUS.

WE are among those who think that justice has hardly been done to "Phineas Redux," if not the last, one of the latest, of Mr. Anthony Trollope's works. It only precedes, if we remember rightly, "The Way we Live Now," and "The American Senator." For some reason, though why we know not, (perhaps a dread of political disquisition, a dislike of impossible occurrences), "Phineas Redux" does not apparently command the usual amount of interest and approval, which many of the efforts of that most effective of writers have properly and undoubtedly obtained at the hands of a critical and complacent public. It may be, as we before observed, the fear of political disquisitions, the dislike of impossible occurrences, the somewhat unreal framework of the story, which have militated with the general and proper appreciation of Mr. Trollope's pleasant pages. The Trial is we deem a great mistake, and will always be a blemish on the work, however ably described, because, like another work of the same prolific author, it is an approach to a sensationalism utterly unworthy of the genius and powers of Anthony Trollope. Such a "tour de force" is unnecessary for the story, and gives to a very striking and admirably conceived work, that appearance of unreality and personality combined, which has hindered much the proper development of hearty popular appreciation of a most amusing novel and a very attractive tale. Yet for all this—and a good deal more might be said, and has been said—we are among those who have perused "Phineas Redux" with much of heartfelt pleasure, sympathy, and admiration. It may be, indeed, we admit at the outset, that the hero, "Poor Phinny," comes before us an old acquaintance, by no means as an unexceptionable hero. It is unavoidable, but that we have to deal in part with the older story of "Phineas Finn," which for some reason, if much praised, has also been, as we think, hastily depreciated.

"Phineas Redux" is necessarily built up on "Phineas Finn," as an after-work on an original foundation, and it is impossible to bring out the salient features of the former without recurring to the prevailing memories of the latter. Phineas is, as Violet Chiltern would wittily observe, "by no means a Swan;" but yet, as "nous sommes tous mortels," let us be discreet and charitable, not too critical, and certainly not too severe. It is perhaps undeniable, we feel, that a rigid Moralist might hold, that Phineas had no right whatever to place himself deliberately in the position of being a fervent admirer of Violet Effingham, Lady Laura, and Poor Mary, all at the same time!

We cannot—and no one can, we think—possibly defend our hero when he thus appears equally ardent, equally sympathetic, and equally inconsistent. If it be a true picture, as it probably is, of certain excitable dispositions, we feel that it is not a pleasant "spectacle" to contemplate, nor is it an improving one. Indeed, the feelings and views and position of Phineas in this respect are, it appears to us, we confess, difficult to analyse, and still more difficult to defend. And yet let us not be too ready to blame Phineas. Violet, one of the most charming of Mr. Trollope's creations, probably hit the real mark when she treated it all as a little amusement on the part of a genial, good-looking, somewhat impulsive young man.

She, with her wonderful clearness of vision and decision of character, saw through his little weakness, and "spotted" his little game. She recognised both his idiosyncrasy and his worth, and she treated him accordingly—all praise to her, as all true women should treat an amiable and well-meaning young man. She quietly refused him, —she did not even snub him, much less quarrel with him. After all, then, that anyone can say against this portrait of a modern hero, and Mrs. Mullgrubber and Tiger Jones, and the Rev. Theodosius O'Whack, have a great deal to say, especially on the "high moral line," we cannot affirm here that we can very gravely blame Phineas Finn. For Phinny is not the first man, nor will be by very many a long way, who has got into a scrape with "the petticoats, sir!" As one old friend of ours used sententiously to observe, "There is nothing so dangerous, after all, in this world, as a bit of dimity."

Men have many dangers to encounter, but none are so great, so pressing, or so peculiar! If, then, our hero was a little weak and wavering, a little inconstant and uncertain, a little bewildered and bothering, as we scan the contour of his moral character, we think that is fairly all that we can say. He was at the same time amiable and genial, comfortable and confiding, kindly and considerate, pleasant and warm-hearted, and if slightly impulsive, very honest; if a little undecided, very honourable. That he should like the society of "Grandes Dames" and "Grands Seigneurs" was not very blameworthy. There are very many who would give anything in the world to be in it. All through, he seems manfully to have maintained an honest independence of thought and action, and to have remained, if a poor man, yet an "Irish gentleman" in name and deed. Despite, then, some unavoidable blemishes and some palpable incongruities, we admire Mr. Anthony Trollope's conception of Phineas Finn, and for this reason, that not only do we hold it to be a very artistic performance, but also a very true and striking character.

Phineas never, amidst the temptations of Society, becomes a dissipated roué or an enervated "vaurien;" he never allows the seductions of the senses or the slippery paths of worldly progress to lure him into those habits of life or modes of thought which are incompatible with honour, chivalry, truth, and morality. If Phineas had, as we all have had, his weak moments and unguarded hours—his seasons when the personal sense of abstract duty is a little lowered amid the feverish scenes of gaiety and "abandon,"—if his were times when strong individual aspirations led him into seemingly crooked ways or bye-paths, yet on the whole how few and how really venial they were!

That Phineas Finn meant to "run straight" we firmly believe, and therefore, despite his amiable shortcomings and his numerous flirtations, we like him much. Poor Lady Laura, indeed, might feel a good deal, and seems somewhat to have "hard lines," but yet we are not sure but that Mr. Trollope is right in so "pointing the moral" in her special case. It is always a mistake in a woman to be too "coming;" to forget that she has always "se faire valoir;" that men, say what they will, always prefer reserve and reticence; and that that affection which is ready to "devancer" the wonted "bienséances" of society and the customs of the world, and even the feelings of the man, is often lightly prized and still oftener rudely thrown away.

And what shall we say of Lord and Lady Chiltern? Surely Lord Chiltern is an admirable personification, if roughly drawn. There is a great deal of sense and good after all in that uncouth, ungainly man; much promise, let us hope, of better, of the best things! And is not Violet Chiltern limned with a master-hand? We confess that we hardly know any character in modern novels, except "Heartsease," which strikes us more real, more charming, than Violet Chiltern. We feel as we gaze upon her gracious and pleasant presence, how sensible, how sagacious, how free, and yet how true she really is—no fancy ideal, no inapt model, let us hope and believe, of many a British maiden, of many a young married woman amongst us, as stout-hearted, and as beaming, and as delightful as she is!

We hail once more our old friend Lady Glencora, as in former days, with unalloyed pleasure. Our first acquaintance with Lady Glencora took place in the garden of the "Trois Couronnes" at Vevay and the "Drei Königen" at Basle, and we never shall forget the impression she made on us then, and which we retain to this very hour. We cannot, however, linger with that quaint yet picturesque creation, further than to echo the words of that skilled craftsman who made her what she is, and ever must be to many readers, "Nothing can ever change the Duchess!"

The little episode as between "Spooner of Spoon Hall" and Adelaide Palliser is most amusing; and though we do not profess to admire Gerald Maule, and think Adelaide Palliser much too good for him, we are heartily glad that she had the sense and the pluck to decline becoming Mrs. Spooner.

People often talk of our girls as being mercenary, and propound many other hard allegations concerning them; but for our part we hold them to be more sinned against than sinning!

We have to leave the Duke and Lady Baldock, Joseph Emilius (a hateful character), and Aspasia Fitzgibbon, and many more, and we come to that striking figure which stands out on Mr. Trollope's canvas so well painted, and as distinct as any figure well can be—Madame Max Göeslar. Now we at once declare for Madame Max! We think her one of the best portraitures of a true-hearted woman which we have for a long time seen, and we consider "Phiuny" a very lucky fellow to have found so pleasant and presentable a companion for the rest of his journey here. Never has the happy touch of Mr. Trollope's hand been seen to greater advantage than in his remarkable delineation of this sensible, gracious, clever, warm-hearted, sympathetic, honest, loving woman! And as we write we feel how true "Phineas Redux" is as a description of the Society in which we live—the feelings we avow, the ideas we entertain, the very language we speak. The "dramatis personæ" are not airy nothings, unsubstantial figures, but real living men and real living women. The men are the same we travel with and chat with, and joke with and smoke with, and gossip with—for men are sad gossips; and the women, who charm our existence and empty our pockets, and are the delights and the drawbacks of human existence, are vividly represented before us. To our taste Mr. Trollope is one of the truest of painters, and, we will add, the most agreeable and sensible of teachers.

There is a sound moral at the bottom of his stirring words and striking scenes, and as we put down "Phineas Redux," and remember our own little world, we fancy that we can still recognise the Duke and Mr. Bonteen, Lord Chiltern and Phineas Finn, Mr. Graham and Mr. Daubeney, Gerald and old Mr. Maule, Fitzgibbon, Mr. Spooner, and even Mr. Lowe. Yes, and at the same time we feel strongly that we are not unacquainted with Violet and Lady Laura, the Duchess of Omnium and Lady Cantrip, the two Lady Baldocks, Adelaide Palliser, and Madame Max Göeslar, and not even forgetting Mrs. Bunce. Like brilliant figures of a phantasmagoria, they seem to flit before our eyes, to smile on us, to talk with us, to be very pleasant to us, and then to pass into empty space. Beneficial as the society of kindly and cultivated and right-thinking women is to men, under all circumstances, in this sublunary scene, and needful as is her companionship and elevating her association, we may well seek to realise the truth, that such a friend and counsellor and wife as Mrs. Max Göeslar is certain to be, is indeed a blessing to us all. May some wandering mortal like Phineas Finn yet find, to his great good fortune and greater happiness, that with such a person, in the blessedness of congenial sympathies and harmonised tastes, all his happier dreams are accomplished, all his higher destiny on earth cheered, and, let us hope, his own probation partially and practically fulfilled.

CABINET OF MASONIC CURIOSITIES.

I.—A New Year's Gift

FOR SAMUEL BRYANT, ESQ., M.E.Z., W.P.M., R.P.G.L., &c., &c., &c.

As *Mene tekeli*, once seen on a wall,
Filled the Court of Balshazzar with dread,
So this crooked tri-line affixed to a scroll,
Has puzzled a great Mason's head.

The writing of old was explained to the King,
To foreshadow the end of his race;
But this crooked line shows a contrary thing—
A new life in a Lineage to trace.

"What's the name of the scribe?" asked Past-Master B.,
As addressing the Craftsmen one night;
But no one was able the crook'd line to see,
Or drag the poor author to light.

"Most excellent Z.! thrice exalted in art!
'A Master in Israel' profound—
Can'st thou not this secret, Eureka, impart,
Or show its true import or sound?"

"Why ask for a name plainly wrote at the foot,
Tho' unseen, overlooked, or mistook;
You've only to look for its import and root
In Mason's 'La plume volante' Book (*).

"This hint on the word sheds a luminous ray,
To light its true meaning to view;
Unfold, then, this riddle, and instantly say,
You have found what is known but to few.

"Confess there's a Mason of higher degree
Than any you've found here about:
The 'Plume volante' Mason's the Mason for me,
And his pen the Eureka found out."

Bristol, 1st January, 1848.

(*) "La plume volante," 1707.

TO MRS. BRYANT.

Being told a young Mason you've brought into light,
Amply stored with the gifts of hearing and sight;
Yearning for something his hands to employ,
And fill his young soul with excitement and joy.
But, unable as yet to handle the Trowel,
A whistle and bells I've sent as his Jewel;
What a Jewel for a Lewis, before he's enrolled—
Aye, for by him the secret will never be told.

Bristol, 18th August, 1847.

Among a bundle of Masonic papers presented to me by Bro. Dr. Samuel Bryant, I found the foregoing. Thinking they would prove interesting as being connected with the oldest, most worthy, and most zealous Mason in Bristol or neighbouring provinces, I forward them for preservation in the columns of the "Masonic Magazine."

F. G. IRWIN.

THE PROPOSED SPELLING REFORM.

THERE are many proposed changes in the social world, as we all know, made day by day, from some queer motive or another, often not very apparent, and, to say the truth, somewhat questionable, which, instead of reform, would lead to revolution, instead of tending to improvement—would culminate in anarchy!

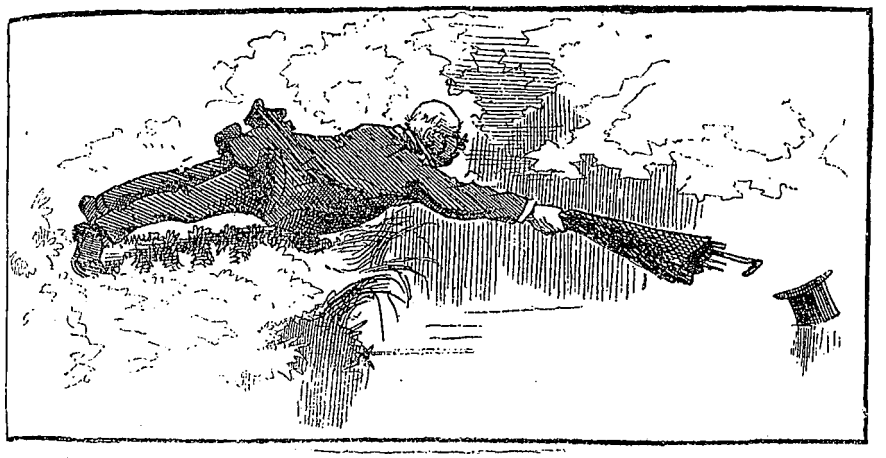
There is on many points and topics a great amount of restlessness just now amongst us—a sort of febrile excitement—which portend no good to society generally, and which often, in particular cases, can only be productive alike of absurdity and incongruity, in this system or that, if persevered in—can only result in inconvenience to Society, and in retrogression, not advance, to mankind. We confess that we look upon the proposal to alter our "spelling system" as one of those needless suggestions of change which will inflict the greatest amount of general inconvenience, with no corresponding good or useful results, and which assumes the appearance of a "craze" or a monomania. We do not for one moment seek to contend, indeed, that our present system is perfect or without some anomalies, neither do we deny that many of those who promote and favour this spelling reform are actuated by a sincere desire to improve, not to destroy—to reform, not to revolutionize. Far be it from us, as Freemasons, to make any such intolerant remarks, or any such unfair imputation! But having studied the question itself carefully for many years, and understanding, as we hope, alike the English Grammar and the English Language we feel bound, as honest journalists, to express our humble opinion on the subject.

The present system of spelling may be termed the "literal" one, governed by certain customary pronunciations, which are all eventually made the "outcome," so to say, of the spoken language. This system has some defects and many shortcomings, as we before remarked, and which no doubt are felt much by foreigners, who complain of what often appears to them as a most arbitrary setting at naught of the very first principles of literal pronunciation; and who can deny that there is a quasi arbitrariness and license in our wonted pronunciation, and which are also subject to special modifications which cannot be positively or actually defended. But be this as it may, it will be, in our opinion, very difficult to set up a better system, as any change to such as that which has been termed the Euphonious system, can only land us in a morass of ridiculous alterations—a climax, in fact, of absurdity—which the "fantors" and advocates of the present movement do not certainly contemplate or even realise. The only effect of the proposed change must be to barbarize the English language spoken and written, and throw us back into the epoch of unpolished utterance and uncivilised chirography.

Let us take as a specimen of what the English of the future is likely to be if this childish mania proceeds, according to our contemporary, *Truth*, as quoted recently and seasonably in the *Times*, and let us carefully note and digest it:

"The Lundun Skool Bored iz stil ingajed in discussing the qwestyun ov spelling reform, At the last meting uv the Bored, Mr. Firth, who apearz tu be won ov the fu memburz pozest ov kommun sens, endevurd tu get rid ov the ridikelus ajitashun bi mooving that no further akshun be taken in the matter. Az uzual, however, the debate woz ajurnd. Bi thus kountinansing the folle ov the ate members who past the orijinul rezolushun, the nu Bored iz bringing upon itself a share ov the ridekule with which Professur Gladstone's propozul haz been jenerully reseved. When the Bored sent rownd itz surkular last Novembur everybody thawt it woz a joke. The bair noshun of a Royl Kummishun tu inquire intu the praktikability ov introdusing whot we ma kawl the Josh Billingsgate stile ov orthogruffy woz suffishunt to eksite laftur whenevur it woz menshund. But tho the publik laft, and the nuzpapurz snered, the Bored woz sereus. The memburz, or at leest sum ov them, wisht tu signulize the klose ov thare laburz bi an akt in harmunny with thare preveyus prosedingz, and Professur Gladstone's rezolushun woz adopted with the vew ov akomplishing that objikt. So far, no dowt, tha were suksesful; but the nu Bored wud hav dun wizely tu let the matter drop, leving the late Bored tu be anserabl for itz one absurditiz."

We ask our readers, one and all, who have perused this specimen of a so-called spelling reform, can such a conclusion of the matter be either advisable or acceptable to the great mass of our connections and working world, and above all the common language and common sense of England?



REACHING AFTER THE UNATTAINABLE.*

BY VERAX.

THOSE of us who have ever studied the Philosophy of human life, the Psychology of individual being, must have been struck with this one great fact, running like a golden thread through all efforts and all aspirations, namely, the search for the "Unattainable."

It is a peculiar condition, an unchanging condition of humanity, no doubt founded on an innate perception of Truth, that man always is "to be," and never is "blest." In early dawn we lay out the plans for the coming day. We exult and plan, we purpose and we prophesy, we look forward without fear, we discount the future at an exorbitant rate of interest, much above the "Bank of England rate."

The present is peculiarly little or less to us; on the future we fix our anxious gaze—to the future we direct our wandering steps, all elate, all sanguine, all triumphant. And yet, alas! that future never comes to us. No, while we are planning and purposing, and anticipating and imagining—happy delusion of our race!—Atropos appears on the scene, snips in two the thread of life, and on the passage over that Stygian river, dark and dismal when conducted by old Charon, we give him our "obolus," and gladly leave his company.

We have been "reaching after the Unattainable," but all in vain, for neither youth nor strength, nor grace, nor hope, nor bright joys, nor a peaceful home, nor a "placens uxor," and duteous children, have hindered the advance of the "Parcæ," or taken from us the greatest of gifts to man, Life. And the same law of human existence governs other matters and other conditions and other actualities here. We start in life often with an ideal world of ideal men and ideal women before us. Ours is hero worship, heroine worship, of the most approved fashion. We are all for ourselves, so to say—a little living theatre, in which all the actors move, speak, dress, act, look, to perfection. No dimness obscures the vision, no false colouring daubs the scene, no unskilful grouping mars the gracious "tout ensemble." All is pleasant to the sight, edifying to the mind, and good for moral realisation. Alas, ere we have gone very far on the journey of life we find how idle has been our anticipation, how deceiving this "baseless fabric of a dream." The actors have played their parts, but how badly! They have not attended to the "prompter;" they have forgotten their very "cues," and the consequence has been a grand result as inharmonious as it is depressing! When the masks are dropped and the paint is gone, how unreal seem all that mouthing and that acting, which have ended only in rant, or fustian, or worse! Where is the promise of other days? Where are the links of old affection? Where are our dreams of the high, the heroic, the beautiful, the pure, the true? All gone away to the "silent land,"

* We have taken this amusing sketch to illustrate our subject from the American *Scribner* for September.

all forgotten, laid aside, dispensed with, in the heartlessness of life, in the treacheries of the world, in the "bassesse" of humanity!

We who looked for perfection have found frailty; we who expected friendship have discovered treachery; we who hoped for truth have had to contend with falsehood; we who counted on clinging affection have had to put up with cold-hearted desertion. We have been "reaching unto the unattainable" here below.

And yet once more how wonderful often to us seems the creations of earth, the handiwork of mortal men!

We lay out skilful plans, we carve out goodly careers, we erect mighty buildings, we accumulate vast wealth; we have laboured for Time, and Time rewards with its fleeting praises, its ephemeral crowns. We are prosperous and great, yes, and honoured and glorious in the world's sight; applauding crowds caress our names; laudatory Gazettes declare world-wide our reputation; we have reached even the acme of human felicity, the apogee of earthly greatness! And what then?

Often in a moment the house we have reared tumbles down; the wealth we have made crumbles away; honour, fame, rank, position, a good name, family influence—all vanish from us, flee from us, leave us here, lonely, disregarded, and friendless! we have been reaching to the unattainable.

Once again, in the history of this garish world of ours, the Diviner Truth is made sure as of ever, that the "battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift;" that nothing earthly is stable or lasting, and that on everything of earth, of man, of the world, is written as with an adamantine pen, "Nehusthan." Yes, the pomp and the pageantry, the wealth and the wisdom, the glory and the greatness, the felicity and the fellowship of man, all are at the best but evanescent and most uncertain, and in the very midst of apparently assured splendour and triumph, fade away in an instant, like as a dream when one awaketh. Poor mortals all! we have been reaching unto the Unattainable!

I might go through many illustrations, but the space accorded me goes no further, and I also fear to wearythe patience of my readers, for whom just now didactic essays are, as they say, "a drug in the market;" neither do I think it right to make an article in the MASONIC MAGAZINE a Sermonette. I have taken a philosophical view of life *per se*, and have touched on topics familiar, I am bold to believe, to every thinking mind. Of course, I presume that people have a "thinking mind," though, to confess the truth, in the present state of affairs that may with most represent the "unknown quantity."

We live, unfortunately, at a time when easy living, material indulgence, and dubious society, have apparently enervated our whole moral being, and indisposed the majority to reflection or to thought. Society seems to me just now like a ship abandoned at sea; its masts are gone, its crew have taken to the boats, and tossed to and fro, the sport of tumultuous waves, it is speeding it knows not whither, destined either to founder on the open, or to go to pieces on treacherous sandbanks or piercing reefs.

But, as Truth lies, and always has lain, at the bottom of the great well of Life, so there are some ardent imaginations, some generous dispositions, some thinking minds, some cultivated understandings, to be touched and warned, and edified and restrained, even in the humble pages of the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

For them I write to-day, and to them, I feel sure, my unpretending words will sound neither unmeaning nor pharisaical, hollow, or untrue.

Reviews.

Later Lyrics. By Dr. J. E. CARPENTER. (Charles E. Hawkesley, 13, Queen Victoria street.)

WE have received Bro. Dr. Carpenter's "Later Lyrics" with pleasure, and perused them with gratification. We beg to call the attention of our readers to them, as they display

not only an easy versification and pleasant rhythm, but are animated by genial sentiment and much poetic power and reality.

We give some selections, which perhaps may induce some of our kind friends and brethren to purchase the little volume. We think "Vanished" is very pretty:

"VANISHED.

"Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."—*Tennyson.*

I've just been dreaming a dream of the past,
It brought back days departed;
When sweet was her voice and bright was her smile,
And both all day long light-hearted;
Yet all that is left of a long lost love
Is a sad, sweet memory only,
And I wake to gaze on a vacant chair,
And to know that I am lonely.
I thought that we sat in the same dear room
Where first our vows were spoken,
And I heard the light "touch of the vanished hand"
O'er the keys ere the strings were broken;
No sense of change in that vision seemed,
But youth and beauty only:—
'Twas the old, old tale—*two* loving hearts,
And *one* left sad and lonely."

We think that all of us will enter into the harmony and power of "What I Love Best":

"WHAT I LOVE BEST.

"I'll tell you what I love the best,
Though in this world I find
'Tis they who take things as they come
Who most leave care behind;
Contented thus I laugh and sing,
While others rail and preach:
The reason is, I *covet not*
The things beyond my reach.

I more than gold, or hoarded wealth,
Love labour and love rest,
But honest hearts and earnest deeds
Are things that I love best.

I love a friend who's not ashamed
To meet me face to face,
I love a bright and sunny smile
On woman's brow to trace;
I love to feel, if good I've done
To one of low degree,
That were our fates reversed, that one
Would do the same for me!

I love the winter's warm fireside,
The song, the dance, the jest;
But most the welcome that I meet
Is what I love the best.

I love to hear a wise man speak
With all his learned lore;
I love the simple songs oft sung
Beside the cottage door;
To me 'the meanest flower that blows'
Is beautiful to see,
But art, in all its varied forms,
Is still beloved by me.

I love the good, the just, the true,
No matter great or small,
But most the maid who loveth me
I love the best of all."

"Sunset" seems also to merit notice, as it is alike touching and true:

"SUNSET.

Sunset in the flowery dale,
Sunset in the silvery bay,
Evening spreads her ebon veil,
Darker shadows round us play;
Slowly o'er the distant scene
Falls the glorious setting sun;
Who can tell what he hath seen
Since the busy day begun?

Sunset in the golden west;
Steeped in dew each flowret weeps;
'Tis the sacred hour of rest,
Labour ends and sorrow sleeps;
Calm and blessed are the hours,
When the busy day is done;
Sleep and sweet repose be ours,
Tranquil as yon setting sun."

We might make many more extracts from his general poems, but we stop here. Bro. Carpenter's Masonic Poems are also well known, but we think it well to give a specimen of them, to remind our brethren of their pleasantness and reality:

"SYMBOL AND SIGN.

Believe me if every strange symbol and sign
Which we gazed on so fondly to-night
Convey'd not some moral, some lesson divine,
We would banish them all from our sight:
As they ever have been, may they still be adored,
Though the world un-masonic condemn,
While to us they such precepts of virtue afford
Or our actions are govern'd by them.

'Tis not the mere form of the compass and square
That to us does such rapture impart;
No! 'tis the deep moral inculcated there
That is stamped on each Freemason's heart.

Oh ! a lodge of Freemasons, where'er it may be,
Is the dwelling of brotherly love ;—
There are none who in thought or in action can flee
From the all-seeing Eye that's above !

We shall all be inclined to echo the beautiful words of "Charity":

"CHARITY.

Oh ! banquet not in this festive scene,
When craftsmen meet in bright array,
Unless remembering what they've been,
Ye think of those who 're far away ;
For many but know 'a feast of tears.'
And while the generous wine we pour,
Our guests and friends of former years,
May meet like us in lodge no more.

Then, that the cup may sweeter be,
Nor thorns beset our festal flowers,
Forget not heaven-born charity
Befits a Mason's lodge like ours.
The giver and the gift is bless'd
If what we give be freely given,
But he who *pities* the distress'd
And *gives not*, mocks the truths of Heavon !"

We have said enough and quoted enough, we think, to recommend this interesting little work to the perusal and patronage of all our readers.

THE POETIC INTERPRETATION OF NATURE.*

WEARY and footsore in the race of life we pause awhile by the wayside to rest ; our eye, tired with gazing so steadfastly along the glaring dusty track that we have to tread, half-closed, shuts out the sunlight from the harassed brain ; when perchance we notice the persevering efforts of some tiny insect at last crowned with success ; or it may be that we see some tender floweret, parched and wellnigh withered, by the noonday heat, presently burdened almost to breaking with a heavy drop of moisture left on its bosom by the passing storm ; but finally, as the burning sun shines out once more, it finds this water-drop its preservation. We spring to our feet and begin our way afresh, with heart invigorated and purposes renewed, for we have seen perseverance rewarded, we have beheld the semblance of an individual withering, hardening, drying up, under the influence of prosperity, but whose heart cast down under its load of affliction, has been softened and renewed ; yet again, we see this load of wonder-working sorrow, seemingly too heavy to be borne, gradually fade before the reviving warmth of a renewed prosperity, which, were it not for the softening influence of this very burden, would quite dry up the fountains of the heart once more. Whence comes this lesson to the mind of Man ? Whence the Voice that speaks it to his soul ? The response that we get to such queries as these is invariably the one word "Nature !"

* "On Poetic Interpretation of Nature," by J. C. Shairp, LL.D., Principal of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonards, St. Andrews. Edinburgh. David Douglas, 1877.

Upon which we may very well ask another question, "What do you mean by Nature? Is it merely the material world by which we are surrounded that you mean? Is it some vital principle permeating that circumscribing mass of matter? Or is it a something still further beyond, a guiding and controlling Master?" To this question, if we read Principal Shairp aright, he gives us the answer, that we should give ourselves. It is ultimately the last of these that speaks to us in Nature's silent teaching; it is through Nature's teaching that we hear the voice of Nature's God. Here the casual observer, or the man whose soul Nature is powerless to move, might break in upon our meditations, by denouncing them as mere flights of fancy, at best a harmless diversion, at worst a foolish delusion, at all events and in any case, a sheer waste of time. Surely such an one would overlook all previous experience and ignore all teaching, both human and divine. What do we read of Isaac, but that he "went out to meditate in the field at eventide"? as though it were in that temple Nature-framed that he could best hold communion with his God. In the solitude of Bethel, again, it was, with no other eye than his to behold the heaven-sent vision, that Jacob recognized the "house of God and the gate of heaven." In the wild region of Midian, that Moses learned his uncompromising sternness of purpose. In the mountain-fastnesses of Carmel, that Elijah's rugged character was formed. And in the solitary wilderness of Jordan, that the Baptist was trained for his great career as the fore-runner of the Lord. Enoch, again, "walked with God"; and was it not this walking, rather apart from the busy haunts of men than in the midst of the city's hum, so resembling the communing of the Almighty Father with His child in Eden, which ended in his translation to the immediate presence of God?

Our Craft teaches us that no little portion of our duty is the study of the hidden mysteries of Nature and of Science. Why? Because the Great Ruler of our Craft well knows that our ultimate knowledge of these is as conducive to man's happiness as to his welfare; and so our Craft, whilst putting into our hands that Volume of the Sacred Law, lays open too before our eyes the great Volume of Nature. Nor does our Christianity, of which our Craft is but the precept put into active practise, do otherwise. Witness how the Volume of the Law refers us to the page of Nature's book:—

"Go to the ant," says our Grand Master Solomon, "and be wise!"

"Consider the lilies," says the Lord of all Life, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these: if God so clothe the grass of the field...shall he not much more clothe you?"

Christ, then, directed the continuous attention of His disciples to the handiworks of the Creator, and invariably used it, as a never-ending source of illustration, when He would impress some lesson upon them that He desired to be as permanent as impressive. Witness His Parables, notably those of "The Wheat and the Tares," and of "The Sower." But there is one fact of which the student of Nature must not be unobservant, and that is, that our Lord never failed to show the Ruling Power; He might speak of the growth of the wheat and the tares, those representatives of souls in accord with God or in revolt against Him, together until the harvest, but He did not neglect to speak of the Lord of the Harvest; He might draw a forcible picture of the various soils, those types of the varied hearts of men, upon which the good seed might fall, but He did not omit to speak of the Sower of that seed. Once more, then, if we would read the lore of Nature's lessons aright, we must recognise as the ultimate teacher, the ever-present Governor who was and is the Maker of it all. This seems to be Principal Shairp's view, for he quotes Wordsworth approvingly:—

> "Those vague instincts come to man from a divine source, and are given to him not merely for pleasure's sake, but that he may condense them into permanent principles, by thought, by the faithful exercise of the affections, by contemplation of Nature, and by high resolve—"

and it is this principle thus drawn out and approved of, that gives the book its value in these days of Scepticism, Pantheism, Paganism, Anythingism, in fact, but an outspoken and honestly-expressed belief in the revelation of Himself by the True and Living God Most High.

The Author, then, of "The Poetic Interpretation of Nature, speaks to us primarily of that

"Book, who runs, may read,"

told us of, long ago, by one of our best and truest poets; a Book whose page is open to the man who by neglect of education can dwell but uselessly on the printed page; open to the man who in the turmoil of life can have leisure for no written story, but must gather his lessons of life and love, from the grasses that he crushes beneath his tread, or the thing of life that flutters by his hasty world-bound path; open to the man whose brain is reeling, and whose sight is dim, with poring over the metaphysician's page, and who turns to Nature for relief from toil, and who finds that whilst his weary eye finds rest, and his troubled brain relief, from the abstruse perplexities of human lore, his mind grows bright, and his heart grows glad, whilst drinking in a knowledge, which is, beside that of earth, past compare, for it speaks to his inner and his better self, his soul, and it draws him away from the contemplation of the things of Time to the realization of the things of Eternity.

It is with the practical adaptation of this teaching to human needs that Principal Shairp seems mainly to have to do in his little volume. He recognises the fact that it is not to all that it is given to read the great World-book's lessons aright, far less to all is it allotted to be able to impart this knowledge to others when so gained. The position, then, that he seems to assume is: that there is a teaching in Nature which can only be realised by a poet; and which, when it has found vent in words, constitutes true poetry—in fact, that the Poet is the Priest of Nature's mysteries.

When, then, the author grants, that not alone is he a poet that can give his learning words, but a man that can appreciate true Beauty; that not alone is that poetry which can strike on the outward ear of man, but the drinking it into the soul, the incorporating it into himself by any man that can thus spiritually feed on Beauty, we can quite agree with him in the position that he unhesitatingly takes that Poetry is the only exponent of the living Beauty of Nature. But with his definition of Beauty itself we are not quite in accord, nor are we with the illustrations by which he would enforce his argument. He says:—

> "Light, as physicists inform us, is not something which exists in itself apart from any sentient being. The external reality is not light, but the motion of certain particles, which, when they impinge on the eye, and have been conveyed along the visual nerve to the brain, are felt by the mind as light,—result in a perception of light. Light, therefore, is not a purely objective thing, but is something produced by the meeting of certain outward motions with a perceiving mind. Again, certain vibrations of the air striking on the drum of the ear, and communicated by the nerve of hearing to the brain, result in the perception of sound. Sound, therefore, is not a purely objective entity, but is a result that requires to its production the meeting of an outward vibration with a hearing mind; it is the result of the joint action of these two elements. In a similar way, certain qualities of outward objects, certain combinations of laws in the material world, when apprehended by the soul through its æsthetic and imaginative faculties, result in the perception of what we call Beauty. Therefore, Beauty, neither wholly without us nor wholly within us, is a product resulting from the meeting of certain qualities of the outward world with a sensitive and imaginative soul. The combination of both these elements is necessary to its existence."

This we cannot accept any more than we can what Principal Shairp here tells us, the Physicists teach us of Light and Sound.

God created Light, before there was a soul upon this earth to aid (as the Physicists would say, in what, according to them, would be its creation) by observing it. Besides, let us put this theory into practise and we shall soon see the fallacy:—A. and B. are standing side by side; A. can see and hear, but B. is blind and deaf; a certain vibratory motion of certain particles starts and takes effect upon A's optic nerve. Therefore there is Light! The same thing at identically the same time and place goes on round B. but does not effect his optic nerve. Therefore, there is not Light! Therefore, at the same time and place there both is and is not Light! This we cannot but

think is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Theory of the Physicists as to Light; and the same will hold good as to Sound; and the same we think as to Beauty. Had the Physicists have enunciated that without a receptive brain, there would be no *perception* of Light or Sound, none could well have disputed their proposition; had Principal Shairp have stopped short in asserting that without an answering soul there could be no *perception* of Beauty, none could have disagreed with him; but the necessity of the receptive soul to the *existence* of the quality, we must altogether deny. Just as there have doubtless been meteors emitting light which no soul of man has ever beheld; just as there have been for countless ages, the loud crack of the inmost recesses of the pine forest, or the sullen roar of the far-off cataract, that no mortal ear has ever listened to; so—as one of Principal Shairp's friends has told us—

> "Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Before ever a soul of man was created, the Beauty of God's handiwork was in existence, and He Himself, regarding it, had seen that "it was good."

With the remarks following our previous quotation, we are quite in accord; in them Principal Shairp seems to take our own expressed position :—

> "It "[BEAUTY]" is nomerely mental or subjective thing, born of association, and depending on individual caprice, as the Scotch philosophers so long fancied" . . . And when, either through our own perception, or through the teaching of the poets, we learn to apprehend it; when it has found entrance into us, through eye and ear, imagination and emotion, we have learnt something more about the world in which we dwell, than Physics have taught us,—a new truth of the material universe has reached us through the imagination, not through the scientific or logical faculty.
>
> "If, then, Beauty be a real quality interwoven into the essential texture of Creation," [which postulate being exactly what we insist upon!] "and if Poetry be the fittest human expression of the existence of this quality, it follows that Poetry has to do with truth as really as Science has, though with a different order of truth."

This prerogative of Poetry to be the interpreter and not merely the representative (maugre the Athenæum*) of the Beauty inherent in Nature seems to us so conclusively proved by Principal Shairp, that it seems almost as unnecessary as unkind to chronicle our trifling divergence from his conclusions, and had he not have founded them upon the teaching of the Physicists, with whom he, too, in other places, seems by no means to agree, we should not have dwelt upon it at the length we have.

As the author tells us (as quoted above) Science has to do with quite a different order of truth to that which falls within the domain of Poetry, and, therefore, we agree with him that the rise of the former need be no bar to the growth of the latter. We presume that no doctor would deny the Beauty of a young and handsome face, because his Science told him of the muscles and other anatomical parts of which it was composed, and which his own scalpel could lay bare: no more then would your true philosopher, geologist though he were, be hindered from drinking in the beauties of a lovely landscape, merely because in another corner of his brain there was stored away the knowledge, that all those lovely banks were but upheavals of the soil, or that glittering cascade, was but simple oxygen and hydrogen in certain combinations; rather would he admire the God of Nature, the more in that out of such unlikely materials He could call such Beauty into being at His Word.

The view that Principal Shairp takes, that :—

> "Every new province of knowledge which Science conquers, Poetry may in time enter into and possess,"

is quite granted by the writer of the before-mentioned Review, but he adds, disparagingly,

* Review of Principal Shairp's book in the Athenæum. (No. 2594, page 41).

"What *kind* of results are offered to Poetry by *her* sister?"

and then stating that these will be but those—

"—— of the heart of hate
That beats in thy breast, O Time!"

or those of a—

"Nature, red in tooth and claw,"

he declares this pessimism can be the only creed of a Poetry that is interpretative, and that for Poetry to be as it

"Used once, a delight and a comfort,"

it must remain representative; he adds,

"*Because* the heart of the modern world is more wicked and bloodthirsty than ever!"

Is, then, "the modern world," used in its everyday sense, to be the dominant factor of Poetry? If so, Poetry is not, and never can be, the Interpreter of Nature, and *cadit quæstio.* But "the modern world" is not, and never can be, more than a travesty of Nature, and Poetry, true to her immortal instincts, looking beyond and above it, directs our longing gaze to a renewal in the future. This world is not as it left its Maker's hand, but has been marred and spoiled by man's wrong doing; and "all creation groans and travails in bondage . . . . waiting for the adoption, to wit the redemption of our body"—that is the day of Resurrection—and it is of this great "restitution of all things" that Poetry teaches us, and so teaching us, gives us promise of perfection in the hereafter. A touch of melancholy sadness there must then ever be, even in Nature's self when she points to her own decay—when she shows that, as in the fallen leaf, there has always existed in her works, even from their birth, the germ of death; but she points beyond this, in the bursting anew into the fresh life of spring-time, to a life beyond the grave. Poetry, then, in dealing with these sadder topics, tells us but of the truth as it exists; but with these solemn touches, she invariably gives us brighter ones to cheer us on our way, so that her very pessimist teaching becomes the highest optimism at last.

Heartily, then, do we commend this book to all our readers, whether of our Craft or no, especially in these days when so much stress is laid upon 'Reason,' for of this very quality its author thus instancing Wordsworth's middle life, gives us warning:—

——"losing all hold on conviction, wearied out with endless perplexities, he doubted all moral truth, and gave it up in despair. With his hopes for man, and his faith in man's destiny, the Poetic vision of Nature, which had hitherto been with him, disappeared, and his immediate converse with Him who through Nature spoke to him, was for a time eclipsed. Under the tyranny of the logical and analysing faculty, his intelligence was no longer an organ which transmitted clearly the light from without to the light within him, but, entangled in the meshes of the finite understanding, he could for a time see or receive nothing which he could not verify by logic."

His restoration to his former self was accomplished for him by the action of his sister, thus illustrating our beautiful principle of mutual help. And now he read Nature aright, for—

"Above all, Nature he now saw to be the shape and image of right reason, reason in its highest sense, embodied and made visible, in order, in stability, in conformity, to eternal law."

Lastly—

"Nature is to man a supporting, calming, cooling, and invigorating power"—

because it speaks to him of God:—

"Those vague instincts, Wordsworth believed, come to man from a divine source, and are given to him not merely for pleasure's sake, but that he may condense them into permanent principles by thought, by the faithful exercise of the affections, by contemplation of Nature, and by high resolve."

Nor will he lack aid, for—

"He who made and upholds the Universe, does not keep coldly aloof gazing from a distance on the sufferings of his creatures, but has Himself entered into the conflict, has Himself become the

great Sufferer, the great Bearer of all wrong, and is working out for His creatures some better issue through a redemptive issue which is Divine. Such a faith, though it does not explain the ills of life, gives them another meaning, and helps men to bear them as no other can."

Why? Well, Wordsworth himself asks the question, and himself gives us the crowning answer—

"Why have we sympathies that make the best of us afraid of inflicting pain and sorrow, which yet we see dealt about so lavishly by the Supreme Governor? Why should our notions of right towards each other, and to all sentient beings within our influence, differ so widely from what appears to be His notion and rule, if everything were to end here? Would it not be blasphemous so say that . . . . we have more of love in our nature than He has? The thought is monstrous; and yet how to get rid of it, except upon the supposition of another and a better world, I do not see."

If this be the "Poetic Interpretation of Nature," then is the Interpreter of Nature's Beauty the Interpreter of the ways of Nature's God; then is the Poet the greatest friend that, humanly speaking, thinking humanity can possess, and we cordially re-echo the words of a Poetess addressed to Wordsworth, Principal Shairp's typical example :—

* * * * *

"Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse
A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around;
From its own glow of hope and courage high,
And stedfast faith's victorious constancy
True bard and holy thou art e'en as one,
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie;
Unseen awhile they sleep—till, touched by thee,
Bright healthful waves flow forth, to each glad wanderer free."

W. T.

HOW MR. JOSS FAILED TO BE MADE A MASON.

BY BRO. RICHARD SIMMONS.

"IT is a very strange thing, Mr. Joss, that you should be so firmly bent on making a fool of yourself by trying to become a Freemason."

Thus said Mrs. Joss, and thus she continued: "What can induce a man of your stamp to join a parcel of fellows who don't dare to trust a woman with their nasty secrets, I cannot imagine. Don't I take care of you at home? and don't I prevent you from getting beastly drunk, by fetching you home when you do go out by yourself for an evening? Who mends your shirts, darns your stockings, makes mustard poultices and onion gruel for you when you have a cold? Don't I do it? Mr. Joss, answer me that; just answer me that, will you? And now you want to be a Freemason; to defraud your poor wife of her rights, by associating with a lot of apron-wearing, secret-keeping, rapping, tapping, ranting, rolling night larks. It is too bad, Mr. Joss—it is much too bad." Here Mrs. Joss let loose the flood gates of the briny, lifted up her voice, and wept.

What said Mr. Joss? why, he answered his loving wife not a word.

Now Mrs. J. was, in most matters, an exemplification of the ancient adage that "the gray mare is the best horse," and on most occasions sported freely those useful articles of attire which must, of necessity, be discarded by every candidate for masonic initiation. Consequently, Mr. J., whose reputation for courage was by no means high, usually came to grief in all encounters with his better half. He had, however, on one occasion, enjoyed so pleasant an evening with some "knots of the mystic tie," as to be induced to

believe that initiation would, at least, give him the appearance of bravery, if it did not actually endow him with that very desirable attribute; and, by that means, he might be able to reverse the mahogany on Mrs. J., so as to become master instead of slave.

He therefore besought a friend amongst the "sons of light" to procure him the desired blessing, which, being promised, so elated him that he made the sharer of his bed and smoother of his pillow, a confidant as to his expected bliss. He was, to his utter astonishment, rewarded with the half angry, half tearful, remonstrance credited to Mrs. Joss at the commencement of this sketch.

As before said, he listened meekly and humbly to her remarks, and answered her never a word.

Many a woman would have thought she had conquered, not so did Mrs. Joss—she knew his vices, and laid her plans accordingly.

The Masons held their lodge in a large old-fashioned tavern, in the outskirts of the town, and the room in which they assembled was at the end of a long passage, in the middle of which was a door leading into the spacious kitchen of the establishment. The "Chamber of Penitence" was nearly opposite the door of the kitchen, close to which was placed a screen, about six feet high. A portion of the passage was straight, the remainder was as crooked as the proverbial ram's horn.

For the purposes of ventilation, a metal tube passed from the exterior of the building, through the ante-room, and terminated in the kitchen, which was also furnished with the now disused appliances of smoke jack, wheels, spits, chains, &c.

These details are necessary to the proper understanding of Mr. Joss's Masonic career.

Mr. J. was duly proposed, balloted for, and accepted, according to form, and was warned to be in attendance at the next meeting of the lodge. Although rather dubious as to the quantity and quality of horrors he was doomed to encounter, he boldly presented himself at the appointed time, and was immediately conducted to the proper apartment, and the preparations for reception commenced. The singularity of this process revived all his doubts and fears, but these were changed to unmistakeable terror when, on being left alone in the chamber of penitence, he heard a mysterious and sepulchral voice exclaim: "Rash man, beware! Rush not into destruction, but, as thou goest to thy fate, turn thy head and behold what thou shall see." Afraid, yet suspecting some trick, Mr. Joss examined the room, sought in each crany and nook, pryed into every place, possible or impossible, for a hidden intruder, but found him not. His alarm increased, and he firmly believed that, like Mr. Home, he had received a spiritual manifestation. His terror was enhanced by his hearing the sounds of machinery in motion, the rolling of wheels, the clicking of levers, the grinding of cogs, and clanking of chains, commingled. With this came a satanically sulphureous smell; and, suddenly, the candle, after one expiring flicker, was extinguished by some unseen means. Mr. Joss then observed a number of luminous eyes glaring at him from all parts of the room, and was just on the point of becoming insensible, when the whirr of the machinery ceased, the smell of brimstone vanished, the door opened and the Deacon appeared, bearing a light which he set down on the table, and, bidding Mr. J. to be of good cheer, proceeded to complete the preparation necessary for his introduction to the craft. This done, the Deacon took Mr. J. by the hand, in order to guide him to the entrance of the lodge. Masons will understand that the progress of the candidate was very slow. Now the Deacon, having left his lamp in the preparation room, the passage was in comparative darkness, except at that point where the lodge is tyled. Mr. Joss was just turning into the ram's-horn passage, when he felt what seemed to be the bite of a snake in his foot; the pain was so great and unexpected that he fairly yelled, tore away the H.W., and attempted to rush forward. A certain choking sensation restrained him, as did also the sight of an apparently gigantic man, holding an immense sword pointed towards his breast. He turned, and frantically made his way towards the entrance of the passage, when, to his unutterable horror, he observed, approaching him, a figure with a most diabolical countenance, which seemed to be red hot. The monster held in its hand a weapon, somewhat resembling the trident said to be borne

by the sea god Neptune; this was also red hot. The fiend uttered a dismal groan, and then struck its face with the trident, producing a clang as if a gong had been struck.

Mr. Joss waited not one instant; the door of the penitence room was open, he bounded through it, flung up the window, burst open the shutters, and sprang into the outer darkness—fortunately alighting on a soft bed of the garden; thence he rushed, impelled by terror, to his home, which, to his great dismay, he found locked up and in darkness.

The night was bitterly cold, and Mr. J's means of keeping out the cold did not much exceed those of the first inhabitants of Eden. After many vain efforts, he at length succeeded in breaking into his own house, and at once went to bed, deeming himself fortunate in escaping further horrors.

When the Deacon recovered from the astonishment caused by Mr. Joss's very singular conduct, he followed him into the outer passage, but found him "non est;" neither did he see the fiery-faced fiend—that had vanished also. There was a slight odour of sulphur in the preparation room, and one of the candles was found to be wickless. The window of the room was open, and Mr. J.'s clothing rested on a chair. Further examination led to the discovery of his footmarks across the garden. But he, the great Joss, was invisible.

A few days after these occurrences, some one found an old frying-pan in the scullery; holes had been made in it, so as to give it a grotesque resemblance to a human face. The kitchen spit had to get an extra cleaning, as it had been evidently thrust into the fire. The pipe of the ventilator in the preparation room was out of order; one of the Masons who wore thin shoes complained of tin tacks being left about on the passage floor; another, who was a chemist, pointed out the danger of laying fat and phosphorous about to kill mice, and produced several pieces which he had found in the preparation room.

Mr. Joss's clothes were sent home. Whether he kept his own counsel or not I am unable to say, but he was observed to be very sad for some weeks. Mrs. J., on the contrary, was very merry, and appeared to be on very friendly terms with the cook at the "Clarendon." Why, I know not, but this I do know—Mr. Joss is not yet a Freemason.

Chelmsford.

AMABEL VAUGHAN.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "My Lord the King;" "The path of Life, an Allegory;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—A WORD ON CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

HOW shall I describe Amabel Vaughan? How shall I introduce you to her, gentle reader? Shall I give her birth, parentage, and education, with all the little details incident thereto; or shall I simply tell you that she was beautiful, accomplished, and of good family, and nothing more? I think it will be sufficient to describe her thus, and leave you to judge for yourself as to the rest,—though touching the family I don't know that there was anything particular to boast of, as many of its members were in trade, and none had raised themselves greatly above their compeers. Were I going to write

a story evolved from the depths of my inner consciousness, and based solely upon imagination for my facts, I could draw the characters just as I liked, and I think I would make my heroine rather plain than pretty. At all events, she should be nothing more than passable in appearance, because all your heroines now-a-days are good looking, and a right down ugly one would be a novelty.

Charlotte Bronte, it is true, made the heroine of her best known novel plain; and Miss Broughton, in her charming stories, sometimes makes the supposed writer little and insignificant, yet as a rule all the heroines are surpassingly lovely, and all the heroes gallant and distinguished looking.

And after all, it is only following the good old rule of the fairy stories of our youth, where the beautiful maidens always marry the enchanted Prince, or the King of the Golden Castle, and live happy ever after. No doubt the idea was taken originally from the simple and touching stories of Holy Writ—for Rebekah was beautiful, so was Rachel, and Leah was tender eyed. David was of a ruddy countenance and well favoured, and Joseph was comely. Saul was a head and shoulders above any of his people, and was therefore deemed a fit man to be king; and here the worship of pure physical strength and manly vigour, so much in vogue amongst the writers of the "Guy Livingstone," and "Ouida" school finds its *beau ideal*,—whilst Daniel and the Three Holy Children were all types of physical and intellectual excellence. So, as the heroes and heroines of the Bible were for the most part described as beautiful exceedingly, of noble countenance, and gifted beyond the general race of men, it came to pass, no doubt, that in the old legends and myths of the East, and the romances of the West, that physical beauty should be looked up to and reverenced for itself alone, and accepted as a proof of inner excellence and mental superiority.

Perhaps it was so in the old time; but there are sceptics now-a-days who think that with the figure of a Hercules, and the face of an Apollo, a man is not necessarily a paragon of all that is splendid and noble and of good report. That, in fact, your six-foot exquisite, who looks like a Duke, is often rather a fool than otherwise, and that your classic beauty—a Venus in looks—when you come to talk to her, shows that, save her face, *there's nothing in her*. But beauty is the attribute of woman, as strength is that of man, and one has met lovely women, clever and intellectual to a degree, sweet tempered and low-voiced, and worthy to be placed on a pinnacle—to be immortalised by poets, and painted by artists,—and such an one was Amabel Vaughan when I first knew her; this by way of preface. Now for my tale.

"What absurd nonsense, you are talking, Marcus; just as if Amabel cares a straw for you. Why, my dear boy, half the fellows she knows about town are madly in love with her already, and she has only been in London a month, I believe.

The speaker, Mr. Reginald Fitzgerald, briefless barrister, connected with the Press (though, by the way, nobody knew on what paper he was employed), was standing with his back to the fire—or rather the fire-place, for 'twas the middle of summer—in his own room in Gray's Inn, and his friend, Marcus Seaton, was seated in an arm-chair opposite, impatiently tapping the table near him with his dainty cane, as he listened to the mild exordium addressed to him by his "friend and pitcher."

"Now I tell you what it is, old fellow," Fitz continued (Marcus Seaton thus familiarly called him, and so will we), "I see you are going to fall in love with the little minx; and I solemnly bid you beware. You remember Longfellow's little poem, "Beware," a translation from the German, by the way. A friend of mine, Noel Robinson, has wedded the words to simple but very effective music; I have the song here, you shall hear it; and Fitz sat down to the piano and dashed off a few chords, and then sang, no doubt for his friends edification:—

I know a maiden, fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side glance, and looks down,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair, of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee.

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a foolscap for thee to wear,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee.

"Now that's Amabel all over," said Fitz, as he finished the song with a flourish, giving with great effect the last words, "Trust her not, she is fooling thee?" and rising slowly from the piano, and going back to the fireplace, whether from force of habit because he was fond of standing near the fire when there was one, or whether it was because there was a small pier glass over it, in which he could see his own handsome features, I leave the reader to judge. Fitz was not an inordinately vain man, but he was good looking, and he knew it.

"Take my word for it, my cousin Amabel is an arrant flirt; though perhaps she doesn't know it," he continued slowly, as he knocked the ash off the end of the cigar he was smoking, against the corner of the mantle-piece, and replacing it in his mouth, took a long whiff, and added, "She will lead you on and some other half-a-dozen fellows or so too, and leave you in the lurch after all, you see if she doesn't.

"Besides, after all, I don't see much to admire in her,—her hair isn't golden, by the bye, is it? but real auburn—a colour, now I think of it, I rather like, it is so rare. And then she wont have any money that I know of, unless some of those precious old uncles of hers leave any to her, which I doubt."

"Pshaw, Fitz, what humbug you talk; just as if I cared whether she had money or not; and then to say there's not much to admire in your cousin. Now don't fancy I'm going to make a fool of myself, or do the romantic, because I'm not. But I tell you what—I never saw a girl I should like so well to make my wife, as Miss Vaughan, if I had the chance. She is so confoundedly beautiful, too, and so fascinating in her manners, and has such a sweet low voice, and such graceful ways, that I'll defy any fellow to pass her by without a look of admiration, save and accept your stoical self, and so that's all about it."

Marcus had flushed up and was quite excited, as he spoke thus.

"Good again. I say, Marcus my boy, your descriptive powers are improving; have you got anything more to say? because if that's all you have come to see me about this morning, all I can say is, that it is very kind of you to walk so far on so small an errand, especially as you have to be at your office at 10. You Government fellows have very easy times of it, I fancy.

We Government fellows do a good deal more than the public give us credit for, I can tell you," replied Marcus, "and we have to be uncommonly punctual to sign the

attendance books too. But it so happens that I'm on leave so-day, and I thought I might just as well stroll up to see what you were going to do with yourself, as I am free for anything."

"Well, to tell the truth, I was going to Camden Town to see Mabel and my uncle; and if you choose to come with me, I've no doubt they'll make you quite at home."

"*Thanks; I shall come with pleasure; but I say, Fitz, don't you tell your fair* cousin that I've gone into raptures about her, or she'll be playing some of her witcheries on me, and I couldn't stand it, you know!"

"All right: trust me. I won't take away your character to Mabel or any one else. Are you ready? Then we'll go." Thus chatting and laughing the two friends strolled out, hailed a cab, and set off for that part of the environs of London, rejoicing in the soubriquet of Camden Town.

While they are bowling along at a pretty smart pace in a hansom towards their destination, it may be as well to say a word or two about the two young men.

Reginald Fitzgerald was born in a country town in the west of England, Bridgewater, I believe; but his father was an Irishman bred and born of a very good family representing, as he did, one of the numerous cadet branches of the House of Leinster, but, possessing a by no means ample fortune. He came to England and practised as an attorney with some success, and having educated his son Reginald at one of the great public schools, Christ's Hospital, he allowed him some £300 a-year to start with, until he should gain a decent standing in that profession he had chosen for his own, a handsome legacy from a rich client, enabling him thus opportunely to assist his son. The young man was tolerably clever with his pen, and being possessed of the *cacoethes scribendi*, paid more attention to letters than briefs; and the consequence was that his table was covered with critiques, books for review, orders for the theatres, and heaps of manuscripts, and one saw very little of blue bags, and parchment, and big wigs and attorneys, A.I., gentleman at law.

By the way, one is reminded that under the High Court of Judicature Act, attorneys were swept away and solicitors alone remain, to represent the lower order of the legal profession.

But at the time I speak of attorneys were, and bearing in mind the high tone of the profession now-a-days, and the improved social position of its members, and also remembering the odium, deserved or not, which attached of old to the mere name of attorney, for was he not the butt of the playwrights and satirists,—it was wise perhaps to abandon a title or designation, which was often in ill odour, and which had to a great extent been dropped by solicitors generally. But this is a digression.

Marcus Seaton was the son of a Government Officer, whose father had been a Government Officer and grandfather, too, for aught I know to the contrary. At all events the family had all been under Government, so Marcus was, as a matter of course, under Government too, and was at this time a clerk in Somerset House, with a decent salary just enough for a bachelor, but not enough to marry upon.

He was a very engaging young fellow, with large, soft hazel eyes, and curly brown hair, of a rather ruddy countenance for a Cockney, and a fine well-developed frame, which spoke of health and vigour. His was a very warm disposition, rather inclined to be passionate, just a trifle of romance about the man, and one could imagine he did things a good deal from impulse, and not very often from reason. Such a man if he loved at all, it would be a fierce wild love, and woe be to her who should lead him into worshipping her, and wrong his trustful loving nature by repaying with scorn and derision the affection which he professed. He could not brook disappointment, even in little matters, much less in love; and if he should be crossed in that, his was not the mind to bear up bravely, against such sad discomfiture.

Fitzgerald on the contrary was quite another sort of man. He also was like his friend, very good-looking, somewhat slighter in form, with black elf locks, not too thickly set on his fine forehead, but luxuriant enough on either side his head; with pointed moustaches and curly beard worn à la Shakspeare; and with dark flashing eyes and fine curved brows, which said fine features, whilst they made him look a very handsome

fellow, also showed pretty plainly that something more than noble looks were there. He was always merry and good tempered, a great admirer of the ladies, and a great favourite with them too, but a man of so volatile a nature that it would be impossible to calm him down to love or admire any one in particular, so he satisfied himself with being "*constant* to twenty." And yet it was said he had loved once, and that he had been the victim of a hopeless attachment. These two had been at Christ's Hospital together, and both had since joined that admirable institution, the Benevolent Society of Old Blues.

Fitzgerald had been somewhat thin and delicate in youth, and his career at the Hospital had been marred by an accident, which had lamed him for life,—though when in health this defect was not so observable as at other times.

However, he was not sensitive and touchey about it as Byron was; and often laughed as he told about the old days at the Blue Coat School, where he went by the name of "Skinny Galeeny," or "Dot-and-go-one," and where, if all tales were true, he was better known as the leader of an amateur band of Ethiopian Serenaders (it was before the advent of the Christy's proper) than as a proficient in the schools.

In the recent discussion in the newspapers, as to the death of poor little Gibbs, he took the part of the boys; and I recognised a letter of his in the "Daily Telegraph," though written under a *nom de plume*, that as a bit of autobiography I do not hesitate to reproduce it; and if he ever sees these pages, I hope he will forgive me.

And any one turning to the file of the Daily Telegraph for a certain day in July last, will find the following amongst a number of others on the suicide of Gibbs, and the management of the great Hospital.

"Sir,—

"I desire to add my testimony to that of W.W., as to the necessity of an investigation into the management and discipline of Christ's Hospital.

"I entered in 1847, at Hertford, a delicate sensitive child of seven, with a tendency to ashma, and a nervous stammer, contracted in infancy, which made it difficult for me to speak in class. Instead of being treated with kindness and gentleness, I was flogged, I suppose, nearly every day, with a birch rod, whilst under the head grammar master there, who was a clergyman by the way. Sometimes he kicked out of his study, and called us pigs and *brutes*. I am sure we were brutally used.

"But when one or two of the governors came down in the summer time, the rods, which were kept under his desk, were cleared away. He was all suavity and graciousness, and some of us were invited into his Reverence's garden, to eat his Reverence's fruit. Whilst I was there a boy, of the name of Beaumont I believe, was flogged so severely by another of the masters with a cane as to raise deep blood marks on his hands. The boy pricked one of them, with a pin, I suppose, to ease the pain; mortification set in and he *died*. As far as I know, no enquiry was made in this case.

"In London the flogging by the Masters was notn early so bad, but the bullying by the Grecians and monitors, particularly the latter, was almost unbearable. I can corroborate W.W.'s statement as to the insufficiency of the food. Except once a year, when we had pease-pudding and pork for dinner, I have no hesitation in saying, that I never got up from a meal without being more hungry than when I sat down. I was very fond of fairy stories, and I remember many a time taking my fairy book, or "Arabian Nights Entertainments," and going to sit in the cloisters on a hot summer's day to read the tales, and *try to forget how dreadfully hungry I was, and so to prevent myself from crying from sheer want*. Once when I was at school during the holidays, a lady sent me 5s. and because I would not share it with a big boy, almost a stranger to me, he thrashed me so severely that I was confined to the infirmary for a fortnight.

"During a dispute with another boy, he threw a piece of glass, which cut through one of the tendons and veins of my left foot. I got down to the infirmary with his help, where I bled for two or three hours before the doctor came; and the first thing he did was to box my ears, because I said it was not a stab, which to be sure it looked very much like. I was treated for a mere flesh wound, and discharged at the end of eight

days as cured (heaven save the mark !), and I remember I fell down from sheer weakness three or four times, on my way to the infirmary to the Grammar School. The result of this accident, and the neglect of the wound by the medical attendant, was that my foot was permanently dislocated, and I am a cripple for life.

"Long after I left Christ's Hospital, the most terrible nightmare from which I suffered was to dream of some of the scenes I had gone through there; and I often see the picture (recalling those days) of the little fragile motherless boy, home for the holidays in a certain old Cathedral town very dear to him, and a kind aunt looking pitifully at the slender hands covered with bloodmarks—a memorial of the last day at school—which brought tears into her tender and loving eyes.

I am, &c.

Christ's Hospital, I believe, to be a very different place to what it was from 1846 to 1854 or 5, when Fitzgerald was there, in spite of the melancholy occurrence which has recently taken place, and the ugly rumours still afloat as to the number of boys who have absconded since that event; and Fitz, too I know, when he visits his little nephew there now, often speaks kindly of the noble charity, and says he should be well content to see his own son there, if he had one.

But as the life there has influenced all his after career in a measure, I have thought well to digress so far as to give a little bit of his own biography from his own pen. We will resume the thread of our story in the next chapter.

* We are among those who much regret the sensational excitement about Christ's Hospital, but we have thought well—to let our brother speak for himself.—ED.

(To be Continued.)

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

1877.

I MIND me of a Gathering on a happy Christmas Day,
I still can see lov'd faces, though some have pass'd away,
When in tender trust assembled we jested, laughed, and sang,
And the Hall with silvery voices and pleasant echoes rang.
Ah, me ! how Time has left me since that dear and festive scene,
Though mine are radiant memories of all that once has been;
When, heedless of the future, we defied dull fear and care,
And found happiness in sympathy, and contentment everywhere.
If Life has made me doubting, and somewhat colder now—
If gray locks are on my head, and wrinkles on my brow—
If the elastic feet of youth yield to the spell of age—
If tears instead of laughter are blotting the closing page—
Yet still I can remember, though all be sped away,
A happier hour, a brighter scene, a goodly Christmas Day,
When hearts were light and cares were few, and faithlessness unknown,
And those I counted dearest were truly all my own.
Oh, kindly shades and gentle forms, linger a little while,
To cheer, to soothe, to soften, to bless and to beguile !
I miss the dreams of happiness which now have fled away—
I turn to sterner duties on another Christmas Day !

NEMO.

YE HISTORIE OF YE ORYGYNAL KNYGHT OF YE GOOSE, WYTH HYS DEEDES OF DARYNGE AND FAYRE REWARDE BY YE KYNG RUFUS.

BY SAVARICUS.

THIS celebrated, venerable and highly aristocratic order of *Knyghts* was established during the crusade against the Saracens, as this history will shew.

King Rufus (William II.) being short of *Knyghts*, sent for his breaches, (or breeches) maker, and ordered him to forthwith get ready and join the Knight Templars, and others going to the Holy Land. To this the breeches maker objected, and as an excuse, pleaded his lameness, (for he walked with a crutch), and his want of a broken winded horse, pony, or Ass, wherewith to carry him on so expeditious and venturesome a journey.

"Never Mind," said the King (Rufus), "My Jerusalem shall be your Jerusalem."

And the King ordered one of his long-eared friends to be brought from the royal stables.

The *Knyght of ye Goose* was soon mounted, and commanded to speed to the long-tailed animal's native clime. Hereupon the valiant *Knyght* waxed mighty with his tongue, and declared "that no human being, be he ever so brave, could fight without weapons."

"Go home, and get your own," said the King.

"So be it!" exclaimed the *Knyght*, and away he sped at a donkey's gallop, shouting—"thrice is he doubly armed, who hath his quarrel just."

The *Knyght* soon returned fully equipped, and desired an audience of the King; which was granted.

"Your Majesty. My King. Sire!. Behold here am I," said the *Knyght*. "And my "shears shall be my sword, my goose shall be my mace, my sleeve-board my shield, and "my crutch shall be my all-in-all, a mock gun in the distance, a maul in effect, a skull "cracker, and a quarter staff that shall give no quarter."

"Bravo!" quoth the king. "Henceforth my valiant *Knyghts of the Geese*, upon their "return from Holy Land, shall be honoured above all men, age, and above all *Knyghts*. "From this time, henceforth, let it be known that all *Knyghts of the Geese* who return "laden with honours from this our holy war, shall be entitled, by virtue of the King's "Letters Patent, to erect, to build, to have and to hold, and to possess the power of "using, our Royal Insignia and Coat of Arms. And hereby let it further be known "that it is our Royal will and pleasure, that all crippled (wounded in battle) *Knyghts of* "*the Geese*, shall be entitled above all others to erect, or have erected over their shop-"fronts, house doors, castle entrances, or Baronial Halls, our Royal Coat of Arms, viz:— "A Lion rampant, a Unicorn, rampant, supporting a device and quartered with the "Royal Arms—Lions listening to the celestial music of the harp, and crowned withal by "our Royal Crown of England, or, in other words, "a Lion and a Unicorn a-fighting for "the Crown."

"Ordered to be done under my hand and seal in this year of grace 1090.

"Signed

"RUFUS REX.

The Knyght proceeded to the seat of war, and was among the bravest of the brave.

After making a breach in the walls of Jerusalem, or Jericho, with his crutch—no!—quarter staff, he entered therein, and chasing a Saracen Chief round and around the holy city, he hooked him with his quarter staff—no!—crutch, and made a breach, with one snip of his shears, in the posterior of the Chief's copious breeches, and lo!—then the captive made his escape.

The next day, when the Knyght was taking a constitutional ride round the place, he encountered the Saracen Chief who had suffered from his bravery, or his shears, the day

before. The *Knyght* looked at the Chief, and was astonished, for he saw that he (the Chief) had sewed up the rent in his nether garment, and was coolly taking his usual walk under the fig trees, smoking his pipe in peace, with his hands in his breeches pockets, which were now turned into a pair of veritable and genuine "peg-tops."

The fortunate *Knyght of the Goose* was at first dumbfounded by what he saw; on a closer inspection his tongue loosened, and he cried out —"In the name of the Prophet Cabbage! Cabbage! Cabbage!

Whereupon the Saracen Chief turned about and said—"You pale face infidel dog, you very much cabbage *ma culotte* yesterday, and you no more have cabbage in Jerusalem; thou and thy bruder, whom thou currishly bestrides, had betterer, or very much gooderer go and take *un carotte*. ALLAH AKBAR. ALLAH IL ALLAH!"

The brave *Knyght*, nothing daunted, drew out his tablets and sketched the style and pattern of the Saracen's stitched up breeches. Then with a loud shout he cried out—"EUREKA! my name shall be handed down to posterity, for I have made the first step in the invention of peg-top trousers,—a discovery worthy of any age of valour, and one that shall descend as an heir-loom to my family of families.

The *Knyght*, on his return from the Holy Land, was honoured by his King, and praised by all for his achievements and discovery.

A true and authentic account of this wonderful and original *Knyght of the Goose* is chronicled in the Doomsday Book Vol 9., page 90., A.D. 1099, but being overlooked until a few years ago, his lineal descendant and heir has only had the honour of being able to make peg-top trousers in this modern and degenerate age. Nevertheless, "honour to whom honour is due," a worthy and well known *Knyght of the Goose* has at last, although many centuries have elapsed, reaped the just reward due to his noble family viz:—The power to erect a coat without arms over his shop-front, and to receive a pension of 1000 farthings annually from the Tailors' Pension List to enable him to support his dignity descent and position.

LOST AND SAVED; OR NELLIE POWERS THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. II.

The icy winds from the northwest blow;
Before them driving the winter snow.

AS the "Sparkler" parted the ice which fled before her bows, the shipping of the East River rapidly disappeared. The battery was soon passed, and then came the pilot's orders to hoist sail.

"Hoist away on your foresail," said the pilot, through the captain's trumpet.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate. "Hoist away on your foresail."

The men sprung to the halyards with as much alacrity as the slippery condition of the deck would allow, and their voices as they shouted rang out above the wind.

"Hey, hey, wheepe mobo. Come down. Again so. Hey, hey, wheepe mobo. Come down, my men."

At every word there came a pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together. The sail was soon in position. Then the order came from the mate.

"Belay there and hoist the topsail." This order started another set of ropes through the blocks, which being choked with ice made the hoisting more laborious.

When the foresail and topsail were in position, the foretopmast staysail, jib and spanker were thrown to the wind. The "Sparkler" now felt the swell of the ocean. She laid well to the leeward and rose and fell with the sea.

"Captain, that man will be overboard yet," said the pilot, pointing to the second mate, "You had better send him below."

"Sure enough," said the Captain as a lurch almost threw the officer in question into the sea. Mr. Evans, send that second officer below."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate, who approached the second officer, who was somewhat intoxicated, and ordered him below."

Only those who have left home and country to brave the dangers of the ocean for many months, can begin to feel as men aboard the "Sparkler" felt as her sails caught the wind, and she, like a graceful swan, rode majestically on the bosom of the water. The men realized that again they were leaving friends, and many happy scenes behind; but as they felt the motion of the vessel under their feet they realized also that they were in their element. Few of them thought of danger; long accustomed to such events their hearts leaped with joy with every motion of the vessel. Soon the cold, inclement winds would be left behind, and fair winds would blow, and fair skies smile upon them.

Contentment is a rare jewel of which we are not all possessed. Even sailors will mix their joy with complaints. Peter, who with the rest of the crew was clearing up about the decks, happening near Tom made the following ominous remark.

"Tommy, I don't like the appearance of things. It's not much like the day we sailed in her last, now two years agone. The captain must be in a deuce of a hurry to be leavin' on such an unlucky day as this looks to be, an' with such an' harem scarem set of men. It's I what believes the half of them never was aboard ship before since they set their peepers on the light of day.

"Ha! and well you may say it, Peter. It's mysilf that's most broken-hearted to see the "Sparkler" so reckless loike. It puts me in moind of the toime when I with the widow Reynolds in tow running away from County Clare to be spliced. Her friends all told her I was no good to her, that I was a rovin', reckless lad, who was not ashore but wonce in a twelvemonth. But the widow wanted me and I wanted the widow, and betwane us two we had each other. It was just such a day as this is, gloomy and bad lookin' loike, when we set our sails on the sea of matromony. The rest of our life has been loike our weddin' day. Storms and squalls have struck us abaft many toimes, when we had our sails all set and the wone or the other of us was on our beams end before we knowed whether it was a puff of wind or a gale from the China seas that had struck us. And thin it was, Peter, that my seamanship was taxed for the reefin' and takin' in sail and clewin' up everything to scud was a caution. It's not much sea room my small savin's would hire in the oild country. And it's many hard knocks my hull has had lashed alongside of a craft that measures two to me wone, for you must know, Peter, that a small fore an' after like mysilf has not much show lashed agin a skysail ship loike the oild woman that weighs a hundred pounds better nor me. Well, it's a stormy toime we have had of it; but I'm in hopes my contract with the "Sparkler" will be of a more agreeable nature. But it's my opinion with you, Peter, that half her crew knows more of the science of raisin' pertaters, than they do raisin' of a foresail. If we had a small plot of land aboard we might keep ourselves in vegetables by their help, but it's a bad use the'll be to us when we come to catch a sou'east gale."

"It's mighty little 'elp we be to ourselves standin' 'ere blowin' like bull whales when the blocks are chocked with the ice," said Peter, who at that moment had caught the eye of the mate as he started towards them. They both suddenly found plenty to do aloft and started suddenly about it.

Peter, like other seamen who have had a long experience in sea life, was apt to make sport of a new crew, and set the largest share of them down for landsmen, farmers, and numerous other kinds of men of not much use aboard vessel.

Yet he was partially right in his opinion of the crew of the "Sparkling Sea" which was composed of all nationalities, and most of the men were hardly better than ordinary seamen. During the time we have taken to relate the above, the "Sparkling Sea" had passed

through the Narrows. The pilot had gone aboard the tugboat, which had cast off its tow-line, and was now steaming away in the distance. The Highlands of Neversink were being left behind by the rapid strides the "Sparkler" was taking.

The glimmer of the highland light stretched far out on the bosom of the water, and into the gloom of the approaching darkness. It was the first night at sea. As the darkness settled over the face of the ocean the wind increased almost to a gale. The "Sparkler" threw the water around her ice-clothed bows, and left a wake which lined twelve knots. The water and spray from her bows were thrown as high as the foreyard, and her forerigging was covered with hanging ice.

At four bells aboard a vessel, that is, six o'clock in the evening, the first day out, the crew is called aft; the mates choose their men and the watches are set. To the readers who may not be versed enough in nautical phrases to know why six o'clock is called four bells, we will explain by saying, that time out at sea is divided into watches of two or four hours duration. Each half hour is called a bell. Four hours constitute the longest watch on a vessel the size of the "Sparkler," which is eight bells. At eight bells the watches are relieved, and the time is again counted from one to eight bells. For convenience sake the hours from four to eight morning and evening are divided into two watches called "Dog Watches." Why they are given this particular name we are at a loss to say, unless it is because it gives the sailors who are sometimes doggish and lazy a chance to sleep during one of these watches.

It was now four bells on the "Sparkler" and the men assembled aft. The first mate, by right of office took the first choice of men, the other officers following. When each had chosen the men who were to constitute his watch, the first mate's watch remained on deck, and the others went below and "turned in."

While the first mate's watch is on deck, where the wind is blowing itself into a fury, and shrieking through the rigging like many raving maniacs, we will try to give the reader as near as possible, a description of the men who are to follow the fortunes of this vessel through the storms and calms incident to an ocean voyage.

Her captain and part owner, Henry Dill, was a gentleman of wealth and refinement, at the same time a natural sailor. His health having failed him on shore, he had some years before sold his large city residence and purchased a cottage in the suburbs of a pleasant Connecticut village. Here he left his family surrounded by beautiful landscapes and mountain ranges, and purchased a share of the "Sparkling Sea."

His profits from his voyages, which had been numerous, had added to his wealth, and he had begun to think that the Lord looked with a gracious eye on all his undertakings. It was owing to his good discipline, and bold commanding voice, that everything aboard the "Sparkling Sea" had such a neat appearance. Being gentlemanly in all his ways, and not overexacting he found no trouble in having as good a crew as ever sailed a vessel. He believed well fed men would do more willing labour than those poorly fed, and from the fact that his was a temperance ship, the best of order had always prevailed among his crews.

Her first officer, Mr. Sedgewick Evans, a weather beaten salt, had sailed with the "Sparkling Sea" ever since Captain Dill had taken the command. He was an efficient officer in every respect. He had at one time commanded a whaler out of Nantucket, and had on another occasion sailed as second officer on a large English packet, plying between Liverpool and New York. His knowledge of sea life was enviable. He was a little past middle age, tall and muscular, and had in early life received a thorough education in the common branches of English, and navigation.

Mr. John Davidson, the second mate, who had shipped for the voyage, was a man of good appearance, about forty years af age, and one who had seen much of sea life, having made several voyages around the world. Although somewhat addicted to drink that which was stronger than coffee, he shipped aboard the "Sparkling Sea," knowing her to be a temperance ship, and expecting to conform to her rules. When he came aboard however, he was in a partially intoxicated condition, in consequence of looking upon the wine when it was red before parting with his jovial companions.

The third mate was Frederick Crisand, a native of the "Fatherland," who spoke very

little English, having sailed most of his life on the German seas, but who was withal a good seaman. The crew of the "Sparkling Sea" consisted of Tom Mooney and Peter Dibble, whom the reader is already acquainted with, and Sam Watson, a comical genius, who were in the first mate's watch. Dick Flynn, a stout young man, Jack Wright, a rather queer case, who was never right, and who was now making his first voyage, Barney Risley, a loose appearing, evil looking, don't care sort of a fellow, but who was a good seaman, were in the second mate's watch.

In the third mate's watch were John Radshaw, a fair-looking kind of a man, one who would have hardly been taken for a sailor, but who, nevertheless, had long followed the water. Bill Crony, one of the hardest looking villains who ever went aboard a vessel, and Slow Simon, the fat boy, who wanted to know what advance money was. He was well named Slow Simon, for he was one of the slowest sleepiest mortals that ever took it into their heads to follow the sea for a subsistence.

There were besides these already mentioned, Dave Blackman, the black cook, and a lady and gentleman passenger aboard the "Sparkler," whom the reader will be introduced to as our story proceeds.

The cargo the "Sparkler" had shipped was that kind which every seaman in the merchant service dreads. It consisted in most part of mules and horses booked for Barbadoes and Trinidad, and designed for labour among the mountains on those islands. This labour being arduous, many animals are used up in the course of a year, making the shipment of live stock quite a traffic from the States. Where a cargo of this kind is taken it is loaded on the deck, and a shed or hurricane deck is built over it. A pathway is made through the centre of the vessel, running fore and aft and the stock is placed on each side, while on the temporary deck bales of hay are stowed for the use of the animals. The working of the vessel is done on top of the hay. The hold is used to stow the large casks of water which the animals require.

The salt air and the constant motion they are obliged to undergo in endeavouring to keep upright during the rolling and plunging of the vessel causes them to consume more water than on land, and consequently require more attention.

The hay bales, of themselves slippery, were rendered more so by the ice and snow with which they were covered, and each man required a vast amount of caution to prevent himself from being thrown overboard when the vessel was in the heavy sea.

The fact that the "Sparkler" was making twelve knots an hour, and laying well to the leeward with her decks covered with ice, made it a little difficult matter for the men to keep on their feet, although a good gymnast might have been in his element. Many ludicrous mishaps happened to the men. Some one, in trying to execute an order in haste would find the vessel slipping out from under his feet, and he coming to anchor in a position that afforded more amusement to the spectators than to the performer. When some one came to anchor in this way it was generally just in time to receive the full benefit of a few buckets of cold water, which the vessel in her hurry playfully threw over her side on to her prostrate victim, much to his discomfort.

Tom had found himself placed in a situation similar to that we have mentioned, several times since he had taken his lookout forward, and at last patience had ceased to be a virtue, and he broke forth in the following strain:

"Now thin, 'Sparkler,' bad luck to you, if this is the way you intind to sarve and old shipmate. Abusin' wone who's lookin' after your own interest. You have altered considerable since I sailed with you last, for you was thin as careful of my feelin's as the widow was before I took her. But it sames as though the world was turnin' backward since that remarkable occasion. Don't do it agin for the love you bear me, 'Sparkler,' be aisy a bit, the water is frightful cold."

Notwithstanding this feeling appeal, the "Sparkler" continued to be free with its water, constantly wetting Tom, who had gone on the forecastle deck, to make fast the jib sheet, which had parted from the constant strain that had been brought to bear on it. His fingers were numbed with the cold, which fact delayed him longer than his disposition or his wishes would have done. When he next came in sight of Peter, he resembled an ice man more than he did a sailor on the "Sparkler."

"Why! Tom, what ails you?" asked Peter sympathizingly as he beheld Tom's cold appearance.

"I'm drownded so I be, Peter. Bad luck to the 'Sparkler,'" he replied in a shivering voice. "She has been playing the dickens with me. My legs are froze solid in my boots, and I'm loike the Arctic ocean at this minute froze up intirely. There's icebergs hangin' on to my ears loike a lobster to your finger, while my eyebrows and the hairs of my head are as stiff as the jib sheet has been for the last hour I've been overhaulin' it, and—

No one knows how long Tom would have continued complaining had not the welcoming cry of "Eight bells" put a stop to him. Now came the tumbling up of one watch slowly on deck, and the lively tumbling down of the other.

(To be Continued.)

THE MAP OF EUROPE IN 1877.

BY PTOLEMY PHILADELPHOS.

THE most unobservant of those who are looking on "at the things which are coming on the earth," must be struck with the altered appearance which the Map of Europe is now assuming, and is likely yet to assume, and of the utter disappearance of the highly lauded, often fought for, "Balance of Power." Indeed, it is not too much to say that, as understood of old time by statesmen and diplomatists, as so much cried up, so passionately contended for, it seems practically to have entered into the region of "non existence," to be absorbed, to be forgotten, put on one side, and destined apparently only to be remembered amid the dusty archives of official pigeon-holes, or by those esteemed Dryasdusts of ours who are as useless as they are out of fashion in this easy-going, reckless generation. Indeed, Swift's lines must recur to some of us who think on such things at all:

> "Now Europe's balanced, neither side prevails,
> For nothing's left in either of the scales."

And yet the sarcasm of the witty Dean of St. Patrick's is hardly correct, for the real facts of the case, as will be seen by a careful study of the Map of Europe, appear to the unimpassioned observer and the neutral politician—to the Freemason, for instance, without any politics at all—geographically to be these: that Russia hovers over Europe like a great bank of dark cloud, especially threatening Germany and dominating Hungary. We say this without any political prepossession or personal feeling whatever, which would be out of place in the MASONIC MAGAZINE. To use the Spanish expression, we do so only "para hablar geograficalmente," (to speak geographically), and we do not presume to enter into the views of statesmen, or seek even to echo the cries of nationalities, all which things are far from the peaceful dreamland of Freemasonry. But we take up the Map of Europe as a study, and when we have digested our thoughts, what we remember, what we realise, what we feel, we think it well, in a spirit of the purest philanthropy, to communicate the result to our very courteous readers.

The Partition of Poland was, as the great Maria Theresa felt in her "Geist," and honesty, a great mistake, and a greater crime. Say all that diplomatists and historians may say as to the weakness, the folly, and the childishness of Polish internecine disputes —admitting that the Poles themselves were, as that able man Lord Malmesbury seems to intimate, the actual original seekers of Russian intervention, and the true cause of

their own fall*—yet an old-fashioned Book has told us "not to remove our neighbour's landmark," and Poland, under an able King and a strong Government, might have yet held its own in the category and struggles of nations.

Some writers have indeed contended that the old Polish Constitution was so intricate and so unworkable in itself, that discord was inevitable, unity unattainable, and all good government an impossible realisation. It is idle, after this lapse of time, to enter into such a discussion, neither would it in any sense be a profitable employment of our time; but, "giving all in," as we say, we cannot but subscribe to the opinions of all great English statesmen, without distinction of party—so that it becomes no party question—that the absorption and partition of Poland constituted both a political mistake and a grave wrong-doing. No doubt the immediate effect of that astute proceeding was to round off and consolidate the territories of Austria, Prussia, and Russia; its subsequent effect has been to leave Germany and Austria under the overwhelming shadow of that enormous Empire, whose real strength it is, in our opinion, impossible to attempt to measure, and which, owing to the genius and patriotism of its people, grows stronger in trial and obtains force even from adversity. We have ourselves no doubt as to what the ultimate result of the present Oriental war must be, but we do not deem it needful to advert to that subject except incidentally now. We believe that Russia will come out of it greater and more welded together than ever, and will present the sight to Europe of a mighty army, inured to hardship, buoyant in victory, and intent on national aggrandisement.

In such a case, what must be the result?

Germany is between two fires, and in any case of dispute with Russia must have, as the French say, "faire face,"—a very difficult and ticklish proceeding, as all military men well know. What, then, is to be done? There appears to us to be nothing for the safety and peace of Europe—for the preservation of a true Balance of Power, if such be worth preserving—but a Resuscitated Poland, which, including its ancient boundaries, would, following the line of the Carpathian Mountains, run down to the Black Sea, and hold, so to say, as a neutral Power, the Mouth of the Danube.

Thus, then, there would be a great wedge as between Russia and Germany, and Poland, with all Europe at its back, would form an irresistible barrier to any possibility of Sclavophile absorption or invasion. Some may be inclined to say, who read these pages, "What a chimera of chimeras you have put forward!—a dream impossible to realise!—a future too improbable to conceive!" We do not feel quite sure that such a view of matters constitutes either a diplomatic impossibility or a geographical absurdity. It may be only a "revérie," but it is not, we are inclined to opine, merely "the baseless fabric of a dream." Such a re-arrangement of European Geography would settle many difficulties and dispose of many burning questions; it might even be a prelude to a long period of *unarmed peace* for weary and exhausted Europe! For, as we see it now with our geographical spectacles, all countries, not even excluding Russia, would be satisfied, and this act of Justice would heal gaping wounds and atone for a blameable past. Austria would push on into Bosnia and part of the Herzegovina; Montenegro would gain a slight addition and a seaport; Roumania would obtain extension in Moldavia; and Servia would hold its own—and a little more. Russia would no doubt gain Constantinople and a large slice of Asia Minor, but the troublesome question of the Dardanelles would be settled by a neutralised canal or railway from about Trebizond to the Mediterranean, while another canal or railroad from the Black Sea to the Caspian would open out wonderfully an active commerce. Thus straight from the Mediterranean, and unchecked up the Danube, would henceforth go the civilising influences of the peaceful armies of traders. Germany would acquire Luxemburg by purchase from Holland, as well as all "Deutsch spechendes volk,"—Austria Proper, of course, excepted—and Heligoland might gracefully be returned to our good German Cousins as the outpost of the great German Empire. Rhodes also might well be given to Germany, Greece would recover her old boundaries, together with Cyprus and Crete and the Suez Canal would be neutralised. We need hardly add that such a great settlement pre-supposes the

* In no work are more lively pictures drawn of the decadence and destruction of the Kingdom of Poland than in Lord Malmesbury's Despatches, (vol. i.), of the events which preceded it and of the causes which led to it.

establishment of the "Ottoman Porte" at Damascus, the Independence of Egypt, and the Protectorate of the Holy Land by the Great Powers.

Have we sketched out a pure impossibility? Are our words deemed a rhapsody by any? Be it so. We advise our critics to take up the Map of Europe, to study it for themselves as we have done, and they will come to the same conclusion as we have. We feel sure that without some such adjustment as a Resuscitated Poland, Europe has nothing before it, humanly speaking, but a great and tremendous struggle under the specious cry of Nationality with Sclavophile tendencies, and an overwhelming power, thrown together by the facts of the case, resolute in victory, ready to make any sacrifices, and animated alike by national aspirations and religious enthusiasm!

One more word, and we have done. *Verbum sat sapienti.* The solution we have shadowed forth of the dilemma in which Europe is now placed, and which we have approached—as we said before, not politically, but geographically—will also, we are inclined to hope, favour the cause of Masonic Extension. Freemasonry once flourished peaceably in Poland, under Stanislas I., as in Russia under Catherine II. Let us hope to hail its revival in two independent Governments—Poland under a King, and Russia under its Czar—and keeping free from all complications with secret or subversive associations, may it adorn and advance its own goodly and loving mission—Glory to God, and Peace to Man!

A GOOD HONEST HEART.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

I'm happy, I'm cheerful, I'm merry and gay,
From year's end to year's end—so time glides away;
Though on humblest of fare or on dainties I dine,
Contentment and peace are companions of mine.
There is joy in my cup—there is health at my board,
And, though poor, yet in spirit I'm rich as a lord;
For this is a maxim from which I'll ne'er part—
The true spring of peace is a Good Honest Heart!

I frown not on those whom the world calleth great,
For what God has denied can be no whim of Fate—
I speak no ill word of my dear fellow-man,
But endeavour to do all the good that I can.
Should the orphan and widow look in at my door,
I wish them "God speed!"—perhaps do something more;
For this is a maxim from which I'll ne'er part—
The true spring of peace is a Good Honest Heart!

What were this world to me, and the pleasure it brings,
If love to my soul lent not freedom and wings?
And as for the next—dare I dream of its bliss,
If my duty to man were neglected in this?
Then murmur who will!—let the selfish plod on,
And be true to the teaching of rule "Number One;"
This, this a maxim from which I'll ne'er part—
The true spring of peace is a Good Honest Heart!

THE INCONCLUSIVENESS AND ABERRATIONS OF SCIENTIFIC TEACHERS.

BY PHILOSOPH.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has recently delivered a lecture at Birmingham, which, however able in itself, and admirably conceived, masterly as a composition, and striking as a thesis, hardly maintains his high character for scientific induction and logical accuracy. Whether or no he thought the argument he sought to elaborate and the theory he appears anxious to enounce would suit the "meridian" of Birmingham I know not, but much of the Professor's well-spun and somewhat subtle discourse rests upon assumptions he himself or any other dogmatic teacher would be the first to deprecate and denounce.

I, for one, quite agree with the *Times* when it says:

"A lecture on Science from Professor TYNDALL is always pleasant to listen to. Whatever we may think of the point to which he brings us in the end, we can hardly fail to enjoy the road by which he conducts us to it. From the time he takes us in hand and sets out with us on our undefined journey to the final moment when he announces that the goal is now reached, he does much to deserve our gratitude and to establish his claims upon our trust. Rough and forbidding as the path may look, he makes it smooth to our unpractised feet; he entices us further and further along it; he lends us his arm when there is any special difficulty to be surmounted; he laughs at our terrors, and is crafty enough to induce us to laugh at them; he seems to be merely entertaining us with a fund of ready anecdote, while the stories he is telling are all intended to serve his main purpose, and to beguile us on a way which we might otherwise not be induced to enter."

But I also fully endorse some other pertinent remarks of the same clear writer:

"It is, we must admit, somewhat startling to find Science leading us to what we have been accustomed to consider the proper domain of metaphysics, and to have the old school dispute of free will and necessity revived for us as the most important question of the day. When Professor Tyndall can show us intermediate laws as clear and as certain as those which hold good in the domain of physical nature, and connecting that domain with the moral and intellectual life of man, we shall be extremely glad to listen to him and draw the conclusions which the new science warrants. But we may decline to go with him in anticipating the course of discovery, and may fairly ask him by what right he asserts what he does not prove. If we are too strict in this, he must blame himself for the habit of mind he has taught us to favour. We fully recognise the never-failing art and grace and persuasiveness with which he has concluded as well as commenced his lecture. We will only remind him that it is not the office of the man of science to persuade otherwise than by strict argument."

For in much of the latter part of his lecture Professor Tyndall departs from the region of logic and science proper, and enters upon the debateable ground of theological and metaphysical controversies—on which, too, he seems ready to pronounce a most dogmatical opinion, and to lead his hearers, on the "post hoc, propter hoc," to what looks very much like, indeed, either the "*morale independante*" of Massol, or that direct material infidelity so popular just now with some shallow minds and some superficial "windbags," among whom I, for one, do not reckon Professor Tyndall. But yet it is most alarming to find a man of his eminence as a thinker and a writer descending to the claptrap and the incorrectness of the new sceptical school.

When, for instance, Professor Tyndall asserts the "paradox" which follows calmly, complacently, he must know that his "fact," as a "fact," is not a fact at all, for his statement is positively incorrect in itself, and therefore all that follows as based upon it must be rejected:

"Most of you have been forced to listen to the outcries and denunciations which rung discordant through the land for some years after the publication of Mr. Darwin's

'Origin of Species.' Well, the world—even the clerical world—has for the most part settled down in the belief that Mr. Darwin's book simply reflects the truth of nature; that we who are now 'foremost in the files of time' have come to the front through almost endless stages of promotion from lower to higher forms of life. If to any one of us were given the privilege of looking back through the eons across which life has crept towards its present outcome, his vision would ultimately reach a point when the progenitors of this assembly could not be called human. From that humble society, through the interaction of its members and the storing up of their best qualities, a better one emerged; from this again a better still, until at length, by the integration of infinitesimals through ages of amelioration, we came to be what we are to-day."

As a general truth, "Darwinism" is by no means generally accepted except by a limited class of thinkers, and the assertion that the majority of the educated accept the theory of a "protoplastic" creation of inferior animals, from which man was gradually to be developed, is equally, as far as I know, unfounded. Dr. Johnson ridiculed Lord Monboddo's theory of the monkey as the original of the "homo," but what would he have said of this new theory of "lower form of life" gradually emerging in "higher?" For anything that Professor Tyndall tells us to the contrary, we may to-day only be a human development of the Icthyosaurus or the Plethiosaurus! "Risum teneatis amici atque fratres!"

Thus, then, in the nineteenth century, we have again to deal with the "oppositions of science, falsely so called." Some of us may recall Norman Macleod's *mot*, which is alike opposite, and certainly not irreverent. He was alluding to the "meteoric theory" as the origin of animal life, which is not much removed in its absurdity from the "lower form of animalism." He remarked that the men of science would do well, in accordance with these last results of their research, to rewrite the first chapter of Genesis in this way: 1. The earth was without form, and void. 2. A meteor fell upon the earth. 3. The result was fish, flesh, and fowl. 4. From these proceeded the British Association. 5. And the British Association pronounced it all tolerably good.

We must all feel, I think, in the present state of the discussion, the amazing force and reality of his words. In his Birmingham Lecture, Professor Tyndall, speaking on a "petitio principii,"—an erroneous assumption, never permitted in scientific induction—proceeds to propound a view of his own, utterly unfounded in itself, and supported by no manner of evidence, except his own view of things, their "raison d'être," and above all his own "ipse dixit." Most unscientific is he, according to my humble opinion, from first to last. For what is all that follows but an indirect, if not direct attack on all supernaturalism—nay, and the very credibility of inspired Revelation!

"Surely many of the utterances which have been accepted as descriptions ought to be interpreted as aspirations; or as having their roots in aspirations, instead of objective knowledge. Does the song of the herald angels, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward man,' express the exaltation and the yearning of a human soul, or does it describe an optical and acoustical fact—a visible host and an audible song? If the former, the exaltation and the yearning are man's imperishable possession—a ferment long confined to individuals, but which may by-and-bye become the leaven of the race. If the latter, then belief in the entire transaction is wrecked by non-fulfilment. Look to the East at the present moment as a comment on the promise of peace on earth and good will toward men. That promise is a dream dissolved by the experience of 18 centuries. But though the mechanical theory of vocal heavenly multitude proves untenable, the immortal song and the feeling it expresses are still ours, to be incorporated, let us hope, in purer and less shadowy forms in the poetry, philosophy, and practice of the future. Thus, following the lead of physical science, we are brought from the solution of continuity into the presence of problems which, as usually classified, lie entirely outside the domain of physics. To these problems thoughtful and penetrative minds are now applying those methods of research which in physical science has proved their truth by their fruits. There is on all hands a growing repugnance to invoke the supernatural in accounting for the phenomena of human life, and the thoughtful minds just referred to, finding no trace of evidence in favour of any other origin, are driven to seek in the inter-

action of social forces the genesis and development of man's moral nature. If they succeed in their search—and I think they are sure to succeed—social duty would be raised to a higher level of significance, and the deepening sense of social duty would, it is to be hoped, lessen, if not obliterate, the strife and heartburning which now upset and disguise our social life."

I need not stop here to point out the mischievousness of such a philosophy as this, which seems to land us in about as hopeless a morass of mere human "egotism" as ever was propounded by the facile pen of the most eloquent of antagonists of all revealed religion!

What, for instance, can the following sentence mean, but that the moral consciousness of man is superior to any external or internal influence of actual dogma or religious truth—in fact "independent morality" most alarming to every reader of a Bible:

"Are you quite sure that those beliefs and dogmas are primary and not derived—that they are not the products, instead of being the creators, of man's moral nature?"

Carlyle's theory, as set forth in the following words, is surely contradicted by all the known facts of man's history, of the world's ways and works, its duties even and delusions:

"It is in one of the 'Latter Day Pamphlets' that Carlyle corrects a reasoner, who deduced the nobility of man from a belief in heaven, by telling him that he puts the cart before the horse, the real truth being that the belief in heaven is derived from the nobility of man."

It must be quite clear to us all that we have before us in England, as in Germany, a "Culter Kampf," which can only be fought on the one safe old ground—reverential acceptance of the Bible, belief in the supernatural, trust in the reality of God's Providential Rule; or else there is nothing before us apparently but the hollowness of a quasi science, the aberrations of a polished Infidelity.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

"Author of "Shakspere, his Times, and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

BRO. A. J. Wheeler, of Memphis, Tennessee, in the United States, has a column in his *Masonic Jewel*, for Marriages and Deaths of Masons, and the Births of their children. The Marriages are headed "Affiliated;" the Births, "From Darkness to Light;" and the Deaths, "Called off." May all true Masons be happily "Affiliated!" May their offspring be numerous and healthy, and emerge "from Darkness to Light," both literally and figuratively, especially to that True Light of Freemasonry which no mere scenic acting, no mere mumbling of ceremonies, can ever shed upon the mental Darkness of the ignorantly-depraved! And when "called off" from Labour here on earth, may it be to the Refreshment of a higher and holier existence, in that Grand Lodge above, where the World's Great Architect lives and reigns for ever. One might preach a sermon every day in the year, and write a separate essay for every magazine both in the United States and Great Britain, from Bro. Wheeler's simple two words—"Called off."

A well-known Brother Mason, whose name I am not at liberty to mention at present, has invented and just brought out for sale, a new railway and dog cart key, which he has registered under the name of the "Pan-Anglican." It is made of cast steel, plated with

nickel silver, is very strong as well as elegant, weighs under one ounce, and can be carried without inconvenience in the vest pocket. In appearance it reminds one of a Masonic jewel, and it is warranted not to tarnish, and (the retail price being only a shilling) is sure to meet with an extensive sale.

Salt Lake City, a portion of Utah which the Mormons had made blossom like the rose by their industry, but polluted by their polygamy and superstition, but from which that arch impostor (not to say murderer) Brigham Young, has been "called off" to his final account, has now a Public Masonic Library. As Brigham Young, like all religious bigots, was an intense hater of the Craft, how it must trouble his soul if he can know that it already contains two thousand volumes. Pity but our English, Scotch, and Irish Lodges were all compelled to make annual returns as to how many of them have Masonic Libraries, how many volumes they contain, how many times they have been issued, what Masonic publications they subscribe to, and how many literary or scientific lectures they have had, on what particular subjects, and the number that attended them. Also the amount of their annual income, how much has been spent in charity, and how much in eating and drinking. This would really be the means of an immense revival of true Freemasonry.

Our illustrious Brother, His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, K.G., President of the Royal Society of Literature, and Provincial Grand Master for Oxfordshire, has been graciously pleased to grant his express permission for the forthcoming Second Series of Bro. Emra Holmes' *Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers*, with a Masonic Memoir of the Author by the writer of these Notes, to be dedicated to him, in consequence of the benevolent purpose for which it is to be published. I am too closely connected with the publication to be considered an impartial critic; but I am glad to observe the very favourable way in which the First Series has been, with two solitary exceptions, received by the press. Bro. Holmes is too well known to the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* to need any commendation from me; but they, like myself, may feel interested to see what the various reviewers have to say about the little volume,—the printing, binding, and Bewick tail-pieces, having met with unanimous approval. The *Freemason*, the editor of which never has much gall in his ink, says that "the stories and poetry reflect credit on the taste and talent of our zealous Brother," and adds that "his writings display not only literary powers far above the average, but bespeak also a considerable amount of 'geist' [whatever that may mean!] and culture, a power of winning the attention and attracting the interest of his readers. Alike in prose and poetry he commands both a facile and correct pen, and we may fairly assert that his works are full of promise of even better and greater things to come." And he pronounces it "a very good half-crown's worth, indeed, notwithstanding that we live in an age of cheap literature and of countless publications." *The Masonic Jewel*, published at Memphis, in the United States, the official Masonic organ of the States of Mississippi and Tennessee, and which is edited by Past Grand Master Wheeler, remarks:—"This neat little book, well-bound, of over two hundred pages, will interest the lovers of stories and good poems. To Masons, the extracts and notes published from the old minute book of Union Lodge, No. 114, Ipswich, England, commencing with the year 1762, is peculiarly interesting:" and fraternally commends the American Masons to subscribe to both series of the work. *The Whitby Gazette* pronounces the tales "of a very interesting character," and the poems to "have a true poetical ring in the them." The *Whitby Times* says:—"The contents of the volume are of a very interesting and entertaining character." The *Leamington Courier* remarks that "the Masonic Papers are extremely interesting." The *Criterion* says:—"We are much pleased with the contents of the book; the tales are well told, and the poems have the true poetic ring about them;" and adds that "the Masonic papers cannot fail to interest Brothers of the Craft." The *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent* says:—"Evidently the author is a man of cultivated and refined mind and taste." The *South Durham and Cleveland Mercury* pronounces it to be "light, pleasant, easy reading, from first to last." The *Western Daily Mercury* (Plymouth) observes:—"The ably written tales and capital poetry which form the chief contents of this book are the production of a well-known author and a distinguished Freemason." The *Sunderland Times* remarks,

FREEMASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON

that "Mr. Holmes tells his stories in a simple, unaffected style, but their very homeliness will make them all the more agreeable to the very large class of readers who do not care for the sensational element in fiction." And there are numerous other notices, which I must pass over now, to the same purport from other papers. Strange to say, the most ill-natured notice—one that evidently is the production of an anonymous and malignant coward, whom I would not object to answer if he durst throw off his Jack-the-Giant killer's invisible coat, comes from a place where Bro. Holmes has given good and gratuitous services to elevate the tastes of the inhabitants, and from an insignificant paper which has always seemed very friendly to our good Brother whilst he was there as collector of customs, but at once turns upon him as soon as he leaves the place—I allude to the *Woodbridge Reporter*. As nobody in Woodbridge suspects the respectable publisher, Mr. John Read, of writing the article, the supposition is, that he has been prevailed upon by a more cunning, but less honourable person, to lend his paper to attempt to wound the feelings of a man who deserved better treatment from those he was leaving. The other exception I alluded to was the *East Anglian Daily Times*, which reproduced the Woodbridge paragraph with great gusto, stating a downright falsehood, which I feel it due to our gifted Brother to expose:—"We have not been favoured with a copy, we fear on account of our inability to appreciate a ballad by the same author, reviewed in this paper some time ago." It is below the dignity of journalists to complain that works are not sent to them for review; but the fact is, Bro. Holmes had no more to do with sending out the volume, than the Wise Men of the East. If blame there was, it must rest on my shoulders, who, so far from knowing that the Ipswich critic had not been able to appreciate our Brother's ballad, did not know there was such a luminary in existence, and am still ignorant what ballad he criticised, and in what manner he reviewed it. I mention this merely to show how very easy it is for men, even though editors of newspapers, to be totally mistaken. I am the last man in the world to wish to curb honest criticism, however plain-spoken; but the unholy wish to cause pain for the sake of annoying another; the bad taste of saying harsh things, from a vulgar pride of wishing to be thought clever; and the blunder of mistaking mischief for wit, have in all ages been evils which the true critic has tried to shun. As Mr. Read's paper is partly printed for him before it reaches his hands, I would advise him for the future not to be made the cat's paw of any ill-natured neighbour, even though the hypocrite may hide his malignity under the common mask of "the unco guid."

I am glad to see that the best of our Masonic Pocket-books, the *Cosmopolitan*, has already been issued by Bro. Kenning for 1878. It contains more information for Two Shillings than any other at a greater price, and ought, (and no doubt does) receive a large measure of support from the members of the Craft throughout the world. A very great amount of labour is required to bring together such a mass of Masonic information. Every Mason should have a copy.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

A FREEMASON'S CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

BY E. P. PHILPOTS, M.D., F.R.G.S.

Hail Christmastide! With true Masonic cheer,
Again we welcome thee in our career
Of busy life, reminding us once more,
Another year has passed,—how quickly! o'er.

Again our Patron Saint's with honour crowned,
Again we own our Craft has favour found,
Increasing mightily, it gains respect
Of Man, whilst He, The One Great Architect,
Has guarded all our actions,—in His sight,
We've striven hard to shine both pure and bright,
And have invoked His solemn aid to keep,
Us faithful to those secrets, good, yet deep,
Which as Freemasons true, we call our own,
And can act up to by His power alone.
——Then Craftsmen of the "Mystic Tie," combine,
This festive time, as Craftsmen true to shine,
Let every action based upon the Square,
Assist to show "the outer world," how fair
The precepts we have learned can make us be,
To fellow man :—whilst in eternity,
The deeds of Masons shall stand forth as clear
As Sun at Noonday, and as bright appear.
Think,—'tis no foolish tie ; no flippant jest,
Which centres in the name we should love best ;
We sought to raise the veil mysterious, dark,
We sought another's hand to fan that spark,
Which bursting in a flame of brightest fire,
(The fire of Masonry), 'twas our desire,
To glean still further in those pastures new,
And see our system perfect to our view.
——Look back when first the darkness reigned supreme
'Ere first the light had burst upon the scene,
When all was chaos, on the water's face,
His Mighty Spirit found to move a place :
The awful silence !—how we shrink with fear
Whilst thinking that the Mighty Voice we hear,
"LET THERE BE LIGHT,"—and lo ! the light appeared,
And the Creator's word the chaos cleared,
And Stars and Moon and Sun commenced to shine,
Obedient to their Maker's hand divine.
Thrice happy time ! Thrice glorious work ! How grand !
Mysterious, deep, created by Thy Hand,—
Shine forth that light for ever from the day,
The Universe created first made sway.
Then glory to the Architect we give
In whom we trust ; with whom we look to live
Who sheds around His blessings to us all,
Who guides us, keeps us, helps us when we fall,
And who the Light Masonic caused to gleam
In each True Mason's heart,—O happy theme !
The darkness of the past to far dispel,
Mark we such goodness, Brethren ?—Then "Mark well,"
And whilst we wander o'er the rugged plain,
Of life's long journey praise His power again,
Who all things giveth with a lib'ral hand,
To whom we bow obedient at command.

——And has the light thus dawned on us in vain ?
Ask we ourselves, my Brethren ? Then again,
Each day renew the sacred pledge we made,
Let not our principles Masonic fade,

But shine still brighter, that the world may see,
The Craft is noble, virtuous, and free,—
——Thus march we on, till at the Throne of God
Our thoughts have brought us,—hitherward we trod,
Through paths of heavenly science; we admire
The faculties of intellectual fire,
And trace them onward, perfected complete,
To Him, Whose fountain is the Mercy's Seat.
And Nature's secrets are unveiled to view,
The principles of truth, our minds imbue:
Our minds thus modelled by the mystic power,
That virtue, science, or their Champions shower;
Learn yet one lesson more—a solemn truth,
Which bids us contemplate our lives from youth,
And ask,—What have they been? and reason why
The "Perfect Mason" does not fear to die?
The powers of death for him can bring no fear,
His path of duty's marked—his future's clear,
O! happy he, who, when the hand of death,
Is laid upon him, when his fleeting breath
Is flick'ring in the eventide of days,
Bids all around farewell,—to fix his gaze,
On Light of Heaven within the Lodge on High,
Where reigns THE ARCHITECT in Majesty,
Where Spirits wing their airy flight above
The Courts of Heaven, where, eternal love
Reigns boundless in the Home we live to see,
And to inhabit in eternity.
Where,—gazing back amidst the sacred mirth,
Of heaven, we'll ponder on our walks on earth,
And bless the day when first we pausing trod,
Upon that threshold, where the name of God,
We uttered as the only source of trust,
We had on earth when fearing danger's thrust;
And call the time well spent that made us share
The good once taught us on the sacred "Square."

Poole, November, 1877.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC.

"Sacred Symbol,"

thus:—

"Sagittarius."
"Alchemy."
"Cerebrum."
"Rhomb."
"Ego."
"Disloyal."

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 55.--VOL. V. JANUARY, 1878. PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

—:o:—

WITH this January MAGAZINE, Publisher and Editor beg to offer to all their readers their "hearty good wishes" for the "New Year." May it be a period of unmixed happiness and well-being to them and theirs.

With the opening of another year of Time, we cannot conceal from ourselves that Freemasonry has before it a period of much excitement and perhaps some trial. If in Great Britain and Canada and America we may feel satisfied that ours are peaceful progress and material prosperity, we cannot but be sensible that there is much in the intense increase of our Order sufficient to awaken anxiety, and to suggest caution.

It cannot do good to Freemasonry eventually, when we notice the evident desire of many to obtain admission into our fraternity, more because it is popular and prosperous than for any other really good or constraining motive! The somewhat indiscriminate admission now so much in "vogue," portends weakness to the Craft, and serious demands upon our charities.

And if abroad we look on Freemasonry, we see a spirit of disquiet affecting many foreign bodies, and new ideas and novel principles, taking the place of the wiser and more salutary legislation of the past.

We in England and Ireland and Scotland, as well as in America and Canada, in fact wherever Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry extends, cannot but deplore the rashness and the unwisdom of the recent proceedings of the French Grand Orient, which may and probably will lead to most regrettable results.

It is really almost pitiable to think that able men can be so blinded by their own subjective fancies as to suppose that we in England are blind to the real motive and end of this deplorable change! Some writers affirm that it is done for "Toleration;" others, that the Atheistical question has nothing to do with it, though they know perfectly well that such allegations are hollow and unreal.

If the Atheistical party were not touched by the old formula why agitate for its removal? But the truth is, just as the law for the reception of Bro. Littré the ritual had to be made "meet" for his reception, so it is well known in France that under the old declarations Masters and Candidates were equally tied down.

Had the acknowledgment to T.G.A.O.T.U. never been placed in the Constitutions we should never have raised a question, but, being there, it ought to have remained there, unless, indeed, a similar truth, as with us, could be asserted in an official statement bound up with the Book of Constitutions. We do not lay much stress on the place where the acknowledgment of the Most High is found, but if French Freemasonry is in accord with Cosmopolitan Freemasonry it ought to be somewhere. As it is, French Freemasonry, (in defiance of the old and consistent and continuous teaching, as may be proved from countless French writers, official and nonofficial from 1730 down-

wards), now declines to make belief in T.G.A.O.T.U. a needful pre-requisite for admission!

Most fatal blunder!

But here we stop to-day, hoping that our anticipations of troubles may not be realized, and that our vaticinations of evil may not be fulfilled.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCE OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(*Continued from page* 195.)

AT this point we cannot help remarking how very nearly all this resembles a passage in the book of Job,* "O that thou wouldest *guard* me in Hades," εν Αδης με εφυλαξας. A similar expression occurs in the New Testament, Τοις ἐν φυλακῇ πνευμασι,† which is rendered in our version "the spirits in prison," evidently alluding to Hades, and probably to the torments of that place.‡ Again, in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, the expression υπαρχων εν βασανοις conveys a very strong idea of these torments. With the same reference, βασανιζω, *crucio, vexo, torqueo,* is used.§ Tartarus, amongst the Greeks, was the lowest place in Hades. The word ταρταρόω, as used in the Epistles,‖ means in *Tartarum detraho.* Simpson says that the Greeks called Hell Tartarus, unto which the Apostle here hath reference. And as the Scripture borrows the term of Tartarus from the heathen, so it is thought by Tertullian and Gregory that the heathen took the idea of their Elysian fields from the Scripture Paradise.

After the appearance of the expected Deliverer, it was thus that the hierophant, trembling lest his influence should be superseded by a new religion, exhibited before the initiated aspirants the apostles and martyrs of Christianity tormented and howling in these dismal abodes, and many grievous persecutions were excited by the display. But at that period the mysteries were declining in public estimation, and their influence had sustained a sensible diminution. Lucian and others of their own poets had weakened their hold on the public mind, and after many ineffectual attempts to extinguish the religion of Christ, they themselves fell before the irresistible power of the Cross.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE REFERENCE TO A DIVINE MEDIATOR.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras,
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

VIRGIL.

That the primary forces, or antitype of the entire mythology of the Egyptians, is a triad of divinities, and that through all the immense extent of the system the same

* Job xiv. 13. † 1 Pet. iii. 19.

‡ Refer also to Rev. i. 18, and Job xxxviii. 17, for illustrations of the keepers or guardians of the souls in torment.

§ Matt. viii. 29, Mark v. 7, Rev. xi. 10, xiv. 10, xx. 10. ‖ 2 Pet. ii. 4.

forces of triad is maintained, has led some eminent men to suppose that those who founded the Egyptian religion must have had some knowledge of the doctrine of the Trinity. Without giving a positive opinion on this subject, we may venture to say that it is, more probably, *a direct reference to the promise of a Redeemer.* Two uniform features of the system appear to raise this conjecture into certainty. The Son or Word of the Egyptian mythology is always the third person in the triad. And again, the second person is always a female. So in the primary triad we have *Amoce* the father, *Mout* the mother, and *Chous,* the infant son; the allusive character of the temple sculpture. The first person of the triad is very frequently represented with a countenance and figure of the Pharaoh who had erected it, and the second person with those of his queen; so also the birth of the young god is, in the same curious manner, identified with the birth of the founder, or his first-born son. The great hope and end therefore which the Egyptian religion held forth, was the birth of a god; this their expectation being evidently not metaphorical, but real, because they always identified it with actual occurrences.*

These principles appear to have been embodied in the anaglyph before us, which was called by the Hermesians the SECRET OF SECRETS. Now the greatest secret of every system of Spurious Freemasonry that the world ever knew, was the divine unity, accompanied by the expectation of a Mediator who should commute for the sins of men by some bloody sacrifice. And it is pretty clear that the Scarabeus was a symbol of that mediator.

But we find that almost every emblem which the anaglyph contains, whether the circle, crescent, square, angle, or cross, referred to the heavenly bodies; and in the language of ancient prophesy, preserved also in the Hermesian Freemasonry, a Star was the emblem of that Mediator, although it was sometimes mistakenly applied to the sun or moon; and therefore in the hierophantic symbols, the sun, moon, and star were generally combined, that in any case the application might be correctly enunciated.

It will be interesting, therefore, to the Christian Mason to inquire what types or tokens of the Mediator through whom human redemption was to be effected, are embodied in the figure before us.

Considerable light may be thrown upon this inquiry by considering the astronomical character of the Spurious Freemasonry† arising probably from a tradition that the advent of the Deliverer was to be announced by a remarkable appearance in the skies in the form of a Blazing Star, or celestial fire. Thus Chalcidius the Platonist, in his commentary on Timæus, says, Est quoque alia sanctior, &c.: "There is another more holy and more venerable history, which relates the appearance of a new star, not to foretel diseases and death, but the sublime descent of an incarnate God, to show favours to the inhabitants of the earth. This star the wise men of Chaldea observing as they travelled in the night, they are said to have sought for the place where this god was born, and having found him in the shape of a newborn infant, they paid him such rites of worship, and such vows, as might be agreeable to such an august being."

According to Suetonius, such a tradition had always prevailed throughout the whole eastern part of the world;‡ and the heathen nations possessed no certain vehicle for its preservation but their religious mysteries.

The everlasting covenant, Ἡ Διαθηκη αιωνιος, corresponding with Ζωη αιωνιος, *eternal life,* made by our merciful Creator with the Great Father of the human race, was accompanied by the presence of God's Shekinah in the form of a permanent fire or Blazing Star, and there are reasons for believing that an opinion was prevalent amongst the true worshippers before the flood that in like manner a Blazing Star would

* Smith's Sacred Annals, p. 562.

† Hales thinks that the Spurious Freemasonry was derived from the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles. It was, however, practised long before the above feast was instituted, and was coeval with the Sabean superstition. The revival of this feast by St. John is rather important to the fraternity, as one of the reasons why he was constituted the patron o the Order.

‡ Suet. in vit. Vespas. c. iv. p. 280.

precede the advent of the Mediator promised to Adam; whence he is designated as the Star of Jacob by Balaam, a pagan hierophant, as well as by David and Malachi, who were inspired prophets of true God.* Corresponding herewith was the Soros-Aster of the Magians, and the Mesouraneo of Pythagoras.

(*To be Continued.*)

1877 AND 1878.

TIME comes with its fleeting hours,
Time leaves us day by day;
The songs of its festive bowers
Are in the far away.
And as the great River onward flows
Through human love and hate,
We bid good-bye to Seventy-Seven,
And welcome Seventy-Eight.

In vain, old friend, you're grieving
For all that's past and gone,
Or that Life is full of trials,
And that you are left alone.
Poor mortals all, we have to bend
To the stern decrees of Fate,
And as we welcomed Seventy-Seven
We welcome Seventy-Eight.

As a speck in the dimmer distance,
Like a memory of long years,
We bethink us of soft hours sped
Midst gentle smiles or tears.
While as the moments swiftly pass
From us, in penury or state,
We note the end of Seventy-Seven—
The approach of Seventy-Eight.

Great mystery of Life and Time!
Weird tale of our human race!
In vain we seek to soothe thy spell
By the power of Heaven's own Grace!
For all we say, or all we do,
We cannot now abate
One jot of the burden of Seventy-Seven—
The crosses of Seventy-Eight.

Alas! for us, as now we pine,
Exiles, sojourning still,
Far from the Golden River
And the everlasting Hill!
Life's seasons flourish and decay,
We toil early, we rest late,
But onward, onward went Seventy-Seven,
As will also Seventy-Eight.

* Numb. xxiv. 17; Ps. lxxxiv. 11; Mal. iv. 2.

And if twelve months more departed
See us still lingering here,
Whether full of mournful memories,
Or bless'd by joys most dear:
Yet still the witness we all must bear
Will be, O dear old Mate!
As we said "Farewell to Seventy-Seven!"
We must say it to Seventy-Eight!

NEMO.

ST. ANDREW'S ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, BOSTON (U.S.A.)

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE Centennial of St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter, Boston (U.S.A.), was celebrated at the Masonic Temple on September 29th, 1869, the Chapter having been consecrated on the 28th August, 1769.* The invitations were profuse (and yet most discriminate) to a large number of distinguished Masons in the United States and British Provinces, and nothing seems to have been spared, as respects expense and enthusiasm to render the Assembly worthy of the event. In the handsome volume before us, commemorative of the grand proceedings, we notice several pages of correspondence from "invited guests," and all, whether able to be present or not, were evidently keenly alive to the importance of the Celebration, and were not lacking in warmest interest in the success of the Old Chapter. The Committee of Arrangements did their work well, as is generally the case in the United States, where the most scrupulous attention is paid to the most minute matters, so much so that such Committees not only *deserve*, but they really *command* success. The Orator for the day was the learned Brother William Sewall Gardner, of Boston, then M.W.G.M. of Masachusetts, and most ably did he acquit himself of the special duty thus laid upon him by willing hands and fraternal hearts. The oration was to our minds a masterly production, and makes public several curious and valuable particulars hitherto little known and sometimes quite lost sight of. Brother Gardner considers that "by the strong preponderance of evidence, it would seem that Ramsay invented the Royal Arch Degree, and *that* between 1728 and 1743, probably in the year 1740, in the interest of Charles Edward the Pretender, he brought over to England several new degrees, among which was one called the Royal Arch." *This may, or may not be*, but at all events, the majority of Masonic students favour the notion of such an origin. "As early as 1758, Lodge No. 3, at Philadelphia, worked as a Chapter, conferring the Royal Arch in communion with a military Chapter, working under a warrant, No. 351, granted by the Grand Lodge of *all* England." Bro. Gardner is in error as to the Grand Lodge of *all* England (held at York), as that Body never granted any Charters out of England. The reference must be to the "Grand Lodge according to the Old Constitutions" or "*Ancients*." Philadelphia had an "Ancient" Lodge warranted from A.D. 1759: and so from that year the Royal Arch may fairly date in that city.

* This date is given in accordance with the declaration on the tickets for the Celebration; but that is no evidence to prove it. The Chapter met before that date.

"In 1767 the degrees of Perfection of the Scottish Rite were conferred at Albany, New York, among which was the Royal Arch of that Rite, sometimes called the '*Ancient Royal Arch of Solomon.*'" In 1756, application was made to the Grand Lodge of Scotland by certain "*Ancient Masons*" in Boston for a Charter, and on the 13th November in that year, the petition was granted. Bro. Gardner says the number of the Warrant was 82. The Constitutions of the G. L. of Scotland states that it was 81, the number 82 being for "Blandford," Virginia. Probably the then G. Sec. reversed the numbers in error, and that such is probable, is evident from the fact that the Warrant for Virginia was issued on March 9th; whereas St. Andrew's Lodge was not chartered until November of the same year. These two Lodges were the first of their kind granted for any portion of America by the G. L. of Scotland. On May 30th, 1769, was issued a commission to the revered Joseph Warren as Grand Master under the Grand Lodge of Scotland, in response to a petition from the four Lodges, then in Boston, viz—"St. Andrew's," Lodge, No. 82, and "Duke of York Regiment," No. 108 (106 according to G. Lodge list), of the Scottish Grand Lodge; "Fourteenth Regiment of Foot," No. 58; "*Ancients* of England; and Twenty-ninth Regiment," No 322, of Ireland. Boston was then occupied by British Troops, and hence the number and class of petitioners. Some of the members of St. Andrew's Lodge were Royal Arch Masons prior to 1762; but in Oct. of that year, a Committee, in a letter to the Grand Master of Scotland, declare that, "We should likewise be glad to know if a Charter could be granted to us for holding a Royal Arch Lodge, as a sufficient number of us have arrived to that sublime degree." To this letter no reply was vouchsafed, and no wonder, for that Grand Lodge has never recognized in any way, the degree of Royal Arch, from its Constitution in 1736 to the present time.

The first meeting of the Chapter, of which there is any account, is dated August 18th, 1769, when "At Lodge of Royal Arch Masons, held at Mason's Hall," it was "voted Bro. Saml. Sumner be made a Royal Arch Mason." Sumner was to be the Tyler, and so was "*made gratis.*" At this and the following meeting of the 28th, of the same month and year, the Officers, as in the regular Lodge, are mentioned, but no word of those peculiar to the degree in question.

On the 28th Aug., 1769, "The petition of Bro. William Davis coming before the Lodge, begging to have and receive the parts belonging to a Royal Arch Mason, which being read, was received, and he unanimously voted in, and was accordingly made by receiving the four steps, that of Excellent, Super Excellent, Royal Arch, and Knight Templar." It is clear therefore that these meetings were not the first of their kind in connection with the chapter, and that in all probability they owed their origin to the Lodge held in the 14th Regiment, being No. 58 of the "*Ancients.*" Bro. Gardner states that the reference to the Knight Templar "is believed to be the first record of conferring that degree in America." We not only think so, but so far as our research goes, it is the earliest of the kind relating to the degree that we know of in *any Country.* It was thus given as an Honorary Degree, under the wing of the Arch until Dec. 19th, 1794, after which no further notice is taken of the degree by the Chapter.

The other degrees were probably taken from the Irish Ritual, or, as some think, from the "Ancients" of England, then represented in Boston by their Lodge, No. 58, for the three first mentioned were worked beyond question in this Country at that time, and earlier. The "*Ancients,*" however, included all under the title of Royal Arch Masonry, though practically the separate degrees were worked.

The Grand Master, General Warren, had the "several steps" conferred upon him *honoris causa,* on May, 14th, 1770. In June, 1775, "his earthly career was abruptly closed, and he fell on Bunker's Hill, one of the first martyrs to the cause of liberty which he had so zealously espoused."

The Royal Arch Lodge (or Chapter), in consequence of the state of public matters, ceased work about this time until 1789. There being no Warrant for the Chapter, it was agreed by the members of St. Andrew's Lodge, Nov. 11th 1790, "That the Royal Arch Lodge be indulged with the use of the Charter of St. Andrew's Lodge so long as the majority of the members of the Royal Arch Lodge are members of the St. Andrew's

Lodge." The members of the Chapter thereupon duly thanked the Craft Lodge for its "*politeness,*" and having previously, and for many years afterwards, occupied the St. Andrew's Lodge Room, they evidently understood the *entente cordiale* of Masonry.

Until 1792, the names of the Officers were Royal Arch Master, Senior and Junior Wardens, &c., from that year the chief Officer was called the High Priest, and the two Wardens were changed into First and Second King, the Secretary being entitled the *Scribe.* The "cypher," often called the "Arch cypher" in America, was in use from about 1772, by the Companions at Newburyport, with whom the members as Boston held correspondence and conferences, a sample of the writing being presented by Bro. Gardner, who however apparently has failed to decipher it. We make the hieroglyphics to be (a) H.P. (*High Priest*), (b) F.K. (*First King*), (c) S.K. (*Second King*), (d) *Scribe* and I. L. we should have thought was I. R. (*Janitor*). We submit the foregoing with pleasure to our excellent Brother Gardner, especially as the explanation does (as he surmised it would) "give us exact information as to the ritual used" in relation to the Officers. It was customary "to confer all the steps in one evening," so that the ceremonies could not then have partaken of the elaborate character of the present degrees of Royal Arch and Knights Templars' Freemasonry.

No mention is made of "Passing the Chair" until 1797, and the Mark was not introduced into the series until 1792, when the order was "Passing the Chair, Super-Excellent, Mark and Royal Arch." In Feb. 18th, 1795, it was "*voted* that in future there shall only *two* be advanced to the Royal Arch step in the same evening." Bro. Thomas Smith Webb visited the Chapter; and from 1795, changes occur, evidently traceable to his presence. That well-known Companion presided, with Companion John Hanmer of Albany, "and opened upon the Mark Master Masons' Degree after their manner, and communicated a lesson belonging to the degree to the brethren." This is the first instance of the word Companion in the records.

The next eve the Chapter met, and elected Officers for the Mark Lodge and R. A. Chapter; for the former the titles of Master, Second and Third Overseers being mentioned, and that of Chief Sojourner in the Chapter.

The Most Excellent Masters' degree. Bro. Gardner believes originated at Albany (Temple Chapter), and was communicated for the first time, apart from Chapter, in Oct., 1795. In November of the same year, a Grand Chapter was constituted in consequence of the action of St. Andrew's Chapter and others, and by virtue of that authority the H.P. of the Chapter was appointed chief of the Deputy Grand Chapter of Massachusetts.

The Grand Chapter of Massachusetts granted the Chapter a Charter on the 14th February, 1800.

The first mention made of the Mark Degree was Oct. 23rd, 1792, as follows: "balance due the Mark Masons' Lodge, £2 14s. 10d.; and on Nov. 28th, it was agreed "that the degree of Mark Master be connected with the other degrees."

The Mark Degree is a favourite in the United States, as in Great Britain, and from late last century has been a necessary pre-requisite in connection with the Royal Arch in most English speaking countries. We must, however, content ourselves now with stating that the oration was well received, *as it deserved*, and the remainder of the Day's Celebration partook of a festive character.

We cannot do better than conclude in the language of Bro. Gardner—language as true as it is beautiful—"Elegance of rhetoric, startling and impressive ceremonials brilliant and gaudy vestments, may have their ephemeral part in the drama, but the pure teaching of the doctrines of Masonry, which lead the thoughts of man through the wonders of nature and the intricacies of science up to the Grand Architect of the Universe, will alone live and flourish through trials, persecutions, and discords."

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER VII.

"To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me."

—SHAKESPEARE (SONNETS).

VERY few of us all ever realize, it appears to me, how much depends often on the golden moments we so laboriously misuse, so deplorably waste in idle dreams which bring no return—in fantastic follies which end only in tears. Day by day, and hour by hour, as we move on amid the great crowd which throngs the Vanity Fair of Life, which buys at its marts, re-echoes its songs, and exults in its fascinations, we too often forget that Time—winged Time—carries away with it our hopes and fears, our cares and imaginings, the vows of the lover and the sighs of the forlorn, never again to return to us here. And youth also seldom is able, as the French say, to "envisager" either what concerns its present real happiness or its future safe abiding; for youth looks at everything alone in those colours, so gay and glittering, which unstable fancy or inexperienced anticipation present to its startled and enraptured gaze. Youth recks little of the morrow, and too often forgets that for its prodigal use of the things which are it will one day have a reckoning to pay. Accordingly it takes all on credit and on trust, not necessarily wrong in themselves, but overlooks the possibility that its acceptances for the future may not be taken up, and that its over-due bills will not necessarily be renewed. Youth too often "does" a "little bill," which is too often "*protested*" when it comes to "*maturity*;" or, worse than this, its thin piece of paper is marked "no orders," "no assets," and the bank on which it has been drawn has dissolved partnership, or is "non est," or is in the Bankruptcy Court.

But, "revenons à nos moutons," after this moral and philosophical, and yet practical disquisition. Paesiello and Don Balthazar, finding the fates apparently propitious, and no impediment in the way, endeavoured to make "hay" while the "sun" shone upon them. There are those who take, as I hold, far too stern and lugubrious a view of life. They seem to think that laughter is all but wrong, geniality objectionable, and earthly society a deadly snare. With such I cannot agree; for such views I have, for one, not the slightest sympathy. Such is the teaching which has filled convents and nunneries, which would antagonise every emotion of humanity. I belong to that school which believes that in the good Providence of God "all things are *lawful*" for us here (even though some are "not expedient" on personal grounds) which are used with moderation and enjoyed with carefulness. So that I never can see why youth is to be blamed or scolded, or "ballyragged," (most forcible word!) because youth likes to say "carpe diem," and make the most of present happiness and actual enjoyment. There is a goodly "mean" in all things, and while, on the one hand, we should avoid that "jeremiading" school which condemns everything, often on no principle at all, we should seek to learn that higher and better philosophy on the other, which, looking upon the present and the passing, identifies its best hopes and truest happiness with what is alike unchanging and eternal. But I have but exchanged Scylla for Charybdis, and have fallen from a moral disquisition into a neat sermonette!

Eva and Anna were neither too self-absorbed (what a fine, modern phrase!) or too hard-hearted, and therefore with them our hero and his friend soon made way—in fact, they became fast friends! Stanelli and Bechner were not uninterested or unobservant witnesses of all this pleasant little comedy, but felt that, despite some not unnatural anxiety for their own private affairs, their best chance was to trust to the loyalty of their fair and fascinating friends. What a pity it is that in the concerns of this world,

and, above all, in the negotiations of the heart, men will not more fully trust than they often do in the entire unselfishness and fidelity of the woman! To hear some men talk loudly to-day, especially the dissipated and the discreditable, you would be inclined to suppose that woman was the most naturally vicious, interested, and faithless of beings; whereas the truth is that it is often alone to the unbought and unshattered love of the woman that man owes here all that he can hope for of happiness, all that he can find of safety, all that he can experience of peace. L. E. L. very beautifully says—and we believe that her words are true, and well describe the real state of the case as regards the woman, always loving, evermore confiding, often cruelly forsaken, or basely betrayed—

"I lov'd him, too, as woman loves,
Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn;
Life had no evil destiny
That with him I could not have borne—
Earth had not a spot so drear
That I should not have thought a home
In Paradise had he been near."

I am not of those who "go in," as they say, very strongly for so-called "women's rights or wrongs," but I always have felt, and I feel as I write to-day, that man's treatment of woman is mostly very selfish, unmanly, and unfair. Had Stanelli and Bechner been commonplace mortals,—those "dull dogs" who fill our gatherings and bore us with their platitudes,—they would have either become jealous or sulky, disagreeable or depressed. Indeed, it is often most amusing to note how "exigeant" and monopolising some distinguished hero becomes who has singled out his "bird," who has thrown his handkerchief majestically at Mary or Julia, or Jane or Emily Ann. She, poor fluttering little pigeon! though she resents deeply such unflattering and unsought-for preference, hardly knows how to treat that "most dreadful young man." But he, happily unconscious of her real feelings, wishes to announce to all that he has deigned to make his choice at last, frowns on every real or imaginary rival, makes himself especially disagreeable to his own adored Jemima, and becomes a nuisance to his friends and a laughing-stock to society. There is nothing for him left but to fill the ranks of the rejected, to join the angry host of the disappointed.

And so Bechner and Stanelli, wise in their generation, took things easily, and treated the matter "en philosophe." Indeed they became constant companions and steady mates ("pals" is the modern word) of the gay Paesiello and the sententious Balthazar; for, as Stanelli used to say to Bechner, "caro amico," there is no use in our letting those fair friends of ours know how much we fear our companions. If they are worth their salt, they will not give us up; and if they are not, why then need you and I care anything about them?" And Bechner used to reply, with that pleasant "insouciance" for which he was celebrated, "Sapperment, I quite agree with you. I don't think that a woman is worth seeking who is captivated by the first gaudy butterfly she sees."

But I am not going to blame Anna and Eva. They were two very nice-featured young women, very pleasant, very well educated, very high-principled, and, as Mr. Samuel Weller judiciously observes, there can be no possible harm "in a young man taking notice of a young 'ooman as is undeniable good-looking and well-conducted." And acting on this soundest of axioms, they made themselves very agreeable to our hero and his friend. Not that they forgot or ever deserted Stanelli and Bechner, but we all must admit that, clever as women are, they sometimes have difficult cards to play, when they have to keep different admirers all in good humour at the same time. I have often admired deeply the skill with which some fair fisherwoman has managed her bait, has fitted her fly, to catch some fine fish bounding along the turbid river of Life.

But in the meantime another little chapter of this short romance was opened. Madame Allegri, a stately dame, still had her "pretensions," and before long it was quite plain that she liked Don Balthazar, and that Don Balthazar liked her. When this reality became apparent to the actors, one and all, of course the whole appearance of things was changed; for as Paesiello could not pay attention at the same time to Eva and Anna, it was inevitable that Bechner, finding the coast clear, redoubled his

zealous attentions. Madame Allegri had no doubt much to recommend her to so staid and dignified a personage as Don Balthazar. She was still not much beyond her "quarantaine," and Nature had endowed her with many gifts of form and mind; and when you add to these that she was courteous and complaisant, chatty and easy to get on with, knowing and matter-of-fact, (as some widows are,) in the highest degree, you may agree with the writer when he says that Don Balthazar, in looking after Madame Allegri, might have "gone further and fared worse." Not that that excellent woman showed any improper haste again to change her name or forget the husband of her youth. On the contrary, she was always most reserved and dignified, though most kindly and gentle.

Perhaps she was like the old Teuton who married (improper Teuton as he was!) six weeks after his first wife's interment, and who said, in reply to an expostulation, "Himmel, I loved my treasure so moch, that I do not like to be widout someting that resembles er." Perhaps she might think that, as "gregariousness" is the acme of existence, and solitude its destruction, so the companionship of early affection had fitted her for the charms of home rather than the "loneliness of isolation;" or, again, she might take up the witty Frenchwoman's view, who declared that life was "too short not to demand the interchange of personal affection." For any or all of these reasons combined, Madame Allegri may have fancied that she was not wrong when she found so safe and so pleasant and so experienced a friend as Don Balthazar, if she determined to make another expedition into the often dangerous realm of matrimony. I don't blame her, the more so as she had always been the most devoted of wives and best of women; but I know there are many who think that "once a widow, always a widow," and that such a state of things is the best for society and for us all. However, Madame Allegri thought differently, and so, though she was, as I before observed, neither forward nor free-and-easy, (as some widows are said to be), she did not object to attentions which were clearly "empressés," and a pleasant companionship which was in itself most welcome to one who, many thought, was even more good-looking still than her charming and sunny daughters. Anna, who was both merry and arch, was highly amused with this posture of affairs. Whether such a course of events harmonised with her innermost thoughts who can say? for woman is often most strangely reticent, sometimes unwisely so, in all that concerns her real feelings or actual intentions. It may well be—and indeed I have reason to believe—that such was the case: that Anna found Don Balthazar very pleasant, but that he was a "leetle" too old for her in ideas, in habits, and in mode of life. Oh, happy privilege of youth! How often, amid the tinsel of worldly show, or the greatness of earthly wealth, would the old exchange all their possessions for a few years of reckless youth! How often in the battle of life we all have to fight—how often in the race of life we all have to run—are the old and wayworn vanquished in the distance by those who, exalting in the strength and daring of youth, care little for the experience of manhood or the impressiveness of age! And who can blame them? I, for one, cannot, and do not; and as I close this Seventh Chapter of my veracious story, if I do not and will not say, "Ah mihi præteritos si referet Jupiter annos," I will add that I often sigh, yet sigh amid the winter of old age, for the warmth of summer, the privileges of Youth!

THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE two first volumes of this most interesting and seasonable work were very striking in themselves, and demanded alike from all perusal and thought both attentive and severe; and this third volume comes before the public with no diminution either of the

* Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

most startling information, or of that able editorship which characterised alike Vol. I., by General Grey, and Vol. II., by Mr. Martin. Indeed, we are inclined to think that the third volume rivals, if it does not excel the two preceding ones, in its remarkable details and its masterly use of materials. We are struck, as all must be, with many memorable proofs—if proofs were needed—of the intense ability and clear-sightedness of her Majesty the Queen, which are vividly conspicuous in many of the pages of this fascinating work. The character of the lamented Prince Consort seems to stand out clearer than ever, thanks to Mr. Martin's manly independence of thought and touch, to the admiring gaze and juster judgment of us all alike. And now that calumny is silenced, and obloquy is forgotten in the regretful approval and grateful love of every loyal and cultivated Englishman, we can all see, (though perhaps too late), how that Prince Albert was indeed, in the good Providence of God, a wondrous gift to our own country, and a Statesman, a Ruler, a Man for "all time." As years roll by, and difficulties increase, we note exultingly how clear was his vision, how "richtig" his estimate of things, and how that he was equal to every emergency, forearmed for every duty. The nobility of his views, the greatness of his aims, are wonderfully apparent to us now, amid much of the "petitesse" and "bassesse" of our own little way of the world; and we learn to-day, with fond regret, not only how he laboriously strove ever for what was the To *αγαθον*, the To *καλον*, but how patriotically and self-sacrificingly he gave up the vigour of his manhood and the power of his "Geist" to her service whom he loved so truly, and to that country of which he had become the most devoted of her adopted chiefs and citizens.

It seems all but impossible to believe that popular prejudice or the virulence of an ignorant Press could ever have distorted or defamed that pure fair character, goodly and gracious in all its lineaments and "outcome." It must strike us all with almost mute astonishment, if not humiliation, to realize that all that unwearied devotion, all that ceaseless toil for the honour and prestige of England, could ever have been the subject of childish doubt or scandalous misrepresentation. Yet so it was, and we can only mourn to-day, as our admiration of the late Prince Consort is increased with each volume of his "Life Story," at such lamentable proofs—though, alas, we need none—of the blindness of party prejudice and of the fanaticism of intolerant ignorance.

Curiously enough, at the very time that France is deluged with attacks on Napoleon III., we are recalled happily in this third volume of the "Life of the Late Prince Consort" to dwell upon the truer portraiture of that remarkable man drawn by the skilful and effective pencil of the Queen herself. The incidents, no doubt, narrated in her affectionate and enthralling narrative, will bring mingled joy and sadness to the mind of the widowed Empress, but in no work that we have seen do we find so masterly a representation, and marked by such lifelike touches, of the great qualities of Napoleon III. France has yet to learn what she owes to his wise rule. When we lay down the book, and try to sum up what we are told so graphically of the Emperor, and so gracefully of the Empress, not only do we feel at once that no worthier tribute to their real merit has ever been offered; but so pleasant is the word-painting, so minute the drawing, and yet so carefully coloured, that we almost fancy we stand before one of those masterpieces of Meissonnier on which we have often looked spell-bound with wonder and delight.

It is pleasant to note how clear and careful are the Queen's words to Lord Raglan at a time of great trial and hardship in the Crimea:—

"The sad privations of the Army, the bad weather, and the constant sickness, are sources of the deepest anxiety and concern to the Queen and Prince. The braver her noble troops are, the more patiently and heroically they bear all their trials and sufferings, the more miserable we feel at their long continuance. The Queen trusts that Lord Raglan will be very strict in seeing that no unnecessary privations are incurred by any negligence of those whose duty it is to watch over their wants.

"The Queen heard that their coffee was given them green instead of roasted, and some other things of this kind which have distressed her, as she feels so anxious that they should be made as comfortable as circumstances can admit of. The Queen earnestly trusts that the large amount of warm clothing sent out has not only reached Balaclava,

but has been distributed, and that Lord Raglan has been successful in procuring the means of hutting for his men.

"Lord Raglan cannot think how much we suffer for the Army, and how painfully anxious we are to know that their privations are decreasing."

In what more effective language can a Sovereign, intently anxious for her soldiers as for her people, address a Minister of War, then Lord Panmure?—

"The Queen is very anxious to bring before Lord Panmure the subject which she mentioned to him the other day—viz., hospitals for the sick and wounded soldiers. These are absolutely necessary, and now is the moment to have them built, for no doubt there would be no difficulty in obtaining the money requisite for the purpose, so strong is the feeling now existing in the public mind for improvements of all kinds connected with the Army and the well-being and comfort of the soldier.

"Nothing can exceed the attention paid to these poor men in the barracks at Chatham, or rather Fort Pitt and Brompton, and they are in that respect very comfortable; but the buildings are bad, the wards more like prisons than hospitals, with the windows so high that no one can look out of them, and the most of the wards are small, with hardly space to walk between the beds. There is no dining-room or hall, so that the poor men must have their dinners in the same room in which they sleep, and in which some may be dying, or at any rate suffering, while others are at their meals.

"The proposition to have hulks prepared for their reception will do very well at first, but it would not, the Queen thinks, do for any length of time. A hulk is a very gloomy place, and these poor men require their spirits to be cheered as much as to have their physical sufferings attended to. The Queen is particularly anxious on this subject, which is, she may say, constantly in her thoughts, as, indeed, is everything connected with her beloved troops, who have fought so bravely and borne so heroically all their sufferings and privations."

How very touching, too, is this kindly message of sympathy to a widowed woman, the sorrowing wife of Sir George Cathcart:—

"I can let none but myself express to you all my deep feelings of heartfelt sympathy on this sad occasion, when you have been deprived of a beloved husband, and I and the country of a most distinguished and excellent officer. I can attempt to offer no consolation to you in your present overwhelming affliction, for none but that derived from reliance on Him who never forsakes those who are in distress can be of any avail; but it may be soothing to you to know how highly I valued your lamented husband, how much confidence I placed in him, and how very deeply and truly I mourn his loss. Sir George died as he had lived, in the service of his Sovereign and his country, an example to all who follow him."

If, amid childish prejudices and party hostility, we wished for a fair account of Napoleon III., where can we better find it than in these artless yet well-balanced words:—

"I have since talked frequently with Albert, who is naturally much calmer and particularly much less taken by people, much less under personal influence, than I am. He quite admits that it is extraordinary how very much one becomes attached to the Emperor when one lives with him quite at one's ease and intimately, as we have done during the last ten days, for eight, ten, twelve, and to-day even fourteen hours a day. He is so quiet, so simple, *naïf*, even so pleased to be informed about things he does not know" (of which, be it said in passing, according to the Prince, there were very many), "so gentle, so full of tact, dignity, and modesty, so full of respect and kind attention towards us, never saying a word or doing a thing which could put me out or embarrass me. I know few people whom I have felt involuntarily more inclined to confide in and speak unreservedly to. I should not fear saying anything to him. I felt—I do not know how to express it—safe with him."

We shall all agree with the great good sense of the Queen, as shown fuller in her letter to Lord Aberdeen about the Day of Humiliation:—

"She is rather startled at seeing Lord Aberdeen's answer to Lord Roden upon the subject of a Day of Humiliation, as he has never mentioned the subject to her, and

it is one on which she feels strongly. The only thing the Queen ever heard about it was from the Duke of Newcastle, who suggested *the possibility* of an *appropriate* prayer being introduced into the Litany, in which the Queen quite agreed; but he was strongly against a *Day of Humiliation*, in which the Queen also entirely agreed, as she thinks we have recourse to them far too often, and they thereby lose all effect. The Queen therefore hopes that this will be reconsidered carefully, and a prayer substituted for the *Day of Humiliation*.

"Were the services selected for these days of a different kind from what they are, the Queen would feel less strongly about it; but they always select chapters from the Old Testament and Psalms which are so totally inapplicable that all the effect such occasions ought to have is entirely done away with. Moreover, to say (as we probably should) that *the great sinfulness of the nation* has brought about this war, when it is the selfishness and ambition and want of honesty of *one man* and his servants which has done it, while our conduct throughout has been actuated by unselfishness and honesty, would be too manifestly repulsive to the feelings of every one, and would be a mere bit of hypocrisy. Let there be a prayer expressive of our great thankfulness for the immense benefits we have enjoyed and for the immense prosperity of the country, and entreating God's help and protection in the coming struggle. In this the Queen would join heart and soul. If there is to be a day set apart, let it be for prayer in this sense."

Equally interesting is this little touch of personal regard and consideration manifested a few days after the above letter:—

"Though the Queen cannot send Lord Aberdeen *a card for a child's ball*, perhaps he may not disdain coming for a short while to see a number of happy little people, including some of his grandchildren, enjoying themselves."

Indeed her Majesty's personal regard for those of her able "servants," whose names are historic to Englishmen of all parties, is well evidenced by the two following letters, which will be eagerly read by all:—

"The good news of the landing in the Crimea will have given Lord Aberdeen sincere pleasure. The Queen must now urge very strongly upon Lord Aberdeen the necessity for his coming at once to Scotland. The siege of Sebastopol may be long, and it is when Sebastopol is once taken that the difficulties respecting what is to be done with it will arise, and then Lord Aberdeen's presence will be necessary in town. Besides, a week of our short three weeks' stay has already elapsed, and if Lord Aberdeen delays longer, the reason for being near to the Queen (which he would be at Haddo) would no longer exist. The Queen must therefore almost insist on his coming speedily north, where he will in a short time take in a stock of health which will carry him well through the next winter and Session. . . . Lord Aberdeen knows that his health is not his own alone, but that she and the country have as much interest in it as he and his own family have."

"The Queen has received Lord Clarendon's letter. It is with deep concern that we learn that the last sad scene is closed, and that Lord Clarendon has lost his beloved mother. Such a loss is one of those which can never be repaired. It is one of the links which is broken on earth, but at the same time one which, as it were, seems to connect us already with another and a better world.

"It must be a consolation in the midst of his grief for Lord Clarendon to think that the last days—indeed, the Queen believes weeks—of his dear mother's life were spent in happiness under his roof, surrounded by his children and cheered by the pride she must have felt in having a son who rendered such invaluable services to his country and his Sovereign."

Some of us may recall that most interesting and impressive spectacle, when the Queen distributod the Crimean medals to the officers and soldiers who had won their decorations at the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann. Her Majesty herself describes it in a letter to her uncle King Leopold:—

"Ernest will have told you what a beautiful and touching sight and ceremony (the first of the kind ever witnessed in England) the distribution of the medals was. From

the highest Prince of the blood to the lowest private, all received the same distinction for the bravest conduct in the severest actions, and the rough hand of the brave and honest private soldier came for the first time in contact with that of their Sovereign and their Queen. Noble fellows! I feel as if they were my own children. My heart beats for them as for my nearest and dearest. They were so touched, so pleased—many, I hear, cried; and they won't hear of giving up their medals to have their names engraved upon them, for fear that they should not receive the identical one put into their hands by me. Several came by in a sadly mutilated state. None created more interest or is more gallant than young Sir Thomas Troubridge, who had at Inkermann one leg and the foot of the other carried away by a round shot, and continued commanding his battery till the battle was over, refusing to be carried away, only desiring his shattered limbs to be raised, in order to prevent too great hæmorrhage! He was dragged by in a Bath chair, and when I gave him his medal I told him I should make him one of my aides-de-camp for his very gallant conduct, to which he replied, 'I am amply repaid for everything.' One must revere and love such soldiers as these!"

"The present volume concludes with the subscribing of the map of the limits of the new Russian frontier by the Plenipotentiaries at the Paris Conference; and that forms also the closing entry of the Prince's diary for the year—"The Protocol about the Russo-Turkish frontier is signed in Paris, and thus is the Bolgrad question solved. Thank God!" Mr. Martin mentions, in his opening dedication to her Majesty, that when he presented her with the second volume of his work, he had hoped that a third volume might complete it. We think his readers will approve his decision to deal in greater fulness of detail than he had intended with the interesting contents of these pages, nor can we doubt that he has left himself ample matter to furnish material for his concluding volume."

Such are the words of a reviewer of this interesting work, and having carefully read Vol. III. ourselves, we can heartily endorse his words. Indeed, the perusal of the book not only raises in all competent minds deep admiration for the character and unexampled labours of the Prince Consort, and a deep regret at his premature loss to England and the world, but also places the Queen herself in a very exalted position of power, ability, and pure patriotic rule. It is not too much to say that, studying these memorable pages, we feel strongly how wonderfully fitted by a good Providence our Queen herself is for that Constitutional rule she has so greatly adorned. We await the last volume with the deepest interest.

NOT KNOWING.

FROM "OLD JONATHAN."

I KNOW not what shall befall me,
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And so each step in my onward path
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me comes
As a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future his mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreadful future
  Has less bitter than I think,
The Lord may sweeten the waters
  Before I stoop to drink;
Or if Marah must be Marah,
  He will stand beside the brink.

It may be He was waiting
  For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
  Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
  With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh! restful, blissful ignorance!
  'Tis blessed not to know,
It keeps me so still in those arms
  Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
  On the bosom that loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing,
  I would not if I might,
I would rather walk in the dark with God
  Than walk alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
  Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
  That the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
  But what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back
  With a whispered word "He knows."

THE TRUE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN ENGLAND.

A Lodge Lecture.

YOU will have seen, by the Monthly Summons, that I propose to deliver on the present occasion, under the auspices of your W. Master, a Lecture on the True History of Freemasonry in England. That is in itself, perhaps, a somewhat presumptuous heading, and as such it may have struck some now present, but I yet hope, at the conclusion of my lecture, you will agree with me that it is, after all, not far from what *I* had a right to use, or *you* have good reason to approve of.

There are few of us who have ever taken any interest in Freemasonry—a true and earnest interest—who have not desired, and do not desire, to know what can be known, historically and archæologically, concerning that really wonderful institution of which we are at the present day members. When, however, we turn our attention to the matter, as we sometimes do, we find, as I found, when I began my Masonic studies some years back, especially in our current Masonic Literature, the most conflicting views regarding the origin and

the history of Freemasonry altogether irreconcilable in themselves, and based for the most part on most slender and uncertain foundations.

Yet to trace the early history of any ancient and useful institution is in almost every case a matter of interest to the student, but how much more is it so to the Masonic student in the case of Freemasonry, whose early annals seem lost in the dimness of ages—about which so much has been written, and yet about which so little, after all, is really known?

As a French writer has well and tersely put it, even those who have written the most about it have for the most part known the least!

To suppose, for instance, as some writers apparently do, that the Society of Freemasons first sprang up in 1717, that such a mass of curious ceremonies bearing on their very front the most palpable marks of remote antiquity, was then for the first time concocted by a "few rusty companions," or anyone else, is a tax on the credible and good-natured too much for ordinary mortals! Such a statement, if it proves anything, proves too much, and overproof is practically no proof at all.

There are some hostile writers who look on Freemasonry as nothing but a convivial system adapting certain forms and symbols for purposes of social entertainment or idle mystery—in fact, they make out Freemasonry to be nothing more or nothing less than the happy creation of some clever impostors, who have succeeded in deluding the world with the claims of a fictitious antiquity and the organisation of a benevolent benefit society, around which they have contrived to throw the pretence of secresy, and with which they have connected meaningless initiations for their own purposes of profit or amusement! But such a theory as this taxes heavily the belief of the thoughtful, and would overthrow the most certain truth connected with the history of the world. For if there is one fact more clear or more indubitable than another, stereotyped, so to say, on the page of human history, it is this—that no society, however good its intentions, or praiseworthy its objects, if founded on imposture, if identified with falsehood, long confronts the criticism of contemporary or later judgment—long outlives the exposure which, sooner or later, ever follows in this world on deception on the one hand and incredulity on the other!

Now, Freemasonry has outlived not only the lapse of time, which levels and destroys all things here, and the passing away from this earthly scene of many other existing institutions, but it has surmounted the criticisms of open enemies and the statements of over-zealous and even of treacherous friends!

> "Nations, and thrones, and reverend laws, have melted like a dream,"

but Freemasonry still endures—Freemasonry still prospers!

Not only, then, may we fairly claim for our Order something inherently excellent, and something inherently true, but we seem called upon to exercise a not unnatural curiosity in respect of its origin and its progress—the growth which has marked its early struggles, and the success which has attended its later efforts.

What, then, is the True History of Freemasonry, is the question which I shall humbly endeavour to answer this evening.

I think it right to say, that I do not propose, on the present occasion, however, to traverse that wide field both of inquiry and speculation which would connect Freemasonry closely and distinctly with Egyptian initiation or Eleusinian mysteries, or with the Druids, or with any other ancient organisation. No doubt, from one point of view, Freemasonry must be connected with the history of secret initiation and personal probation characteristic of all the early mysteries. It may be perfectly true, moreover, that Freemasonry preserves something of the oral teaching of earlier mysteries, but whether Oriental or Druidical, yet, as it appears to me, it is unwise to forget that while we boast of our *inward* system, we have to give a reasonable account of our *outward* organisation, the channel through which the very secrets and mysteries of Freemasonry have been handed on to ourselves.

The purpose of my lecture is, then, simply to give to you, and to all Masonic students, a plain and straightforward account of a great institution—to trace, if possible,

the laws which have controlled its progress—and to submit to you the evidence by which I have myself arrived at the conclusion It would be impossible, rather, in the short space necessarily allotted to such a lecture as this, to give you a minute account of all the probable and possible explanations of our Masonic origin which have suggested themselves to the minds of the inquiring, or the fancies of the imaginative. Time would altogether fail me, and your patience would be sorely taxed, were I in detail to go through the various theories to which the obscurity of our Masonic annals has given rise. I can only allude to a few, as I pass on. Neither do I propose to notice to-night the attacks made either on our system or our antiquity by profane writers, many of which are beneath notice, and contain their own refutation. But I venture to ask your attention to the somewhat dry and perhaps uninviting topic—the simple history of our Order, looked at as a matter of evidence and of authority. You will also observe, as I proceed, that I confine my answer almost entirely to the history and evidences of English Freemasonry, though giving a short account of the system generally; and I do it for this reason, that Freemasonry is most widely diffused, and its real principles best acknowledged and worked out, in my humble opinion, under our own English Grand Lodge, and the loved and Royal and venerated Chief of our Order. In other countries, unhappily, Freemasonry has been allied and alloyed with the mischievous combinations and injurious principles of secret political societies like the Carbonari and the Illuminati, and has suffered infinitely, if not irrecoverably, in consequence. In Great Britain, and America, and Canada, and Germany, it has pursued the even tenour of its way, free from all such hurtful associations, and enabled to advocate its own loyal and unchanging principles of order, toleration, and good will.

The True History of Freemasonry, then, is to be found, I sincerely believe, mainly in the writings of Anderson and William Preston, our earliest and best Masonic historians. As a speculative body, making allowance for all those modifications and all those supplemental statements which fresh evidence, to which they had not access, enables us to offer and to supply to-day, we find there the best sketch of our true history. For it is the distinguishing feature of the histories of Anderson and of Preston that they both carry up our speculative Order to an operative origin, and connect it with an operative brotherhood; and all who have read their works know well that this predominant feature gives its colouring to their whole account.

I do not mean to say that I am bound to defend or you to pin your faith on the somewhat exuberant argument with which Anderson especially explains the organisation and traces the course of Freemasonry through the Patriarchal Ages, for example; nor need we contend for one moment that all the traditional history which is preserved and expanded by Preston, and all the dates in our commonly accepted Masonic Chronology are so absolutely correct as to require no revision.

It is mainly this operative connection, this operative origin, to which some Masonic writers to-day, and latterly especially, seem seriously to object. It is for this reason, when the current of our modern Masonic literature seems to be setting in strongly against the older hypothesis, that I remind you, at the outset, of those earlier histories of Anderson and Preston—and which, as but histories, so distinctly advocate this first broad view of Masonic Origin and History. There are many Brethren who apparently dislike to claim as their Masonic forefathers those who actually wielded the heavy maul and personally used the 24-inch guage! Hence for some time they have been seeking to find out for themselves either a knightly or what they consider a more interesting origin. Some writers, following the idea of an anonymous French author in 1774, wish to link Freemasonry on to the Crusaders, or Knightly Orders, especially the Templars, and find its origin there; while others, adopting the very words of a German Illuminé of the last century, would derive their origin from the Confraternity of the Rosy Cross. Now, all these theories, though very ingenious and very amusing, and however interesting in themselves, yet break down when you come to apply to them the sifting process of evidence and criticism. As regards the simple objection to our operative origin, which some seem to have, I confess I never could sympathise with such a feeling. All our symbols, all our teaching, all our ornaments, all our jewels, all the customs and techni-

calities of our Lodges, from first to last, point to one operative basis, and are derived from the actual working tools and customs of purely operative and mechanical masonry. And if, above all, this connection is actually proveable by evidence, and supplies the best historical account of our Order, we surely need not be so tenacious as to the mere respectability and mere sensational origin of our fraternity, which some would claim for our Order, as to reject a simple and natural account of cause and of effect, of origin and of progress. Rather, I think, we shall adopt the words of a non-Masonic writer, and say—

> "Their labours, Time to Death can never give,
> And in the sculptured stone their memories live."

From the earliest times in the annals of civilised man, architecture was deemed almost a sacred art, and its professors treated with marked respect. They, on the other hand, seem also to have regarded it not only as a sacred, but as a secret science. I am, therefore, not at all disposed to quarrel with that traditional history of Freemasonry alluded to by Anderson and Preston, which makes Freemasons builders in a literal sense of those wonderful constructions

> "—— erected by the world's primæval sires,
> The mighty relics of mysterious days."

Among the Egyptians it was so, there can be little doubt, and from the Egyptians civilisation, and the arts of civilisation, spread gradually, as we know, into Palestine, and Greece, and Italy. Whether or no Egypt was the cradle of such secret associations, or merely the medium of their transmission, having originally received them from India, as some writers think, matters little for the purpose of this inquiry. Moses, we are expressly told, was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and we may, I think, fairly believe that portion of our own annals which tells us that Moses handed on, among the laws, the secret lore of the Egyptian mysteries. Among the Greeks there were bodies of architects, who formed themselves into corporations and brotherhoods, with words and signs, and secret initiation and solemn ceremonies, and who admitted honorary members.

But it is with a later period of Jewish history that our traditions so closely connect themselves. There seems to be little reason to doubt that our own peculiar and unchanging tradition of a secret bond of union between the Jewish and Tyrian Masons, who together raised the glorious Temple of King Solomon, is in itself perfectly true. Bishop Heber has beautifully said—

> "Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,
> Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre;
> Then tower'd the palace, then, in awful state,
> The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.
> No workman steel—no ponderous axes rung—
> Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung."

(*To be Continued.*)

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget—it is better
To fling every feeling aside,
Than allow the deep cankering fetter
Of revenge in thy breast to abide.
For thy steps through life's paths shall be lighter,
When the load from thy bosom is cast;
And the sky that's above thee be brighter,
When the cloud of displeasure has passed.

Though thy spirit swell high with emotion,
To give back an injustice again,
Let it sink in oblivion's ocean,
For remembrance increases the pain.
And why should we linger in sorrow,
When its shadow is passing away;
Or seek to encounter to-morrow,
The blast that o'erswept us to day?

Oh, memory's varying river,
And though it may placidly glide
When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver
It foams when the storm meets its tide.
Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou wilt ever regret;
Though the morning beams break on thy sadness,
Ere the sunset, forgive and forget.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

VII. JANUARY.

"This day Time winds th' exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! How glibly it rolls off the tongue of young and old, and yet how few ponder the full meaning of the words. A senseless parrot-cry one might almost regard it, especially if from dullness of weather or dullness of heart, induced not a little by the recently passed "Merry Christmas," one felt a trifle cynically disposed towards mankind in general, and one's own especial friends in particular. A parrot-cry may be, yet one with a meaning,—a cry, if springing only from habit, yet tending to show that it is the habit of mankind to pray their fellow's happiness. In any case it is a cheery cry, a sound that makes the dull heart leap at the thought of dark days passing away and brighter ones in store, even now beginning to dawn! but *will* they be brighter? Let us stay not to inquire, nor seek to peer behind the impenetrable curtain of the future, for—

"It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years;
That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.

Did we know that the voices, now gentle and bland,
Would forego the fond word and the whispering tone;
Did we know that the eager and warm pressing hand
Would be joyfully forward in casting the stone.

Did we know the affection engrossing our soul
Would end, as it oft does, in sadness and pain;
That the passionate breast would but hazard its rest,
And be wrecked on the shore it is panting to gain.

Oh! did we but know of the shadows so nigh,
The world would indeed be a prison of gloom,
All light would be quenched in youth's eloquent eye,
And the prayer-lisping infant would ask for the tomb."

Failing, however, knowledge that would crush all heart out of us, the Great Architect of the Universe has planted in our firmament a star—bright, life-giving,—Hope!

"Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
* * * * * * *
Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore."

Hope! Heaven's good gift to fallen man, to cheer him on his own unknown way, must yet not supplant the lessons to be learned from retrospect—

"First, what did yesternight deliver?
'Another year has gone for ever,'
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
'The passing moment's all we rest on.'
Rest on!—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?"
* * * * * * *
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies;
That on this frail, uncertain state
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life in world's unknown
Must take its line from this alone;
Whether as Heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as Misery's woeful night.
Since then . . . . . .
On this poor being all depends;
Let us th' important Now employ,
And live as those that never die."

And how better use this "Now," this birth-time of another year, than in calmly looking back over the past, polishing up and renewing good work done, and repairing the faults and errors of the bad; truly—

"Old Time has turned another page,
Of Eternity and truth;
He reads with a warning voice to age,
And whispers a lesson to youth.
A year has fled o'er heart and head
Since last the yule log burnt;
And we have a task, to closely ask
What the bosom and brain have learnt?
Oh, let us hope that our sands have run
With wisdom's precious grains!
Oh, may we find that our hands have done
Some work of glorious pains!
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry New Year
While the holly gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us."

If in this retrospect there should in the immediate past be recollections that cause us naught but sorrow and self-condemnation, let us use still further the blessed gift of—

"Memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed"—

images and precious thoughts of our childhood's days—

——"perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished;—
God! may I never, never, lose that too.

But here comes the Snow—

"A cheer for the snow—the drifting Snow;
Smoother and purer than Beauty's brow;
The creature of thought scarce likes to tread
On the delicate carpet so richly spread."

Ay! and here comes thicker, and ever thicker, those flakes of white, which soon, very soon, shall turn the raven locks into the hoary head,—which, God grant, may prove the "crown of glory"—very soon, we say, for quicker, ever quicker, do the years roll by along the stream of Time—

"The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering, like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

* * * * * * *

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a *seeming length*,
Proportion'd to their sweetness."

And so we shall ever find, in all things, Heaven's compensating hand until old Horace's words shall, for us, have proved true—

"Years following years steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away."

Happily for us, then, if Ovid's warning note shall have proved less true—

"Life steals away and our best hours are gone,
Ere the true use, or worth of them, be known!"

Many and many an hour has so, alas! been wasted, but

"let the dead past bury its dead,"

and let us make amends for the future.

If, then, that crown of snow can serve to shut out the dead years past, let us rejoice for it as we do for the snowy garb of this our New Year's Day—

"With feathery wreaths the forest is bound,
And the hills are with glittering diadems crowned;
'Tis the fairest scene we can have below.
Sing, welcome, then, to the drifting snow!"

What a beautiful provision of Nature it is, covering with a robe of purity the foulness and sorry spectacle of decay; well then may we join the song of our own English Poetess—

"I rejoice in it still, and love to see
The ermine mantle on tower and tree;
'Tis the fairest scene we can have below.
Hurrah! then, hurrah! for the drifting snow."

It is but little yet, then; that we can see of Nature's face, at least of that of her silent kingdom, but the loss is partly atoned for by this very circumstance bringing us into closer contact with one or two of her more lively subjects. Hunger, it is said will tame a lion, even without the music which "soothes the savage beast;" at all events, it will tame the little bird, favoured of all especially at this season of the year, the Robin, which will perch day after day upon our window-sill and reward us for our bounty with his pretty song. What says Bampfylde?—

"When that the fields put on their gay attire,
Thou silent, sitt'st near brake or river's brim,
Whilst the gay thrush sings loud from covert dim,
But when pale Winter lights the social fire,
And meads with slime are sprent, and ways with mire,
Thou charm'st as with thy soft and solemn hymn
From battlement, or barn, or haystack trim;
And now not seldom timest, as if for hire,
Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to catch
The pittance due to thy well-warbled song."

We have said that the Redbreast will return day by day to the same spot,—but we have known them come back year after year about the same time; one in particular, in our younger days, used to perch every day through the winter on the top of a summer-house, and there sing for a considerable time. The Wren is another bird that whistles the whole winter long, frost excepted. During this month other feathered favourites delight our ears, amongst them the Thrush, Blackbird, Missel Thrush, Sparrow, Chaffinch, Hedge Sparrow, and Skylark: and anything more beautiful than the melody of this last-mentioned songster, as he mounts into the clear frosty air, hardly warmed by the bright morning sun, it is impossible to conceive; how it makes one's heart almost ache that so delightful a minstrel should be such a delicious morsel as to make us gross mortals, for this latter quality, forget the former, and compass his destruction. The Snowfleck, or Snow Bunting, is another visitor that teaches us how Nature adapts herself to circumstances; whilst the copse is dark with leaves and the uncovered field green, his plumage is mostly black and brown; but as soon as Her face, whitened with snow, would render him a conspicuous object, and therefore an easy prey to his enemies, he too changes the colour of his coat, and becomes white with the exception of his wings and tail. In the northern parts of the island the Ptarmigan changes colour in the same way, as too, by the by, does the Stoat, following the lead of his aristocratic cousin, the Ermine.

Several birds still go in flocks, notably Larks, Starlings and Woodpigeons, as well as Chaffinches; one curious feature about this flocking is that the different companies of birds are always of one sex. During this month the Nuthatch is first heard; the Greater Titmouse sings; Wagtails, both grey and white, re-appear; and Linnets congregate; whilst the Rooks resort to their nesting trees. Towards the end of the month, the Woodlark's notes are heard again; the Yellow Wagtail comes back; and Jackdaws begin to cluster round their old haunts in the ancient Church Towers; and in the early dusk a few Bats may again be seen.

Should we get a few sunny days, the Bees will come forth to welcome the approach of spring; Gnats will play about; Spiders will begin to spread abroad their webs; and those perpetual tormentors, the House Flies, will shake off their, to us quite as much as to them, blissful repose. Of the more beautiful insects—the Butterflies, we shall see none, save perhaps one or two Brimstones; but the Beetles, both land and water, will be bestirring themselves 'ere January has gone.

We usually can hardly find space enough to enumerate all our friends, the Flowers; but just now we can hardly find enough to make a posy; so what few there are are very precious to us as being truly "friends in need."—

"'Tis dark and dreary winter time,
The snow is on the ground;
No roses trail, no woodbines climb,
No poppies flaunt around.

The earth is hard, the trees are bare,
The frozen robin drops;
The wind is whistling everywhere,
The crystal brooklet stops;
But I have found a grassy mound,
A green and sheltered spot,
And there peeps up a primrose cup,
With blue 'Forget-me-not.'
Oh great to me the joy to see
The spring buds opening now;
To find the leaves that May-day weaves,
On old December's brow.

They say the world does much to make
The heart a frosted thing,—
That selfish Age will kill and break
The garlands of our spring,—
That stark and cold we wail and sigh
When wintry snows begin;
That all Hope's lovely blossoms die,
And chilling winds set in.
But let me pray, that come what may,
To desolate this breast,
Some wild flower's bloom will yet illume,
And be its angel guest;
For who would live when life could give
No feeling touched with youth,—
No May-day gleams to light with dreams,
December's freezing truth!"

How lovingly then do we welcome these harbingers of Spring; all of us, at least, that can draw lessons of Hope and Thankfulness to the Giver of these good gifts; and very grateful should we be that it has been given to us to read these lessons aright, for there are those of whom our Poet has said—

"A Primrose, by the river's brim,
A yellow Primrose was to him,
And nothing more!"

Which, by the way, reminds us to notice that the Primrose is not truly yellow but a very delicate green; so, at least, say artists, and Edmund Spenser bears them out—

——"A crimson coronet
With daffodils and damask roses set;
Bay-leaves betweene,
And Primroses greene
Embellish the sweet violet."

Our fuller attention must be given later to our '*Prima Rosa*,' when it is in fuller bloom, but it is most precious to us now that sometimes even thus early—

"The woodman in his pathway down the wood
Crushes with hasty feet full many a bud
Of early primrose; yet if timely spied
Shelter'd some old half-rotten stump beside.
The sight will cheer his solitary hour,
And urge his feet, to strive and save the flower."

Of the Forget-me-not, which Eliza Cook mentions as quoted above, and of which, together with its traditional meaning, we have spoken at length in an earlier number, Agnes Strickland says that, when in exile, Henry of Lancaster gave it to the Duchess of Bretagne, and made it the symbol of remembrance, placing it on his collar of S.S. with the initial letter of his watchword, "*Souveigne vous de moy.*"

Our old friends, the Daisy, Groundsel, and the various kinds of Dead Nettle are as usual blooming for us, often despised because always at hand—"wrongfully," we maintain, for hear what John Ruskin says:—

"There is not one student, no, not one man, in a thousand, who can feel the beauty of a *system*, or even take it clearly into his head; but nearly all men can understand, and most will be interested in, the *facts* which bear on daily life. Botanists have discovered some wonderful connection between Nettles and Figs, which a cow boy, who will never see a ripe fig in his life need not be at all troubled about; but it will be interesting to him to know what affect Nettles have on hay, and what taste they will give to porridge; and it will give him nearly a new life if he can be got but once in a spring time, to look at the beautiful circlet of Dead Nettle blossoms, and work out with his schoolmaster the curves of its petals, and the way it is set on its central mast."

One beautiful flower we shall find on a kind of semi-shrub, we mean the Yellow Whin, or Gorse, or Furze. We look upon it as hardy, therefore, common, and consequently well-nigh beneath notice; not so the great Swedish Naturalist, who, when he saw our heaths covered with the plant that in his country was only to be found in the greenhouses, was filled with joy—

——"Linnæus
Knelt before it on the sod,
For its beauty thanking God."

What a lesson to us not to despise the very commonest of our blessings, which may be to others inestimable treasures.

It is thus improperly that Goldsmith designates this plant, which lights up every bank with a golden glow of beauty, as—

——"the blossomed Furze, unprofitably gay."

"Unprofitably" indeed; what say the birds, and bees, and butterflies?—and what the young cattle that delightedly browse on its green and tender shoots? Knapp remarks that in Wales, Devon and Cornwall, the plant assumes the form of large, dense green balls, every tender leaf of which is constantly cropped by sheep and rabbits. Its very roots are useful, binding together loose soil, for which purpose it is often grown on hillsides. Several poets tell of its beauty, blooming still when rains and winds have shorn other plants of their flowers, and remaining—

"A token to the wintry earth that beauty liveth still."

One well-known shrub there is which blossoms now, the Hazel. Who does not know the Catkins, so dear to the children's hearts? their "pussy-cats" they call them; these are the male flowers of the plant. But if we would see beauty in a tiny form, let us search its branches for the female blossom, which we shall find in the shape of little buds surmounted by fringes of brilliant crimson threads.

Small, then, though our collection of flowers may be, it gives us hope of brighter days in store; Hope, that blessing of our Heavenly Father!—

"There is a star that cheers our way,
Along this dreary world of woe,
That tips with light the waves of life,
However bitterly they flow.
'Tis Hope! tis Hope! that blessed star
Which peers through Misery's darkest cloud;
And only sets where Death has brought
The pall, the tombstone, and the shroud."

To this, then, and that which lies beyond it, let us look; neglecting not the thrilling lessons of Nature's yearly death, and as-often-recurring resurrection: thus taught, let us practise the teaching, then shall we surely find the words come true—

"If thou would'st reap in love,
First sow in holy fear;
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year."

A CHAPTER ON OAKS.

BY BRO. R. M. BANCROFT

Member of the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society.

Trees under these circumstances become exposed to the inconvenience of what are called star-shakes, or cracks in the body of the wood, radiating from the centre towards the circumference, with the greatest width towards the centre, whereas the star-shakes or cracks of young timber have their widest openings towards the circumferences. Mr. Burnell in a paper read before the Society of Arts, says, if the trees thus affected should be allowed to stand, the heartwood will, in the end, entirely decay, and the stem will become hollow, especially if a large branch should be broken off, and thus allow external moisture access to the inner wood through the ruptured fibres. It follows from these conditions, that wood intended to be used in the more important operations of building, should be obtained from trees which had not exceeded their age of growth; and it also appears that the season of the year when the trees are felled, has a distinct influence upon the durability of the wood. Theoretically, the best period for that operation would be the one immediately preceding the first movements of the sap in spring time; but as it is not possible, in practice, to command the amount of labour required for such purposes, it is customary to fell the timber of regularly worked forests during the whole of the season comprised between the moment vegetation ceases in the autumn, and the moment when it commences in the spring—in other words, it is customary to fell timber of the best description between the months of October and April, in our latitudes at least.

There are some other conditions in the growth of trees which give rise to the defects it may be desirable to notice here. Thus, in the very heart of sound, healthy-looking trees, it is by no means rare to meet with circular bands, which form separations, in fact, between the layers of wood, and which are supposed to be occasioned by the action of violent winds upon the stem of the tree at the period of the formation of the new layers. These cup-shakes, as they are called, are most fequently to be met near the roots of trees; and if they should be black and accompained by star-shakes, they materally affect the strength of the timber, though they do not seem to have much influence on its durability. Sometimes the cup-shakes exhibit themselves externally by an abnormal increase of bulk of the stem a little above the root. In other trees, again, circular bands occur, in which the wood is of a softer and more spongy character than on the rest of the tree, and which even occasionally present a commencement of decay. This accident occurs in the very best timber, and, unfortunately, when it does so occur, the effect seems to make itself felt through the whole length of the tree—a circumstance by no means extraordinary if the generally received opinion as to the cause of the phenomenon be correct, viz., that it is produced by the action of sharp frost upon the rising sap in the newly-formed layers of wood.

Timber which possesses this character will infallibly decay in buildings, and it should therefore be carefully excluded; and great hesitation may also be admitted as to the use of timber which presents large bands of what are supposed to be indefinitely marked annual growth, because the existence of zones of wood so affected may be considered to indicate that the tree was not in a healthy state when they were formed, and that the wood then secreted lacked some of the elements required for its durability, upon being subsequently exposed to the ordinary causes of decay.

There are two kinds of this timber common in England and America. Oak of good quality is more durable than any other wood which attains the same size. Its colour is a well known light brown, which darkens with age. Oak is a most valuable wood for shipbuilding, carpentry, and works requiring great strength or exposed to the weather. It is also much used for carved ornaments, panelling of rooms, pulpits, stalls and standards for churches. It is likewise used in the construction of all kinds of buildings for

strength and stability. The new Midland Railway Company's booking offices, St. Pancras Station, in the Euston Road, is elaborately lined around the walls up to a height of eight or nine feet from the floor, and around the booking compartment a beautiful carved screen all in oak, hand polished, is placed to partition it off from the rest of the room.

English oak is one of the hardest of the species; it is considerably harder than the American, called white and red Canada oak. African oak (or African teak) is well adapted to the construction of merchant vessels.

For all building purposes wherein strength is required, whether to resist crushing loads, transverse strain or efforts of torsion, or wherein hardness and durability are sought for, oak is beyond all comparison the most valuable. If the alburnum be removed, the heart-wood will be found to resist almost every condition of moisture, or of alternations of wetness and dryness, provided always that the moist atmosphere be not allowed to stagnate around the wood. In joiners' work the *flower* of the picked oak planks, known by the technical name of *Wainscoat*, is highly prized, and its durability may well explain the marked preference of our builders for this invaluable material.

The oak trees converted for building purposes, are not usually of more than 100 or 130 years old, although for ship-building, where large scantling are required, trees of much greater age are used. It was formerly by no means rare to meet with oak trees ranging from 75 to 130 feet in height, and ten feet in diameter, but the great demand for this class of timber, tends to make such specimens very rare, and, at the present time, trees of English oak are seldom of more than two feet scantling.

The oak, when well grown, is the largest and most majestic of all British trees, viewed either as an object of gigantic and rugged beauty in our forests and woodlands, or, when felled, as timber of the utmost utility and endurance for public buildings, ships, etc.; it is second to no native tree. In our cathedrals and churches, in boss, finial, capital, and truss, we constantly see intricate groups of the leaves and acorns of this tree. The purposes to which this timber is put are innumerable, amongst which we may mention building cathedrals, churches, houses, etc.; its bark is used for tanning, and its fruit was formerly used as food by the ancient Britons. The fondness of hogs for the acorn is proverbial; and the woodpecker, too, is partial to the fruit of this tree, for we read:—The woodpecker in California is a storer of acorns. The tree he selects is invariably of the pine tribe. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, and then flies away, in many instances to a long distance, and returns with an acorn, which he immediately sets about adjusting to one of the holes prepared for its reception, which will hold it tightly in its position. But he does not eat the acorn, for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorn exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but, becoming saturated with rain, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the redwood cedar or the sugar pine is invariably selected. It is not probable that the insect, the most dainty to the woodpecker's taste, frequents only the outside of two trees; but true it is, that in Calaveras, Mariposa, and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns, when there is not an oak tree within several miles."

The bark of the oak is scarcely less valuable than the timber, as it affords more tannin principle and of better quality than any other tree of native growth, and, therefore, may be considered indispensable to the production of one of our most important staple commodities, and the exercise of one of the most ancient and valuable arts. The "British Sylva," published by W. Tegg, says:—"A good tree of fair and flourishing head, and due proportion of stem, yields about 5 cwt. of bark to each ton of timber; the smaller branches and the underwood of oak yield the most valuable bark, which often sells for twenty to thirty shillings per ton more than that of the trunk and larger limbs."

DIETETICS.*

A GREAT deal too much like Emetics to please our ear; we are familiar with plain "food," the more ostentatious and generally less satisfactory "refreshment," the good old-fashioned homely English "victuals," or even the very vulgar "grub;" but "Dietetics"—No! that is too much for human endurance.

There is, however, another word joined to this obnoxious one, that may perhaps serve to somewhat modify the uneasy epigastric feelings produced by that dreadful word "D——," but we won't write it again, and so we take up the somewhat pretentious booklet now under our reader's notice.

As it is not probable that any future number of the book will tempt us to recur to it further, we had better say all that we find to say about it now, and so give it one thorough sifting. To begin, then, with the cover, which gives us high promise of the "Reformers'" work, unless the illustrations prove—like those outside the Penny Shows—decidedly the best part of the exhibition, and not only that, but the only place where the startling wonders promised are to be beheld at all. As with those on canvass, so we have a strange misgiving it will prove with these on paper. However, let us see what is promised us: It has been said that "he is a benefactor of the human race who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before;" but what shall we say of this magician, the "Dietetic Reformer," who from a single stem, shows us such a growth of, not only the necessaries, but also the luxuries of a Vegetarian Diet. Incidentally we may as well say that we are staunch Vegetarians, for what can be better, ordinarily, than carrots with boiled beef, unless it be turnips with boiled mutton? what, in a modest way, nicer than beans with our bacon, unless it be green peas with our ducklings? Our Reformer, then, exhibits to us a stem which starts with bearing the most prolific peas (as we presume, although the pods present an appearance mid-way between those of the laburnum and mussel shells); a little above the ground spring out turnips, carrots, parsnips, onions in profusion; a little higher are growing cucumbers, and various kinds of vegetable marrows, up to "TWOPENCE MONTHLY." Once above this sordid consideration the stem is in a new world, and, fondly turning round, "The Dietetic Reformer's" riband, gives birth to pears and apples, grapes and strawberries, such as delight our hearts as being quite as truly "Frugiverous" as we have already confessed to being "Vegetarian."

Now let us see what is the performance after all this promise; no fairy bower, alas! rises at the wave of the magician's wand, no bower of bliss for us—that is all outside; all that is inside proves to be redolent of stale "*saw*"-dust and the jewel turns out to be but *paste*. The magician has circled his wand, or rather we have turned over the cover, and the magician himself, instead of "Reformer," seems in this downward transformation scene, to have become instead a "Deformer." Deformer, we say, for what else can we call him who utterly undoes all our preconceived notions of that to which we so lovingly cling for sustenance, and who substitutes for our juicy chop or tender steak, a very stage banquet of "Oatmeal," "Malt," and Wheatmeal Biscuits." Oh! to what a pass have we come, when, in our future food-guide, we find ourselves addressed, not by the Butcher and Baker of our former life, but by the CORNFACTOR AND SEEDSMAN." Alas! Alas! Surely—

"Bottom thou art translated!"

and nothing now remains but to lay in a stock of downy thistles.

Lamentations, however, over our happy past will avail us but little, and we had therefore better rejoice with our future compeers over their very flourishing balance-sheet,

* "The Dietetic Reformer" for November. London: F. Pitman. Manchester: J. Heywood.

by which it appears that the amount for 1875, 1876, was no less a sum than £403 8s. 5d. ; it is perhaps rather a drawback that, of this very large amount for two years, the trifling sum of £330 1s. 2d. has been "previously announced." Whether this "previously" means during the previous twenty-eight years that the Vegetarian Society professes to have been in existence, we know not; but we do know this, that we hope the Secretary of the Society is allowed, out of the income which has, at the end of thirty years' existence, reached such magnificent proportions, to largely subsidise those who write in the interests of Vegetarianism, or at least some of them that modesty forbids us to name.

A word now as to the "Object of the Vegetarian Society," which is "to induce *habits* of abstinence from the Flesh of Animals as Food." What particular garb is referred to here it is hard to say,—it may be the primitive "fig-leaf" dress of Paradise, but it can hardly be the skins of the said animals, as we presume, if their flesh be forbidden as food, we should want the hides, as well as the horns, hoofs and hair, for our internal consumption.

The "Reformer" next talks about the "Constitution" of the Society; but we can pass that over, for after a short course of the above-mentioned "reformed diet," there could hardly be much of it left to discuss.

Being knocked-all-of-a-heap by the stupendous privileges "defined" to belong to the contributors towards the vast income which has previously overwhelmed us with astonishment we will now pass on to "Our Thirtieth Anniversary," which we confess, gives us no little trouble, as it seems to become plural two lines further on, and having so become plural, to be not only held at least twice a year, but that twice "both in the afternoon and evening."

The resolutions do not seem much more explicit :—

Number 1, calls upon all earnest patriots and politicians, and all holders and occupiers of land (these groups being, we presume, in direct antithesis !) to plant fruit trees in gardens, hedgerows, and, in fact, everywhere that they can stick one in; especially in these times of *diseases of cattle*. Now, in the first place, are these wiseacres aware that trees so put in would draw all nourishment from the ground for a distance round, and would therefore prevent the growth of anything else,—and thence that their principle thus laid down would give us fruit, and nothing but fruit? In the second place, how can fruit produced along railway, road, canal, and river-banks, be properly guarded without abnormally raising the price? and in the third, how in the world does cattle-disease affect our Vegetarian friends? We cannot supply an answer to this query, unless it be that they fear that pumpkins may be affected by pleuro-pneumonia, and other fruits by foot and mouth disease.

Number 2 seems almost to claim for vegetables the sheltering ægis of the "Vivisection" Act; in any case it somewhat modestly (!) claims that Vegetarianism is the one and only true champion of "Social purity," "Sobriety," and "Peace on Earth."

Number 4 seeks to "elevate" woman from the degradation of the "repulsive *details*" of the meat-filling of a pie, to the "sense of refinement," attendant upon enclosing in the "paste," the "healthful, cheerful, and attractive," apple.

Number 5 points out the gain in a monetary point of view to the community, on giving all orphans and other numerous objects of charity of no particular consequence, a luxurious diet of "skilly" and the like.

Number 6 maintains that "all upholders of morality, friends of missions, and *earnestly* religious everywhere," must use Vegetarianism as *the* promoter of "all abiding moral (!) and spiritual (!!) advancement.

After which little ebullition of self-glorification, this modest society passed votes of thanks to Chairman, ladies (how many gentlemen were present?), choir, and *speakers*. Whatever ought to have done for the *hearers*?

So closed their thirtieth anniversary, and we prognosticate that there will hardly be many more, for growing as it is in numbers, influence, and money, the Society must soon accomplish its ends, and then the world won't go round any more.

We next approach what should be the more purely literary portion of the Magazine,

and here we find a review of an American translation of a German treatise on "Fruit and Bread, a Scientific Diet." From this somewhat remarkable paper, we can gather no more distinct idea of the Reviewer's meaning, than we imagine he himself had when he wrote it. As far as we can judge, it seems simply intended to refute the logical outcome of the Vegetarian Society's own programme—eating the cucumber to the bitter end.

The German—Professor, we presume, for that covers everything—advocates, as far as we can make out, that the proper food of man is raw fruit and corn without any preparation, because Darwin has proved (!) that man has descended from the Ape, and this is the normal food of the Gorilla. The Reviewer falls foul of his German friend here, wishing to go no further than John Smith (whom we don't know, although we seem to have heard some such name before) who, recognizing that our digestive organs are similar to those of the Ape, drew the conclusion that they are therefore not normally constructed to digest flesh. We can only say of these belligerents—

"Strange what a difference there should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

The Reviewer charges his German friend with atheism, because he does not explicitly disavow it. This is hardly fair; nor should we be more unfair if we were to accuse the Reviewer himself, together with all his fellow members of the Society, root and branch, of Infidelity, in that they distinctly ignore all Biblical teaching upon the subject of food. When, further, Soap is objected to, we can form a tolerably correct idea of the *personnel* of your Vegetarian—"*pure*," we can hardly say in the face of this objection, but—"*simple*," we can most heartily endorse.

Upon the "Annual Report," we need not dwell further than to say that a slight mistake into which we were led earlier by the list of contributions, is here corrected, for we find that the "previously announced" already referred to, meant, though it did not say, during the present financial year; it is not, however, of sufficient importance to lead us to modify our remarks. One point certainly strikes us as somewhat droll, and that is the idea of social "intercourse" in connexion with this "bond of brotherhood of constantly increasing depth and intensity." Just fancy the "social" feeling engendered by a "banquet" *(sic)* of, we suppose, a turnip and a flagon from the pump.

"The Correspondence" is slightly amusing here and there. One Vegetarian of sixty-five years old, attributes his (or her) 'till lately, fast decaying teeth to flesh-eating—We have heard of a tobacco-smoker dying at one hundred and two from the use of the weed. "T. H. E." need hardly impress upon us that he is an extreme—(What?) when he includes in his "*tabû*" both tea and coffee as hot and poisonous drugs.

Amongst "Local News" there is one startling discovery announced, claimed by the Great Horton Primitive Methodists, that the restlessness of Sunday-School Children is occasioned by the "feasting usually gone through on Sundays." May we ask if the anticipation of feasting acts in the same way as its realization? If not, how account for the restlessness observable in the morning quite as much as the afternoon." *Oh!* for the holy, quiet, and soothing calm of pumpkins and potatoes!

We must not close our notice without a word for the Poetry (!). There is a piece entitled, "Leave the poor Songsters alone." *We*, as a rule, find any of the precaution of the kind unnecessary; *they* generally leave *us*, and that rather hurriedly. One stanza of this beautiful poem will commend itself to those—

"Sweet maidens so gentle and kind,"

to whom it is addressed; it runs thus:—

"A plume in your hat never wear,
Nor with feathers your bonnet disgrace,
For beings so gentle and fair
Should give no such custom a place."

We could enlarge further upon this tempting brochûre, but we have been lured on to almost greater length than we intended, and we must therefore pause to say no more in conclusion than that—if the type should ever become a little larger and the margins wider; and if the illustrated cover should be brought into a little more accord with Nature; and if, too, the matter should be so changed as to contain at least a modicum of common sense, the "twopence" would still be extremely well worth the monthly number of the Magazine."

W.T.

WINTER.

BY BRO. JOHN SAFFERY.

The Winter King to life hath sprung,
And donned his garments made of snow
With icicles his limbs are hung,
The frozen locks fall from his brow.

His breath hath frosted hedge and tree,
And frozen o'er the stream and lake;
Each hill and dale are fair to see,
Snow clad, they dainty pictures make.

His potent will all nature sways,
And yet a smile is on his face;
The sun subdued with ruddish rays,
Illumes the earth with cheerful grace.

The skaters now brisk pleasure take,
And skim fast o'er the glassy ice;
The boys with glee their slides to make,
And trip and fall all in a trice.

The merry laugh and joyous shout,
Invite us to the mirthful scene;
And joining in the noisy rout,
We soon put off our manly mien.

But Winter hath another phase,
That tells of hunger's dire distress;
The poor that roam from place to place,
Feel all its pangs and bitterness.

Well may the lordly squire, at home,
Indulge in mirth and revels gay;
If he but helps the poor that come,
Alms asking on a Winter's day.

And may his daughters—Graces all—
With hearts that glow with kindly fires,
At each poor cottage daily call,
To aid the aged dame's desires.

O Charity ! how blest thy name !
The starving poor without thee die ;
The earth is gladdened by thy fame,
As deathless as Eternity.

'Tis well, the Winter King and Thou
Dost come to mortals hand in hand ;
The cheering comforts given, show
The deepest gratitude demand.

The Winter Harbinger of spring,
A season's rest for fertile lands—
Refreshing wholesomeness doth bring,
And Nature's fruitful heart expands.

Sheerness-on-Sea.

AMABEL VAUGHAN.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "My Lord the King;" "The path of Life, an Allegory;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT AND ITS RESULTS.

THE Reverend Thomas Brig, M.A., was the incumbent of one of those newly formed and populous parishes which abound in the outskirts of London, his residence being in that highly respectable, but by no means aristocratic, neighbourhood already noticed.

Amabel Vaughan, or Mabel, as she was mostly called, was his niece, an orphan who was adopted by a rich uncle with a benevolent heart and large family, residing in one of the Northern Counties. He had brought her up from childhood, and, when I knew her, she was a credit to *his* training, and *her* family.

Perhaps Fitzgerald did slightly exaggerate when he talked of the universal homage paid to her, but she certainly did not lack admirers, and out of some half dozen avowed suitors, she very soon chose to distinguish her cousin and his friend.

But I am getting on too fast, and must dismount my Pegasus to look for the cab which in its name has immortalised him whom it is to be presumed was the inventor or originator of that delightful vehicle. However, "hansom is that handsome does" and so that's a bad pun, and not at all to the point, and Lord Dundreary is out of date.

"Well, here we are at last," cried Fitz, as he jumped out of the cab, "and by me sowl it's not the horse's fault that we were not tossed into smithereens before now, small blame to the infernal crater !"

"Now, Fitz, don't think you've got the brogue, because you haven't. But what a nice little place this is ! What a pity there's no garden ; your fair cousin would look just in her element tending the delicate plants, and busying herself here and there amongst the beds of flowers."

"Miss Vaughan at home, Jane?" Fitz asks, not heeding his friend.

"Yes, sir; please to walk in."

Thus invited, the two friends entered a well sized apartment that apparently served for breakfast room, dining room and library. The study, where Mr. Brig usually sat during the mornings when not engaged visiting his parishioners, or attending service on Saints' days, which, like a good churchman, he scrupulously kept, was a little room which opened out from this; but as neither have to do much with our story but only the present party, I shall not seek to describe them further.

And here Mabel was sitting.

I think she was embroidering some nameless article or other which might be of use, but did not appear like it—but she looked so charming as she sat there working, that a half involuntary sigh escaped from our susceptible friend Seaton, which roused the young lady from a reverie into which she had apparently fallen, and she rose and welcomed her cousin.

"Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Seaton, to you, Mabel. Oh! by the bye, though, I think you have met before."

"Yes, I believe I have had that pleasure," Mabel answered pleasantly, with an arch look at Seaton.

"Was it not at Mrs. Somerset's?"

"I think it was," Mark replied, "and I remember I thought it seemed a rather absurd idea, having a party at this time of the year, and a dance, too, by the way, though, thanks to you, Miss Vaughan, I enjoyed it very much."

"Thank you for the intended compliment, but it was a very nice party. I suppose they had it so late on account of William Somerset going to India with his young bride almost immediately."

"Mabel, I've come to take you to the Crystal Palace to-day. Will you go?" Fitz asks, interrupting his cousin.

"Well, I don't mind if Miss Griss will go, but you had better ask her."

"Very well, where is she, I'll hunt the old lady up."

"Go then, and convert her as soon as possible; she will argue the point with you, so let us see, Mr. Barrister, if you can carry the day."

Miss Griss, be it understood, was an elderly lady, not old, for she was not much over fifty, who was of a curious and somewhat speculative cast of mind. She had taken up with Mesmerism, table turning, spirit rapping, homœopathy, our descent from the lost tribes of Israel, and other matters of an equally abstruse character; and now she had settled down into district visiting, with an occasional dip into her brother's treatises on theology and other kindred sciences, and at this moment she was in the parson's study reading Paley's Evidences of Christianity, and fancying that because she got bewildered that she was beginning to understand it all.

However, she was a thoroughly kind-hearted lady, and always made herself the slave of other people, so that it was not difficult to persuade her that a visit to the Crystal Palace that fine Midsummer's day would be highly beneficial to the health of herself and her fair niece. So Fitz went off to ask his aunt to go with them, whilst Mark stayed to talk with Mabel, and she soon wove her meshes round that too susceptible heart.

"Reginald," Mabel said as they entered the Palace;—"I want you to be specially attentive to Aunt Mary to day. We needn't part company, you know, but I like your friend, and shall cultivate him."

"All right, Mabel, but mind you don't play with edged tools, that's all."

"Confoundedly cool of her though," he muttered as he turned off to follow Miss Griss, who was wandering on looking at the savage Indians that decorate the neighbourhood of the entrance to the building, and wearing an abstracted air as if she were still thinking of "Paley's Evidences" which certainly did not exactly bear upon the things before her.

Mabel and Mark leisurely followed just within hail, but sufficiently far off not to be heard by their friends.

Mark, who was a well informed young fellow, soon found that he had a match in his

fair companion, who seemed to be quite at home in the names and history of the wonderful and beautiful things which surrounded them on every hand.

Then they wandered into those splendid courts which represent the architecture of Nineveh and Babylon, Egypt and the Alhambra.

When next Fitz met them—for the old lady had made up her mind to study some curious exotic plant in the tropical part of the Palace, and he had had to follow her, leaving his friend and his cousin to wander where they would—they were standing in the last named court looking into the beautiful richly painted cave-like room, with its magnificent arabesques and rich adornments, which is the architectural gem, as some think, of the whole Palace, and Mark was telling Mabel about the Moriscoes in Spain.

And then she looked up with those large, lustrous speaking eyes of hers and gave him the soft flattery of her rapt attention while he glowed upon the theme, and told her of all the glories of the Caliphate.

Neither forgot that visit to the Alhambra Court in the Crystal Palace for many a long day, though both remembered it differently.

Mabel thought that Marcus Seaton, her cousin's friend, was a very nice young fellow, and it might be worth her while to win him, even though he were to be thrown aside afterwards like a broken toy. And he thought that Mabel was more beautiful and more fascinating, more graceful and clever than any girl he had met before.

And if he had any other thoughts they were these, which he blurted out *sotto voce* as he went home; "I wonder if Mabel cares a straw about me—I wonder if I should ever have a chance?"

A chance of what?

"Well, it's no use thinking about it, I suppose, so I had better go to bed and dream about her? Confound it all, I wish I had never gone to the Crystal Palace to-day!"

So said the Government clerk, as he turned into his chambers in Clarges Street, late that evening, after seeing his new friends home, and having left Fitz the lawyer to make up for lost time in besieging the fortress of Mabel's affections.

Three months had elapsed since our heroine had made a conquest of the rather romantic youth (he was five or six and twenty though, perhaps more, and some years older than Mabel) who figures chiefly in this little tale, and during that time he had found frequent opportunities of seeing the woman he loved better than all the world. Mabel had been on the Continent for a short time with some friends, and Mark wrote to her.

She answered his first letter rather tersely, and by no means affectionately, but he was always so chivalrous and gentlemanly in the way he expressed himself, so cordially solicitous for her welfare, so humble and diffident, and withal so true and leal to her, that she was flattered and pleased; and though it was very wrong to encourage him, because she knew she did not love him, and could never marry him—yet he seemed too good to lose altogether, as she knew she must lose him if she repelled his advances—so that she could not help encouraging the poor fellow, until at last he thought that surely his deep-rooted love was now at last requited.

Thus stood matters on the 12th October, 186— and the two friends were still in London,

Mabel's visit was then at an end.

"Mark," said Fitz as he strolled into his friend's office in Somerset House just before four on the day in question:—

"Old Brig—my uncle, I mean—has been at me to-day, and wants to know if I have any influence to get a boy into Christ's Hospital. He thinks that because you and I were there, we must know a lot of the Governors and all that sort of thing. Now I don't know a soul. My Governor, I don't mean *the* Governor, who's hale and hearty, I'm thankful to say—but the generous patron who put me in—is now, alas, no more, but it struck me that perhaps your chief, or the secretary, or somebody or other here might be got at—and that you wouldn't mind trying to do what you can for my uncle. I think you will when I tell you that the boy he is interested in is the son of Dawson, whom you may remember as Monitor of our ward, when you and I first came up to London."

"What, the fellow you got the grant from the Benevolent Society for last year?"

"The same—he was a sort of cousin of my uncle.

"You know he became a Grecian, went to Oxford, having won an Exhibition from the School; married, I have understood, before he was in Orders, and indeed whilst he was at Oxford. I think she was a photographer's assistant, or something of that sort, thoroughly respectable, you know, but of somewhat lowly origin.

"And now the poor fellow's dead and left a large family totally unprovided for, as curates always do.

"Well I'm off—I thought I'd just look you up. Ta-ta, old fellow;" and off went Fitz, but speedily came back again, saying:—

"Forgot to tell you Mabel goes to morrow, and my uncle said he should be glad to see us both in there to-night to tea."

"Thanks," said Mark, foolishly flushing with pleasure like a raw boy;—"I'll come, with pleasure."

"And as to the presentation," he added, "I know our chief is connected with some very big bugs—and, as I am rather a favourite with him, I'll see what I can do. No doubt some of his people can do the job."

So saying, the two friends shook hands cordially, and Fitz, saying he had some engagement Citywards, bid his friend adieu, and Mark went back to his desk, put his papers away for the day, and went into the office of the Chief of the Department, who had a cousin an earl, and a brother a baronet, but who was one of the quietest and most retiring of men, and hated to bring up his grand relations.

Mark, however, with many apologies for troubling him, just as he was leaving for the day, (they were all wonderfully punctual in leaving at four), stated his case.

"Well," said Mr. Tyssen, as he returned the young man's salute, and bid him good day—"I have heard of Mr. Brig as a hard working clergyman, and for his sake and your own I will do what I can for you. Lord Bourchier, I know, has a presentation—but I am afraid it will be promised.

(*To be Continued.*)

TIME'S FLIGHT.

"WHAT is Time?" fair Fanny asks me,
"And what's its flight? O Mentor, say!"
"Time, dear Fanny, does not pain thee,
Though its hours slip away;
Time, O fairy, full of graces!—
Time is what I can't explain:
Time, no doubt, has many paces,
But for thee Time flits in vain.

"Time is—what is not Time?—truly
Everything thou here can'st know—
For Time, of all things, most unruly,
Never halts—will ever go!
Time is but the flight of hours—
Time is but the gift of pain;—
Time is naught but weaken'd powers—
Time can never come again!

"Yes! Time's flight, O pleasant maiden,
Is but a memory of thee!
Time, with sorrow-hours laden,
Is but a gracious dream to me!

Time's flight tells of fond hearts broken,
Of oft a sweetest slavery;
Of dark deeds done, of sad words spoken,
Of love, of grief, of knavery.

"But yet for thee old Time, deceiving,
Has naught of harm, and naught of fear;
Thou need'st not grumble at its leaving,
For still to me thou art most dear.
Yes, thou and I, dear heart, together
May bid the Dotard calm good-bye,
For, fastest mates in every weather,
Ours a Trust that ne'er can die."

NEMO.

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

BY SAVARICUS.

ON a summer's day, when the wind was blowing freshly from the north and west, and the tide being suitable, myself and three friends, taking advantage of the favourable state of things, quitted our native element for a day's pleasure.

Living not a hundred miles from the NORE, where the Admiralty then had Wooden Ships of War, and plenty of "things" afloat, undergoing all the various stages of dry rot, and other diseases incidental to new and old ships, we had no difficulty in obtaining a sailing craft wherewith to carry out our purpose.

A "jolly-boat," large enough to take twenty men as a cargo, and twelve as a crew to pull her, was lent to us.

There she lay inside the Admiral's Camber, easily enough to be got at, with sails and spars complete.

After getting our stock of provisions on board, we embarked. The first thing to be done was—"step the mast," this was soon accomplished; but there were several ropes to be made fast, a bow-sprit to be run out, and all to be properly done in a seaman-like way; this was a puzzle too difficult for us *Landsmen* to solve. Some "Man-o'-war's" men were looking on, we hailed them to come and put the boat in sailing order. Like the warm and free hearted men English sailors are, they very soon did so, at the same time giving us "land lubbers" a little bit of nautical advice and information.

"Push off, and be seated," was the order of the helmsman.

"Port your helm!" sung out one of the "Tars" on the jetty. It was done. Round went the boat's head into the stream, the breeze ("a soldiers") filled the sails, and *our boat* shot out from the camber into the harbour among the ships and shipping. We steered for the ocean, it being agreed that we should sail seaward. As soon as our intention was seen from the shore, we were hailed to put back, but we did not—that is would not—hear or see anything that was left behind us.

Now for a chase. A six oared "gig" was sent in pursuit of our fearlessly handled craft.

The only notice taken of the pursuers was just this—to give them no chance to overtake us.

Having no definite place to sail to, it was speedily agreed to run with the wind and the tide. To down helm and bring home the sheet, was the work of a moment; this

little manœuvre altered the boat's trim, and away we went dashing through the eddying tide at the mouth of the river Thames, sailing quite gallantly out into the German Ocean. The gig's crew pulled hard, but we made so much headway that there was no chance of us being overhauled by them. On we sped with the spray dashing over our bows in silvery showers; the waves became larger, the sails were full, the boat laid to it, and we ploughed through the curling sea in good style, the white foam occasionally, being level with our gunwale.

The gig in pursuit soon appeared "beautifully less, and smaller by degrees," the relative distance between us, to our great satisfaction and joy, rapidly lengthened; in a short time we could only discern a black line a long way astern, and that apparently making for the harbour. We soon made and passed the Nore Light Ship as we sailed away upon the deep *green* sea, and a beautiful green it was. After running for an hour, we took bearings; The Nore was about four miles behind us, the cliffs of our Island home loomed far in the distance to the right, and nought but one vast and magnificent expanse of water could be seen a-head. The sun was shining brightly, its golden beams tinting the white crests of the undulating waves, and making the flying spray, which dashed over our bows, sparkle like so many precious gems, whilst in our track the pearly foam floated fast away, and lent beauty to the fascinating scene.

"Ease the sheet, put about, and steer for land." This order was obeyed, and away we went with a little more spray than before, standing well in for the eastern point of the cliffs, which we neared about mid-day.

The sails were lowered, and the boat was allowed to run ashore head on; we quickly disembarked, one of us remaining in charge of the boat, while the others climbed the cliffs in all directions in search of fossils and wild flowers, being rewarded by a "find" of orchids, and several ornithological and reptilian remains. The ramblers soon returned to the boat, and committed great havoc among the perishable stores. The tide was now ebbing fast, and we knowing that a long flat, composed of Thames mud and sand, run out from the cliffs, soon made all things snug, embarked again, and pushed off. The sails were hauled up, and we coasted it for two or three miles until the entrance to the River Swale was reached. Then we stood out to sea again, and ran with the tide jollily and pleasantly, no trouble, but all fair sailing.

After two hours of this fun, the wind suddenly dropped, and we became becalmed. A drizzling rain came on, and land was lost to sight. The boat was put about, but she "missed stays," and spun round and round like a spinning peg-top, and to make matters worse we discovered, to our great disappointment, that we had come away without an anchor. The sails were useless, so we made them protect us from the rain as well as we could, and left the boat to drift with the tide out to sea. The only consolation we had was, that the tide would soon turn and bring us back with it.

It is all very well to be cheerful under difficulties, and here we were in a fix. We laughed and joked with each other, but I verily believe that all of us were more or less frightened by the look out before us. The drizzling rain ceased, and the sky brightened, then we could see a large beacon with black and white perpendicular stripes painted on it. This we knew was placed upon some dangerous sands, and soon perceived that we were drifting fast towards them. There was nothing else to be done, but to get out the oars and pull for it, against the tide; this was speedily accomplished, but availed us nothing. After a great deal of useless exertion and ordering one way and another, we mockingly went past the beacon and bumped and grounded upon the sand. How pale all of us turned! How enquiringly we looked each other in the face, and then asked what was now to be done? We unshipped the rudder and tried to push the boat off, but to no purpose, not one inch would she move.

There was the beacon looking as comfortable as a bird standing upon one leg and fast asleep, while we, poor mortals, were in great trepidation and harassed by many fears. Fear number one—that we were all lost. Fear number two—that being aground on the sand, if a change of wind came with the flood tide, the boat would dock and fill, and thus be wrecked. Or in nautical parlance—"leave her bones there."

This made us think that we might do the same thing with our own precious skeletons, a by no means comfortable reflection, especially under such circumstances.

I had made up my mind to save my life by swimming to the beacon, and getting into its pigeon-house like top, just to save Old Neptune the trouble of swallowing me.

I had noticed an opening in one of its sides when passing it. Fear number three was cut short by smoke in the distance. A large steamer soon came in sight, evidently making her passage through the deep water channel which appeared to be a great way from us, as the steamer took a tremendous turn to clear the sands. We waved our pocket handkerchiefs as signals of distress but with no good effect, the steamship went on and on, apparently, without noticing us Farewell to all hope of a rescue. But, as "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," Hope suggested that if we could not push our boat off, we might be able to pull it over the sands, there was deep water to the right and not far away.

We thanked Hope by "deeds not words," stripped and jumped overboard, one going to each bow, and one to each side. The sand was firm to our feet, and we went to work manfully.

"Now then." Not another word was spoken, we worked together and shoved the boat, the water deepened, she soon floated, in we scrambled, up went the sails, and away we steered into deep water; which now looked as *blue* as possible.

We resumed our habiliments as the boat sailed lazily along; gradually we reached the outer channel, and in a short time sighted and passed some large merchant ships, which we guessed were outward bound.

The Mouse Light vessel was the next object of interest that came to our view. The sight of this red ship made us feel at home, for now we knew our bearings, and also that we were going on in the right way to get back again to our starting point.

More outward bound ships passed us, and we gave them a cheer, which was responded to. The day was drawing to its close, it was seven o' clock; the tide was in our favour, but as we were sailing against the wind, we did not make much headway; so we essayed another trial at pulling.

By our exertions we certainly helped the boat on, if only a little, and the sails were better filled, which increased our rate of progression.

We approached the Light Vessel and passed it. Then our old friend The Nore with its revolving light became visible in the distance. The light of day faded away, and the shades of evening prevailed; but still we had our friend's restless head (which appeared to wink at us, first with one eye, and then with the other) to guide us on our way. At nine o'clock we made the Light Vessel and were saluted by the booming of a gun, fired from the Flag-ship anchored in the harbour four miles off.

With scarcely a breath of wind, pulling by turns, and having to tack about, first on a "long-leg," and then on a short one, we found ourselves very tired, and wishing that the trip was over. There was the harbour light a little to our right, so we had only to make for it, this could not be done without tacking, the wind having freshened we made more headway, and after a considerable distance had been gone over, it was discovered that we had mistaken the Chapman Light at Sea Reach for one in the harbour, which after all was on our left.

We soon put about, and sailed for land and home.

"Look out, starboard bow!"

There was a rushing noise, and a huge black mass passed just ahead of us. It was so close that it appeared more like an island floating out to sea, than anything else. Well, that was a narrow escape, at any rate, from being run down by a large vessel. We kept a sharp look out after this close shave, and were not at ease until the harbour lights twinkled distinctly, and those on the Guard Ship showed as a "broad arrow."

The clouds were now clearing away, and the moon shed a flood of bright and silvery light all around, the rippling waves sparkled with phosphorescent light, and danced with fairy-like brightness against the sides of our boat in quick succession.

The grim old forts and "half moon" battery, stood out in bold relief, while the monster guns with open mouths seemed to yawn defiance. The sails were now clewed

up, the boat was steered close to the beach, to avoid the outsetting current, then pulled round the garrison point into the harbour, and thence into the Admiral's Camber, where it was made fast and all right.

It was eleven o'clock when we landed, and walked home with the rolling gait of *veritable* "Jack Tars." We did *not* lose the motion of the boat until sweet sleep had closed our eyes for a night's rest.

The officer, who had kindly lent us the craft, told our respective, and respected, friends, that we had gone to sea in an open boat, and that we could not get back again under two or three days, if we got back at all! He, probably, was more alarmed at the prospect of our losing a part of H. M. stores, than anything else. As it, fortunately, turned out, all of us agreed, and do to this day, that it was—A DAY'S PLEASURE.

JIMMY JACKSON AN' HIS BAD WIFE.

BY MRS. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

(From "Tweddell's North of England Illustrated Annual.")*

SUM years sahn ther lived iv a sartin pleeace i' t' Noth ov Ingland, a honnest, hard-werkin', stiddy chap, call'd Jimmy Jackson; bud, unfottenately fer him, he'd gitten a regiler gud-for-nowt wife. Sheea waz up te all sooats o' badness. Sheea weeasted hiz brass, an' nivver tried te mak hiz yam cumfottubel at all. An' warse ner that, sheea 'd getten ankeld on wiv a fella tha call'd Ben, 'at had geean te ludge wiv 'em.

Jimmy saw thruff 't all, an' waz ommest at hiz wit's end te knaw what te deea. Howsumivver, yah day ther waz a plan kom intiv hiz heead, an' he meead up hiz mahnd te try 't on. Seea when Setterda neet kom, a ma ister paid him hiz wage, Jimmy sed tiv him:—

"Maister, Ah want yah te bag mah!"

"Te sack thoo, Jimmy?" sed t' maister. "Ah wad be varry sorry te deea onnything o't' kahnd. Thoo 'z a gud warkman, an' Ah deea n't want te loss tha. Ah can awluz dippend upon thoo bein' at the wark, an' deein' 't all reet teea. What fer sud Ah sack tha?"

"Whyah, maister," sed Jimmy, "Ah knaw all that varry weel; bud, Ah tell ya, yoo mun sack mah."

"Ah thowt," sed t' maister, "'at Ah 'd awluz deean all 'at waz reet an' fair be tha, an' can n't tell whativver 'z i' t' wind wi' tha. Diz tha want mair wage er summat? If seea, thoa sud ha' gie'n mah nooatis, mun. Bud, mebbe thoo an' t' udder chaps hez been fallen' oot, ha'e ya? Tell mah all aboot it, Jimmy; an' Ah 'll see tha reeted, if onny on 'em 'z been deean' owt 'at iz n't ackooardin' te Cocker."

"All'z reet beeath wi' yoo an' t' warkmen, maister," sed Jimmy. "Yoo mooant ax mah fer onny reeason noo; bud Ah tell ya Ah want ya te sack mah; an' what 'z mair, Ah want me nooatis iv yer awn handwritin', an' ya mooant tell onnybody 'at Ah axt ya te gi'e mah 't. Say nowt aboot it tiv onnybody, maister. Ah mun leeave ya fer a bit; bud varry lahkly Ah ma' cum back afooar lang. Bud ya mun bag mah, maister; ya mun, howivver. Ah 'll tell ya all aboot it efter. Write mah oot me nooatis just noo, maister; deea, if ya pleeaz."

Seein' 'at nowt else wad sarra, t' maister wrate oot hiz fotnith's nooatis te leeave, az he 'd axt him te deea, an' Jimmy teeak it away yam wiv hiz wage.

He sat hiz sel' doon az seean az he gat inte t' hoos, an' sed nowt te neeabody; bud

* We commend this excellent little work to the notice of all our readers.

hung hiz heead, an' leeakt az doon spcrritted az a fella weel cud deea. At t' last t' wife sez tiv him, sez sheea :—

"Whativver 'z t' matter wi' tha te-neet, Jim? Thoo leeaks desprit doon-kessen."

Beeath t' wife an' Ben axt him all manner o' questens. Waz he bad? Hed he been fallin' oot wi' onnybody? Waz onny of hiz frinnds deead? At t' lang last Jimmy telt 'em 'at t' maister hed bagg'd him.

"Bagg'd thoo, Jim?" beeath t' wife an' Ben shooted i' yah breeath Tha nowder on 'em wad believe sike an' a thing! Jim hed werkt fer him fer seea mony year, an' tha hed nivver hed a word o' differin' 'at onnybody hed heeard on! Ther mud be sum mistak.

Jimmy sed nowt, bud flang hiz fotnith's nooatis on tit teeable. T' wife cud n't read, bud sheea handed it at yance te Ben, an' axt him te deea seea.

Ben teeak oot hiz spectikels, wiped t' glasses wiv a clean kooaner ov hiz pocket hankutcher, an' leeakt az sollom az a judge.

Ben read it tiv hiz sel' fost, an' then read it up tiv Jim's wive, wheea leeakt az if sheea did n't knaw wheer te put hersel'.

"Ah ma' weel seeam te be doon'd!" sed Jim. "May n't Ah, think ya beeath!"

"Thoo 'z gitten t' sack hard eneeaf, Jim," said Ben. "Ther 'z neea tweea ways aboot that."

"Thoo mun hev been deeain' summat varry bad, Jim, 'at thoo dar' n't awn wiv," sed Jimmy's amyubbel cumfotter. "Ah seer t' maister wad n't ha' bagg'd tha fer a triflin' faut. Thoo an' him awlus seeam'd te git weel on tegidder all t' years thoo 'z been wiv him. Bud what 'z tha thinkin' o' deeain'? Ah 'z nut gahin' te hev thoo slaisterin' aboot oot o' wark, Ah can tell tha. Thoo mun finnd thesel' annudder job riddy te start on be t' tahm the fotnith's nooatis iz oot, mahnd that, awd chap. Ah deea n't intend te clem,"

"Whyah," said Jimmy, "Ah waz thinkin' az Ah cam alang yam 'at it wad be a gud thing if we wer te hev a cantin'—sell all up—an' gan' tiv America."

"Ah 'll gan' neean tiv America!" brast in hiz wife. "Gan' tiv America, i'deed! Nut fer Jooasuff!"

"We ha'e neea bairns te bodder uz," sed Jim, "an' wa meeght deea weel theer."

"What mun wa gan' tiv America fer?" axt sheea. "What the' 'll be wark te be getten i' Ingland, if nobbut tha likes te leeak oot fer 't. An' what 'z t' youz o' draggin' yan'z beeans owwer t' sea, an' leeavin' all yan'z best frinnds behint yan?"

"Whyah, Mally," sed he, "thoo ma' pleeaz thesel', bud Ah aim o' gahin'. Howsumivver thoo can think 't weel owwer, an' tell ma be Munda neet what *thoo* meeans te deea. Thoo can owder gan or stop, thoo knaws."

Jimmy thowt 'at he wad giv her tahm te tawk it owwer wi' Ben, az he waz varry weel sheea wad deea az seean az tha wer be ther awn tweea sels; fer he wer i neea spot wiv her wheer Ben com, wahnt pooher Jimmy.

When dinner-tahm com o' Munda, an' Jimmy waz set leetin' hiz pipe, te smeeak on hiz way back te wark, Mally spak up, an' sed :—

"Ah 've meead up me mahnd aboot America, Jim."

"Hez tha?" axt Jim, "then what 'z tha think o' deeain?"

"Whyah, we'll gan," sed sheea. "An' Ben sez 'at he 'll gan alang wiv uz. He hez az mitch brass az 'll tak him.; an' we can all ludge tegidder, seeam az wa hev deean; an' it weeant be seea dull fer uz az if wa went wiv wersels. He can git plenty o' wark theer, teer 'z neea doot."

"Just az ya like," sed Jimmy. "Just az ya like! Ah 'z willin'. Bud Ah mun call an' see t' hockshineer te-neet, az Ah leeave wark, aboot t' cantin'. We mun ha'e t' seeal at t' end o' t' fotnith, thoo knaws, Mally. We'll gan te Liverpeeal te be riddy fer a ship o' t' Munda efter t' nooatis iz oot."

Mally set te wark az brisk az bottled yall, an' gat all ther things riddy fer gahin', an' sheea gat Ben's things riddy an' all. An' Jimmy hed a gud seeal; t' things fetcht a fair price, an' Jim felt rayder prood when he gat t' brass intiv hiz britches pockit.

When Munda com, tha all three set off t' Liverpeeal. Az seean az tha hed gitten

theer, an' risted a bit, Jimmy sed he wad gan oot an' leeak fer a ship, an' tak ther' passidge i' t' fost 'at waz gahin' te sail. Scea Ben sed 'at he wad giv him hiz brass, an' he cud git bohths fer 'em all three, fer he waz varry tired, an' him an' Mally wad stop in an' rist.

Seea sed, seea deean. An' Jimmy went oot an' left 'em. Iv aboot tweea hoors he lauded back ageean, an' telt 'em 'at ther waz a ship gahin' te sail t' varry next day, i' t' efterneean, an' seea he 'd beeakt 'em te gan wiv her. An' he gav Ben t' change he 'd gitten oot ov hiz brass.

T" next mooanin' tha wer astir betahmes, an' teeak ther things doon tit ship, an' i' t' efterneean tha all went abooard. Aboot fowwer o'clock, a pahlot com abooard, te tak 'em doon t' river, an' off tha went. Mally began te rayder whimper a bit aboot leeavin' t' awd kuntrey, bud Jimmy telt her te cheer up, az sheea waz gahin' tiv a gud land, an' wad hev things all her awn way when sheea gat theer. An' then tha all all three laft an' joked az tha went doon t' Marsey.

Just az t'pahlot wer gahin' te leeav 'em, Jimmy went tit ship sahd, an' watch all tha did; an' just at t' varry last minnet, when t' pahlot hed getten intiv hiz booat te gan back te Liverpeeal, what sud Jimmy deea bud lowp in efter him.

"Jim! Jim!!" Mally shooted oot, at t' top ov her voice. "Whativver iz tha deeain', thoo feeal, thoo!!! That booat 'z gahin' back ageean te Liverpeeal, thoo fond hoity!!!"

"All reet, Mally, me lass!" sed Jim, az keeal az a cowcummer, "Ah knaw what Ah 'z aboot. Gud day, an' a fair wind wi' ya! Yoo 've plagued me lang aneeaf. Ah 'z sartinlie hev a bit o' peeace noo. Gud day, an' gud luck te ya!"

Off went t' booat, an' Jimmy alang wi' 't, back te Liverpeeal, wahl t' ship went on her way across t' breead Atlantic.

An' Jimmy went stright back ageean tiv hiz awd warkshop, an' telt t' maister what he 'd deean. An' a rare gud laff beeath him an' all t' men hed aboot it. It wer cheeaper a vast, tha all sed, then onny o' ther divooas kooats. An' Jimmy gat gud ludgins, fer he wer weel knawn an' varry mitch rispectid. An' he startid wark ageean iv hiz awd bohth t' Munda mooanin' efter. An' t' maister youst awlus te say 'at Jimmy wer t' sharpist chap he hed ahoot te pleeace,—fer nowder hissel' ner neean o' t' rist on 'em wad ivver hev shown hawf o' t' sense 'at Jimmy hed deean i' gettin' shot ov hiz worthless wife.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

LOST AND SAVED; OR NELLIE POWERS THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. III.

When the second mate came on deck the wind had increased somewhat, and a heavy sea was running. The heavens were black with the angry clouds. The gleam from the binnacle shone out on the seething waters, and was the only cheering ray the new watch saw when they came on deck. Some of the light sails were taken in and everything made snug before the captain went below.

At four bells, when the man at the wheel was relieved, a cold drizzling rain began to fall, and the watch went below to encase themselves in their oil skins.

At this juncture, the second mate (who had been below often since his watch came on deck, and imbibed freely of some sence-destroying tonic) started to walk over the the cabin, or house as it is termed at sea, to chastise the man at the wheel, he said, for not keeping the vessel on her course. In a careless manner he placed his foot on a slippery portion of the house top, and before he could recove himself, and without a moment's warning, was cast into the raging sea.

The man at the wheel, who alone had witnessed the catastrophe, gave the alarm, and the cry of "All hands on deck—man over board," rang through the vessel, and was heard above the roaring of the wind and the sound of the water. The vessel was soon in commotion; the captain appeard on deck and gave the orders: "Ease your weather braces. Haul in on your lee braces. Lay aft on the spanker sheet, somebody. Haul taut the jib-sheets." These and numerous other orders were given in a rapid, confused succession by the officers, and the vessel was soon hove to. Every man had alarm depicted on his features—and who would not if called from a sound sleep on such a night, and by such a startling cry.

The order to lower away the yawl was given, but no one seemed willing to obey; the suddenness of the disaster having stupefied the men, and the darkness of the night showed the folly of such an undertaking; the captain, in his excitement, stamped his feet in rage, because he was not obeyed. His voice calling for a boat's crew could be heard above the tempest. The first officer, with his voice toned with awe, interposed by saying: "Captain, as much as I should like to man the boat, it's no use, the second mate is a mile astern and no one knows where. Before a boat could possibly reach him he would be drowned, if he is not already. The water is like ice, and the man lumbered with his oil skins went straight to the bottom."

"I guess you are right, Mr. Evans." was the captain's answer, in the same awe-struck tone of voice; "but still it does not seem the square thing to put her on her course again, without making an effort to save the man, although he must have died in a moment after striking the water, on such a night as this."

"None of the crew have volunteered to man the boat but Tom and Peter," replied the first officer.

"Well, it's too late now any way. Put her on her course, Mr. Evans. I'm not satisfied with the aspect that surrounds this vessel at all. The taking of a cargo and the losing a mate are two things I never did before, but I trust it will end in better luck."

The orders came sharp and quick from the first officer, to ease the sheet, and square the yards, both of which were quickly obeyed by the men. They knew it was no use to put back for the man, and lost no time in diverting their minds from the sad accident by getting the vessel on her course.

"How does she head there?" sung out Mr. Evans to the man at the wheel.

"East by sou', sir," was shouted from the wheel.

"Put her east sou'-east," again cried the mate.

"East sou'-east it is, sir," came back on the wind.

The ropes being coiled and everything again in shipshape, the watches below were ordered to turn in, and, with the exception of the sadness which hung over the vessel, any one not cognizant with the event of the hour would not have supposed that a mortal had stepped from that deck into eternity. Men there are who have been on fields of battle, where thousands of the dead and dying lay strewn around like the shells on the strand, and they did not shudder at it. But place those same men aboard a vessel, and let one soul be launched from its deck into eternity, and a gloom will settle upon their minds that day will not displace. It is something more solemn to lose a man from a vessel. Perhaps it is because death is an accident and not an expected visitor as on the field of carnage.

Tom and Peter were among those in the forecastle whose eyes refused close in sleep, and the stillness of the place was broken by the ghost-like voice of Peter, who said:—

"He was a good man, Tommy."

"Did you know him then?" was the question from three or four tongues.

"Did I know him? well I did; he and I were shipmates on the Neptune when she sailed from York to Liverpool—now five years back. You see the Neptune had four hundred barrels of oil aboard, and when we were crossin' the Grand Banks she struck a nor'easter, and in turn a stroke of lightning struck her, and running down the foremast came right into the fok-sail, and straightened two poor fellers besides stunnin' all hands. Before the flash had got out of our eyes, the word was passed along that the oil was on fire. The boats were lowered and the feller we just lost was swamped with the first boat. But he clung to the boat fall and saved hisself. He left the ship in the third boat, and that was the boat I was in until we were picked up. I knew him as soon as I saw him come aboard this mornin'."

"He'll never come aboard another vessel, Peter," said Tom. "He's let go his anchor in deep water, and nothin' short of the last pipin' of all hands will bring him on deck. May he be as aisy as such a sea will let him. Rum's what did it; had he come aboard a sober man he'd have lived to laugh at many a storm like this. Peter, I'm afraid it's a voyage to the Ould Boy we're goin' any way.

Most of Tom's remarks were lost in the silence of the forecastle. The men, wearied by the labour of getting under way, had sunk into a sound sleep. Peter was asleep before Tom had fairly commenced. He knew Tom to be one of those superstitious sailors, who, though not lacking in courage in times of danger, were constantly dreading unseen evils.

Along towards morning the wind lulled and the sea became more pacified. Although the sun only showed itself at intervals though the stormy clouds, the atmosphere was a little softer than the proceeding day.

The weather continued in this way, cloudy and disagreeable, for three days without much change. From this time the air grew warmer, and on the morning of the fourth day the sun rose in dazzling splendour, causing the water to sparkle as though studded with myriads of diamonds. Small flying fish sported in the sunlight, and the numerous sea birds that hovered around the vessel added attractiveness to the scene. The large fields of beautiful gulf-weed, and everything in the surroundings indicated that the vessel was in the Gulf stream. The crew was called up; the brooms got out; draw buckets were passed along; and the decks, by the help of strong muscles and stubb brooms, were soon free from the remains of the snow and ice.

A man aboard a vessel who cannot successfully handle a draw bucket is held in disgust by his more handy shipmates. The draw buckets with which the water is drawn at sea are made of sail cloth, about ten inches across the top and fifteen inches in length, and resemble a farmer's feed-bag. It requires a great deal of dexterity to fill one of these buckets from the sea with the vessel before the wind.

During the washing down decks Tom and Peter were drawing water near the main riggings. They had been engaged in that way but short time when Tom burst out into several hearty laughs.

"Tom, you are a queer cese; what ails you?" inquired Peter.

"O, Peter, didn't you see Jack Wright whin the mate sint him after the draw bucket?" asked Tom.

"'T was not my luck," was Peter's reply.

"Well you ought to, so you had. It mysilf most died with the laughing I had. The mate sint him for the draw bucket, and what do you suppose he got.

"I give it up," replied Peter.

"Well he didn't then, but up and brought the cook's water pail. Why, Peter, a boy fresh from the lakes and bogs of the ould country would have knowed better, sayin' nothin' of a boy who's had a sniff of the salt sea," said Tom, provoked to think there was any one in the world so stupid as not to know what a draw bucket was.

"And what did the mate say to him, Tommy?"

"Say? he sid nothin,' but he looked as though he could see right through him an' then he ups with a rope's end. At that Wright runs towards me, and I handed him a bucket. But wasn't I hoppin' mad, though, whin the mate asked how long had he been to sea, and he with the cheek of a shark said, 'Off an' on for three years.'"

"It would take a sun hot enough to wilt a sunflower to wilt him, Tommy, in my opinion," said Peter.

"It would," replied Tom. "He ought to have gone with the down-easter and several more loike him, that got aboard this vessel by mistake."

When everything was in ship shape the captain called the men aft and said :—

"Men, I have called you aft to inform you, in the regular way, of the loss of our mate, and also to inform you that a new mate will now be selected from the for'ard hands."

After thus addressing the crew the captain cast his eye over them, and pointing to John Radshaw, told him to bring his kit aft. When the new mate took the old mate's stateroom, Davidson's kit was overhauled, and a memorandum of his effects, with the cause and date of his death, made out to be handed over to the American consul at the first port the "Sparkling Sea" touched at.

Everything in his kit was found as it had been placed by the careful hand of a probably tidy wife. Among other things she had tenderly placed in his chest was a pocket album, containing a fine picture of himself, wife, and two bright-looking children, and a small pocket Bible, the leaves of which, in many places, had been turned down, to denote passages she desired him to read, while words of love and consolation were written on the fly leaves. The wife, who arranged his worldly effects with so much care, probably did not anticipate that the first eyes to greet them would be those of strangers, and that within a day of their parting her beloved one would be sleeping under the sea. Probably for months she anxiously looked for his return, and in the meantime supposed him to be enjoying the life he had chosen. What a bright dream of joy, what a sad awakening to reality. Every one in the cabin seemed to be impressed by the scene, and the mind of each was occupied by his own thoughts, not a word being broached on the subject by any one.

As we said before, it was a beautiful day, such a day as novelists and poets delight in describing; a day that brought the passengers on deck who had been confined below by such a combination as bad weather and an unsettled stomach. The inviting weather had called them out to get a breath of fresh air, and as they are reclining in easy chairs on the house we will describe them to the reader.

The lady passenger was Miss Nellie Powers, who was about eighteen years of age and of remarkable beauty. She had large blue eyes and light golden hair—a rosy tinge on a transparent skin added to the beauty of her features. She was rather slender, but graceful of form, and about medium height; modest in demeanour and captivating in manners, she was one of those rare flowers which bloom in Nature's garden to gladden the hearts of all beholders.

Her parents were missionaries in the Sandwich Islands. When they left the States years before, they placed their then small child in the care of relatives to be educated, and now, as, after many years of study, she had finished her education, they had sent for her to come to them. As the "Sparkling Sea" was the only vessel likely to leave for her parent's home, in several weeks, her impatience induced her to put up with the accomodations of the "Sparkler." Now she was gliding over the great waters, trusting to fair winds to waft her over sunny seas to her far-off island home, on the other side of the world.

The other passenger was a Mr. Harry Prescott, who was about twenty-two years of age, tall, manly, and prepossessing of appearance, and of cultivated manners. His parents were living in the Sandwich Islands, where his father had gone several years before as agent for a large American importing house. He had come to the United States, about six years before, to take a collegiate course of instruction at one of our best universities, from which he had graduated but a few weeks before we find him on his way home. The firm for which Mr. Prescott, senior, was agent, having increased their business in their foreign house, required a new agent. Mr. Harry Prescott, being a young man of fine promise, and of natural business abilities, he had been engaged to fill the position, and was now on his way to assume his new duties.

The two passengers had from instinct, and from the loneliness of the voyage, become acquainted without a great deal of introduction.

Miss Powers had been confined to her stateroom by sea sickness, until the fine day of which we have spoken, and therefore they had not been much in each other's society.

They had sat some moments in silence, each admiring the grandeur of the ocean scene, when Miss Powers opened her heart by saying :—

"Mr. Prescott, I cannot tell why, but a strange feeling of impending evil has been hanging over me ever since I left home, but this beautiful day has done much to dispel my fears."

"I understand that ladies are naturally timid, and especially when on the water," was the laughing reply of Mr. Prescott,

"But it is not that, Mr. Prescott, so much as a feeling of a personal danger, or from other causes which I have laid to the strangeness of my new quarters, and the sea sickness which has racked my system so much for the past few days."

At that moment a large fin-back whale showed his hnge back above the sea, and sported a short distance from the vessel. Mr. Prescott, desirous of changing such an uninteresting subject as foreboding evil to a more lively one, called the attention of Miss Powers to the animal, which had neared the vessel, and could now be distinctly seen under the surface of the water. As it darted through the briny liquid, it caused the dark blue of the sea to sparkle beautifully, and Miss Powers, impressed with the curious scene said :

"This must be a monstrous fish, they are not always as large ast his, are they Mr. Prescott ?"

Mr Prescott could hardly answer that question, so he turned to Mr. Evans, who sat near, and whom he knew could give the desired information, and said :—

"Mr Evans, Miss Powrs asks if whales are always as large as this one we have just seen ?"

"Why, bless your heart, Miss," replied Mr. Evans, smiling, "this fish is only a small shrimp beside some of the fish I have seen. You will probably be surprised when I say we may fall in with some whales, in the South Seas, a hundred feet long, while this one is only thirty."

"Be surprised ! indeed I should," said Miss Powers, who seemed already surprised. "A hundred feet long ! why pray tell how you ever catch them or find ropes and hooks large enough ?"

At this question a smile played around the eyes and mouth of the good natured mate, as he looked at Mr. Prescott he slyly winked his eye, and said, "They do not catch them that way, Miss."

"Oh ! of course they do not," said Miss Powers, who saw that she had made a blunder, "how stupid I must have been. But how do they catch them ?"

"It is a long story, and perhaps you would not have the patience to listen to it," replied the mate.

"Oh, yes, I would," replied Miss Powers, "if you will only tell me. Tell me all about it, I know Mr Prescott will be interested also."

"To begin at the proper place I should have to begin at the first sighting of the whales from the crow's nest,"—

"Crow's nest !" interrupted Miss Powers, "what's a crow's nest?" And she smiled as she said, "You will have to explain all the things that we do not know as you go along, or we will not know any more about it when you get through than we did before you commenced, so tell us what a crow's nest is ?"

"A crow's nest, Miss," continued the mate, "is a cask or box, fastened to the cross-trees, in which a man is stationed to look out for whales,"—

"But you did not tell us what the cross-trees were," said Nellie.

"Sure enough ; well, the cross-trees are the pieces that run across the mast ; you see those, on the foremast of the "Sparkler" about two thirds up, don't you ?"

"Oh, yes," said Nellie, who only a few minutes before had been looking at those same cross-trees, and wondered what they were.

"The cask is fastened on to those," continued the mate, "and a man is stationed there to look out for blows, that is whale blows ; as soon as he sees a whale he sees a

blow, because the whale comes up to the surface to get his breath and then he blows or spurts two streams of water into the air. When the lookout sees this he sings out:—'There she blows, there she blows.' Then 'Where away?' asks the captain from the deck. If the whale is then in sight, the man sings out again, 'two points off your weather bow,' or some other direction as the case may be. The boats are lowered in a jiffey, and, before many minutes, are dancing over the water in the direction the lookout has given, and likely, in a short space of time are in a school of whales. Then each boat singles out one for pursuit, and pulls up alongside of it."

"What! alongside of the whale? I should think you would be afraid," said Nellie.

"We've got past that. You know that's our business," replied the mate.

"I should think then the whale would dive down."

"Sometimes he does; but generally we pull up behind him and he don't see us. If he does, he may not pay any attention to us until the harpooner, who stands in the bows of the boat, has thrust a harpoon into him. The harpoon is attached to a line, and as soon as one is imbedded into the animal, the boat pulls back out of his way; when he dives, which he does, as soon as he finds out he is struck, he puts off to the wind'ard, like a race-horse, dragging the boat after him like a locomotive draws a car. Sometimes the line, which is coiled in a tub in the bows of the boat, runs out so fast that it requires a good deal of attention to keep the friction from setting the boat on fire. After a while the whale becomes exhausted, and and allows the line to slack; then it is hauled in, and again coiled up in the tub. The harpooner now stands by, waiting for the fish to come to the surface again, which he no sooner does than another iron is plunged into him, and if it reaches his life the blood spurts out, dyeing the water for yards around a deep red. The men then lay by, waiting for the fish to die, which is not very long to wait after his life is reached by a harpoon."

"What do you do with him then?" inquired Miss Powers.

"We then fasten a line to him, and tow him to the ship where he is cut up and tried into oil."

"But is there not any danger, Mr. Evans? I have read somewhere of men being lost in the whale fishery," said Miss Powers.

"Danger! why, bless you, Miss, plenty of it. Sometimes when a whale is struck he will turn upon the boat and dash it into pieces, scattering the men all about in the water, and many of them get entangled in the ropes and are drowned. I have been upset that way a good many times, but was rescued by some of the other boats. But the whale does not always make the most trouble in that way. He may lead a boat a dozen miles from the ship, and before the boat can return a storm comes on and separates it from the vessel, and the men perish, if they survive the storm, from want of food and drink. Yes, Miss, there is plenty of danger in the whale fishery!"

"What made you give up the whale fishery?" inquired Mr. Prescott.

"The substitutes for whale oil that have come into the market, have almost broken up the fishery, and it don't pay."

Here Nellie, who had not taken her eyes off from the mate during his recital of the experiences of a whaler, looked around and beheld the eyes of the third mate and Bill Crony peering at her from under the main boom.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

"*Author of "Shakspere, his Times, and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.*

THE following cutting sarcasm was written by the late Mortimer Collins :—

> "There was an ape in the days that were earlier;
> Centuries pass'd, and his hair became curlier:
> Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist—
> Then he was a MAN,—and a Positivist."

It is a fact, not altogether creditable to the poets of the past ages, that War has been more sung than the blessings of peace; and that convivial songs have been more the rage than any hymnings of sobriety. Not that I would throw all the blame on the bards; for in literature, as in commerce, the laws of supply and demand will prevail. The great masters painted altar pieces principally in the past, because the Church was worth all their other customers. Had they painted cabinet pictures merely, they must have starved. It is a good sign of the times in which we live that the pulpit, the platform, the bench, and the press, are each rapidly awakening to a true sense of the evils of drunkenness; and there are sweet singers not ashamed to tune their lyres to chant the blessings of sobriety. I have been pleased to see a small volume of really good poetry, neatly printed at the Orphan's Printing Press, Leominster, entitled *The Wasted Grain, and other Poems, by A. L. W.* To the earnest teetotaller the little book is a gem, and no sensible moderate drinker can read it without pleasure. But why should the fair authoress—for I have reasons for supposing the writer is a lady—include dancing as one of "the fatal three" sins? Surely she cannot be so veritable a bigot as to believe that there is anything wicked in dancing itself? The ancient Greeks, the finest people of antiquity, wisely encouraged the dance, and it helped, rather than otherwise, to give them that fine physical form which distinguished them from all other nations. But then they were Pagans, and our authoress would say we ought to shun Pagan practices. But did not the Pagan Romans discountenance dancing? And is it not their surly example which the Quakers and others have copied in looking upon the graceful exercise as accurst, rather than "the Volume of the Sacred law," which A. L. W. evidently takes as her standard of morality and religion? If the Salii danced through the streets of Rome as priests of Mars, had not the holy David danced before the ark of the Lord as he brought it up from the house of Obed-edom, 1042 B.C., for which, Samuel tells us, "Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window, and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord, and she despised him in her heart." Surely Michal was the precursor of our sourest Puritans? No careful reader of the Bible can have helped noticing that dancing was a part of the ancient worship of the true God, Jehovah, as well as of the false gods of the heathen. That sweet song of Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, which for three thousand three hundred and sixty eight years has sounded through the vaults of time as one of the noblest hymns of thanksgiving—was sung to the timbrels and dances of the women of Israel, just delivered from their bondage to the Egyptians. And in a still older composition, the book of Job, it was stated nearly four thousand years ago of the wicked, that "they sent forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance;" not that dancing was looked upon by this oldest of poets as sinful, but is merely mentioned as a sign of happiness. It was at an annual "feast of the Lord," 1406 B.C., that the lovely virgins of Shiloh were dancing, according to their

usual custom, when the sons of Benjamin (after the barbarous usage of ancient times, when women were considered the goods and chattels of their husbands), sprung from their ambush in the vineyard, seized them, and bore them away for their wives; and whoever heard of them proving less chaste matrons or worse mothers for their love of dancing? "O, Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a daughter had thou!" but whoever loved her the less because when her father returned safe and victorious to Mizpah, 1143 B.C., she went "out to meet him with timbrels and with dances?" Three thousand and twenty years of darkness, hiding much of the past from us, has not been able to dim that dancing from the eyes of posterity. "When David was returning from the slaughter of the Philistines," 1063 years B.C., we are told by Samuel, "that the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing;" and when the Amalekites were so severely smitten with the sword by David, seven years afterwards, it is not recorded as a crime that they were surprised dancing. Nay, the royal psalmist himself sang:—

"Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me:
Lord, be Thou my helper!
Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing:
Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and guided me with gladness."—*Psalm xxx.*

Again, *Psalm cxlix*:—

"Let them praise His name in the dance:
Let them sing praises unto Him with the timbrel and harp."

Then again, *Psalm cl.*:—

"Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet:
Praise Him with the psaltery and harp.
Praise Him with the timbrel and dance:
Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs.
Praise Him upon the loud cymbals:
Praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals."

"To everything there is a season," says our wise traditional Grand Master, Solomon, "and a time to every purpose under the heaven;" and he specially mentions "a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance." To "go forth in the dances of them that make merry," was one of the blessings promised to the "virgin of Israel," 606 B.C., by the prophet Jeremiah; and again,—"Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together;" and in his *Lamentations* he exclaims,—"The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning." The anger of Moses, 1491 B.C., recorded in the thirty-second chapter of *Exodus*, was not against the dancing, but the return to idolatry. And whenever the holy Jesus mentions dancing, as in the beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son, or the fine figurative expression of "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," there is never the least condemnation of the practice. "And when a convenient day was come, that Herod on his birthday made a supper to his lords, high captains, and chief estates of Galilee; and when the daughter of Herodias came in and danced, and pleased Herod and them that sat with him," it is not dancing (or even *vaulting*, as I am told this performance was) that is condemned by St. Mark, but her unwomanly request—"I will that thou give me by and by the head of John the Baptist in a charger!" Why, then, should those who profess to take the Scriptures as the guide of their faith and actions, condemn dancing in toto? Because, like every good thing, it may be abused, is that any reason for banishing it entirely from the world? Though I never was a dancer myself—the gloom of my blighted hopes through life causing me to brood over the sufferings of humanity too much, like Heraclitus, of Ephesus, when I perhaps had better have laughed a little more at the follies of mankind, like Democritus, of Abdera—yet I always have enjoyed that beautiful description of the dance after supper, in Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, where he says:—"It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion

mixing in the dance; but, as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way; and that, all his life long, he made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice! believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay." To which the Rev. Laurence, perhaps rather heterodoxly, adds:—"or a learned prelate either, said I."

I am glad to see that Messrs C. Kegan Paul and Co., the successors to the publishing business of Messrs. Henry King and Co., are issuing the Poetical Works of our greatest living bard, Alfred Tennyson, in ten volumes at a shilling each. The first has just reached us, of which more anon. A people's edition has long been wanted.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

SHAKSPEARE: SONNETS, XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes now wail my dear times' waste;
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances forgone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I now pay, as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Cum mihi quod retro est ævi se sistit imago,
Remque in judicium mens taciturna vocat,
Spes doleo lusas rerum, ploratque quondam
Questus ab integro tempora trita gemo.
Tum recolens Leti quos intempesta premit nox,
Flere licet cessem, pectora fida, fleo.
Tum renovat lacrimas indebitus angor amoris,
Et mihi quo steterint gaudia recta gemo.
Plorandi scio materiem plorare vetustam,
Et memor ærumnas dinumerare meas,
Justaque, flebilium ducta ratione malorum,
Solvere bis, quasi noe illa soluta prius.
Tot tamen amissis, tua si me stringit imago,
Te compensavi, tristitiaque vaco.

Durham University Journal. T. S. E.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 56.—Vol. V. FEBRUARY, 1878. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

—:o:—

WE have very little to record except the steady growth of Freemasonry at home. Every week tells us of new Lodges and Masonic work, and it is clear now that we have lighted on a very successful period of Masonic extension. How far such rapid increase of numbers is eventually to benefit Freemasonry in England is, as we have often pointed out before, a very open question indeed. There can be little doubt, humanly speaking, that such increase must cut both ways, as they say, for the advantage or the disadvantage of our Order. If in one sense the prestige of Freemasonry seems increased and elevated by this common tribute of regard and admiration from the outward world; on the other hand, its moral greatness may be affected by this "surplusage" of numerical addition, which in itself has many elements of weakness and decay. What we mean to say in plain words is this, a large number of applicants are seeking our privileges for the great material benefits which English Freemasonry now possesses and holds out. We are therefore preparing for ourselves heavier claims and graver responsibilities.

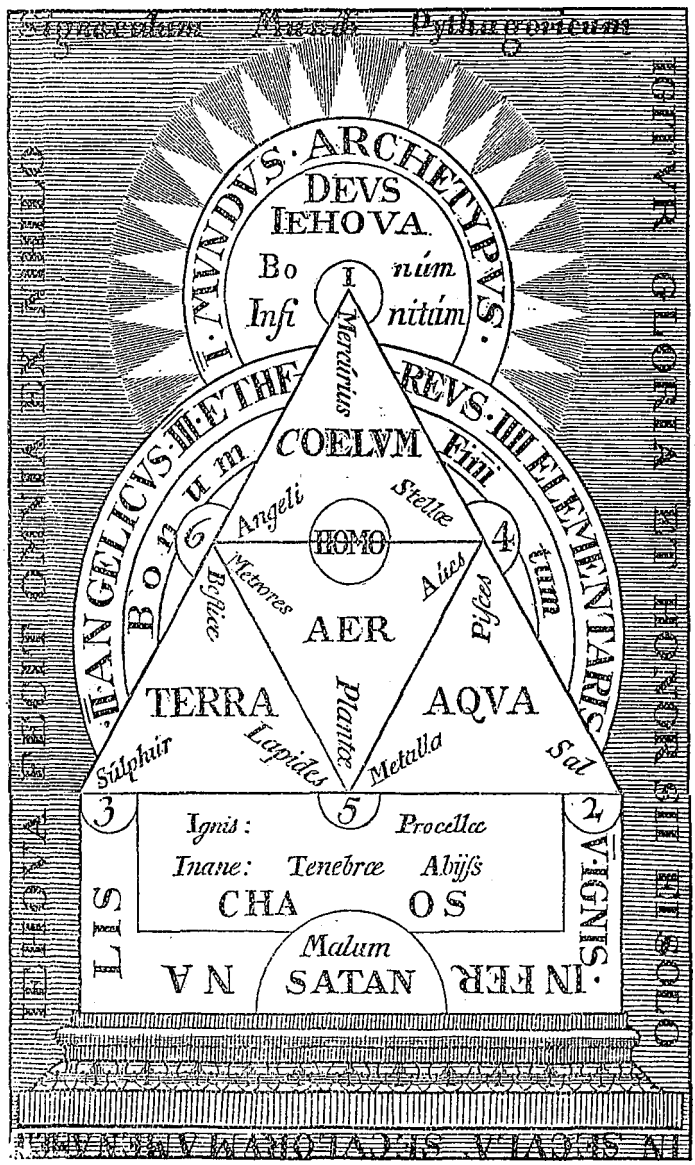
There seems to be a lowering of our standard alike of social position and social condition, and this "rush" of eager candidates we fear will eventually constitute a "burden" on our charitable resources. For we may observe that even now Freemasonry seems to behold this somewhat alarming fact, that with each increase of our charitable efforts there comes at once an increase of claimants for relief. And this growth of overwhelming claims, partly real and partly factitious, seems to outstrip altogether our means of meeting it—the demands on our Schools especially. What will be our state—will be our position in the future, constitute just now anxious questions for all thinking Masons; but ours, therefore, like that of our contemporary, the *Freemason*, must be a voice of warning and deprecation. Let us not throw open the doors of our Lodges too hastily; let us be careful and circumspect, and let us not admit candidates wholesale or in an haphazard way.

Abroad the position of Freemasonry is very unsatisfactory, and, in our opinion, unsafe. But we will not tire our readers with a repetition of regrets or fears. Time will show whether we are right or wrong in our desponding anticipations.

Bro. Terry opens the ball for the R. M. Benevolent Institution Anniversary with two hundred Stewards. We wish him, and the excellent Institution of which he is the hard-working and intelligent Secretary, all possible success. We shall allude to it in the March number.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

We publish to day the commencement of a curious Hermetic work of 1671. Though it speaks for itself, we shall allude to it more fully later. We shall continue its publication in successive numbers.



London Printed for William Cooper att the Pellican in Little Britian.



To the Honourable Robert Boyl, Esq; Eminently Noble and Accomplisht.

Honourable Sir,

THE Translation of Helvetius his Golden Calf here annext, being Licenced and entered in order to the Printing thereof, in Sept. 1668. Another since took advantage to Print and Publish the same, little different; That without prejudice to the Translator we might say with Virgil, ——Hos ego versiculos, &c,

> We beat the Bush, but others caught the Hare,
> So Lambs do bear their Fleece, which others share.
> So Bees make Honey, and Birds build their nests,
> And Lands yeilds others Profit plough'd with Beasts.

Nevertheless it hath brought advantage to the Reader, for I have since exceedingly abbreviated my former Translation with the Epistles, &c. not diminishing sense or matter, and have adjoyned my own Philosophical Figured Epitaph, with Alchahest, Elixis, Samech, and their explanations, then also to be Printed, which I dedicated to my worthy Friend Elias Ashmole, Esq; But I have now further added Pythagoras Metaphysical Figure, with a most excellent, brief, and rare piece of an unknown Author, called, The Dawning of Wisdom, as also the new Chymical Light of Glauber, wherein I have managed Mydas his Golden Ass, so as to make him serviceable to all this Nation, to bear their burthens, bringing him with these new Lights and Treasures here before your judicious view, as to a great Mecænas and strict examiner of Learning; hoping by the dawning or clear light of Wisdom, you will judge both this Ass and Calf to be without all Ignomy and Scandal, having a faculty to speak as well for themselves, and their Innocency, as Ba-Lambs. Nay, to be Phylosophically learned, and as richly Laden, as those formerly sent with rich Presents, to Patriarchs or Princes, being plentifully stored with Gold, and other richer, miraculous, and inexhaustible Treasures. My Presumption for these Names I hope will be pardoned, being Philosophical terms; and though such their Lading may be sufficiently stored in your Treasuries, and might seem boldness to be sent from so mean an Artist, yet suffer me to present them to the world, (though but as an Eccho or Vibrating Glass) to re-double the sound, and reflect the Beams of your Virtues and Learning abroad, Famous already by your own works and worth. I confess Honourable Sir, This my Dedication, as a stranger, is especially grounded on the Fame of your Goodness, and Communicative Charity, the Truest and Noblest Badges of Honour, which if so, will now pardon me. But I stop here, taking off the imputation of base self ends, or flattery, by my concealment, with Diogenes his recess of Privacy, But remain

Your Honours well wishing and humble Servant,

April 1. 1671. W. C. Or twice five Hundred.

Laurum Amice eligis Rus.

To his Worthy and much Honoured Friend, Elias Ashmole, Esq;

One of the Kings Majesties Heraulds at Arms, and Comptroller of the Excises through all England.

Honoured Sir,

Having but barely, though faithfully Translated this *Helvetius*, treating of the most rare and experimental Transmutation of Metals; I thought it not fit to make any Dedication, but seeing I have adjoyned my own *Epitaph*, with several Scutcheons, Mottos, and Explanations, with *Pythagoras* his *General Figure*, Blazoning Philosophical Heraudry, and also the *Alchahest, Samech*' with other *Elixirs*, &c. I consulted it was very proper to present the same to your Judicious view, whose abilities might challenge the same, especially since I received some civilities from you, of a little like Nature, in the small intermission of my Long troubles, 1662. Likewise being an Englishman, whose Patronage in general you seem to avouch by those Worthy *Collections of* English Philosophick Chymical Authors, formerly published by you. I know you have another Coat of Arms for my Paternal Family, in your Heraulds Office, which would suit with the said Epitaph, if it were only as it is also intended for a plain Sculpture to be upon my Grave Stone: Yet such Scutcheons had not been so proper for this place, these being chiefly here intended for the Philosophers Stone, agreeing with my said Epitaph, in the Elements, Principles, and whole perfection thereof, excellently manifested by our late English Phœnix, or Elias Artisto Anonymon, in his Book of *The open entrance to the shut Pallace af the King.* Now some perchance may think it incongruous for any man to publish his own Epitaph, or annex any such Novel Scutcheons. Yet since they and their explanations are Philosophick (and the Philosophers Patrons are Truth and Reason, which should govern all sorts of men) I was the more confident of allowance

and approbation. And indeed Sir, I may affirm, they were made in a Living Grave, in 1652. From whence I never thought to come forth no more, then probably Jonas might in the Whales Belly, Daniel in the Lyons Den, or the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace, Being grievously oppressed and clowded in my long Troubles, and since as little regarded. Wherefore I hope these may be better excused, especially, if it may tend to Gods Glory, as I hope it will by a continual warning, or (*Memento Mori*) to the Reader for his souls health, though he want the Philosophick spectacles to understand the sense more perfectly. However Sir, give me leave to tender you these small Reliques of my obsequious obsequy, as Burnt Offerings, Reviving and describing Aarons Calf ground to dust by Moses, with Helvetius his Golden Calf, burnt to a stone or Pouder, by the Teutonic Elias Artista, and I wish you might prove another Elias (as your name imports) in this Fiery Chariot, or Transfiguration for the benefit of this our English nation, and of the whole world, to glorifie him who is the giver of all good things. And although (as if dead) I should remain unknown in the Whales Belly, on Job's Dunghil, or Diogenes his Tub, Yet entertain these (as your own worth deserves and requires) with a Noble mind not regarding the weakness or misfortunes of the giver, which will the more illustrate your virtues, and oblige,

Worthy Sir,

Your faithful Friend and humble Servant,

July 16. 1668. W. C. Or twice five Hundred.

Laurum Amice Eligis Rus.

The Authors Epistle to the Courteous and Well minded Reader.

Reader,

I Thought not of publishing this my Epitaph, or Hyeroglyphical Figur'd Scutcheons, further then my Grave Stone, being in a Living Grave, and in despair of Life, when I made them; but since Almighty God hath gratiously extended the Thread of my Life, and providentially put these adjoyned Treatises for my Task before I dyed; and being earnestly entreated by a Friend to publish and explain them, I thought good to offer my mean Mite to the World, so that thou mayest not only see and read an Ænygma in these my Scutcheons and Epitaph, but have me thy Ædypus to unfold them. Where also I have set forth the Philosophers Stone, and shewed the Causes and manner of Multiplication of Life and Seed, and given thee as an Overplus, a clear relish of the Alchahest, and Salt of Tartar volatized, with other Elixirs, and Philosophick Medicines, &c. in 5 small succinct Chapters, to put thee one step forward in this knowledge, if thou wantst my help, or if beyond me to shame thy back——

THE

PHILOSOPHICAL EPITAPH

Of VV. C. Esquire,

ROR A

MEMENTO MORI

ON THE

Philosophers (*Tomb*) Stone.

With three Hierogliphical Scutcheons displaying *Minervas*, and *Hermes* Birds, and *Apollos* Birds of Paradice in Philosophical Mottoes and Sentences, with their Explication.

With a perfect Discovery of the Immortal Liquor *Alchahest*, or *Macchabean Fire*, and of the Volatized Salt of *Tartar*, or *Samech*, and of other *Elixirs*, with their differences and properties.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. R.* and *N. T.* for *Will. Cooper*, at the *Pellican*, in *Little Britain*.

EPITAPHIUM factum per W. C.

MInante perICuLo GranDe.

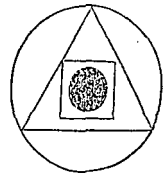
Scutisq; affixis patefaciens Avem Minervæ, Hermetis, & Apollinis Avem Paradici.

InhIs HyerogLyphyCIs nVMeranDI FIgVrIs.

Bubo Minervæ,
inter ramos
Hæderæ.
Creatio,
Chaos,
Corruptio.



Mercurius Sal.



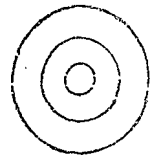
Anser Hermogenis
sive Pullus in
sole assatus.
Generatio.
Mortificatio.
Vivificatio.

Mundo lassatus tandem ☿ iveni
Hunc nidum ad me in terra ☽ resiciendum
Nudus sum nec tamen sentio frigus
Alo hoc pridem quod me nutrivit,
Quieteq; hoc fruor loce,
Cum Amicis meis, Consanguineis,
Ne Plores igitur, Fugato Timorem,
Aut Pulvis lachrymas hic sicce tuas,
Est Anima in Cælis, in requie, cum Sanctis,
Ubi laudes Angeli sine fine cantant
Olida sed mortalitatis hæc

Parum hic Fermentant dum perfecte
Putrescant, netideq; purgentur, & tandem,
Cum Spiritu & Anima Rediviva Resurgant.
Clang-ore Buccinæ quæ juncta lucebunt,
Eruntq; Divina, Spiritualia, & Fixa
Uti Christus, Semperq; manebunt unum
Quæ Tria sic facta unum Bis V. C.
Restat.

Apollinis Avis
Paridici, Phœnix
Icarus, vel Aquila
excelsa

Sul-



phur.

W. C.
Regeneratio.
Redemptio.
Glorificatio.

Nemo ante Obitum fœlix.

Est in Mercurio quicquid quærunt Sapientes,

Si Fixum solvas faciasq; volare solutum,
Et volucrem sigas, facient te vivere tutum
Solve Coagula, Fige.
Dum Fixum Figit, Tinctum fusibile Tingit.

Si pariat ventum, valet Auri pondera Centum,
Ventus ubi vult spirat. Capiat qui capere potest.

Laurum amice eligis, Rus.

An EPITAPH made by W. C.

CLowDeD by threatnIng DIsasters.

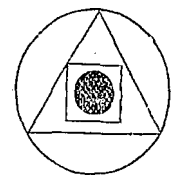
With Scutcheons annexed displaying Minerva's and Hermes Birds,
And Apollo's Bird of Paradice,

In HIerogLIphICk NVMbers anD In FIgVres.

Minerva's Owl in an Ivie Bush.
Creation,
Chaos,
Corruption.



Mercury Salt.



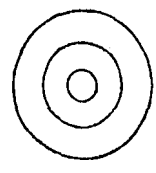
Hermogenes, Goose or Pullet roasted in the Sun.
Generation,
Mortification,
Vivification.

Tyr'd of the World, at last ♃ found
This nest to rest me in the ♄ Ground;
I'm naked, yet I feel no cold,
Feed that, that had fed me of old,
And quietly enjoy this Place,
With Friends about of my own race
Weep not then here, but banish fears,
Or let this dust dry up your tears
My Soul's in Heaven with Saints in Peace,
Where Angels sing and never cease.

These grounds of Man's Mortality,
Rests here a while, till perfectly
Putrify'd, purg'd, cleans'd, and at last
Reviv'd with Soul and Spirit by blast
Of Trumpet which being join'd shall shine,
And be spiritual fixt, Divine,
Like Christ; and One for ever he,
V. C.
Which being thus, is double you see.

Apollo's Bird of Paradice, Phœnix, Icarus or lofty Eagle.

Sul-



phur.

W. C.
Regeneration,
Redemption,
Glorification.

No Man's happy before his Death.

MerCVry's BIrth's best after's Death,

MerCVrI's LIfe VVas pVrg'D by strIfe.

All's in Mercury that the wise men seek.

If thou dissolv'st the Fixt, and mak'st it fly,
And mak'st the flying fixt, live safe thereby.
Dissolve, Congeal, and Fix, which being fixt will fix,
And so being fusibly Ting'd, will Tinge, and Mix.

If Wind be made of Gold, 'Tis worth a hundred fold.
The Wind bloweth where it listeth, Receiv't they that can.

Laurum Amice Eligis, Ras.

(To be Continued.)

RECONCILED.

(*Written for the* MASONIC MAGAZINE.)

THE woods are thinning fast,
And the rain
On the wild wind flieth past
Once again.
The summer's gone and over,
And the days
When we wandered in the lanes,
'Neath the bays,
By the poplars where the birds sung
Their sweet lays.

The ferns are withered now,
And the flowers:
Some are dead, and some are dying.
Summer hours
Pass away, and leave a shadow
And a pain,
And we long for them to come
Back again.

The golden corn is down,
But the sheaves
Still are standing in the fields;
'Neath the eaves
The swallow's tender twitter
Still is heard,
Talking yet of summer—
Mocking bird!

He has courted all the summer:
So have I:
But the time has come for parting;
By-and-bye
You will soon forget me, dearest.
Do not cry!
And for your sake to be worthy
I will try.

The swallows soon are flitting
O'er the sea,
Into Southern countries going:
Why not we?
For our little lover's quarrel
I atone.
Oh! remember never swallow
Went alone!

Cold you have been, like the river;
I as proud
As yonder grand, majestic,
Purple cloud.
But I love you, O my dearest!
And the pain—
Oh! I could not bear the parting,
Ne'er again.

Once again I ask you, Amy,
To be mine;
Once remind you of the past
Sweet summer-time;
Of our happy walks together
'Neath the trees,
Past the castle on the cliffs,
In the breeze.

Shall I always ask my dearest?—
Never have!—
Till the days are past and over,
And the grave
Will be all that now remaineth
For the brave?
Nay, that kiss is all the answer
That I crave!

EMRA HOLMES.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER VIII.

"O, love, O, beauteous love!
Thy home is made for all sweet things,
A dwelling for thy own soft dove,
And souls as spotless as her wings," etc.

W. M. PRAED.

I HOPE that my readers are duly edified with the above "elegant extract," descriptive of Love. Love in the abstract, Mrs. Balasso says, is "emotional sentiment." Love in the concrete, Mr. Balasso avers, is "woman on the brain." As I do not deem it necessary to pin my faith, or that of anybody else, on the "dicta," however forcible, of those two intelligent individuals, I leave the definition and dissection of that serious, awful, mysterious, and wonderful actuality termed Love to my many indulgent readers, old and young, male and female.

No doubt, as the poet sings, the general opinion of mankind concurs with those lines which declare that love is—

"The dearest theme of all,
The oldest of the world's old stories.

And whether we regard it as a necessity, or a nuisance, or a luxury, it seems more than probable, (humanly speaking,) that as long as the world lasts, and man is man, Love will still retain his empire, dear, delightful, capricious, perverse, dubious, and desperate, as the case may be, over every age, and every condition amongst us. The question has been often asked, "What is love?" and I, for my part, feel great difficulty in giving a satisfactory reply. My charming little "ingenue" friend, Poppy Patchett, would probably, like some other lady writers, just now, be ready to endorse the opinion that "Love is the inward yearning of a soul for a congenial companion," in her case as in that of others of her sex, for a "sympathetic manly bosom," the "intense aspiration of the invisible and indescribable," for a "kindred being who will share all one's feelings, hopes, wishes, joys, sorrows, trials, wants, and wanderings here." Such is Poppy's "beau ideal;" but I fear that poor dear Poppy, before her wanderings are over, will find, as others like her have found, that her swan is a goose, yea, verily, a very great goose, indeed.

My old friend Duodecimus Tristram says that "Love is humbug; there is no such thing really in existence." He adds: "What girls and boys call love is nothing but a passing fancy, a whim of the hour, an embodied or unembodied idea. Love, as the world looks upon it, is made up of a good many contingent accessories and physiological conditions, dress, address, money in the Funds, a little estate in the country. Fashion and frivolity, taste and temperament, all combine in creating Love. People don't want love to marry upon, (love mostly comes after marriage,) and as for 'first love.' I hold it to be utter rubbish. All a man wants in a wife is a sensible person, who will dress well, and do the honours of his table well, who will be civil with his female and cheery with his male friends; who will not be expensive, chattering, tiresome, strong-minded, misbehaved, and will enable him to lead a fairly comfortable existence."

I may observe that my old friend "Duodecimo," as his friends call him, (from his love of books,) is a confirmed easy going old bachelor, a little spoiled, in my opinion, by prosperity, by a host of obedient nieces, and is no poet.

I have also another friend, the Rev. Theodosius O'Whack; he is a Milesian, six feet two in height, with a beautiful brogue, and a pair of "most iligant whiskers." He is still unmarried, though he parts his hair in the middle, and is extremely admired by the female "mimbers" of the congregation. Indeed, it is said in the parish which he adorns, that he has rendered some agreeable ladies of a "certain age" simply desperate. He is very fond of holding forth on what he terms the "high moral line," and he has some romantic views about love, partly mystical and partly material, and he always speaks of his "dearr sisterrs" with a most touching accentuation on the word "dearr." "Love, Sor," says my friend, slowly and emphatically—I believe that he is a Sligo man—"is an attraction, a combination, and a conjunction, and is, in fact, a union intimate and corresponding between two congenial spirits, who find delight in each other's society, and are utterly uninfluenced by mercenary or other unworthy considerations."

Bravo, O'Whack, as the little girls say at the pantomime, "Encore!"

I may add, that Old Grogram, of the well-known City firm of Grogram and Growler, whose pretty daughter Matilda has been somewhat affected by the appearance of my elegant and sympathetic friend, says, "that Irishman is a conceited puppy." Perhaps old Grogram is right, though it is of my friend that he is talking; but I am inclined to think that, notwithstanding the unfavourable opinion of the old boy, his Matilda will have her own way.

"Yes," says Miss McCall, "the perversity of our young women, just now, is positively heart-rending."

Notwithstanding the remarks of that excellent woman, Miss McCall, I hope that O'Whack and his Matilda will be happy.

My very agreeable friend Mrs. Jorum, (not unknown to the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE,) says: "don't talk to me about Love. Love probably existed in Arcadian times, but love is a stranger to our nineteenth century. What do people marry for? For love? Certainly not. People marry because marriage is a convenience;—because

their fathers and mothers wish it;—because some young men can't get their debts paid without; because some young women have been 'out' so many seasons. Don't talk to me about love. Love is all very well in poetry, or on the stage, or in a French novel, but it don't exist in practical life, and I'm not certain that it pays. The utmost you can look for now-a-days is a certain amount of agreement in tastes and opinions; and given a comfortable house, a good dinner, agreeable society, especially if you don't see too much of each other, the husband and wife can manage to 'rub their noses' pretty well together. But don't talk to me about Love."

Have my readers, properly impressed by such valuable opinions, come to any conclusion on the subject? If not, I am afraid that I cannot help them much in the matter; for, agreeing in part as I do with all the quoted opinions of my friends in turn, I consider Love to be too abstruse, too mysterious, too delicate a subject to be properly handled in these light pages!

Nothing less than a lecture by Professor Tyndal could do full justice to so recondite a question. But still Love is. Yes, Love exercises despotic sway in this world of ours, rules the timid, agitates the bold, masters the sentimental, and pulls up even our young men.

I want no other proof of its extraordinary power. So, as a philosopher and man of sense, without going into its "raison d'être," I will treat it as a very remarkable and important "factor," whether in the tragedy, or comedy, or screeching farce, if you like, of our vulgar, domestic, and normal life to-day. I should not, however, be an honest chronicler if I did not transcribe here a very eloquent passage from Paesiello's diary. Listen, O sentimental maidens and ecstatic youth!—

"I do not agree with those writers who seek to depreciate love. Love is often the dominant power of this nether world, and makes us happy or renders us miserable. It is that emotion of the breast which meets in sympathetic union with a beloved object, 'mutatis mutandis,' through all the trials and all the troubles of life. Yes, Love serves to shed a ray of roseate hue on the aspirations of youth, the associations of maturity, and even in the declining hours of old age! What would the world be without Love? How could men and women get on without Love?"

Do my readers want any more? Is it not better for me to end the extract here? Accordingly, when we return to our heroes and heroines at Rome, we find that Love as usual is playing the game of "Blind-Man's-Buff" with the whole of that pleasant "entourage." Stanelli and Bechner were clearly the submissive victims of the little god, and sworn liegemen to our lady Venus. Don Balthazar, who had met with but little sympathy, as he thought, from Anna, had turned for consolation to the very agreeable presence and experienced views of Mdme. Allegri.

It is very curious often to note the by-play which goes on in the "Comediettas" of our sublunary existence. You join an agreeable party. You "take stock," you try to realize the "carte du pays," and if you are a person of discrimination, of philosophical temperament, and of accurate "coup-d'œil," you very soon discover where "the land lies," who are, in fact, the real "dramatis personæ" in these "amateur theatricals" which are played before your very eyes. We always, however, must remember that we may be deceived by first appearances, and that Molière's words are still true:

> "Souvent d'un faux espoir un amant est nourri,
> Le mieux reçu toujours, n'est pas le plus chèri—
> Et tout ce que d'ardeur font paraître les femmes,
> Parfois n'est qu'un beau voile a couvrir d'autres flammes."

Women have often a difficult, not to say a dangerous game to play. I do not, for one, endorse Horsey Johnson's remarks, that "all women are hypocrites." Nor do I agree with my young friend Pottleton, who declares that "Girls are very wary and troublesome birds. They sometimes put me in mind," he adds, and he speaks with full knowledge of his subject, "of old rats; they are so leery and hard to trap."

I think that such opinions are altogether unjust, and I feel strongly that women are

often placed in a very perilous, not to say delicate, position. I would put it rather in this way. That pleasant girl, Lotty Manners, wants to marry her own dear Walter. Lotty's mamma, like other mammas, wishes her "darling chyild" to accept the proposal of rich Mr. Blagton.

"Blagton's awfully gilded," Walter says to me, "sotto voce,"—"made his money in silk stockings; and I'm blessed if that old gal isn't going to make Lotty marry that 'old dust.' I won't stand it."

What can I say to console the impetuous and improvident youth, except "take it coolly, my boy."

"She's too civil to him, a long way—much too kind to him," he turns round to me and adds, with agitation expressed on his manly countenance.

"Go up to her," I say to him; "why do you give way to Blagton? If she is worth anything, you are her 'plus chèri;' if she is not worth anything, give her up—or, as the French say, 'rompons nous.'"

Poor Walter Morton—he is not her "plus chèri,"—at least she won't say so, whatever she may think, and Walter gives her up.

We all of us know what a splendid marriage that was at St. George's, when the Bishop of St. Neots married the well got up and the blushing and better-dressed Lotty!

Poor Walter Morton!

And hence it is not always quite easy to discern the difference between affected and real interest between those agreeable "empressemens" which are the "ordre du jour," and those which flow from inborn sympathies and a loving heart. But still, amateur photographer that I be, I think that I can always catch a "true impression," (at any rate to my own satisfaction,) and though the negative may be a little "dim" the positive seems very clear to what the vivid scientificist terms the "hoptic nerve." As an old friend used to like to say, "in such little matters I can see as far as most people."

I often like to survey from my safe insignificance the human game of chess, and I flatter myself that I am able to discern, when these fair beings who do so adorn society, who dress so well and so low, mean anything.

For instance, Emma Benson's outward attentions to Sir Henry Callendar meant nothing. Emma's pleasant words to Charles Sloper are quite another thing. She means to be, and duly becomes, Mrs. Sloper. Ethel Lacy, who is quite delighted with Captain Jones, his merry stories and his charming songs, (and he is a very good fellow,) yet means to marry, and does marry, her stupid cousin, Wm. Danvers, M.P.

And even the bold widow, Mrs. O'Flynn, who has buried two husbands in India, though she is "mighty taking" with her countryman, Mr. O'Dowd, actually is scheming to marry, and does marry, old Mr. Dubbington, the great city banker. I pity Mr. Dubbington!

But Mrs. Jorum, "au contraire," asks me decidedly, as is her wont, "Who can pity him? A vulgar old man marrying a vulgar old woman—surely we have something better to do than waste any 'sentiment' on them? Who cares whether they marry or whether they don't? How can it interest anybody?" Mrs. Jorum is as usual probably quite right.

So at Rome it was quite plain to the careful observer that all of the little society except Paesiello had now been drawn within the "maëlstrom" of love. But he, single-hearted and philosophic as he was, had "paddled his own canoe" safely through the boiling surf, and seemed rather inclined to pity his companions, who reminded him of flies, whether in amber, or falling one by one into the engulphing preparation of cloying sweetness. For the *moment* that Paesiello saw Stanelli really cared for Eva, and that Eva truly sympathised with Stanelli, as he abhorred unreality, and disliked flirtation, (merely as such,) he withdrew himself from the "melée," and wished his friend and the gentle Eva all success, and "God speed."

What a good example for us all! How many of both sexes seem to treat their fellow creatures as "fair game," objects of sport, amusement, simply either "pour passer le

temps," or to glide swiftly and easily down the daily current of the great river of life. But yet, like the wounded birds of a "battue," these poor, deserted, disappointed members of society, male and female victims, retire often from the gay circles of the world, depressed and despairing, to heal their wounds and forget their grievances in other scenes, on other lots. With how many does the cool, careless, erratic flirtation become the engrossing dream of a whole life.

Of course the stern moralist will come in and say, "I can have no pity for such weaknesses of humanity. A man or a woman must forget such trifles. It is nonsense talking to me of injured affection or a broken heart. People have no business to feel so much."

This is all very fine, O friend and moralist, from the lofty pedestal on which you survey the world; but men are still men, and women are still women. To denounce flirtation—innocent, harmless, passing flirtation—I do not for one pretend to do; for to say the truth, I see no harm in it, and where men and women "most do congregate" it will always be found.

But a person professing to feel affection for another, and then to desert that person on some idle pretence, or on no pretence at all, always has appeared to me the most heartless and indefensible of conduct. It is, in my opinion, far better, like Paesiello, to be fair dealing and straight running, not to affect interest which you do not feel, not to raise hopes which are only the product, as Dr. Johnson would have said, of the "vanity of idleness," or, as I hold it, of want of principle.

On the other hand, I feel bound to observe here, that our young people often make great mistakes in their likes and dislikes. They "take up" with the bold, the brazen, the noisy, the impudent, the adventurer, and the brainless, often ignoring the claims of the modest, the well-informed, the intellectual, the right principled, and the well-conducted.

In Mdme. Allegri Don Balthazar found a woman to his own mind, as I before remarked.

She had outlived the sentimental nonsense of younger days, and refined and elegant, of good taste and charming manners, well dressed, and good tempered, she was, perhaps, as pleasant a person to meet withal as anyone can well picture or find. And more than this. Though she was "empressé" in her manners, she was honest and true, a sincere friend, a true ally, and Don Balthazar, who was no longer young himself, and had always laughed at incongruous marriages, thought that in Mdme. Allegri he had at last found, happy mortal, the acmé of his imaginings and his wishes.

And certainly he has, as Paesiello says in his diary, "done very well for himself, and shown his good sense and good taste." For Mdme. Allegri was no giddy girl, half hoyden, half "ingenue," who would have driven a sensible man mad in six hours, but was both staid and sensible, demure and discreet.

Good-looking as she still was in wonderful measure, she preferred home to society generally, and, like Don Balthazar, sought in books and pictures, the conversation of the intellectual, music, and refining associations, all that tends to gratify and elevate the mind of mortals. She, in fact, like a sensible woman, would rather stay at home with her husband, than, by perpetual going out, live in a whirlwind of gaiety and excitement, most injurious to the "morale" of all!

I often think how much depends on the happiness of the home, on congenial temperaments, and similar ages!

To suppose that May can really mate with January, or be happy under such circumstances, is to ignore and defy the whole analogy of nature and common sense. And though there is no rule without an exception, as every one of us knows, I always do regard all such instances of male and female weakness as not only full of doubt and danger for the present, but still more doubtful and still more dangerous for the future. And here I leave our friends for a time, all happy, all contented, all basking in the smiles of gladdening sunshine, all contemplating a pleasant "outcome" from all those 'surroundings" with good hope and gentle sympathy. How they continue to fare in this state of the case we shall see in the next chapter.

(To be Continued.)

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

VIII. FEBRUARY.

——"All this uniform uncolour'd scene
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
And flush into variety again.
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heavenly truth; evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are His,
That make so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,
That cultivation glories in, are His.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshalls all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds, which Winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germe,
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next."

CONSOLING thought—that, as certainly as Life contains within itself the entity of Death, so certainly does Death enwrap the germ of Life. A vivified Hope is this Faith of a smiling future of Life that softens the asperity of the frowning resting-place of Death; and, as with immaterial things, so with material, it is this certainty of the future beauties of spring that makes us bear contentedly and cheerfully the rigours of Winter; for we know that Spring will as surely follow Winter, as the seed will expand and burst with the life that is in it—so assured are we, by faith, of the certain fulfilment of the promises of our Heavenly Father contained in the Volume of the Sacred Law;—so sure have we been made, by long experience, of the carrying out of the Creator's principle, implanted at the first in every herb of the field, of its containing "its seed within itself." What mighty lessons are here taught us of the necessity of watching the growth of intellect and bent of inclination of the youthful mind, that we may watch for the first indications of the germ within, and watching it, observantly foster and tend its growth; for who knows what sort of soul may be inclosed in that tiny infant form?—

"How many a mighty mind is shut
Within a fameless germ;
The huge oak lies in the acorn nut,
And the richest regal robes are cut
From the web of a dusky worm.

The river rolls with its fleet of ships
On its full and swelling tide,
But its far-off fountain creeps and drips
From a chinklet's dank and mossy lips
That a pebble and dock-leaf hide.

The thoughtless word from a jesting breath
May fall on a list'ning ear,
And draw the soul from its rusty sheath
To work and win the rarest wreath
That mortal brow can wear.

Yon tiny bud is holding fast
Gay Flora's fairest gem,
Let the sunlight stay and the shower go past,
And the wee green bud shall blaze at last;
The pride of her diadem.

The sower casts in the early year
The grains of barley corn
And barns and barrels of goodly cheer
Of winter's bread and nut-brown beer
From the infant seed are born.

The Poet-chant may be a thing
Of lightsome tone and word;
But a living soul may dwell in the string,
That shall waken and rouse as its echoes flin
Till myriad breasts are stirred.

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—
Arise from noteless birth.

Fate drives a poor and slender peg,
But a crown may hang thereby;
We may kill an eagle when crushing an egg,
And the shilling a starving boy may beg
May be stamped with Fortune's die.

Tis well to train our searching eyes,
To marvel, and not to mock;
For the nameless steed may win the prize,
The "wee" child grow to giant size,
And the atom found a rock."

One other thought—how many of us ever dream of the angel-germ bound up now in these cold-clay forms of ours, to burst one day into an eternal spring of brightness or of sorrow, according to the culture we bestow upon it now in these winter days of our earthly sojourn?

And now let us turn our thoughts from Nature's teachings to the few early treasures that already bestrew her lap. Whilst searching for her richer gifts let us not forget to respectfully mention our staunch old friends, the Chickweed and Groundsell, that afford their daily meal to our feathered friends, nor the equally constant Dead Nettle. Close to this last, on a heap of stones, we may perhaps find one of the tribe of Hellebores. Perhaps, the most beautiful is the Black Hellebore or "Christmas Rose," such a favourite in our gardens, from its flowering in mid-winter. Another garden variety is the Winter Hellebore, or Aconite, with its beautiful yellow blossoms. The kinds that we shall find wild are the Stinking and Green Hellebores, which grow freely in chalky districts. The former of these is a free bloomer, with a leafy stem; its flowers are green, slightly tinged with purple; it derives its name from its extremely disagreeable smell. The latter variety has also a leafy stem, but bears but few flowers; these however, are large, and are of a greenish-yellow colour. Formerly, the Hellebores were held in great esteem by medical men, latterly they have fallen in their esteem, though they are still employed in mental disorders. In excessive doses this plant acts as a narcotic-acrid poison.

A distant relative of these somewhat disagreeable, if sometimes useful family is the

"herald of the gentlest gales,"

the Lesser Celandine or Pilewort. The child on "buttercups and daisies" bent, will often find, instead of the former favourite,—

> "The vernal Pilewort's globe unfold
> Its star-like disk of burnished gold;
> Starlike in seeming form, from far
> It shines too like a glistening star."

The Lesser Celandine is, with the exception of the Dandelion, the most gorgeous of our early flowers, and from this time to the end of May every bank is glowing with its golden bloom. Soon, then, may we make our Spring-tide garland—

> "Wreath'd of the sunny Celandine—the brief
> Courageous Wild-flower, loveliest of the frail—
> The Hazel's crimson star—the Woodbine's leaf—
> The Daisy with its half-closed eye of grief;
> Prophets of fragrance, beauty, joy, and song."

Well chosen epithet of our friend is "sunny," for it opens only on bright days. A pity it is, though, that it is not as useful as beautiful, but truth compels us to own that it is not, and to recognize the justice of the Farmer's endeavour to eradicate it from his pasture, as he would, if he could, the closely-allied acrimonious Buttercup. And yet we ought not to condemn it hastily, nor judge it harshly, for its roots possess medicinal properties, and its young leaves (Professor Martyn says) may be eaten in Spring. But surely we ought not to adjudge everything useless that we cannot eat, but rather praise the Creator who deigns to create things which He intends merely to gladden our sight. Even the leaves of the plant are very beautiful, with their spots of tender green on their darker heart-shaped ground. We ought to notice that its flowers not merely only open on sunshiny days, but that they regularly close from five in the evening till nine on the following morning.

Another yellow-blooming plant is the Coltsfoot, which is, although a sore trial to cultivators of the soil, on account of the creeping character of the roots, and the abundant and easily dispersed seed, still a very useful plant; useful in that where, else, would be left bare and unseemly patches of newly-turned earth, or barren and ugly heaps of rubbish, such, for instance, as the slopes of embankments, and the sides of railway cuttings, the ground is almost immediately covered with a soft and verdant carpet, enlivened in the very earliest Spring, by the golden blossoms of this free-growing plant. One of the peculiarities of the Coltsfoot is that its blossoms appear long before the foliage. Another remarkable thing concerning it is mentioned by Curtis, which is that, as soon as the flower is out of bloom, and the seeds, with the pappus or down as yet moist, are enclosed in the flower-cup, the heads hang down; but as the moisture of the seeds and down evaporates in withering, they become lighter, and the ball of feathery seeds expands, and assumes the appearance of a Dandelion puff. Besides being useful as an ornament, this plant is extensively employed medicinally; in the various forms of tea, lozenge, and the like, it is considered an excellent remedy for coughs; another mode of employing it for this purpose is by smoking the leaves like tobacco; this practise is extremely ancient, for Pliny recommends that the foliage should be burned, and its smoke drawn into the mouth through a reed and swallowed. In the days of our grandmothers, when the lucifer-match was unknown, and fire could only be obtained by a laborious and patient application of the steel to the flint (and to the knuckles also sometimes) to procure a spark, which spark had to be received into tinder, the dried leaf of the Coltsfoot was often used for the purpose on account of the thick cottony down with which it is covered. The Tartars to rid themselves of the gnats, which with them are very troublesome, frequently burn touchwood, using the dried roots of this plant for that purpose.

Along the sides of the paths and roads we can everywhere see the bloom of the Annual Meadow Grass, whilst we may find an early Violet in some sheltered spot, if the season be an early one; we will not, however, pause to notice this prime favourite of Spring just now, as it is a little out of season, but will pass on to one of the most

beautiful blossoms that this time of year affords, although it is true it is a little doubtful if it is a true wild flower, we mean the Snowdrop. Who does not welcome this little harbinger of warmer days in store? Who is not charmed to see the patches of white blossom, which seem almost like stray snow-flakes lingering after their fellows have melted and gone? One reason, perhaps, why we are the more inclined to welcome its reappearance, is that it is a member of that large Botanical family, that includes so many of the plants most important to man, such as the palms, the grains, and the grasses. One great and noticeable feature of this tribe is the parallel veining of the leaves in contradistinction to the branched and cross-graining of such plants as the Daisy, the Ivy, and most of our Trees. Another flower, sometimes found wild, of a similar kind to the Snowdrop, and now beginning to flower, is the Daffodil, the evanesant nature of whose blossoms is noticed by Herrick:—

"Fair Daffodils!
We weep to see
You fade away so soon——"

Approaching the more woody classes of vegetation, we find a few early blossoms of the Lesser Periwinkle; few plants are more beautiful than this, with its rich blue flowers and its glossy green leaves. So cord-like and tough are its trailing stems that its Botanical name, "Vinca," has been derived from the Latin *vincio*, to bind. The Dutch call it *Sinn-Green* or "Evergreen." The Italians call it "The flower of Death" from their custom of binding-down the grassy sods of their graves with its shoots. Although the Lesser Periwinkle is found somewhat frequently in Kent, and in Devonshire often covers large tracts of ground with its foliage and flowers, it is by no means common in all parts of the county, as it generally affects woodland spots, especially if they should be rendered moist by streams of water. In the country garden this flower is a great favourite:—

"See where the sky-blue periwinkle climbs
E'en to the cottage eaves, and hides the wall,
And dairy lattice, with a thousand eyes,
Pentagonally formed, to mock the skill
Of proud geometers."

A step higher and we are amongst the shrubs, and should we be passing through a copse, or by the thick-grown hedge of an old rural lane, our eye would doubtless be arrested by the bright glossy evergreen leaves of the Spurge Laurel, which surrounding the extremities of the branches quite leafless as to their lower part, give them somewhat the appearance of a Palm. From the midst of these hang down the yellowish-green flowers, like so many waxen bells, diffusing a sweet, though faint, perfume. The berries, which are of a bluish-black colour, are poisonous to everything but birds; the roots and bark are very acrid, but not so intensely so as those of its relative, the Mezereon, which may also be met with wild. A little later on, this Shrub is rendered very beautiful by its purplish-lilac flower, which comes out whilst it is still leafless. Its scarlet berries are highly poisonous. The bark is used in some countries as a blister, whilst the still more acrid root is employed to cure toothache; great care has, however, to be exercised in its use, as, if held too long in the mouth, it produces inflammation; indeed, although most parts of the plant are used medicinally, they should never be touched in this way but by experienced hands. Mezereon possesses one excellent quality, for its branches yield a good yellow dye. It is a plant widely known, the French calling it *Laureole gentille*, the Italians *Laureola femina*, and the Persians *Madzaryoun*. Another curious and beautiful plant that we may include amongst the shrubs is the Butcher's Broom, so called because formerly butchers used its prickly branches to sweep their blocks. The most remarkable feature in this plant is the situation of the flower, the footstalk of which is so buried under the outer coating of the leaf, that it presents the remarkable appearance of a flower growing out of the surface of a leaf. The blossoms are small and of a yellowish-green colour, and the fertile ones are

succeeded by red berries, the size of small cherries, of a sweet and pleasant flavour, but of very questionable wholesomeness. The effect produced by these large and brilliant red berries amidst the evergreen leaves of the plant is rich and beautiful in the extreme.

Ascending yet another step, we come to the Yew, lately described, and now in bloom. One step higher still, and we are at the top, amongst the trees, where we find a few Willows coming into flower; as, however, we have much to say of this ornamental and useful group of trees we must leave them now, and spare a little space for our insect friends; of these but very few are now astir, although on a favourable day we may find a few Brimstone Butterflies, as well as those curious little creatures, the "Winter Moths." The great peculiarity of this family is the formation of the female, which has its wings but little developed; the Spring Usher has them in such a rudimentary form as to be barely discernible. Another pretty little brown creature is the Eggar, so named from the shape of its cocoon. Other lowly and humble friends are coming from their winter quarters;—for instance, Toads are beginning to "take their walks abroad;" Frogs are getting melodious, quite justifying their title of "Dutch Nightingales"—as a question of music, we are rather inclined to the birds that more commonly bear the honoured name, but it is, of course, a matter of taste; we may, however, be allowed to say this much, that of the "Dutch" variety we prefer one songster to any greater number.

On warm sunny days, Vipers (the only native venomous snake) crawl from their holes to bask in the sun. Although the bite of these creatures is sufficiently dangerous, especially to some constitutions, these snakes are more harmless than is commonly supposed, rarely, if ever, striking unless molested. In case of a bite, the best remedies are hot olive oil applied to the bite, with the internal use of olive oil and ammonia, or some strong stimulant such as brandy. One singular feature of the Viper (which may be known by the narrow neck and head, very broad at the back) is that it is a good swimmer. Field Crickets now open their holes, which have been closed for the winter, and the Woodlouse, and that tiny pest, the Flea, puts in an appearance; whilst the Spider's gossamer again begins to float in the air.

Our bird acquaintances are beginning to make themselves heard, indeed the Sparrow's chirp has indeed begun some time back. The Rooks, too, are getting very noisy, and very busy withal about their nests, one singular feature of which is the apparently extreme insecurity that they afford to the eggs; and yet, notwithstanding winds and storms, we rarely find any blown out, although this fate is not so uncommon in the case of the newly hatched birds. The Blue Titmouse now begins to utter its sharp creaking note, and the Yellow Hammer's short song is heard, as too may be the coo of the Wood Pigeon, and the sweet tone of the Goldfinch; neither is the Woodlark silent. Towards the end of the month, the Missel Thrush sings in the high trees, and by night may be heard the hoarse hoot of the Brown Owl. Such winter visitors as the Wild Goose and Swan now take departure, whilst one returns to his old haunts to build, we mean the rare but beautiful Raven.

Fit Bird to close our February Lesson, for does it not remind us of Him who "feeds the young Ravens that call upon Him"—

> "The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
> Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
> Nature is but a name for an effect,
> Whose cause is God. . . . . .
> . . . . . Whose designs
> No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
> And Whose beneficence no charge exhausts."

O LADY FAIR!

O LADY fair! O lady fair!
How glad that joyous smile!
Which on this wrinkled brow of care
Sheds brightness for a while;
In dimpled grace and beauty
Thou sittest, laughing still,
And in all of loving duty
Thou brav'st each good and ill.

O lady fair! O lady fair!
Let love and trust decay:
Thou, in thy gifts so great and rare,
Art a goodly Truth to-day!
Before thee Time, relenting,
Seems to withhold its token;
With thee, in fond consenting
Both vows and hearts are broken.

O lady fair! O lady fair!
Defend me from those eyes,
Which seem to greet me everywhere
With their deep and soft surprise.
In tenderness unuttered
Thou fill'st me with delight,
With syllables half-muttered—
With promises most bright!

O lady fair! O lady fair!
What boot earth's changes now?
The leaves are gone—the tree is bare—
Forgotten the Summer vow!
My Vision is but seeming,
And a haze—it fills the room,
As in that forgotten gleaming
I mind me of growing gloom.

O lady fair! O lady fair!
Be yet, as now thou art,
A Rest amid this worldly glare—
A Star still seen apart.
Oh! may that large and loving heart
Rule every grief and glee,
As lifelong hopes and joys depart,
And the spirit turns to thee.

O lady fair! O lady fair!
What mean these words of mine?
I think I see thee sitting there,
With that soft smile of thine!
O lady fair! O lady fair!
The shadows flit and fade:
The vision melts into dim air,—
Ended the Masquerade!

NEMO.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN ENGLAND.

A Lodge Lecture.

(*Continued from page* 354.)

IT has long ago been pointed out—however otherwise inexplicable is the fact in itself—that Jews and Syrians were permitted to work together at the erection of a temple to the Most High, at a time, too, when the Israelites were so markedly separated from all other nations in all matters relating to religious worship. From Palestine and from Greece, and from the East generally, these brotherhoods passed on to Rome, then not only the capital of the civilised world, but the meeting-place of all religious traditions, and from Rome have come down to us those well-known ceremonies, with that peculiar colouring which a Jewish tradition has given, and which has taken the place of all previous mysteries and all other forms of initiation and probation.

There seems to be plenty of evidence to prove the actual existence of Roman Colleges or Sodalities—Brotherhoods of Architects and Masons—who were governed by peculiar laws, and distinguished by mystic initiations and secret signs, who admitted honorary members, and relieved the wants of their brethren. First as Roman heathen Brotherhoods, and then as Roman Brotherhoods, when Christianity itself gained the upper hand, they surrounded the art they practised, and upheld the framework of that Brotherhood to which they belonged with the interest which ever attaches among men to what is ancient in authority or sacred in association, while they religiously kept both the secrets of their art and the traditions of their body from the knowledge of the common profane.

We have evidence in this country as far back as A.D. 56 of the existence, under the Roman Government, of the College of Masons, in votive tablets still existing at Chichester and Bath. Sir James Palgrave, in his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," also alludes to this subject in these words:—

"Each city contained various colleges, or companies, or guilds of traders and artificers, and if I were a Freemason—which I am not—I should perhaps be able to ascertain whether the Lodge of Antiquity at York is, as the members of the Craft say, a real scion from the Roman stock, existing through so many changes."

While a writer in 1788, in the "Archæologia," states that the Collegium or Corporation of the Roman Free Masons were the first joiners of ecclesiastical architecture into a regular and scientific system.

After the fall of the Roman Empire we have plenty of evidence to show us that these brotherhoods went on to Gaul, and Germany, and England, practising everywhere, as companies or guilds of Freemasons, under their own peculiar laws and customs and system, their useful and beneficent art, raising castles and municipal halls, and building churches and cathedrals and monasteries. Mr. Hope, in his very able Essay on Architecture, which some of us will probably have read, makes constant reference to the institution of the early Freemasons, and treats it, though a non-Mason, as an undoubted fact, on purely historical grounds. And it has long ago been observed, moreover, how very strikingly the first beginnings of Christianity in this country are always connected with the introduction of the civilising arts—architecture especially—and how with the great missionaries who came to tell us of the Bright Morning Star, like Augustine and Paulinus, came Roman masons to work Roman work—"Romanum opus," as it is called by the Chroniclers—to build afresh or to restore what the various invasions of Picts and Scots and Anglo-Saxons had left of the former works of the Roman sodalities in England.

Some of us will call to mind how uniformly Preston ascribes the prevalence of Free Masonry in this country in the early ages of Christianity to the introduction of masons, under certain leaders or heads—first under the Romans, by the Roman sodalities; then by the introduction of Roman masons by Augustine and Paulinus; then a little later under Wilfrid and the famous Benedict Biscops, by Roman masons from Rome; again,

under the great Alfred, by the introduction of foreign masons; and again, at the Norman Conquest, by the bringing of masons from Gaul.

We have been blamed, as Masons, for claiming among our founders and patrons St. Alban and St. Athelstan, and Edwin. And yet, after all, these traditions are probably quite correct, when looked at in connection with the operative guilds. We have evidence that Albanus, or St. Alban, went to Rome, and brought back masons, and built the town of St. Albans. Hence the early Masonic tradition, quoted by Preston, from one of our old charges, still extant, is probably quite true, and easily accounted for.

My learned friend Mr. Walbrow, the Editor of the "Chartularies of Fountains Abbey," pointed out to me years ago that St. Athelstan was the donor of most of the charters to the guilds of the north of England, and that he probably gave, as our traditions say, a charter to the early operative lodges.

Edwin, who is said to have got a charter for the Masons at York, though not his son, as he had none, and not likely, as his brother, who was early drowned at sea, to have been connected with the Craft—is, probably, as Mr. Walbrow suggests, the Edwin, King of Northumberland, who lived at Auldby, said to be the residence of the other Edwin, and who was baptized by Paulinus, and helped to build York Minster, Beverly Minster, and other places.

Traditionary statements like these, we must remember, connect themselves with a general system; and though in the main correct, yet it is easy to understand that particular events and passages require always to be carefully considered. That such a body as the operative Masons existed in this country, with their own customs and forms and secrets, may be proved, I think, in a variety of ways. We have first the evidence of non-Masonic writers. Mr. Hope, to whose admirable Essay on Architecture I have already alluded, treats it as a matter of fact; and so does Mr. Poole, in his History of Church Architecture. Thus, too, Mr. Smirke, in the "Archæologia," alludes as a fact to the incorporation of Masons in the 13th century. In the 15th vol. of "Archæologia" there is a communication respecting the builder of part of the Abbey Church of Romsey, and the inscription is said to refer to the Consul or Warden for the year of that set or company of Masons who planned and built the monastery;—for it is to be observed, the writer goes on to say, that all the buildings of any consequence erected in those days were undertaken by a set of regular Masons, bred up in that mystery or art—for the Society of Free Masons then existed.

Mr. Whittington, in his Essay, observes that from the first use of Gothic Architecture in the 12th to its completion in the 15th century, the improvements are owing to the munificence of the Church and the vast abilities of the Free Masons in the Middle Ages; while Mr. Gunn, in his work on Gothic Architecture, distinctly says:—"These immense works produced a host of artificers, out of whom, in imitation of the confraternities which for various purposes had existed from ancient times, companies were formed and schools erected. An oath of secrecy was administered to the novices—a veil of mystery pervaded their meetings, which, in an age when many were ignorant, conferred importance." And Mr. Dallaway, in his "History of Architecture," states that there were in the early part of the 12th century colleges of Masons at Strasburg and Cologne. In these conventions, he says, regulations were formed which were religiously preserved under the strong sanction of good faith and secrecy. All communications were oral. The Craft or mystery of Architects and operative Masons was involved in secrecy, by which a knowledge of their practice was carefully excluded from the acquirement of all who were not enrolled in their fraternity. While Mr. Gilbert Scott, in his "Gleanings from Westminster Abbey," alludes to the existence of a body or brotherhood, whether Royal Masons or Cathedral Masons, who worked together as a guild or order, and carried on all the buildings in this country. We have also authentic evidence of the existence of this operative body in the publication of the Fabric rolls of York Minster and of other great Cathedrals, as Westminster and Durham.

(To be Continued.)

AMABEL VAUGHAN.*

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "My Lord the King;" "The path of Life, an Allegory;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III,

TRINITY PARSONAGE.—REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD BLUE.

"VERY glad to see you," said the Vicar of Trinity Church, Camden Town, to young Seaton, as he sauntered in, looking very happy that evening. "Where is your friend," Mr. Brig added; "I thought you were coming together."

"Well," said Harry, after greeting Mabel with much *empressement*, "the fact is Fitzgerald had to go to see some publishers about a little volume of his just coming out. I believe it's a play, but he won't tell me, and I fancy it will be published anonymously, so we shan't know where to look for it."

"Ah! here he is to answer for himself," cried Mabel, as they sat down to tea, determined to wait no longer. "Now, Sir," she added, turning to him with bright flashing eyes, "and where have you been? I demand to know."

"Well, my fair cousin," Fitz replied gaily, "I've been on business,—business of the State, let us say, at all events it is no business"—of yours he was going to say, but it struck him it would be rude— "that would interest you;" he murmured, as he sank down carelessly by her side on the sofa, and accepted a cup of tea passed to him by Miss Griss, who presided behind an old-fashioned urn, and looked benignantly on all around.

"How do you know," said Mabel, archly; "of course I am interested in everything that interests you," she quietly added.

Mark looked across the table, where he was sitting, with just the shadow of the shade of jealousy passing swiftly over his handsome face; but instantly turned away and resumed his conversation with Miss Griss, and the words mammoth, mastodon, Troglodyte, might have been heard by any one listening as he discoursed learnedly for the delectation of that dear sapient old maid, upon some of the curiosities of geology and paleontology,—and I am afraid, rather poking fun at that elderly spinster.

The Vicar was looking over a lot of letters that had just come in by the post, having apologised with old-fashioned courtesy for opening them.

"Oh! Reginald," he said as he opened an envelope with a deep black border. "Here is another urgent letter from Mrs. Dawson. She says her boy will be 10 in January, and of course he cannot enter the Blue-coat School after that day. It is therefore very necessary that we should bestir ourselves if he is to be got in."

"Oh! Uncle, I do hope we shall get him a presentation: you see he is a sort of cousin of mine, this boy," Mabel urges, turning to Mark, "and they are so very poor."

Presently the tea things having been moved, Mabel sat herself down to the piano, and played and sang to them, and as Mark stood by her side and turned over the music, he said in a low voice, "and so you are going to-morrow."

"Yes, to-morrow," Mabel replied gaily. "Don't you think I have been here long enough," she added with a mischievous glance in her eye.

"I don't know. I can only say I, for one, shall be awfully sorry."

"Nonsense!" said Mabel rising, as she finished "Leoline" Blumenthals lovely song, which she had sung with exquisite feeling. "Nonsense! You will forget me in a month."

* Some exceptions having been taken to the "facts" of this story, we beg to remind our readers of the wonted claims of *Fiction*. As far as we know no personal reflections are intended.

"Never!" murmured Mark with passionate fervour; and as Mabel moved away towards her harp at the solicitation of her uncle, who begged for one more air on that grand instrument, which she played with much grace, he added, quoting the song just sung, "At all events I may sing:—

"'But we were friends, and only friends,
My sweet friend Leoline.'"

"But my name is not Leoline," Mabel said simply.

"You two young men were at Christ's Church together, I think?" interrupted the Vicar.

Mabel was glad of a respite,—she was afraid things were going too far for the present, for she could not but see that Mark was head and ears in love with her, and she was by no means sure of her own feelings.

"Oh, yes!" Mark said, "we were there at Hertford together in the same ward, and curiously enough, in the same ward in London also."

The Vicar sat silent for some time, and then Miss Griss reminded Mabel that they wanted her to play something on her favourite instrument; and Mabel, who was the soul of good nature, sat down at once, struck one or two chords, and then gave a lovely weird sonata of Beethoven, arranged for the harp,—which she played so exquisitely that it drew the tears from Mark's eyes;—he was passionately fond of music.

"Beautiful, my dear, beautiful," said Mr. Brig, as she finished; "and now we have, I am sure, troubled you enough; perhaps Mr. Seaton will sing something."

"Willingly," answered Mark, though after Miss Vaughan's performance I am not worth listening to. I will sing this if you like," he continued, after looking through a heap of songs; "you like Blumenthal, I fancy," and he selected the following, whether by design or not, I cannot say:—

"I think of thee in the night,
When all around is still,
And the moon comes out with her pale, sad light,
To sit on the lonely hill;
When the storms are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
Like thy spirit's low replies.

I think of thee by day
'Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud;
I hear thy soft, sad tone,
And thy young sweet smile I see;
My heart were all alone
But for its dreams of thee.'"

Mark had a fine baritone voice, and he sung the song with a depth of feeling there was no mistaking, at least by one fair listener.

"I like that very much," Mabel said dreamily as she rose from the piano, having accompanied him in the song at his earnest entreaty. "There is something mystical and rather sad about it, and I don't want to be sad to-night," she added with forced laughter, looking at her cousin, who was regarding the pair curiously.

"By Jove!" Fitz said, and laughed as he noticed that Miss Griss looked rather shocked.—"Beg your pardon, Aunt; I didn't intend to use that *dreadful exclamation*," he continued with a slight satirical tone, "but I just remembered, Mark, that to-day is Edward VI. birthday."

"Dear me!" Miss Griss exclaimed, "I had no notion you knew so much about history, my dear,—and pray what was there remarkable about Edward VI. birthday?"

"Nothing, Aunt, nothing. Only we had a holiday at Christ's Hospital, which, as all

the world knows, was founded by him, every 12th October on that account—and many a jolly day Mark and I had together; didn't we, Mark?"

"I believe you, my boy," was the response, as Mark laughingly imitated some comic actor—Paul Bedford, I think—who made that exclamation the refrain of a song in the old days. "Talking about holidays," the latter continued, "reminds me of Dawson. He was one of the monitors of our ward—Murch was the other, you will remember," he said turning to Fitz, who was talking to Mabel in an undertone.

"Well, they had a custom in our time—I don't know if it exists now—which will amuse Miss Griss, who is fond of music. All the beds were numbered, and we had from 40 to 50 beds in each ward. Well, when it was 50 days to the holidays, the boy whose number that was, had to sing a song in the lavatory before all the boys. If he couldn't sing, he was spread-eagled."

"And pray what is that?" asked Miss Griss with interest.

"Oh! nothing particular; the boy was laid across a form and thrashed with knotttd towels by the monitors—that was all."

"What a shame!" said Mabel indignantly.

"Oh, I got on all right. I sang my song when my turn came; but Fitz had a narrow squeak, and only got off his thrashing as he didn't know a song, through the kindheartedness of Murch, who knew that he stammered—which he did then—and said it would be a shame to spread-eagle that little fellow under the circumstances."

"As a matter of fact," the Vicar said, "I have understood that people who stammer often sing best."

"Do you remember our old dame, Mrs. Peters, Fitz? The boys had a habit of having little picnics under the beds, buying little wax candles, and lighting up when everybody was supposed to be asleep."

"What a dreadfully dangerous pastime," Miss Griss put in."

"Oh yes, I suppose it was; but then the boys liked that. Old Mother Peters used to come out of her room and say, 'Come out you beds from under them boys. I see you.'"

"Ah!" put in Fitz, "do you remember her and Wildish?"

"What was that?" enquired Mabel.

"Oh, Wildish was a queer fellow. When first I went up to London I suppose he thought I was rather green, for he collared me one day, saying, 'I say you fellow, have you just come up?'

"'Yes,' I said looking at him dubiously.

"'Well, how old are you?'

"'Nine,' I replied.

"'Ah! well the custom of the School is that every new boy shall break as many windows as he is years old!'

"'Is it?' I answered a little incredulously.

"'Certainly!' said Wildish. 'When I came up I was 13 (this by the way I don't believe), so I had to break 13 windows. Now you must break nine, but,' he added with great magnanimity, 'if you like I will do it for you.'

"I cheerfully assented to his proposition, and he broke them there and then!"

"You don't say so," said the Vicar, "was he not punished?"

"Well he would have been, only nobody caught him—he was a very wide-awake customer. One day when he was up in the ward old Mother Peters came out of her bedroom—she was rheumatic—and seeing him down below, looked over the balustrade coaxingly and said: 'Wildish do be a good boy now, and fetch the jug out of my sitting-room up here. Sarah's out, and I'm troubled with the rheumatics as you know.'

"Wildish coming out of the little room said, 'why there isn't a jug.'

"'Drat the boy,' the Dame replied, as she came grumbling down stairs; 'they're all alike—can't see anything.'

"'Now,' she continued triumphantly, as she lugged him into the room, 'don't go to tell any more lies, Wildish, there's the jug.'

"'That!' said Wildish, 'that!' pointing to the article in question; 'that isn't a jug, it's a mug!'

"'Now, Wildish, you know you are telling a story—and one lie always maintains another. You'll please to come with me to the Steward;' and with that she puts on her bonnet, and off she goes with him to Mr. Brooks, the Steward, a man we all respected, for he was thoroughly just as a rule, and flogged his own son as much as any one when he deserved it. They call the officer now who rules the boys out of School the Warden; but in our time it was the Steward," Fitz explained.

"'Please Sir,' she began, 'I asked Wildish here to go into my room, and fetch a jug for me, when he said there wasn't one there. I come down to invict him, rheumatic as I was, and showed him the werry article, which standing it was, Sir, on my sideboard against the silver candlesticks, which they was my mother's. 'That isn't a jug,' says he, 'it's a mug.' Now, Wildish, I says, don't speak no falsehoods I says—for one lie always maintains another; and as you know, Sir, a jug's a jug, and a mug's a mug, and if a jug's a mug, of course a mug must be a jug,—and I said to Wildish, one lie always maintains another, and you'll come down with me to the Steward.' Well, Mr. Brooks didn't seem to see much in it; but the old woman began again and told her story right through,—and I heard, 'a jug's a jug, and of course if a jug is a mug, a mug must be a jug, mustn't it, Sir!' until at last Mr. B.'s patience being exhausted, he gave Wildish six cakes just to get rid of the pair."

"Dear me," remarked Miss Griss, "what a kind man!"

"Very," said Fitz, drily; "but he didn't eat them."

"What does he mean, Mr. Seaton?" Mabel put in.

"Oh, cakes at Christ's Hospital is the slang term for cuts on the hand with a cane.

"Your astonishment reminds me of old Dr. R., who was head master at that time—and who committed suicide whilst I was there. He found out that caning bore that euphonious name; so he used to chaff the poor unfortunates who were sent up for six cakes,—and whilst they were writhing with pain, he would say pleasantly, 'Now hold out your hand, again, Sir. This is a *plummy* one; this is a *seedy* one; this is a *plain* one;' accompanying each phrase with a stroke which raised the blood marks all over the fellow's hand."

"Cruel!" remarked Miss Griss over her work.

"Wildish was the fellow who sent you down to the cook to have your mouth measured for a spoon, wasn't it, Fitz?—he has a large one, ladies, you observe."

"Yes; confound the fellow,—and didn't I get a tremendous box on the ears when I went down to the kitchen under the Great Hall for the first time, and told them what I was sent for?"

"Well, it wasn't any worse than sending that little Neale to the matron for a penny-worth of pigeon's milk," the latter remarked.

"Fitz, you must know," Mark said to Mabel, "was head of a band of singers there, Ethiopian serenaders, who used to shout out their ditties in the Grammar School, and chant away 'Uncle Ted,' 'Nelly Bly,' 'Man the Life Boat,' 'Row Brothers, row,' and a multitude of other songs of the period,—utterly regardless of the fact that they were in school and supposed to be hard at work over their Virgil or Ovid, Anacreon, or whoever was the author, Latin or Greek, whose works they were translating. The master of the fifth form, in which most of them were at that time, was as deaf as a post, and never heard their dulcet melody—and, as a matter of course, he was always prepared to swear that the harmony proceeded from no one in his classes.

"The other masters couldn't make it out, for where there are 500 boys in one room, it is rather difficult to single out half-a-dozen who may be singing. At last, one day, old T, another of the masters, who used always to say 'Fetch me the gravy spoon,' when he was going to cane anybody, came stalking up to Fitz, whom he thought he detected:—

"Now,' he said sternly, 'some one was singing; who was it?'

"Fitz looked up innocently from his book—he had been diligently parsing a minute before, but somehow or other it was upside down—and said, without hardly moving a muscle, 'Yes, there was someone singing. I think it was that red-headed boy at the end of the form in the Little Erasmus opposite" (the Little and Great Erasmus were

two classes of upper boys above the fifth form, and ranking next to the Deputy Grecians, he explained to Mabel)! and old T. went solemnly over and took that boy in to be caned by the head master for making a noise in school."

"What a shame," said Mabel laughingly at Fitz.

"Oh, it was all right," he answered; "he would be sure to deserve it next day, if he didn't then."

"Poor old S., our master, he was a nice old fellow—and we were awfully fond of him; but we used to make desperate fun of him on account of his deafness.

"I've often seen Fitz and other fellows go up to him in school, and say in an undertone, 'I say, S., you are an old fool, you know you are, now don't deny it,' or some impudence of that sort.

"Mr. S. would say mildly, putting his hand to his ear, 'Eh, what did you say!'

"'Please, Sir, may I go out into the quadrangle to see my friends.' 'Certainly,' he would say. Sometimes a shadow of suspicion would come over him, as it appeared the sentence first put was rather longer than the second,—and he would remark, 'Are you quite sure you said that.' 'Oh, dear, yes, Sir,' the boy would answer, with injured innocence depicted in his countenance.

"Sometimes he would order a boy into his study to be caned,—and another fellow would go in with an air of the greatest importance and say: 'If you please, Sir, there's one of the governors waiting in the Hall Cloisters, (the farthest from the School,) and he wants to see you.' Mr. S. would give a slight brush to his mortar-board, sweep the dust off his rather aged M.A. gown, and go off to see the gentleman, who it is needless to say was *non est inventus*.

"After wandering about for half-an-hour, he would come back disconsolate, muttering to himself that he supposed he must have missed the Governor somewhere, and wondering who he could be.

"Meanwhile, of course, he had forgotten all about the boy who was to be caned,—who got off for that day at least."

"Your recollections are amusing, though not altogether conducive to good morals," Miss Griss remarked mildly; "but why the gentleman should want to take a mortar-board with him when he went out, passes my comprehension."

"Perhaps it was because he was a h (odd) man," suggested Fitz.

Mabel laughed, and said it was a wretched pun, and quite unworthy of Reginald.

"My dear," Mr. Brig observed, smiling at his sister-in-law's remark, and reminded of his own Oxford days, "a mortar-board is a synonym for college cap."

"Slang, I suppose you mean," Miss Griss said drily. "I dislike slang very much."

"What an old humbug Fitz-George was," Mark began again, speaking of one of the writing-masters.

"Yes, he was a jolly old humbug," Fitz answered; "but I liked him very much. What stories that man used to tell!"

"You don't mean to say," Miss Griss interrupted, adjusting her spectacles, "that one of the master's actually was remarkable for telling falsehoods?"

"Not at all," Fitz replied, laughing, (though they were awful crammers, I verily believe, he added *sotto voce*); but he was a great anecdotist, and he used to say to his class: 'You've done that sum in compound interest or decimals very well,—and if you'll all keep quiet, I'll tell you a story; but mind,' he would add, 'the first boy who laughs will be caned.'

"Then he would tell us some Joe Miller, as old as the hills—and in order to give it a personal and fictitious interest, he would say the adventure, or whatever it was, happened to his own father,—which we, in our innocence, religiously believed. He was very funny; and some boy, whose sense of humour was rather keen, would completely forget himself, and burst out in a roar of laughter, that could be heard almost all over the School, in spite of the Babel of sound coming from 300 or 400 boys.

"Fitz-George would look up, take out his cane, solemnly call the boy up and thrash him then and there."

"How very dreadful," Mabel put in. "Fancy thrashing a boy who laughed at your own funny story."

"Well, you see," Fitz remarked, "the discipline of the School must be kept up,—and Fitz-George would probably have been called over the coals by the head writing master if the boys in his class made a row. Of course *he* would have no idea that he was telling the boys anecdotes instead of teaching them sums."

"Talking about Fitz-George—do you remember how he used always to point a moral to adorn his tale?" Fitz observed, seeing the ladies were apparently interested and amused with their recollections of the old School.

"Yes, I should think I did," Mark went on; "it seems only yesterday that old Tucker was out (out of the School he observed in explanation to Mabel). He was a lazy fellow, and never could work,—and I don't believe he got beyond the third form in the Grammar School when he left at fifteen—at which age all boys leave except the Mathemats. and Deps."

"I suppose they are Founders, kin," said Miss Griss who had heard from her brother of the privileges attaching to descendants of the Founders of the University Colleges, and fancied that these were names of people who had been great benefactors to the School.

"No," Mark explained; "I meant the Mathematical boys, whose School was founded by Charles II., and who bear a silver badge on their left shoulder as a mark of their position,—and the Deputy Grecians."

"Oh, indeed," Miss Griss observed. "I beg your pardon for interrupting," and she went on with her knitting sedulously.

"Well, old Fitz-George came in looking very important one morning, and after we had read our history, done our writing lesson, and were all seated round, ready for our sums, he went up to the black-board with a long piece of chalk (it was astonishing how beautifully he could write on that board with a lump of chalk) and wrote out a sum in duodecimals for our behoof, and then he said:—

"'You all remember Tucker, boys, who left the other day?'

"'Yes, Sir,' the boys chorussed.

"'Well, now, I met him in Newgate Street this morning, and he came up to me and said:—

"'Mr. Fitz-George, Sir, I very much regret that whilst I was under your able tuition I did not study more in order to better fit myself for the position I wish to occupy. I wish I had taken advantage of your admirable lessons in arithmetic and writing,—and I only hope the boys now under your care will be more industrious and painstaking, and more highly value your patient teaching.'

"The boys who knew Tucker very well, of course religiously believed that he used these very words, and left them as his last will and testament for the benefit of the class.

"'Indeed, Sir!' murmured Jacobs with well imitated reverent attention.

"'Yes, indeed!' Fitz-George added. 'But you all remember Tucker, and what sort of a boy he was. Well, now it was only the other day he came up to me at four o'clock. I was keeping the boys in because they had done their arithmetic very badly; and said he to me, doubling himself up as if he was suffering the most awful pain:—

"'*If you please, Sir, may I go out; I feel very bad;*' and here old Fitz-George imitated the suffering youngster like the best comic actor out.

"'Certainly, my boy, certainly, I said, for I felt sorry to see the boy in such pain.'

"'Well, three minutes afterwards, boys, I saw that young scamp baking potatoes under the fire at the end of the School room.'

"The conclusion of the Master's story was greeted with a loud guffaw from a youngster at the end of the form, who was ignorant, or who had forgotten the injunction as to untimely hilarity.

"'Who was that boy laughing," said Fitz-George sternly, 'send him up here,' and the poor innocent got four cakes for his pains."

"It seems to me your Masters were characters in their way," the Vicar remarked

"Yes," Fitz put in. "There was Mr. G., the head writing master, he had a nice old joke—several in fact—but there was one we always looked for, and always laughed at, young sycophants as we were.

"We used to ornament our copy books with red ink lines, which, beginning lightly, waxed thick in the middle and dwindled away at the end. We used to call them "swellers," —I suppose that is the phrase in caligraphy. Old G. did these of course beautifully, and he used to discourse learnedly about them, and about the right formation of the letters (we learnt German Text, and Old English, as well as the regular round hand, and Small Text), breaking off suddenly, if he saw a boy with a black eye—a rather frequent occurrence—by saying: 'Talking of swellers, who swelled your eye for you, you Sir,'

"The boys always tittered as if they thought it a splendid joke; and the guilty culprit invented a story to suit the occasion to account for the Wars of the Roses."

"Ah! I was on Mr. B.'s, the other chief writing master's side;" Mark observed.

"He was very good fun. Don't you remember when he was ill, and the Governors gave him a holiday, and it was said, paid his expenses for a trip to the East? Well, when he came back he was full of it, and he used to tell us of all he saw in Palestine,—and as he talked with a lisp, and was rather credulous, and as the boys imitated him to his face, we used to have rather fun over his anecdotes.

"'Do you know, boythe,'" he would say, 'I think I told you about going to the Holy Thepulchre and the Valley of Jehothophat, and all thothe interethting platheth.'

"'Thirtainly Thir," a boy would answer.

"'Well, one day, boythe, when I wath coming away I thaw a motht remarkable relic.'

"'Indeed, Thir!' another boy would say, with a look full of outward sympathy, but inward merriment.

"'Yeth, a motht remarkable relic; it wath offered to me, but I could not afford to buy it, though I thould have liked to prethent it to the Britith Mutheum. It wath a long pieth of bone with thome hairth or brithells on it; do you follow me, boythe?'

"'Thirtainly, Thir,' said the boys.

"'Well, what do you think it wath?'

"The boys guessed all sorts of things; but at last gave it up.

"'Do you give it up?' Mr. B. asked, as if it were a riddle.

"'Oh, thirtainly Thir,' said the boys.

"'Well,' said Mr. B., in a tone of great solemnity, '*It wath Thaint Johnth toothbruth*.'

"'Indeed,' said the boys, 'how very extraordinary.'

"And it was extraordinary, wasn't it?" Mark said, turning to Mabel, who laughed a pretty musical laugh, and observed that she couldn't believe anyone would tell such tales.

"You seem to have had some amusement even out of your Masters," the Vicar remarked. "By the way, how did they feed you there,—and how did you like the clothes,—and the absence of a hat."

"Oh, as to the matter of that I can't say much," Fitz answered. "The costume I liked, and I hate to wear a hat; but when we were there we were half starved, and that's a fact."

"You don't mean to say," Miss Griss observed, with a look of horror, "that the boys hadn't enough to eat?"

"I do, most emphatically," Fitz replied; "I know I never had a good meal all the time I was there. Did you, Mark?"

"Can't say I ever did," that worthy answered.

"Well, now tell us what you had."

"Oh, bread and milk for breakfast at eight—the milk sky-blue, and the cow with the iron tail being brought into requisition to a considerable extent."

"Dear me! dear me!" Miss Griss remarked with amazement. "Wonders will never cease. I never heard before of a cow with an iron tail."

"He means the pump, aunt," Mabel explained, very much diverted at her relatives remark, and her own superior knowledge of the meaning of her cousin's phraseology."

"Oh, indeed, Miss Griss said grimly, "I am not used to this enigmatical language."

"Well," Fitz continued, "I suppose we had about half a two-penny loaf for breakfast, and a basin of sky-blue, about three quarters full.

"Then for dinner at 1 o'clock the rule was, if I remember right, mutton on Monday—a slice about the size and thickness of the palm of your hand, and two or three potatoes, so judiciously steamed in their jackets that very often the boys couldn't eat them, they were so waxy and only par-boiled, and a piece of bread, half as much as one had for breakfast, and some small beer, that was so weak and so bad that the boys couldn't drink it, so it was at last discontinued—but we got nothing better instead, except the water, and that was good and cheap.

"At supper (we had no tea), which was at 6 o'clock, we had bread and cheese one night, and bread and butter another—the allowance of bread being the same as at breakfast—the cheese, single Gloucester I fancy, mostly what the boys called "waxy," and the butter in summer often rancid.

"We could have the beer if we liked for supper, too, brought up in big wooden "jacks" by the boys, who always wait on themselves—but, as a rule, they much preferred water. On Tuesdays for dinner the boys had rolly-polly currant pudding, which was not bad—but as one only had a thin slice of it with a little bread and butter (half the breakfast allowance) and no meat or vegetables, we felt rather hungry afterwards. Wednesday it was mutton again. Thursday boiled beef, I fancy. Friday, I think, mutton, and Saturday, pea soup and bread and butter, and no meat at all.

"Sunday it was hot roast beef with potatoes in winter, cold in summer with salad.

"But we never had enough, and it was, as a rule, very badly cooked, and worse carved. At the public suppers in Lent—then held on Sundays, but afterwards on Thursdays—a sight, by the way, very well worth seeing—we had the same as on other occasions, only the candles on the long tables were decorated, the butter was served to us in delicate little pats, and no doubt the British public thought the boys were having a little light refreshment before going to bed, having had a hearty dinner like most people do on Sundays."

"Well, I think," Mr. Brig remarked gravely, "that growing boys ought to have plenty of food, but I suppose, according to their age, they did have a regulated allowance."

"Not at all;" Fitz answered "the boy of ten and the boy of fifteen fared alike. I believe, after that age, those boys who still remained in the school as mathematical boys or Deputy Grecians, had a double allowance of bread, and the Grecians, of whom there were twelve (out of the one thousand) who are the head boys, and remain till they are twenty or twenty-one sometimes, and until they go to College, and who are young princes amongst the boys, have pretty much what they like."

"However, I must add," Fitz said, thinking of the possible advent of Mr. Brig's relative, young Dawson, in the blue coat, black velveteen breeches, and yellow stockings, of a Blue Coat boy, "I believe it is very different now to what it was in our days. There is less fighting, the boys are much better fed, they are drilled now, they have a splendid band (I heard them play the other day,) they have a cricket ground, and are cared for more in every other way than when I was there."

"Had I a boy myself, I should be very glad to get him into the School, which is one of the most glorious institutions of its kind in England, but I can't help saying that it ought to be removed into the country, the masters ought not to be non-resident, the Head Master ought to be the real head of the school, and it might be modernised with advantage in many ways."

"I learnt Latin, Greek, and French badly, whilst I was there. History was certainly read, but it was not taught. In geography we had about two lessons in the half year out of a book about the size of a rather thick tract, and of natural science we were taught absolutely nothing. Singing I was taught by Mr. Cooper, our organist (he was organist also to the Chapels Royal, I think), and drawing I also learnt."

"The Mathematical boys go to Court every year to show their drawings to the Queen, and on one occasion we stole little B's pads (he was the drawing master you know, and looked very funny in court dress with his spindle shanks.) I shall never forget how mad he was when the boys looked in at the carriage windows just as he drove off and remarked to each other audibly on the beauty of his legs."

Thus chatting, the evening slipped insensibly by, the young men made themselves very agreeable, so Mabel thought, and as they rose from supper, and bade their friends good night, Mark took occasion to say :—

"I hope we haven't prejudiced you against Christ's Hospital."

"Not at all," the vicar said, "and besides, so far as young Dawson is concerned, 'Beggars must not be choosers,' and we shall be glad if you can do anything for him."

"You may rely on me," Mark replied. "I will do my very utmost to secure him a nomination *for your sake,*" he added to Mabel, as he squeezed her hand at parting. I shall come and see you off to-morrow he concluded; and, wishing every one a cordial good-night he hastened away after Fitz, who was in a hurry for the cigar, which *les convenances* prevented his enjoying at Trinity Parsonage.

(*To be continued.*)

INSTALLATION ODE.

BLUE LODGE.

Written for the Masonic Column of the N.Y. "Dispatch," and dedicated to the Fraternity at Large.

BY BRO. CAPT. SAM. WHITING.

DEAR brothers of the "Mystic Tie," that binds all Masons' souls,
Where'er the glorious orb of days its golden chariot rolls.
The Master, with fraternal love, on this auspicious night,
Congratulates you, one and all, upon our prospects bright.

The order we are pledged to love, so noble and sublime,
Has been by sages well approv'd through all recorded time;
Most Worshipful King Solomon conceived the mighty plan
Of joining in fraternity the distant tribes of man.

That gorgeous temple which he built with such consummate skill
Was rear'd in "Silence," like the work of Nature soft and still;
And though that fabric is destroy'd, the world to-day is fill'd
With truths which, in Masonic hearts, were there so well instill'd.

Our motto claims the high regard of every noble mind,
And its observance knits us all more closely to our kind;
For what so well can sooth the heart of sorrowing Age or Youth
As these blest words: Fraternal Love, Relief and spotless Truth?

My brethren, if we treasure well the maxims taught us here,
And take for guide the Ritual which Masons all revere,
We shall e'n in our humble lives, shed lustre on the cause
Which inculcates obedience to God's most holy laws.

Oh, happy earth!—true type of Heav'n, when man to man shall be
A brother, friend, from petty strifes and all fierce passions free;
When Faith and Hope and Charity shall sway the Enlighten'd world,
And War's red banner never more again shall be unfurled.

Oh, may the Master of this lodge high precepts e'er instil,
And be endowed with grace and strength his chair to nobly fill!
And, like the rising sun which glows all radiant in the "East,"
May he attain his zenith height with light and strength increased!

The Worthy Brother in the "West," like to the setting sun,
May he in splendour sink to rest his course of duty run!
And may the "Junior," in the "South," like that bright orb of day,
Ne'er have a shadow to becloud his high meridian ray.

Dear brethren, let us ever meet "upon the level" here;
"Act by the plumb," and then we need have little cause to fear:
And when the final summons comes and bids us to prepare,
In Faith and Hope and Charity "we'll part upon the square."

Thus, brethren, when our mortal part in "cold obstruction" lies,
The soul shall enter the Grand Lodge beyond the starry skies,
And the Great Architect divine, by "signs" and "tokens" known,
Will welcome each among the host around th' Eternal Throne.
"So mote it be."

Review.

HEINRICH HEINE.

TIME, which heals many wounds and redresses many wrongs; Time, which reverses many judgments, and rehabilitates many reputations, is already favouring in relenting criticism, the memory of the great German Poet!

As a rule, in our humble opinion, contemporary criticism is not to be relied upon, inasmuch as it is affected and often warped by a thousand conflicting and passing influences. For instance, each age has its modes of thought, its fashions, its frames, its feelings, and—if you like—its empiricism and its mannerisms.

We are all of us, more than we are aware, afflicted by the clique or the "chic," the "vanity" of the age in which our lost is cast. But the posthumus judgment of an enlightened and impartial assessor whom we find in a subsequent generation, thinking, intellectual, and fair, mostly reverses the hasty dictum of the critic, or the partial appreciation of the censor of to-day.

There is a general, if hazy, idea, which clings to the name of Heinrich Heine. It is this,—that he is the embodiment of an intellectual unbeliever, of a witty revolutionist. And hence, except to the few who have had the courage and perseverance to master and realize the true facts of the case, his writings are almost a sealed book.

They form part of that "Index Expurgatorius" to which,—and even in Protestant England, as in non-Roman Catholic countries,—haste, and doubt, and stupidity,

and fanaticism have condemned not a few of the writings of older and later specialists!

But, as a fact, this theory in respect of Heinrich Heine is utterly incorrect "per se."

We say nothing of his political professions, (for they would not suit our pages,) and it is probable that as they were Heine's own, few in England would care to know much about them, or would be likely to agree with them. But this we may remark, that over Heine, or over most people, there seems to have come a softening influence of life and experience, and as he incurred the wrath of his early political friends, for what they termed his recreancy and apostacy, he had probably discarded the more violent opinions of his youth.

We, in England, hardly make sufficient allowance, perhaps, for what is the license of subjective opinion on the Continent with respect to such questions, often so difficult, moreover, be it remembered, from the very nature of the case. In England we are accustomed to dub with the name of "revolutionary" what is, in truth, a seeking after Constitutionalism, which is so familiar to us from long possession, that we hardly sufficiently realize its value to others, or its difficulty of attainment. Of course there are those who imbibe views destructive of all civil order and all social policy, but such dreamers we do not take into account, and Heine had long parted with such extreme notions, (if he ever truly held them,) as it seems by a verse quoted, and probably translated, by Lord Houghton:—

> "I would to God I had never met
> That butterfly! that false coquette!
> With her winning ways, and wanton "taille,"
> The fair, the fair, the false "canaille!'"

Heine's, too, was an exceptional case. He lived at a time when the seething turmoil of opinion seemed to boil up like a Geyser spring, around the minds of the thoughtful and serious. The old-world views and dicta had received a great shock, and the disciples of free thought had gained an hearing. Hence Heine was precipitated easily into that conflict, which would necessarily arise in Germany as between the ideas and views of great change, and the actual facts of the case—things as they really were.

Had Heine lived in our days, it is certain that his would have been a very philosophical and conservative, (in no party sense,) view of affairs!

And while, then, we do not profess to share in, or even explain, his political views, or to go any way with the license of his language, we need not, we think, consider such words a bar to our enjoyment of the works of a great thinker, the "outcome" of a vast and remarkable mind.

As regards his religion, Heine has been equally misunderstood. He is often said to be an unbeliever—he was always, we fancy, nay we feel sure, a pure Hebraic Theist.

A Jew by family and birth and tradition, he was brought up in Roman Catholic schools, and professed Lutherianism! A good example, perhaps, of the then German Indifferentism! All through his life he had a grave mental struggle between his acquired and professed faiths and his mother creed, tinctured as his abstract and concrete theories ever were, by an intense "cultus" of Heathendom, Greece especially. But he held certain great truths, lovingly all through, and clung to them firmly to the last.

Talking of the Bible, for instance, he says: "It is God's work . . . . it is the word of God, that, and no more." This is one of the landmarks of Heine's faith which constitute an impassable gulph as between himself and German Rationalism and Gallic Infidelity.

We find in all his poems a belief in God, and we observe a trust in immortality.

That he was what we should call "orthodox" we are not contending, but only that the popular view of Heine is absolutely erroneous. Lord Houghton in his touching monograph gives us a wondrous description of his later hours, his endurance of pain and the ravages of decay; and we have the highest and most affecting

tribute from an affectionate and sympathetic eye-witness, of his courage and his wit, and his tenderness and his trust, even to the last scene of all.

That his works will ever be very popular in England, we do not think. There is something in Heine which seems at times to repel, to make us doubt alike the meaning and the actuality of his words, and we can at the best but master his golden thoughts through the medium of a translation which, however skilful, is not "the original."

We give two or three specimens of Heine's German poems, and we leave them, despite a weak translation, to the careful consideration of our readers.

We may state that the heroine of this first charming poem is the lady to whose truly touching words Lord Houghton's admirable monograph owes much of its extreme affectiveness :—

WENN ICH AN DEINEM HAUSE.

When by thy house in the morning
By-passing, I wander me,
It rejoices me, little dear one,
When I thee at the window see !

With thy dark brown eyes a-gazing,
Thou scemest me to scan—
Who art thou ? and, what would'st thou,
Oh, strange, and ailing man ?

I am a German Poet,
In German-land well famed,
And when they name the best of names,
There will then mine be named.

And what I want, oh, little one,
Want many Germans the same ;
And when they name the greatest grief,
Mine also will have a name !

WIE DER MOND SICH LEUCHTEND DRANGET.

As the moon in brightness presses
Through the dimmer clouds of night,
There gleams from out of darker hours,
For me a picture full of light.

On the deck we all were sitting,
Sailing proudly down the Rhine,
And the banks in summer verdure
Glow in evening's sunny shine.

At a dear lady's feet I sat me
Musing, she was full of grace,
While played the red and golden sunshine
On her clear and classic face.

Lutes were ringing, lads were singing,
Marvellous festivity,
The blue sky seemed even bluer,
Greater the Soul's immensity.

Like a legend, hill and castle,
Green and wood went swiftly by,
And the whole I saw there gleaming
In that gracious lady's eye.

DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME.

Like unto a fair flower
So sweet and pure thou art;
I look on thee, and sadness,
Steals straight unto my heart.

I feel as if I gently laid
My hands upon thy hair,
Praying that God would keep thee
Thus pure, and sweet, and fair.

ICH HABE, IM TRAUM GEWEINET.

I wept, alas, in my dream,
For I dreamt thou wert in thy grave,
I awoke, and my flowing tears
Did still my pale cheeks lave.

I wept, alas, in my dream,
That thou hadst forsaken me;
I awoke, and still I wept me
Both long and bitterly.

I wept, alas, in my dream,
Though I dreamt thou wert true to me;
I awoke, and my flood of tears
Still was streaming down for thee.

DER RUNENSTEIN.

I sat me down with my dreams,
Where the Rune stone appears in the sea,
The wind it pipes, the sea-gulls mew,
The waves curl and foam in glee.

I have loved full many a charming girl,
And many a trusty mate;
Where are they gone? The wind it passes,
The waves curl and foam in state.

From that charming little work, "Flowers from Fatherland," so ably edited by Bro. the Rev. Geo. Coltman, Mr. Trotter, and M. A. Adam, M.D., we find translated by Mr. Adam the pleasant and well-known "Herz, Mein Herz, sei Nicht Beklommen," which is generally known amongst us as—

HEART, MY HEART.

Heart, my heart, be not thus troubled,
Bear thy lot, though hard it be,
For what winter takes from thee,
Spring shall give thee back redoubled.

And how much is left to cheer thee ;
And the world is still as fair !
All that now delightest thee,
Thou may'st love, so do not fear thee.

We have given but a very few specimens of Heine's poems, but such as they are they may lead some of our readers to study him for themselves.

We have not touched, for obvious reasons, on his more political or sarcastic verses, and, of course, not at all on his prose ! We think that any who want to understand what Heine is, and what under more favourable circumstances he might have been, should carefully read Heine in the original ! We took up Heine with mistrust—we laid him down with admiration. It is with him as if you are visiting a strange country, against which you have been prejudiced ; after a little you will rub your eyes, as if awaking from a dream—you find you have been misinformed and mystified.

Your previous doubts become abiding interest, your unfavourable prepossessions hearty applause.

So it is with Heine—the more you know of him the more you feel with him, the more you appreciate, the more you like, the more you pity him ! As Lord Houghton so truly says :—"The humour which abounded within him flowed over the whole surface of nature, and left no place for arid ridicule and barren scorn ; it fertilized all it touched with its inherent poetry, and the productive sympathy of mankind manifests itself in the large crop of his imitators who have sprung up not only in Germany but other countries. Many a page of modern political satire rests upon a phrase of Heine ; many a stanza, many a poem germinates from a single line of his verses. The forms of wit which he invented are used by those who never heard his name, and yet that name already belongs to the literature of Europe. The personal tragedy of his last years adds a solemn chapter to the chronicle of the disasters of genius, and the recollection of the afflictions of 'the living shade of the Champs Elysées' will mitigate the judgment of censorious criticism, and tinge with melancholy associations the brightest and liveliest of his works."

If these unpolished words of ours will induce any one to study Heine for themselves our task will be achieved.

We wish them all enjoyment in their pleasant labour, and we can almost with a certainty predict the result.

ANCIENT LIBRARIES.

THE true history of ancient libraries has probably yet to be written. We look on all such works as these, as well as other similar productions, as tentative experiments towards a truer consummation—a "magnum opus," indeed. For it is quite clear that, despite the prejudices and perverted traditions of political antipathy or religious ardour, the libraries of the past played a much more conspicuous part in the history of early civilisation and the maintenance of learning, the development of science, the progress of the arts, than has been yet generally realized or sufficiently acknowledged. Time, which, though it may be indeed, and is, "edax rerum," is yet lifting up gradually, so to say, the veil which interest or ignorance has cast over the facts and features of the

* Nouveaux Melanges d'Archeologie d'Histoire et le Litterature sur le Moyen Age—se Collection Publice parle. Par. Ch. Cahier. Paris : Firmin, Didot, et Cie. 1877.

past. We begin to see that we have taken too much for granted, that we have listened often far too credulously to the unverified assertions of unreliable chroniclers, or that twisted evidence which party spirit or religious antagonism have offered to us abundantly and dogmatically in lieu of historical accuracy and evidential truth. Like the sleeper awakened, we rub our eyes, we scratch our heads, and we wake up from a pleasant if deceptive dream. In nothing is this statement so true as regards the libraries of ancient times. We have a general hazy tradition on the subject, but we know nothing distinctly, and accept nothing certainly. We fix upon certain epochs, so to say, of national, of cosmopolitan life, and we decline to travel beyond their "record," to move out of the "groove" which prejudice, or custom, or perversity of individualism have made us accept as the one true path; and thus it comes to pass that even in 1878 in many things we have to go back to first principles, to lay down carefully-attested facts, if we wish to find truth instead of error, honesty instead of prejudice, reality instead of moonshine.

We quite agree with the able reviewer in the *Times*, when he uses the words which follow: "The brunt of the question is contained in the title M. Cahier gives to the essay with which he opens the subject of Libraries—'Le Christianisme a-t-il nui au développement des connaissances humains, ou du moins à certaines Sciences?' We may be excused from following our very erudite author into his discussion of a polemic, so long passed away, upon such matters as the speculations of the Fathers of the Church, and other ecclesiastical writers after them, as to the form of the heavens and the number of them, whether the earth is an illimitable plain, a disc, or a sphere, and what was meant by the "waters under the earth." Curious as are these gropings of the dark ages in regions which science has long made clear to us, and involving necessarily a vast expenditure of learned research, it is not to them that we look for the merits of the Middle Ages, but rather to the fostering of art, poetry, and literature, which was so largely due to the Church and to those schools which grew up around the cathedrals and convents. It would be ignoble in those who have since come to differ in matters of faith and conviction from "the Fathers" and their successors, to repudiate the debt or withhold the fullest esteem for the care and love of books which led them to collect and preserve the classics both of Pagan and ecclesiastical literature. It is true that Pagan civilisation did furnish such examples, among others, as the famous Ptolemaic library of Alexandria, with its 700,000 manuscripts, the plan of arrangement for which is said to have been given to one of the Ptolemies by Aristotle himself; but M. Cahier claims with justice that it was not the State but the Christian Church which first made the library a centre of instruction and education. In heathen days there were no schools connected with the public libraries, and the use of the library was not in the education of the people, but for the reference of eminent scholars. Of course, the word "*schola*" does not always mean a place where teaching is carried on; thus, the "English school" at Rome –founded by the Saxon king Ina, and which Alfred endowed or destroyed by fire in 816—was simply a college or hospital for the resort of English pilgrims. Still, M. Cahier points to the fact that such was the system of instruction in England, as far as it went, carried on by the monasteries, that the Norman conquerors took advantage of it to teach the French language to the people. The vast amount of copying that went on in these places under the clergy was very different from that of the ancient Roman scribes—it was not mechanical, but to a great extent required the knowledge of languages in translating and collating. Thus it was constantly followed by the greatest scholars as a labour of love, and by such eminent churchmen as St. Jerome and St. Dunstan, and especially by those remarkable men of the Ancient Christian Church in Ireland to whom we owe some of the most precious and beautiful works of palæographic art—St. Columba, St. Gall, founder of the monastery of the name, St. Kilian, the apostle of Franconia, and many others. M. Cahier calls ancient Erin the depositary of Druidical science, and whatever that may have been, there is no doubt as to the great antiquity and originality of the Celtic style of ornamented writings, and its distinction from anything in the early Italian manuscripts; while the MSS. of two centuries later, at least, sent by Gregory through St. Augustine—one in the Bodleian, the

other in Corpus Christi Library, Cambridge—are seen to be destitute of ornament. M. Cahier considers Ireland was known as the Isle of Saints and learned men so early as the 5th century. Numbers of students went from the Continent there to learn Greek and Latin, and many monasteries, with their libraries, were established at various places on the Continent by Irish monks—at Brabant, Verdun, Ratisbon, Wurzburg, Erfurth, Cologne, Vienna, Bobbio, in Italy, &c., which were called "Monasteria Scotorum," and some of which still exist. During the Carlovingian period there was a complete inundation of Irish scholars over the whole Frank Empire.

"These ancient libraries were by no means confined to the liturgies, psalters, lectionaries, acts of martyrs, homilies, catechisms, and versions of the sacred Scriptures, they contained very generally copies of the works of profane writers upon history, philosophy, and poetry. There were commonly two libraries attached to a church or convent—one within the sacred building, consisting of ecclesiastical and ascetic writings, the other kept separate, and without the walls, for secular writings. From the curious catalogue of the library at York, written in Latin verse, in the 8th century, and attributed to Alcuin, then the keeper, who was afterwards engaged by Charlemagne to collate the text of the Bible. M. Cahier gives a long quotation showing that secular authors were sedulously collected and preserved, in which, among many lines, including names of the Fathers and writers of the Church, occur these:

> "Historici veteres, Pompeius! Plinius, ipse,
> Acer Aristoteles, rhetor quoque Tullius ingens."

It may be well to note here that the existence of such libraries have been often gravely snubbed and perversely and ignorantly undervalued. But as the writer of this interesting work points out, and as is well shown by the reviewer, "to York and the neighbouring libraries of Durham and Beverly, as well as others in England, great numbers of manuscripts were sent from all parts of the Continent to be transcribed and for safe preservation. But, unfortunately, as M. Cahier laments, this only afforded the barbarous Danes the opportunity that Caligula wished for, of destroying a multitude at a single blow. We may rejoice, at any rate, over some few splendid examples still preserved in our universities and museums, such as the Lindisfarne Gospels and others in the British Museum, the Book of Kells in Trinity College, Dublin, the Gospels of MacDurnan in Lambeth Palace Library. The list of libraries destroyed by fire in barbarous times in England alone is a long and sad one indeed; but M. Cahier insists that it was not only in the dark ages that libraries were destroyed or dispersed. He reminds us that at the suppression of the monasteries Leland, the librarian of Henry VIII., speaks of Peterborough library, with its 1700 MSS.; of the Cistercian library in London, 129 ft. long, well filled with books; and that of Wells, so large as to have 25 windows on each side. But in this list we find the names of many towns which have, we fear, long lost all traces of their libraries—Abingdon, St. Albans, Abergavenny, Jarrow, Malmesbury, Shrewsbury, &c."

We are also well reminded that in addition to much interesting matter on all these various heads, much information is given to us in M. Cahier's work. "In reference to the discipline and management of the schools and the 'Scriptoria,' in which the copying was carried on, M. Cahier quotes Ordericus Vitalis, the well-known monkish chronicler of the 13th century, who states that in the Abbey of St. Evroul, at the end of the 11th century, many children and young people were taught to read and write under strict rules, and that the Abbot himself prepared the wax tablets on which they wrote. Parchment was too costly and paper was not invented, so that those tablets were used like our modern slates by those who were learning to write, and the surface was easily renewed by melting. Vellum and parchment were highly valued, and reserved only for the expert writers. In the 'Rouleaux des Morts' of the Monastery of Nieul-sur-Autize, an enthusiastic calligraphist had written:

> "Vilior est humana caro quam pellis ovina:
> Extrahitur pellis et scribitur intus et extra;
> Si moriatur homo, moritur caro, pellis et ossa."

Now we might prolong these extracts, but we think it better to drop the pen for to-day, as we may be tempted to refer to another branch of the subject in our next number. Let it suffice us to bear in mind what we too often forget—that we owe the preservation of all learning amongst us to these very libraries—of darker days, if you will. We should not, then, in our estimate of the advance of literature and the preservation of books, ever forget these ancient collections, in which literature was alike preserved and advanced, and which constitute a most material element alike in the history of civilisation and the progress of the human race.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(*Continued from page* 340.)

BUT an actual Messiah, according to his own profession, appeared in the world above a century after Christ, in whom it was believed by many of the Jews that the ancient prophecies were fulfilled. This was the famous impostor named Bar-Cochebas, whose rapid success and sanguinary devastations through all Palestine and Syria filled Rome itself with alarm and astonishment. In this barbarian, so well calculated by his cruelty to be the Messiah, according to the perverted conceptions of the Jews, Akiba declared that prophecy of Balaam, "A Star shall rise out of Jacob," was accomplished. Hence the impostor took his name of Bar-Cochebas, which means the Son of the Star; and Akiba not only publicly anointed him King of the Jews and placed an imperial diadem upon his head, but followed him to the field at the head of four and twenty thousand of his disciples, and acted in the capacity of master of his horse. To crush this dangerous insurrection, which happened in the reign of the Emperor Adrian, Julius Severus, Prefect of Britain, one of the greatest commanders of the age, was recalled and despatched from Rome, who retook Jerusalem, burnt it to the ground, and sowed the ruins with salt.*

A star, in the prophetical writings, denoted a prince or priest, both of which titles agree perfectly with the antetype; and the above prophets describe the regal dignity by the symbol of a Sceptre, as well as a Star.† Hence the Star mentioned by Balaam, and the Law-giver bearing the kingly Sceptre as an emblem of dominion, mentioned by Jacob, evidently refer to one and the same person.

If this reasoning have any foundation in truth, there can be no wonder at the anxiety displayed by mankind, in the first ages of the world, to become acquainted with the celestial appearances, that they might ascertain, with some degree of accuracy, the expected sign of the Redeemer's advent; for each patriarch cherished the hope of witnessing that great event.

It is well known that the science of astronomy was practised by the posterity of Seth, and they soon found the study of the laws and motions of the heavenly bodies to be a pursuit which expanded the mind, and led it from the contemplation of the most magnificent objects of the creation up to the Almighty Creator. The sun, moon, and planets were regarded as so many manifestations of the unbounded power and goodness of God in constructing the vast machine for the service of man.

* Maur. Ind. Aut., vol. iv., p. 551.
† Gen. xlix. 10; Numb. xxiv. 17.

"According to the account of Maimonides, as given in the More Nevoachiur, the Tsabeans acknowledged the existence of a Supreme God. This mighty and ineffable Being they supposed to dwell in eternal glory, inaccessible and invisible. Innumerable spiritual natures had emanated, it was imagined, from the divine essence; and these, in countless myriads, peopled the universe, and ministered to the will, as they were instructed by the wisdom of the deity. The sun and stars were first considered the emblems of God and of the angels who govern the world, and who preserve the order of nature, under the control of their omnipotent king. In process of time, however, the types came to be mistaken by the populace for the prototypes. The invisible God was forgotten, with all the spiritual agents that execute His will, and the stars and the elements, unconscious of the honour, were elevated to the rank of deities by the degraded understandings and the misguided imaginations of men."*

Under these circumstances the study of astronomy became a favourite employment, and every new discovery tended to strengthen their belief in the universal attributes of the deity. They looked anxiously for the promised Deliverer whose appearance was to be heralded by some celestial confirmation, and it was faith in him that translated Enoch, the last eminent astronomer of the antediluvian world, to heaven, without experiencing the pains of death.

This great and good man was identified by the Egyptians with our Hermes, under the surname of Trismegistus, who is said to have projected the zodiac, discovered the true course of the planets, pointed out to his followers the necessity of worshipping the deities represented by these luminous orbs, and exhorted them to wait patiently for the fulfilment of the promise made to their great progenitor.

It was the concurrent belief of the ancient world that Enoch engraved on two pillars the science of astronomy, including the great Promise, that it might never be forgotten, and that a knowledge of the astral sign of it might survive any great convulsion of nature, and thus be transmitted to posterity, even though the whole race of men should perish, and the earth be peopled by a new creation.

Thus was the tradition of a Deliverer transmitted from the fall to the deluge; and if, according to the theory of Whiston, that great event was produced by means of a comet, the belief in astral influences would be strengthened, and the propriety of worshipping the host of heaven in the way of propitiation confirmed.

There are reasons for believing that Cain and his descendants, having observed the predilection of the pious race to the science of astronomy, entertained an opinion that it contained some mysterious power of communication with the Most High, in which they were forbidden to participate. Hence, after the deluge, the sons of Noah became acquainted with the Promise and its attendant signs. Nimrod or Belus, the grandson of Hacer, with his two associates Cush and Phut, founded a splendid superstition on astronomical principles, which he veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, embodying a few important traditions connected with the salvation of man that had been acquired by his progenitors before the flood; and it rivalled, and ultimately superseded and swallowed up the original system of pure and holy worship commended and practised by the patriarch Noah. His subjects became famous for their astronomical knowledge, and formed many clusters of stars into constellations, painting in the heavens a plain description of the process of initiation into the mysteries, together with the great historical and prophetical facts which were intended to be perpetuated; and the record remains unchanged to the present day.

Prideaux observes that "the true religion which Noah taught his posterity was that which Abraham practised: the worshipping of one God, the Supreme Governour of all things, through a Mediator. Men could not determine what essence contained this power of mediation, no clear revelation being then made of the Mediator whom God appointed; because, as yet he had not been manifested to the world, they took upon them to address him by mediators of their own choosing; and their notion of the sun, moon, and stars being that they were habitations of Intelligences which animated the

* Drummond. Origines. vol. iii. p. 414.

orbs in the same manner as the soul animates the body of man, and were causes of their motion, and that these Intelligences were of a middle sort between God and them, and therefore, the planets being the nearest of all the heavenly bodies, and generally looked on to have the greatest influence in the natural world, they made choice of them in the first place as their God's mediators, who were to mediate with the Supreme God for them, and to preserve for them the mercies and favours which they prayed for."

These opinions make a near approach to the hypothesis that the study of astronomy originated in a tradition of a Mediator or Deliverer, whose advent should be announced to the world by the appearance of a remarkable Star; and the Sabian worship arose from mistaking the sun, which was the most magnificent planet in the sphere, for this predicted Star, whence Zeratusht, the Persian mystagogue, denominated the Sun *Mesouraneo*, the Mediator, and adopted the circle—a perfect figure without either beginning or end—as its symbol. And the Egyptians arriving at the same result, used the same hieroglyphic or emblem, which is accordingly found in the anaglyph under our consideration, to which they appended the serpent as a symbol of the Redeemer who should save mankind from the effects of sin.

It was for this reason that Moses, who was learned in all the mysteries of Egypt, made the serpent "a type of Jesus, to show that he was to die, and then that He, whom they thought to be dead, was to give life to others, in the type of those that fell in Israel. For God caused all sorts of serpents to bite them, and they died; forasmuch as by a serpent transgression began in Eve, that so he might convince them that for their transgressions they shall be delivered into the pain of death. Moses then, who had commanded them, saying, why ye shall not make to yourselves any graven or molten image to be your God, now did so himself, that he might represent to them the figure of the Lord Jesus. For he made a Brazen Serpent, and set it up on high, and called the people together by a proclamation. Where being come they intreated Moses that he would make an atonement for them, and pray that they might be healed. Then Moses spake unto them, saying: When any one among you shall be bitten, let him come unto the Serpent that is set upon the pole, and let him assuredly trust in him, that though he be dead, yet he is able to give life, and presently he shall be saved; and so they did. See therefore how here also you have in this the glory of Jesus, and that in him, and to him, are all things."*

Thus it appears that while they enjoyed some knowledge of the fact they erred in its interpretation, by ascribing power and influence to the heavenly bodies, a belief which eventually absorbed all ideas of a superior Intelligence, and enfeebled the knowledge which they professed to entertain. This idea survived the empire of idolatry, and has had its believers in every age of Christianity, even amongst the chief expounders of religion. As witness Grostete, Bishop of Lincoln; Tostatus, Bishop of Avila; Albertus Magnus, who made an entire man of brass, under several aspects and constellations, each member of the body being formed under some particular planet, and marked with its sign. This figure communicated to its master everything he wanted to know, whether past, present, or to come.

It should appear that some such belief was prevalent even amongst the holy patriarchs, and those pastoral tribes which adhered to the true faith, for many of them thought that a peculiar configuration of the stars was capable of pointing out, if not of influencing, future events. Thus in the case of Joseph. He told his brethren, and said: "Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and behold, the sun, and the moon, and eleven stars, made obeisance to me. And he told it to his father, and to his brethren; and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I, and thy mother, and thy brethren, indeed come to bow down ourselves to the earth? And his brethren envied him, but his father observed the saying."†

(To be Continued.)

* Epis. St. Barn., xii. † Gen. xxxvii. 9—11.

LOST AND SAVED; OR NELLIE POWERS THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. IV.

NOW that the "Sparkling Sea" is far out on the Atlantic Ocean, we will go back and relate a few incidents that occurred some years before the opening of our story, and which will serve to throw light on some of the characters that are closely connected with our narrative in the future.

Charles Graham and Henry Powers were cousins and fast friends. They entered the West Point Academy at the same time, and graduated within a class of each other. Not particularly desiring a military career they resigned their commissions and entered into business life. The war with the Indians on the frontier of Mexico again awakened their military spirits, and they were each assigned a captaincy in the volunteers, and ordered to the seat of war.

While their regiment was encamped on the borders of Texas, they became intimately acquainted with the family of Colonel LeGrand DeForest. The Colonel was an old soldier, and his title was his old regular army title. He delighted in honoring his residence with military personages. The Colonel had a beautiful daughter, and Captain Powers and Captain Graham, who were among the frequent visitors at the house, being handsome young men, and she of a coquettish nature, received more than their share of her attention. Being susceptible to the wiles of beauty, they both, before many weeks, found themselves in love with fair Gertrude, and laid their hearts and happiness at her feet. Henry Powers being the most genial and unassuming of the two cousins, made the most impression on Gertrude's affections, and before the regiment left for the front she was his betrothed bride. From that time forward an enmity sprang up between the cousins, which broke out in an open rupture at a social gathering of the officers of the regiment, where wine flowed freely, and cards was the exciting game. Captain Graham accused his brother officer of unfair play, and from words they came to blows, and the result was a challenge.

The party met and fought—Captain Graham received a wound which shattered his arm, and subsequently necessitated amputation.

The wounded duelist was from a proud Southern family and of a revengeful spirit. He now hated his successful rival with all the animosity of his nature, and took an oath of eternal vengeance against his once fast friend, and the woman who had rejected his love.

After the war Captain Powers married, settled in a pleasant village in Missouri, and became financially interested in the Overland Stage and Express Co. Everything he touched seemed to turn into money. The tide of immigration setting further westward and a chance for speculation opening near Santa Fé, in New Mexico, Mr. Powers moved his family thence, and took up his residence on a beautiful piece of land on the outskirts of the city.

Shortly after midnight, about a year after Henry Powers had settled in his new place, a band of marauders visited his estate, and setting fire to his home attempted to abduct his wife and child. Henry Powers, from the door of his house, fired into the band, killing the leader; whereupon the rest fled. On removing the disguises of the dead man he was found to be Charles Graham, his old friend and later enemy.

It was afterwards learned that after the war had ended, Charles Graham had married and settled in Texas, where he soon gave himself up to all manner of vice and intemperance, and finally moving to New Mexico had become the leader of a band of

highwaymen, and in taking advantage of his opportunity to avenge his old wrong he had met his death.

After this disaster, and after burying his child, which had died from the exposure on the night of the fire, Henry Powers moved into Nebraska, and again began life anew. After a few years he prospered—another child, a daughter, blessed his home, and peace and plenty smiled upon him. He became interested in the Methodist societies, which were at that time so numerous in the Western country, and took a leading part in their services. About this time he was harassed by a son of his old enemy, who had reached manhood and inherited all the evil passions of his father, added to a lasting hate against the cause of his father's death.

These embarrassments came in the form of letters, threatening death and the burning of his property, provided the writer was not furnished with certain sums of money mentioned in the messages.

Henry Powers gave these threats very little attention, but they were carried out in part, and he was again rendered destitute by the loss of his home.

After endeavouring, unsuccessfully, to apprehend the cause of his misery, he became disconsolate, and desired to leave the scenes that had become so embittered in his memory. He accepted an offer for the position of missionary of the Methodist Church in the Sandwich Islands, and after settling his affairs, and placing his daughter in the care of some relatives to be educated, he sailed for his new home and assumed his new duties.

The son of Charles Graham, after firing the residence of his father's enemy, fled to the seaport, and shipped aboard an East Indiaman, and thereafter followed the fortunes of a sailor.

About the time of the opening of our narrative he had returned from a long voyage, and while the vessel lay at the dock he had became acquainted with the coachman of the owner and had walked up town with him.

In the course of his remarks, the coachman related a conversation he had heard in the coach the day before, when driving his mistress to the depot.

"How strange they should have gone off and left their child in that way. You are quite sure she said they had been burnt out in Nebraska?" said John Graham.

"Yes sah! I um shure. He turned missionary an' went off to de heathens an' de young gurl is now gwine too."

"And you say her friends applied to your boss for a chance on one of his vessels?"

"Dat's what I sayed sah. De friends of dis yere gurl cum to de house and missus tuk dem to de depot, an' it wus on de way to de depot dat dey talked all 'bout it."

"You said you heard the name, didn't you?" asked John Graham, his face now flushed with excitement, as he bent forward and looked into the negro's face, close enough to excite Sambo's surprise.

"I didn't hurd her fust name; her last name was all I hurd, and dat was Trowers, ef I don't disremember."

He was interrupted by Graham, who said, "You mean Powers, don't you?"

"Dat's de name, Powers, Nellie Powers, dat's it shure; but we be hum now, an' I'se got piles ob work to do 'fore de missus goes to ride, so good by, sah."

As John Graham said "good by," he turned on his heel and walked away.

"Dat air's funny now; what did dat fellah asked dem questions fur, and act so anxious like? I wonder if he knowed dem?" soliloquised Sambo, as he watched the sailor until he turned a corner and was lost to his sight.

And the sailor, who walked along whistling and chuckling to himself, said:—

"Ha! ha! well, that's luck I wasn't looking for. Stumbled right on it. Old boy, I guess we were born with a silver spoon in our mouth, wasn't we? They say unexpected pleasure is the most hearty joy. Here I was calculating to perambulate all over this little country of ours hunting for this game, and by mere accident, luck, I've saved myself all that trouble, and am possessed of the consoling information that Mr. Powers is a missionary. Ha! ha! a missionary somewhere on the other side of the world, within the short distance of twenty thousand miles from this spot, round about. Let's see, he

was nigging around those camp meetings out on the border when I last met him, sure enough; I wonder whether it was the love of the Lord or John Graham that sent him off to administer to the heathens. I think it was John Graham, that's my opinion, and he ought to have the credit for it. If every man sent out a missionary they would soon have the world in a shape to suit their ideas. I wonder if he had to be urged much to go. Ha! ha! there's nothing to keep me ashore now; I might as well be hunting Mr. Graham in heathen lands as doing anything else. Let's see, I'll hunt up the vessel this daughter of his is going out on, and I'll go along with her; something may turn up. If she's good-looking, perhaps she may pay the old man's debt. Fall in love with her, and marry her, you know, to spite the old man. My luck's good; here's for an undertaking. Hallo there! Crony, see here."

This last remark was addressed to a rough-looking sailor on the other side of the street, who had formerly been a shipmate with John Graham in the smuggling service on the Mediterranean Sea.

Crony, whose real name was probably William Crony, although he could not remember the time he had been called anything else but Bill Crony, thus suddenly brought to a halt, looked up, and seeing John Graham on the other side, crossed over, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, said :—

"Say, old shipmate, how are ye anyway? Tame business this loafin' round here. Can't ye scare up somethin' to keep the wind in a feller's sails?"

"Crony, old feller, that's just what I've been thinking; I've got something, but it's a long chase; I thought I could do it alone, but two of us would be handy, unless you were the cook to spoil the broth. Is it a go?"

"Heave ahead, an' give us the bearin' of the case that's up! What have ye got in yer hold? Give us the papers for the cruise an' I'm yer shipmate," said Crony.

"There's a girl in the scrape," said Graham. "Mum is the word, mind you. Everything as still as death. Girl's good-looking. Father and mother are missionaries away in the Feejee Islands, or some other heathen settlement; we'll find out where by and by. Got a grudge against the old man. He peppered my father out in New Mexico. The girl's going out to the old man from the States. Now my idea is to take the same vessel she goes on. If circumstances are favourable I'll fall in love with the girl, if not we can put our hands on some of the old man's valuables; they say he took considerable with him. We'll take the vessel anyway, Crony, and trust to luck; some card will turn up trumps."

"It's a go, shipmate; shake chain hooks, square away yer yards, an' we're off."

"Now that we have brought things to a focus," said John Graham, "the next thing on the programme is to find out what vessel this young damsel is going to sail on to meet her dear papa. The only way I can see to find out is to take a cruise among the shipping offices. Give them to understand that we intend to ship, then we will get a chance to look over the papers, but of course we'll forget to ship. Crony, you take the offices on the North River side and I'll take those on the East River side. We'll meet to-night at Jack Ryan's, in Cherry street, at sharp seven o'clock, and report luck."

"Are we off?"

"Away we go."

John Graham at once started to make his tour in search of the shipping list of the vessel that Nellie Powers was even then looking forward to as her ark of safety.

He had looked over the shipping lists of one office and entered another, having made up his mind that he had an all day's undertaking before him, when glancing his eyes over the lists he found one that read :—

"SPARKLING SEA."—PASSENGER LIST.

PIER 21, EAST RIVER.

Sails, Wednesday the 26th.

Name—	MISS NELLIE POWERS.
Age—	Eighteen.
Height—	Medium.
Hair and eyes—	Light.
Destination—	Honolulu.

As John Graham read this list, a diabolical smile settled on his features, and he muttered to himself, too low to be heard by the shipping master:

"Lucky again. John, you've caged your bird."

By inquiring he found out that the crew was to be shipped on the following morning at nine o'clock. Having obtained all the knowledge he desired he left the office.

That night he met Crony at the appointed rendezvous and informed him of his success, and told him to be on hand to ship on the following morning.

The morning came cold, dark, and gloomy. The walks were blockaded by the snow that had fallen the night before, and shortly after daylight a cold, drizzly rain set in, making in all a very disagreeable day.

Seamen are only human, and naturally prefer to set around a stove when they can on such a morning as we have described, and therefore when John Graham and his companion Crony arrived at the shipping office they found that, with their addition, they made just the required number of men wanted for the crew of the "Sparkling Sea," and as no more arrived they were shipped by the lot.

John Graham endeavoured to obtain a third mate's position, and would have done so had not a German shipped an hour before he reached the office. As it was he shipped before the mast as John Radshaw. The crew went aboard the vessel, and as we have related the vessel went to sea.

"TO OUR NEXT HAPPY MEETING."

BY BRO. RICHARD SIMMONS.

'Tis said "dull care will kill a cat,"
"That sighs are coffins nailing;"
"The wise are happy, jovial, fat,
And never prone to railing."

We drink our wine, cast off all care,
Are happy, gay, and joyous—
Appreciate the beauteous fair,
And let no woes annoy us.

Life's path is fringed with flowers bright,
The world is full of pleasure,
If it is sought for by the light
Which all good Masons treasure.

Should croakers seek our mirth to blight,
Dear brothers, never heed 'em,
But pour libations out to-night,
To Sympathy and Freedom.

And when we part, let no one blame
The errors of a brother;
As to the world, we equal came,
Why we should love each other.

Then e're we part upon the square,
With true fraternal greeting,
We'll pledge a bumper, full and fair
To our next happy meeting.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Author of "Shakspere, his Times and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

SHAKSPERE makes Hamlet enumerate among the other ills of humanity, "the law's delay." A writer in the *Civil Service Review* puts the matter in a very practical light:—

"Another great evil that has sprung up of late years, and appears likely to increase, is the enormous length of the trials. Long trials mean heavy costs, and when you remember that, in a long trial, the Counsel and Solicitors are all working (as Jack Tar says) "by the month," it is hardly reasonable to expect that any undue exertions will be made by them to shorten the proceedings. Another cause of long trials is the high fees paid, even in petty cases, to leading Counsel, who, feeling in duty bound to give something for the money, too often appear to endeavour to make up in quantity what is wanting in quality; and it must not be forgotten that all unnecessary long-windedness of Counsel costs the country, if the action is being tried in the Common Pleas Division, ten shillings a minute, and in any of the other Divisions the cost to the Public is not much less."

I have not seen Mr. William Shepherdson's book on *Starting a Daily*, but find the following anecdote of my friend, January Searle, quoted from it in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*:—

"He [January Searle] had written a long and elaborate review of a recently published work of De Quincey's. The copy lay on the table, marked ready for the printer; but before it was given out, Mr. Isaac Ironside, who was proprietor of the journal for which the review was written, saw and read the article, across which he wrote the following characteristic and laconic instructions:—"Two columns about a d——d opium eater! Not to go in.'" I well remember the article in question, which was a lecture delivered to the Mechanics' Institutions in connection with the Yorkshire Union; and, as I told its author, the setting was so elaborate as to detract from the gems he wished to show. January Searle published an Autobiography of his early life, which was written in so interesting a manner, that it has been matter of regret with all who read it that he never continued the work. He also read me several able articles in manuscript, which I have never heard of being published.

Dr. Ryley Robinson, in his *Leaves from a Tourist's Note Book*, informs us that "the four huge piers which support the dome" of St. Peter's, at Rome, "are used as shrines for the four principal relics" said to be preserved there; and that the said relics are:—

"I. The lance of Longinus, the soldier who pierced the side of Our Saviour; presented to Innocent VIII. by Pierre D'Aubusson, Grand Master of the Knights of Rhodes, who had received it from the Sultan Bajazet. So highly did the Pope appreciate the gift, that he sent two bishops to receive it at Ancona, two cardinals to receive it at Narni, and went himself with all his court to meet it at the Porte del Populo.

"II. The head of St. Andrew.

"III. A portion of the true cross, brought from Jerusalem by the Emperor's mother, St. Helena.

"IV. The napkin of Veronica, said to have been used by our Saviour, on his way to Calvary, to wipe the sweat from his brow; and which was found to have received the impress of his countenance."

Dr. Robinson adds:—

"Near the confessional we saw the statue of St. Peter, said to have been cast by Leo the Great, from the old statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. The extended foot is so eagerly kissed by devotees, who then rub their foreheads against its toes, that we were told it had been found necessary (I don't remember how frequently) to supply the foot with fresh extremities. Protestants may well wonder at the feeling it excites, but who can be surprised at the strong feelings of ordinary worshippers, when Gregory the Second said, 'Christ is my witness, that when I enter the Temple of the Prince of the Apostles, and contemplate his image, I am filled with such emotion, that tears run down my cheeks like rain from heaven.' On the day of the jubilee of Pius the Ninth, June 16th, 1871, this statue was attired in a lace alb, stole, and gold embroidered cope, fastened at the breast by a clasp of diamonds. Upwards of thirty thousand visitors kissed its foot that day."

No marvel that Popery and Freemasonry are antagonistic to each other: both prize symbolic teaching highly; but in the hands of the Papists it is prostituted to enslaving the human mind; in that of the Craft, it is the powerful lever for raising the intellects and morals of its disciples higher and higher. Though there be "lions in the path," Truth must conquer in the end, and Falsehood perish.

I know of no more agreeable companion in a rustic ramble than my dear old friend, Dr. Spencer T. Hall, "the Sherwood Forester." Nearly thirty-four years have passed over us both since we wandered together, by pleasant footpaths, on a fine day in May, from Stokesley to the "Mont Blanc of the neighbouring plains," as Henry Heavisides called it, Rosebury Topping; and I have since had the pleasure of his company in other, but not more beautiful, parts of the country. But with such a genial companion, the dreariest desert would seem delightful. And often, when far apart in body, I have wandered with him in spirit, seeing, with what Hamlet calls "the mind's eye," scenes in his beloved native Nottinghamshire; spending joyous *Days in Derbyshire* with him; viewing with him *The Peak and the Plain*; or listened to his instructive *Biographical Sketches of Remarkable People*; for every *Forester's Offering* laid by him on the altar of his country's literature, is one worth having, and likely to live when he himself has what somebody calls "paid the debt of nature," and his poet-spirit has been called to tune its lyre in a happier state of existence. Residing at present at Burnley, it is not wonderful that he should have made *Pendle Hill and its Surroundings* the subject of a delightful little shilling book, very neatly printed by E. Wrigley and Sons, of Rochdale. Like all that my valued friend writes, whether in prose or in rhyme, it deserves a place alike in the rich man's mansion and in the poor man's cot.

The provincial printers are fast emulating the London press in the neatness of their work, as witness a nicely printed little volume, got up by Mr. Atkinson, of the *Teesdale Mercury*, written, I believe, by a Barnard Castle Solicitor, to record the *History of the Darlington and Barnard Castle Railway*. Such little aids to local history have a value of their own; and until local history is better understood, the history of the nation will always be behindhand.

One of the sweetest singers of English song—hopeful, as every true bard should be, of the future progress of the human race—and not confining himself to the old ruts cut or worn by the chariot wheels of former poets on the broad pathway of poesy, is Alfred Tennyson; and I sincerely hope that the shilling volumes of his poems now issuing will meet with a large sale, so as to bring him to the firesides of many to whom he has previously been a stranger. Vols. I. to III. consist of his "Miscellaneous Poems," from which any real lover of literature may easily cull a thousand beauties. What a finely-quaint poem, for instance, is his "Mariana," elaborately carrying out, in the way

which only a man bred in the fen country could, our great dramatist's sentence in *Measure for Measure* of "Mariana in the moated grange."

"With blackest moss the flower plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange;
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange."

And the melancholy refrain, at the conclusion of each stanza, makes it a poem which, like Poe's "Raven," once heard, is remembered for ever. And how striking the loneliness where—

"All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane, the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without.

* * * * *

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loath'd the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower."

I may mention that in quoting this fine poem, the compound word, "flower-*plots*," is often printed "flower-*pots*," which is anything but an improvement on the author's diction.

Scarcely less pensive than his "Mariana" is his "Deserted House":—

"Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide;
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night,
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound;
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away; for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!"

And in "Claribel":—

"At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone:
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone:
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone."

In another Note we will glance at the more cheerful aspect of the Laureate's poems.

Under the title of *Snowdrops*, Mr. Clayton, of Bradford, has issued a cheap little Annual, chiefly humourous pieces, in the Yorkshire dialects, from the pens of J. H. Eccles, John Hartley, Florence Cleveland, and others. It is remarkably cheap, and does great credit to the publisher as well as to the contributors.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE THREE GREAT LIGHTS OF MASONRY.

BY BRO. CAPT. SAM WHITING.

Written for the Masonic Column of the N. Y. "Dispatch."

Oh, Holy Bible! Book of Truth!
Full of rich love on every page,
Our rule and guide of FAITH in youth,
Our help and comforter in age,
Oh! let thy radiance shine afar,
Dispelling all the gloom of night,
And be a guiding "Bethlehem Star"
To all inquiring "Sons of Light."

The Square upon the Bible place,
To rule our actions day by day,
And may we, in life's eager race
Ne'er from its line of duty stray.
Though "Beauty's" line may be the "curve,"
And angels seem, perchance, less fair,
From rectitude we ne'er can swerve
If we but "act upon the Square."

The "Compass" let us keep at hand
To circumscribe our daily life;
If we within its limits stand,
We shall avoid much worldly strife.
These "three Great Lights" our path will cheer
And guide to Heavenly mansions fair,
If "meeting on the Level here,"
At last "we part upon the Square."

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

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FREEMASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

—:o:—

WE have to report the successful result of our first great Charitable Anniversary for 1878, when Bro. James Terry announced that the stewards had returned £11,126. The Duke of Manchester ably presided over the gathering which was both numerous and enthusiastic. We congratulate Bro. Terry. We have little else to report, except the prosperous growth of English Freemasonry. On all sides we behold signs of a flourishing order and new Lodges.

Many Lodges are raising their fees of admission, and we think most advisedly. It is quite clear that the Lodges *qua* Lodges must do more for the Charities, and also make the privilege of entrance rather dearer than it now is. Quantity, not quality, seems to be the desideratum of some Lodges. But such a state of things is greatly to be deprecated, as it will act inevitably, sooner or later, most prejudicially on the Craft. Abroad, the "Insanis ira civium Latomicorum" continues, especially in France, though there are signs there that a large and intelligent minority are not prepared to be dragged through the dirt by an intolerant and illogical majority. Brother Hubert declines re-election to the Mastership of his Lodge, dissatisfied with past and present, and anxious for the future, and the movement seems spreading.

In the meantime, as if to mend matters, the G. Orient coolly proposes to grant Charters to French Lodges in all jurisdictions which are not in fraternal relationship with it. This is Masonic revolution as well as Masonic impertinence with a vengeance! But we are not the least surprised at it, as the open patronage of the "Philadelphes"—a political and spurious body in London—by the Monde Maconnique, is a discredit to French Masonic journalism and an insult to English Freemasonry.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(*Continued from page* 391.)

Chap. I.

A plain and full explanation of the aforesaid Epitaph, Scutcheons and Motto's of W. C. *As well for the Philosopher's Stone as his own Tomb-stone.*

THIS Epitaph is literally the work of Philosophers, and yet may revive the old useful Adigy and Motto upon this Authors Tomb-stone, to remember thy end. For as this flourishing ♄ signifies this Author W. C. being a Mercurialist, tired of all worldly Inquina ☿ ments. So it illustrates all the Planets and their Mercury, and the universal Spirit ☿ and Mercury of the World, and the specificks of Nature; and no less, the true Mercury of Philosophers for this work: free from all filthy corruptions well fitted, and put naked without Garb, or any strange thing into its Glass, and private Philosophical Nest or Vessel, (as into a Grave and Coffin) with constant vapourous heat for Putrifaction, and its true preparation, rectification, and perfection, orderly through its progression of Colours, till it come to the true Sulphur of Philosophers, which in the interim, makes good that Philosophick saying,

Est iter ad Cœlum, sed me gravis impedit Aer,
Et me perfudit' qui me cito deserit humor.
Huic mihi sunt Lachrymæ, sed non est causa doloris, &c.

Englished thus,

It tends to Heaven, but the gross Air hinders,
And moisture falne quickly turns to Cinders.
Hence comes these Tears, though there's no cause of grief,
For they but nourish, th' Earth gave them relief.
And though Worms feed upon my Carkass here,
My Soul's in Heaven with my Saviour Dear.

Thus it may appear double you see, or one in two, Male and Female, Superieur and inferieur, Gross and Subtil, Cœlestial and Terrestrial, Sulphur and Mercury, Water and Earth, Corruptible and Incorruptible, or Spiritual. And so the parts also are three, Body, ☉ol, and Spirit; Sal, Sulphur, and Mercury; ☉. ☽. & ☿. Calx, Ferment and Tincture; and the very Mercury may be termed threefold, preparing, prepared, and essential, and according to Ripley, and Raimund, calcining, reviving, and essential. So likewise it may be termed four; for the Water, and Earth which are two visible Elements, comprehend Fire and Air, which are the four Elements, which are turned inside outward, whereby they shew their effects and properties. Thus *Terra; Stat. unda Lavat, pyr Purgat, Spiritus intrat.* The Earth fastens, Moist washeth, Fire purgeth, and Spirit enters. In and for which, also there are four Fires used, Natural, against Nature, Innatural, and Elemental; all which, at the last will make a fifth Essence; and so by a perfect Ternary *Quadrate*, and Quintessential process, from one, two, three, four, and five. It returns again into one most perfect spiritual substance, and so is Reunited, and raised to a perfect Circular Centre, a fixt fusible and incorruptible Medicine, to make the true Elixir of Philosophers; opening and shutting at pleasure, giving the Keys of happiness to all that shall enjoy it, to enter to a Kingdom of Health, Wealth, and Honour, and shutting out all ignorant dark Bodies, and Spirits. Thus then at last this Medicine may obtain the name and number, intimated by W. C. which as it is this Authors name, who is but one in Person, and in Figures, twice five

hundred; so is the Medicine but one in substance, and in virtue twice five hundred, or a thousand. For this cause the Jews thought Christ to be John Baptist, risen from the Dead, and therefore did such mighty works. And this we know (saith St. Paul) that such as he is, such like shall we be at the Resurrection, if we have his Spirit, and follow him in pious Obedience, Patience, and Humility. So that in this Epitaph, as well as by the said Scutcheons and Motto's, is plainly set forth the divine and natural Stone of the Wise-men, with their Sulphur and Mercury; though to be understood with a grain of Salt; and likewise the Moral, Natural, and mortal fate of Man. The whole Art therefore of this Philosophy, is to begin where Nature ends, and to take what you find most ready and perfect in Nature, and that which is nearest of kin; and intirely separate the Heterogeneal gross parts, and congregate the Homogeneal, make them Essential, and separate the Elements, kill the Quick, and quicken the Dead, and Circulate, Fix and Ferment all to the highest degree of Exaltation, and Philosophical Sublimation and Perfection. As Ripley saith, Kill the Quick, and to the Dead give Life; Make Trinity one without any Strife. Thus opening and shutting by Ixions Wheel, in heavenly mansion, both in a natural and artificial vessel, till it come to the greatest perfection and number, if not Infinite. And now note, though most Philosophers in their Writings have concealed their true privy Mercury, Fire-Vessel, Time and Bath. Yet here thou maist easily find all the Secret; If God have ordained thee to be helpful towards the Redemption of his poor Creatures, groaning under their burdens of Oppressions and Mortality.

Now as this Epitaph doth thus set forth the true Elixir of Philosophers, and mans Mortality; so likewise these Scutcheons or Hyeroglifical Figures you see do the same in the honourable Pedegree of the Philosophick true Medicine, or Golden-fleece, as well for the Life and Health of mans Body as Metalls, both in the Elements and Principles of the said Elixir, and in its Cœlestial and Terrestrial parts, proceeding from their *Saline Chaos*, or first mercurial matter, and their glorified Sulphur to their Cœlestial Sphears of Multiplication, Fermentation, and Projection; and so they and their Motto's agree sincerely, with all the Philosophick sayings and intentions; namely thus, Some Philosophers would have it one thing, and affirm, that the Salt of Metals is the Philosophers Stone; Others say, all's in Mercury that the Wise-men seek; and again, others do teach, that the whole Art depends in and upon the true preparation of their Sulphur, as being the most perfect of the three principles, whose Orbs must be thrice turned about, as in my three Figures and Cœlestial Wheels: and some would have it one thing, comprising the nature of two, as a Hermophradite or Embrio; moreover, some would have it absolutely two things, as Male and Female, Fire and Water, or Water and Earth, Sulphur and Mercury, or Heaven and Earth. Some likewise would have it consist of three, Salt Sulphur, and Mercury ☉. ☽. & ☿. Body, Soul, and Spirit; Others would have it the four Elements, and say, the Conversion of them is the whole work. And some again would have it a fifth Essence and Quintessential Spiritual Body; and say their Mastery and Mistery consists in these five numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, & 5. as in my said Epitaph and Circular Scutcheons appear, thus comprehended, in and by the Chaos and Products.

The Chaos in th' Excentrick Centre still,
Hath death's Heads Ternary, Crows or owly Bill,
Whose square Face, under Times confused Glass,
Of Fire and Water, six days Angles pass,
Within the Spiny Bush, Expansion till,
A Sabatean Rest makes all stand still.
After each Colour Fram'd to th' owners praise,
Then all things multiply to the end of days.
The two in number, are but one in kind,
And four in Nature, three in one do bind.
And then the Quintessence wheels thrice in'ts Sphear,
To conquer all the Mortals every where;

Which Waters thus takes name from Icarus, the lofty Eagles Son, and Dedalus Philosophers true Sulphur and Mercury their unctuous Tincture; and their water Dry.

The Owl appears in darkness, Yellowish Red,
And white are seen upon the Gooses Head.
The Bird of Paradise, and Phœnix fly,
Which Starry brightness in th' Adeptists Skye;
Through Milkie Paths up to the Moon and Sun,
To multiply till the Adept have done.

Then each that's worthy, come and Feast you here,
With Apollo, Hermes, and Minervahs Chear:
For here is Nectar, and Ambrosia still,
Under these Hyerogliphicks take your fill.

All which nevertheles, I acknowledge is really but one onely thing, or Essence in the Root, viz. the Philosophers ☿, although out of two or three particulars, or more in kind; and one operation of several parts, as in my said Epitaph, and Circular Figures comprised: Nay indeed may be but one onely particular thing, and one continued simple and single operation, when duely prepared, and superfluities removed. But if one onely thing be taken, then it is divided into several parts; or if several things be taken, they are brought to one; and so may it be said of the Operation, which all being but one, the Philosophers nevertheless are pleased to distinguish it by its several Progressions, Colours, and Properties, intimated by, and within the said three figured Circles and their Titles; all agreeing with this old Ænygma of Vitriol, which being in many of the Metallick kind, is and hath but one thing or substance; and although but one, yet may be opened, divided, and have several parts; and being done, be brought to one again, in one single and simple operation of Nature; Thus,

V. I. T. R. I.
Visitabis Interiora Terræ, Rectificando Invenies,
O. L. V. M.
Occultum Lapidem, Veram Medicinam.

Visit the interiours of Earth, Rectifying,
And you shall find the hid Stone, and true Medicine.

And like it, agreeing with this work of Palyngenius, which hath two.

Hunc Juvinem Arcadium, Infidum nimiùmq; fugacem,
Prendite, & immersum stygiis occidite Lymphis;
Post Hiales Gremio impositum Deus excipiat, Quem
Lemnia Terra colit sublatumq; in Cruce figat.
Tunc sepelite utero in calido & dissolvite putrem,
Cujus stillantes Artus de corpore nostro
Spiritus egrediens penetrabit, & ordine miro,
Paulatim extinctum nigris revocabit ab umbris.
Aurata indutum Clamyden Argentoq; nitentem,
Projicite hunc demum in prunas Renovabiter alter,
Ut Phœnix, & quæ tangit perfecta relinquit,
Corpora, Naturæ leges & fœdera vincens,
Mutabit species, paupertatemaq; fugabit.

Englished thus,

Take this Arcadian slippery Lad, who's apt to fly,
And in the Glittering Stygian Lake, drown'd let him dye;
When Hials juices in his breast, God saves him from loss,
Whom Lemnian Earth doth nourish, lift up fix t'a Cross,

Then in a warm Cave buried, dissolve what's Rotten,
From whose Synews drops of this our Body's gotten.
Spirits will Pierce, and orderly from shades bring out,
This Offspring, clothed with Gold and Silver round about.
At length project this on live Coals, and you'l soon see,
Another (Phœnix like) thereby renew'd to be;
Which with its onely touch, perfects all Bodies here,
Past the strict bond, and laws of Nature's Sphear;
And will change the Species to a higher degree,
Whereby all Grief may cease, and Poverty shall flee.

And yet understand me rightly concerning the said work, and matter of Philosophers; that Gold for certain is the principle of Gold-making powder, (be it in what subject or appearance it will) even as Fire is the principle of Firing: For nothing can give what it hath not. *In Auro, semina sunt Auri.* As Augurellus and others testifie. In Gold, is the seed of Gold. And even the same may be said of Lune, when 'tis a Masculine. And their Mercury is the ground of both, and contains all three; and is the Earth, in which it is sown, and from whence it takes its original, and is of their own Nature. But this must be living Gold or Silver, and not the common Gold or Silver, which are Dead; or the common fowl Quick silver. And indeed these are more universal, cheap, common, and easie to be had, then most men, even some Philosophers do think: which caused Ingenious, and Learned Taulodanus to write against the Subject of that worthy old Philosopher Bracescus, though both true Philosophers, and their several Subjects true; and this made Claveus in his *Chrysopeia*, and *Argyropeia* to doubt of some of Lullie's processes; For these Principles are to be found in one subject, and in divers having a Golden Nature, as Dunstan, Arnold, Guido, Ripley, Raimund, Glauber, and others do testifie; and more ways are to the Wood then one: For out of every or any particular Metallick or Mineral Species, may by due Philosophick preparation, be extracted the subject for the Philosophers Stone; and every Chymical work called particular may by purification, good preparation & fusible fixation, volatisation, and exaltation, be made a universal work for Multiplication: Nay out of every Element, and Principle of and in Nature; and almost every abject thing whatsoever, may be extracted a Sulphurous, Sol, Lune, or Mercury, enlivened for the Philosophers work. And St. Devogius affirms, that the said first matter of Philosophers, is easier to be touched with the hand, then discerned or found by subtilty of Wit, or Sophistick imaginations, and faith, he told it & the Process literally to some, who nevertheless had not confidence therein, for the meanness of the same, and therefore left it without trial. And certainly the Antecedent and Primordial *Ens Auri*, is in every Element and Principle; the which are never so simple, but out of each the other may be extracted; and we may observe a kind of demonstration hereof by our Mother Earth, who brings forth all things: For take any good and fit Earth, extract all the Stones, Roots, Salt peter, and whatsoever else is included, and being then left open to the Air for some time in a convenient place, it will not onely of its self be impregnated again with new salt Peter, Vegetables, Stones, Mettals and Minerals, but also with Animals, and those very Stones, &c. shall hold a Sulphurous Gold and Mercury, fit for a Philosopher to work upon, and to make a fit Medicine for any of the three Kingdoms of Nature, and this being after specificated with a fit Metallick, shall perfect the impure Mettals, to Sol, and Lune; and 'tis strange that salt Peter, a Mineral in the Earth, should have its root and Quarry in the Air. And verily every thing brought to such likeness in perfection of Elements, and the three Principles, as to be Quintessential and fixt, are in community of substance with the principles of Mettals, and are in a manner universal, and may help to make the Stone for Transmutation of Mettals, as well as for the health of Men, &c. For the community of matter of all things, as in Sal, Sulphur, and Mercury, and the purity of the four Elements is in pure Water, and pure Earth, brought to a Quintessential essence, and so are in community of substance with Mettals, and will be of equal nature with their principles, namely, in Sal, Sulphur, and Mercury; For

the matters and principles of Generation, are in Sal, Sulphur, and Mercury, and these may as well be had by Art, above the Earth, as by Nature in the Mines, and so may be brought to a fixt Sulphur of Nature, which is as good an Earth for the work as may be; for Guido saith of the Earth, it is no matter so it be fixed, and Raimund saith, nought is required in this Art for transmutation, but pure Earth, and pure Water; and Ripley saith, Hair and Blood cannot be the Stone for transmutation, but Elements separated from them may; and of ☿ separated from them, is little good, but if brought to Sulphur of Nature, it is as good Earth for it as may be; yet still mark, that it be brought to a community of Nature, and must be fermented with pure real Gold: yet you are not tied to go to so great a distance; for things neerer of kin are easier transmuted, and the neerest the best. Wherefore the Artists may begin where Nature left off in her simple and single operation. And (like a good Husband-man with Corn) Sow the pure grain of Gold (not common Gold) in its pure Mercurial virgin Mother Earth (not common Earth) but a white Crude, Golden Water or Essence, brought to them by the help of Eagles, or else by the mediation of the Doves; and the man in his glittering golden Robes, may drink of his Nectar in a pure silver Cup, three to the Graces, or nine to the Muses (as Ripley intimates) and according to the old Mystical Law. *Ter bibe aut toties ternos sic mystica Lex est.* Drink Three, or thrice Three, which is a Mystery; and so the Masculine and Feminine, or ☉. ☽. & ☿. being in perfect health, and in their prime and Sperme, as one thing, willingly embrace, and joyn to spiritualize themselves into a Sprout, or living Seed, to grow up to the highest degree of the power, energy, and virtue of ☽. and Gold, and of the spiritual Stone of Philosophers, and to do whatsoever else the Philosophers have need of. *Nam Lapis Philosophorum nihil aliud est quam Aurum in gradibus suis multiplicatum stante proportione quâ fuit in Auro primo.* For the Philosophers Stone is no other thing, then Gold multiplied in its degrees, standing in the same Temperature or Proportion in which it was at the first: which must be nourisht with the Mothers pure Milk, till it can feed upon stronger Meats, and so gets vigour to Multiply. And then the Glorified King (Triply Crown'd) shall vanquish his Enemies, and redeem his Brethren and Kindred, in all or any Nations from their vile Corruptions: If they can but touch the hem of his Garment; or entertain him at his approach, as they ought; for 'tis alike to him, to raise their Essences, as to separate their Maladies. Yet you must,

First, Learn the Eagles that foster up the Doves,
And makes Diano taste of Venus's Loves,
Where Cupid conquers Mars his furious Ire,
And makes the Magnet draw the Calib's Fire;
Which seems a Riddle, and's the Gordian Knot,
And Herculean, labour for the Artists Lot.

Without the perfect knowledge of which, thou canst never attain thy end.

(To be Continued.)

PAPERS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY BRO. WM. ROWBOTTOM.

I.—The Building.

IN writing these short papers for the Masonic Magazine I shall endeavour to bring before its readers, in as brief and interesting a manner as my short acquaintance with letters and Masonry will permit, the results of those recent inquiries into Great Pyramid teaching which have excited considerable attention, not unmixed, it is true, with some ridicule.

In order to render each paper as complete as possible in itself, we will divide the subject under five heads, and, discussing first the building itself, will proceed to consider the times in which it was built; who the builders were; why they built it; and what it teaches.

Since one of the chief points which I wish Masonic readers to impartially consider is the origin of the Craft at the building of the Great Pyramid, I may as well state here that wherever any matter concerning the Pyramid itself appears to me to bear upon Masonic tradition, I shall endeavour to support it by such authorities as are free from any suspicion of having their views influenced by Masonic teaching. Thus, should any Mason note anything in the theories of Professor Piazzi Smyth which may tend to explain certain difficult points in the ritual of the Craft, he may safely conclude that the connection is quite unintentional on his part, for that gentleman is, as yet, far from being prepossessed in favour of the Order. Where, too, we find Prof. Smyth's theories viewed from a Masonic standpoint, corroborated by so competent an authority as Mr. Richard A. Proctor, we shall, I assume, be proceeding by steps sufficiently sure, if we walk at the same time by the light of that Sacred Volume which should ever be as a lamp to guide our feet.

That the building itself is worthy the attention of every true Mason will appear when we consider that of all the stately buildings which the hand of Man, instructed and aided by Science, has reared upon the face of the earth, there is, and has been, none which could equal, much less excel, that stupendous monument of Masonry, which, after the lapse of more than four thousand years, still speaks to men of the mighty dead who have gone before, and extorts a wondering admiration of their labours.

But there is in the building something more than at first meets the eye; something which tells of a purpose and design in its construction which stamps it with a character purely its own.

Mr. James Bonwick, in his recently published *Pyramid Facts and Fancies*, a book from which I shall frequently have occasion to quote, after impartially giving a general review of Pyramid theories, ancient and modern, thus decides:—"There is something in the pyramid; and men who see what others cannot, would not see if derided for their second sight, may yet be proved to have a vision true and clear."

Situated on the 30th degree of latitude north, and about 31° longitude east of Greenwich,* the Great Pyramid stands, not only centrally with regard to the countries composing what is popularly termed the Old World, but also on the geographical centre of the land surface of the whole world.

Standing, then, in this unique position, upon a four-square base whose sides are perfectly oriented—that is, correspond exactly with the cardinal directions—it rises to a point at that peculiar angle which gives as its result that the height is the radius of a circle whose circumference is equal to that of the base. It thus presents, or rather, did present—though throughout these papers we shall consider the work in its perfect state, as when the builders completed their labours—a perfect specimen of that peculiar style of architecture which has always been regarded as emblematic of stability, and this may be the import of its name in the Arabic tongue, *Haram*, which is variously translated to signify an old structure, or a holy place. But this meaning is doubtful, as it is considered "very possible that the Egyptians might have written 'HRAM, without any vowel, after the aspirated consonant."† To the figure of a pyramid as the type of strength for endurance, or stability, the British Constitution is happily compared; nor indeed is there any other style of monument which could contest its claims in this respect.

Into its external structure two classes of limestone entered. For the squared but unfinished structural masonry, the nummulitic limestone of the levelled rock upon which it is built was used; but for the finished casing stones a more compact white limestone from the eastern side of the Nile was obtained. Into the levelled rock were

* Or from the Great Druidical Astronomical Temple of Stonehenge, 33° east.

† Pyramid Facts and Fancies, p. 21.

sunk, at each corner, sockets (to receive the corner stones), of which that at the north-east is remarkable for its greater size, and for its being the first discovered by the French *savants* in 1797. It is an irregular square, 137·8-in. by 118-in., and cut 7·9-in. deep in the rock. Some amongst those French Academicians had most probably been correctly instructed, for they prosecuted their search first where it was most likely to be rewarded. The account of their discovery, as recounted in "Antiquités, Description," vol. ii., p. 63, is translated by Prof. Smyth, as follows:—"They recognised perfectly the esplanade upon which the Great Pyramid had been established, and discovered happily, at the north-east angle, a large hollow socket worked in the rock, cut rectangularly and uninjured, where the corner-stone had been placed." They shortly afterwards discovered a corresponding socket at the north-west angle. By this important discovery the original base line was determined; and when, in 1837, Col. Howard Vyse so happily exposed to the light two of the original casing-stones *in situ*, the height of the building in its perfect state was recovered.

Concerning these casing-stones, Prof. Smyth says:—"The extreme value residing in these angular relics was not only because they were of the number of the original casing-stones, and actually *in situ* and undisturbed, and therefore showing what was once the veritable outside of the Great Pyramid, viz., smooth, polished, dense, white lime-stone, almost like marble, in a sloping plane; but because they exhibited such matchless workmanship: as correct and true almost as modern work by optical instrument makers, but performed in this instance on blocks of a height of nearly 5 feet, a breadth of 8 feet, and a length, perhaps, of 12 feet, with the finest of joints, said to be no thicker, even including a film of white cement, than 'silver paper.'"*

Concerning the exquisite workmanship of the early masons there is something more to be said, when the internal construction of the Pyramid comes under notice. From the esplanade, which appears to have encircled the building, ran E.N.E. "the causeway, or raised road, by which stones, ready prepared, as in the case of the Jerusalem Temple, could be brought from the river to the site."†

But if the dimensions of the exterior have exercised the abilities of engineers not a little to determine, the construction of the interior has given scope to endless speculations and theories wide as the poles asunder.

What is there, then, to be seen? Very little indeed, it would appear, on a mere cursory observation. A long, slant tunnel of narrow dimensions—about 4-ft. high by 3-ft. 6-in. wide—descending from the entrance, 49 feet above the ground, and near the centre of the northern face, leads into a chamber hewn in the solid rock (100 feet below its surface), with a finished ceiling, but a rough and exceedingly uneven floor. "This subterranean chamber had been *begun* to be carved out, deep in the heart of the rock, with admirable skill. For the workmen, having cut their way down to the necessary depth by the passage, commenced with the chamber's ceiling, making it exquisitely smooth, though 46 feet long by 28 broad; then, sinking down the walls therefrom in vertical planes, there was every promise of their having presently, at that notable 100-foot depth inside the otherwise solid limestone mountain, a rectangular hollow, or chamber, whose walls, ceiling, *and floor* should all be perfect, pattern planes. But when they had cut downwards from the ceiling to a depth of about 4 feet at the west end, and 13 feet at the east end, they stopped in the very midst of their work. A small, very small, bored passage was pushed on into the rock merely a few feet further towards the south, and then that was also left unfinished; a similar abortive attempt was likewise made downwards, though with still less result; and the whole floor, from one end of the chamber to the other, was left thus a lamentable scene of up-and-down and fragmentary confusion. Verily (seeing that the whole light of day was reduced down there to a mere star-like point at the end of the long entrance-passage), verily, it was the true locality of 'the stones of darkness and the shadow of death.'"‡

* Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid, p. 22—23.
† Pyramid Facts and Fancies, p. 7—8.
‡ Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid, p. 86.

This descending passage and subterranean chamber appear to have been all that was known to the Ancients. Not only was the entrance itself said to be kept secret, but the ascending passages were sealed with immense blocks of stone prepared and placed in the building during its construction, and then, when all was completed, slid down to the position they were intended to fill, the noble dimensions of the Grand Gallery, according to M. Maillet, affording plenty of storage room for prepared stones sufficient to block up more passages than have hitherto been discovered.* Hermetically sealed at its junction with the descending passage by the great portcullis block, said to have weighed from 50 to 70 tons, the ascending passage remained undiscovered until about the year 820 A.D., when, according to Arab tradition, the Caliph Al Mamoun directed a forced entrance to be made into the Pyramid. In his day no signs of the outer entrance was visible, and he had only tradition to guide him to select the centre of the northern face for his search. Commencing some twenty feet above the base the forced entrance struck the descending passage near the point at which the ascending passage began, the workmen having been guided thither just at the time when they were becoming rebellious at the apparent fruitlessness of their task by the fall of a heavy stone.

"In the fall of that particular stone," says Professor Smyth, "there almost seems to have been an accident that was more than an accident. Energetically, however, they instantly pushed on in the direction of the strange noise, hammers, and fire, and vinegar being employed again and again, until breaking through a wall surface, they burst into the hollow way, 'exceeding dark, dreadful to look at, and difficult to pass,' they said at first, where the sound had occurred. It was the same hollow way, or, properly, the Pyramid's inclined and descending entrance-passage, where the Romans of old, and if they, also Greeks, Persians, and Egyptians, must have passed up and down in their occasional visits to the subterranean chamber and its unfinished, unquarried-out floor. Tame and simple used that entrance passage to appear to those ancients who entered in the right way, and, as the builders intended, from above; but now it not only stood before another race, and another religion, but with something that the others never saw, viz., its chief leading secret, for the first time since the foundation of the building, nakedly exposed. A large angular-fitting stone, that had made for ages with its lower flat side a smooth and polished portion of the ceiling of the inclined and narrow entrance-passage, quite undistinguishable from any other part of the whole of its line, had now dropped on to the floor before their eyes, and revealed that there was just behind it, or at, and in that point of the ceiling which it had covered, the end of another passage clearly ascending therefrom, and towards the south, out of this descending one.

"But that ascending passage itself was still closed by an adamantine portcullis, or rather stopper, formed by a series of huge granite plugs of square wedge-like shape dropped or slided down, and then jammed in immovably, from above. To break them in pieces within the confined entrance-passage space, and pull out the fragments there, was entirely out of the question; so the grim crew of Saracen Mussulmans broke away sideways, or round about to the west, through the smaller, ordinary masonry, and so up again (by a huge chasm still to be seen, and indeed, still used by all would-be entrants into the further interior), to the newly-discovered ascending passage, at a point past the terrific hardness of its lower granite obstruction. They did up there, or at an elevation above, and a position beyond the portcullis, find the passage way still blocked, but the filling material at that part was *only limestone*; so, making themselves a very great hole in the masonry alongside, they there wielded their tools with energy on the long, fair blocks which presented themselves to their view. But as fast as they broke up and pulled out the pieces of one of the blocks in this strange ascending passage, other blocks above it, also of a bore just to fill its full dimensions, slided down from above, and still what should be the passage for human locomotion was solid stone filling. No help, however, for the workmen. The Commander of the Faithful is present, and insists

* Pyramid Facts and Fancies, p. 53—61.

that, whatever the number of stone plugs still to come down from the mysterious reservoir, his men shall hammer and hammer them, one after the other, and bit by bit, to little pieces, at the only opening where they can get at them, until they do at last come to the end of it all. So the people tire, but the work goes on; and at last, yes! at last! the ascending passage beginning just above the granite portcullis, and leading thence upward and to the south, is announced to be free from obstruction and ready for essay. Then, by Allah, they shouted; the treasures of the Great Pyramid, sealed up from the fabulous times of the mighty Ibn Salhouk, and undesecrated, as it was long supposed, by mortal eye during all the intervening thousands of years, lay full in their grasp before them."

But this strange building has no secret treasure to reward the untiring energy of the Saracens. The way is clear, and for "no less than 110 feet" they pursue their upward way, through "a passage of royally polished* white limestone, but only 47 inches in height, and 41 in breadth," and come to a point where another low passage runs horizontally to the centre of the pile, and leading to the "Queen's Chamber." This room is but about 19 by 17 feet, with a pitched ceiling, formed of sloping stones meeting in the centre. All accounts of this room state it being in a very rough condition, and with an unfinished flooring. It was empty, and the only remarkable feature was a niche in the east wall, about 5 feet wide at the bottom, and by 4 narrowings brought to about 2 feet at the top. But in 1872, Mr. Wayman Dixon discovered two channels, apparently like the air channels of the King's Chamber, shortly to be noticed, on the north and south walls, only that these had never been used as such, having not been perforated through the wall of the chamber, but only to the distance of 5 inches from the face of the stone.

Originally, the horizontal passage to the "Queen's Chamber" had been sealed in like manner to the first, so that on emerging from the narrow ascending passage the noble proportions of the "Grand Gallery" were revealed, with an unbroken floor line continued, and rising at the same angle as that just quitted. Immediately on the right, however, is what is called the "Well's Mouth," but which is really the entrance to a narrow and exceedingly rugged shaft or "man-hole" communicating with the descending passage 24 feet from its termination in the subterranean chamber. Count Caviglia explored it in 1817. Entering at the bottom, from which he had cleared away the rubbish, he groped his way up the some 200 feet of its length, and finding on his way a grotto in the natural rock, near its surface. By this way the workmen who accomplished the sealing of the ascending passages, are supposed to have quitted them, and regained the entrance from the descending passage, which was then secured.

The "Grand Gallery" is seven times the height of the one from which it opens. Very peculiar in its construction, the width on the floor being only 3 feet, increasing to 6 feet above the "ramps" which run along each side, and again narrowing by 7 overhanging lappings to rather more than 3 feet at the ceiling. For 150 feet the floor of the Grand Gallery continues its ascent at a regular angle, then rising 3 feet by a step, 5 feet horizontally brings the visitor to a low doorway, followed immediately by a hanging portcullis, called the Granite Leaf, on which is the "boss." He is then in the Antechamber, and another low narrow doorway, or short passage—for it is some six or seven feet through, and is constructed of "awful blocks of frowning red granite, both on either side and above and below"—brings him to the Grand Chamber. And what is there to see? We will take up the Professor's description of the Saracens' entrance:—

"And what find they there, those maddened Muslim in Caliph Al Mamoun's train? A right noble apartment, now called the King's Chamber, roughly 34 feet long, 17 broad, and 19 high, of polished red granite throughout, both walls, floor, and ceiling; in blocks squared and true, and put together with such exquisite skill that no autocrat emperor of modern times could desire anything more solidly noble and refined.

"Ay, ay, no doubt a well-built room, and a handsome one too; but what does it contain? Where is the treasure? The treasure! yes, indeed, where are the promised

* Mr. Cockburn Muir objects strongly to the term "polished"; the stones not being polished, but only very finely worked.

silver and gold, the jewels and the arms? The plundering fanatics look wildly around them, but can see nothing, not a single *dirhem* anywhere. They trim their torches, and carry them again and again to every part of that red-walled, flinty hall, but without any better success. Nought but pure, polished red granite, in mighty slabs, looks calmly upon them from every side. The room is clean—garnished too, as it were; and, according to the ideas of its founders, complete and perfectly ready for its visitors, so long expected, and not arrived yet; for the gross minds who occupy it now find it all barren, and declare that there is nothing whatever there, in the whole extent of the apartment, from one end to the other, nothing except *an empty stone chest without a lid.*"

But this room has some wonderful secrets to reveal, according to those who have sought the riches of wisdom in the way they are to be found, and therefore it is deserving of a little more notice than the treasure-seekers gave it. Sandys (1610) wrote of it, saying: "A goodly chamber, twenty foote wide, and forty in length; the rooffe of a maruelous height, and the stones so great, that eight floores it, eight rooffes it, eight flagge the ends, and sixteene the sides, all of well-wrought Theban marble."* A very taking description, though scarcely accurate. Unable to easily discern the joints of the masonry, Sandys appears to have given his imagination free play. Smyth, in his plate of this chamber, shows 9 stones in the roof, and 100 in the 4 sides, in 5 courses of masonry, of which the top course contained 7 stones only. Greaves, the Oxford Professor of Astronomy (1638) made 6 courses, but Smyth worked longer and under better conditions. In other respects, the old Professor's remarks and measures have proved very accurate; much more than those of many of his successors, who appear to have roughly guessed their measures, with a result sufficiently bewildering if all writers were to be received as of equal authority. Greaves had been greatly struck with the workmanship of the Grand Gallery, which was "not inferiour," says he, "either in respect to the curiosity of Art, or richness of materials, to the most sumptuous and magnificent buildings;" and when he comes to the King's Chamber, he describes it as follows:—"This rich and spacious chamber, in which Art may seem to have contended with Nature, the curious work being not inferior to the rich materials, stands, as it were, in the heart and centre of the Pyramid, equi-distant from all the sides, and almost in the midst between the basis and the top. The floor, the sides, the roof of it, are all made of vast but exquisite tables of Theban marble."†

Nor are modern engineers less sparing in their admiration of the work of those early masons who reared the apparently simple yet strangely complex pile. According to Sir John Hawkshaw the three greater pyramids mark the summit of perfection in the art of building attained in Egypt. Had he limited his remarks to the Great Pyramid, he might have said that it was the most perfect monument of all masonic skill that the world has ever seen.

Professor Owen‡ is not less enthusiastic in his admiration; he says: "The arts of quarrying and of masonry, manifested by the marvellous bulk of granite blocks, the perfection of their shaping, and the fineness of their polished surfaces, were as advanced in Egypt at the date of the pyramids as at any subsequent period, or as they are now practised with the aid of gunpowder and of steam machinery in the granite quarries and works at Aberdeen." And again he says: "This material (granite) enters into the internal architecture of the Great Pyramid. Emerging from the Entry gallery into the Grand Passage, walled and roofed by mighty masses of polished granite, called the 'King's Chamber,' conducting to the mortuary chapel, contiguous to the chamber of the royal Sarcophagus,§ the unexpected dimensions of the 'Granite Chamber' impressed me with a resemblance to the side aisle of a cathedral. The whole of the known in-

* Pyramid Facts and Fancies, p. 37.

† Ibid.

‡ Leisure Hour, 1876, p. 325.

§ Besides adopting the exploded idea that the "coffer" is a sarcophagus, Professor Owen seems to apply the name of "The King's Chamber" to the Grand Gallery, which is not warranted by other writers.

terior structures of Cheop's Pyramid—the central tomb, the roof of which is relieved by a series of discharging arches,* from the enormous superincumbent mass towering to the pyramid's apex; the ventilating shafts, extending at the best angle for their purpose to open upon the sides of the pyramid; the precisely-estimated slope of both upward and downward passages, in reference to the enormous blocks of granite to be moved along them, hardly, if at all, inferior to the monolithic Sarcophagus itself,—all these impressed my architectural and engineering fellow-travellers with the conviction that a mind of high order in their sciences had planned and presided over the construction of the pyramid."

Of course, no one in the least acquainted with even the architectural features of the Great Pyramid, could doubt for one moment that the master mind who directed the work, had previously conceived and completed the plans of its structure before the masons began their work. Nay, we are able to go further than that. In the "Chambers of Construction" over the King's Chamber, (five in number), there still exist—or did in 1837, when Col. Howard Vyse published the results of his explorations—the quarry marks on the unfinished faces of the huge blocks.† These prove that the stones came ready prepared and numbered from the quarries of Syene, 700 miles up the Nile. The consecutive order of the numbers was apparent, and the stones were further marked for north, south, &c.

Trusting that I have shown sufficient reasons for claiming attention on the part of all Masons to the investigations now being made in what may be termed Great Pyramid Science, I shall now close this Paper with a few particulars as to dimensions, &c., which will be found useful in subsequent papers. Hitherto, I have used rough dimensions only, as being less likely to "bore" readers, but the exact quantities will be required, and given in this form they will be more easy for reference than if scattered through the text. I have already stated how the discovery of the corner sockets and the casing-stones led to the recovery of the external dimensions within very narrow limits, and I may now add, in explanation of the nicety of the measures given below, that they are the result of careful mathematical calculations, aided by the fact that the internal measures, which are easily made, have a peculiar proportion to the external, as will shortly appear. The dimensions are given in terms of Pyramid inches, the Pyramid inch being the one-thousandth part greater than a British inch, (which is the *unit* of our system), and is derived from the "boss" on the "granite leaf" of the Ante-Chamber, the face of which is 5 such inches:—

EXTERIOR, WHEN PERFECT.

	Pyr. inches.
Vertical height above pavement	5,813·01
Inclined height at centre of sides	7,391·55
„ „ corners	8,687·87
Base side, as determined by sockets	9,131·05
Diagonal of base ditto ditto	12,913·26
Sum of the two diagonals (nearly)	25,827
*Angle of the sides by the casing-stones	51° 51′ 14·3″
Angle at the corners	41° 59′ 18·7″

Area of base = 13·340 Pyr. acres, of which 1 equal 0·9992 British acre.

PASSAGES—FLOOR LENGTH.

Grand Gallery	1881·4
First ascending passage, if reckoned on a floor line produced downwards to floor of entrance-passage	1542
Entrance passage, from commencement to such point of intersection by floor line of first ascending passage ...	986
Or, computed whole length of entrance-passage, to termination in subterranean chamber...	4446

* Referred to later on as "Chambers of Construction."

† It is among these marks that Egyptologists identify the Cartouche of Cheops, Xufu, or Suphis, after whom the Great Pyramid is often designated.

QUEEN'S CHAMBER.

Length	226·5
Breadth	206
Displacement of Niche from centre of East Wall... ...	25

ANTE-CHAMBER.

Length (of granite floor 103·033, and of limestone 13·23) ...	116·26
Breadth (east to west)	65·2
Height	149·4

KING'S CHAMBER.

Length (east to west)	412·132
Breadth	206·066
Height (floor to ceiling)	230·389
Diagonal of end	309·1
„ side	472·2
„ floor	460·8
Solid or cubic Diagonal	515·164

COFFER.

External length	89·62
Inside „	77·85
External breadth	38·61
Inside „	26·70
External height	41·13
Inside depth	34·31
	Pyr. cubic inches
Measured capacity volume exterior	142,316·
„ „ „ interior	71,317·
„ cubical contents of sides	47,508·
„ „ „ bottom	23,758·
Assumed original cubic contents of Coffer, ascertained by comparison of measures and above capacities ...	71,250·

*** The above measures are all taken from the 3rd Edition of "*Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid*," by Prof. Piazzi Smyth, F.R.S.E., F.R.A.S., Astronomer-Royal for Scotland.

WHAT MATTER?

FAST falls the snow, O, lady mine!
Sprinkling the lawn with crystals fine;
But, by the gods, we won't repine,
While we're together.
We'll chat and rhyme, and kiss and dine,
Defying weather.

So stir the fire and pour the wine,
And let those sea-green eyes divine
Pour their love madness into mine.
I don't care whether
'Tis snow or sun, or rain or shine,
If we're together.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

Chapter IX.

"And from new and strange heart griefs
May my Talisman thee defend."

Puschkin.

EVERY now and then there comes to us in life what the French term so well a "changement des décorations," which alters for the time being the onward current of our feelings, our plans, our words, our ways. For we are all, after all, ever creatures more or less of circumstance here, and are acted upon by a thousand influences, which sometimes affect us grotesquely, and move us deeply. Indeed our whole present and future are coloured by what is seemingly only a "hazard" of existence, one of those startling and even commonplace events which confronts us often at every step we take, and seems to give a new impulse, an altered direction to our wayward wills and our wandering feet.

It is strange and touching often in later years to recall the past which has faded, and old friends who have been forgotten amidst the vortex of business, pleasure, prosperity, social comfort. It is remarkable to note how little causes have led to great results for us; how much has turned out differently from what we once hoped and dreamt, and how very wonderful, above all, have been both the contradictions and the conceits of life for us all, for you and me, kind reader, alike.

Yes, so it is, and to the reverent mind it is a glad realization, that after all is said and done, and amid the noise of contentious philosophies, and earthly logomachies, "whatever is, is best," and a wiser and Diviner Providence has indeed all the while been shaping our purposes and directing our steps. But I must not become too serious, and will therefore proceed with my story.

While all at Rome were basking in the sunshine of contented hopes and glowing illusions, (happy moments for mortals,) a new arrival managed to throw a good deal of doubt, confusion, and even fear, into that joyous little circle.

Baron Puchner-Priessler, a very old friend, and admirer too, of Madame Allegri, appeared at her hospitable mansion, and recalled old days and reclaimed ancient friendship. He had buried his wife not so long ago, but, like some widowers I have met with in life, bore his great loss with calm resignation. Ill-natured people, and a lot of ill-natured people do live in this wicked world of ours, liked to declare that he looked much more cheerful since he had again reverted to a bachelor existence. I for one do not believe them. It is just possible that the defunct baroness had been in the habit of talking a little too much, laying down the law too severely to please her husband and his friends; but then as she had brought him a large lump of the yellow metal, she had a right to expect "privileges" of some kind. And if she did speak too often and too much, she had been a very good wife to her liege lord, and we will therefore credit him with sincere regrets for the partner of his bosom, and the faithful companion of long years of domestic comfort and happiness.

We all remember that inimitable touch in a modern novel, where Bishop Prowdie opens the letter-bag, alike with episcopal dignity and a sigh of relief, as he realizes the fact that Mrs. Prowdie is no more there to open it before him! And it is just possible that that excellent man the Baron Puchner-Priessler did not weep, but rather gently and serenely smiled, when in his grand château he was aware that his good but imperious Chatelaine was no more "to the fore" to interfere with his arrangements or to dominate his friends.

Being still in the prime of life, well preserved and well dressed, he bethought himself of his old friend Mdme. Allegri, and took it into his head that a visit to the "Morgen-land" would set him up, and do him a great deal of good in the loneliness which seemed to press upon him, as he roamed through long galleries and looked into chilly rooms. Even a wife's voice, though you may hear it too often, at such moments goes for something.

But his descent upon Rome did not please every one, the more so as it was quite clear that he was still as ever a fervent admirer of Mdme. Allegri. He was rich, educated, and personable, and was looking out for a pleasant companion, whom, as a Puchner-Priessler, he might present comfortably to some very difficult Puchner-Priesslers, male and female, without fear and without hesitation.

Poor Mdme. Allegri was rather, as we should say, "in a fix." He had come a little too late; he ought to have appeared on the scene sooner; for the amiable woman, though she might not have objected to the castle and family mansion and broad acres of Puchner-Pressler, had they only been opportune, or as the Irishman said, "just in sayson," had gone so far with our old friend Don Balthazar, (a by no means despicable parti himself,) that she did not know, as Paesiello a little cynically said, "which way to turn herself," and so, clever woman as she was, she sought to temporize!

She would not, not she, refuse to see her ancient friend the Baron, nor would she decline the attentions of her newer admirer.

And, therefore, for some time everyone had "hardish lines" of it in Rome, and this unhappy "crise" and this false position affected the happiness and even the tempers of all. And then, as if to prove that misfortunes never come single, an energetic Englishman of the name of Compton happened to meet Anna at an artistic gallery, and straightway fancying himself violently in love with the fair enchantress, bored everyone with the sublimity and intensity, the pathos and the bathos of his "grande passion." As he became a great friend of Paesiello's later, and will appear again, I will only now remark that he was rich and good-looking, and educated and pleasant, a bit of a philosopher, and no end of a swell.

Thus our readers will note at once that the situation is a little clouded over, and if they are very sentimental will be hoping to hear of broken hearts and blighted beings. I fear that I have nothing of the sort to tell them. We live in a very prosaic age indeed, when love and matrimony are very matter-of-fact things. There is very little sentiment afloat just now in society, and broken hearts are out of fashion, like some articles of feminine attire which I for one used to admire in days of old!

Young men propose to young ladies because it suits them to do so; and young ladies refuse some young men, and take up with other young men, because it suits them to do so! I wish it were otherwise. I should feel much more composed, I admit, if our "golden youth" would be a little less confiding as to what they do do, and as to what they don't do; if they would not show too often how little interest or heart they have in anything; how, in fact, life is to them a sort of brilliant masquerade, and their motto is, all through it—

> "Take each fair mask for what it seems to be,
> But look not thou beneath it."

I am always, therefore, now quite easy in my mind when I hear that Miss So-and-So has rejected Mr. So-and-So, as I know if we could find the hero he would be smoking a cigarette, reading a French novel, and sipping B. and S., or Phiz, Curaçoa, or Absinthe! Broken-hearted? Not in the least!

I am not going, then, to indulge in any high-flown sentimentality in these veritable pages. As Clothilde says in the "Cheveu Blanc," "seulement je constate." I state the fact, and leave its explanation and its consequences to others.

Paesiello, who was very observant, noted down the incidents of the little by-play of those whom he liked to call in his diary "human Fantoccini," and as he had taken a huge fancy for Compton, he was much amused at the bold Briton's palpable attentions to the always sunny Anna. Bechner, who was very much in love with Anna as we

know, was, as I before pointed out, both a "militaire" and a "philosophe," (as some soldiers are,) and though he perceived the danger he was in, yet he bore it all very cheerfully, with little of outward feeling. And to say the truth it was not very easy to quarrel with Compton; he had youth and good looks, too, on his side, and Anna was not at all insensible, (as why should she be?) to the attentions of so agreeable and desirable a companion. But we must leave them for a short time in this little amusing embroglio.

(To be Continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTE BOOKS OF THE CARMARTHEN LODGE.

BY BRO. J. MARSDEN, B.D.P.M. OF ST. PETER'S, 476, CARMARTHEN.

ON the first page there is a prayer, of which the following is the concluding portion:—"O God, give us Wisdom to contrive in all our doings, Strength to support in all difficulties, and Beauty to adorn these heavenly mansions, where Thy honour dwells; and grant, O Lord, that we may agree together in Brotherly Love and Charity one toward another, and in all our dealings with the world do justice to all men, love Mercy, and walk humbly with Thee, our God, and at last may an Abundant Entrance be administered unto us, into Thy Kingdom, O Great Jehovah. Now to the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, the only Wise God, be power and glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

Then follows in order the following important document, which I give *verbatim et literatim:*

"By Virtue of a power granted me from the Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons of Great Britain as Provincial Grand Master of South Wales, I do by these presents Ordain, constitute, and appoint a Lodge to be Erected and held at the dwelling house of Daniel James, in the County Borrough of Carmarthen, and do hereby depute and delegate Lazarus Thomas, John Evans, and Daniel James, Master Masons, to see that all things herein are done decently and in order, as becometh the Rules of this most Antient Society. Given under my hand and Seal, this 19th day of October, 1753.

"EDWARD MANSELL,
Grand Master."

The Lodge was in existence in 1734, as Pine's engraved list of that date proves. Weighing that fact together with the contents of the foregoing entries, it appears probable the Carmarthen Lodge had for many years worked without a regular Charter, and as a time immemorial Lodge.

"*24th October*, 1753.

"By the authority aforesaid I do hereby appoint Bro. Lazarus Thomas to be my Senior Warden, and to act as Master in my absence, and Bro. Daniel James to be Junior Warden, not doubting of their care to preserve the cement of the Lodge.

"JOHN EVANS, *Master.*"

At the same time it is also ordered by the Master and Wardens that Bro. Daniel James shall provide Three Silver Jewells, Three Aprons, Truells (*sic*), and a Constitution Book, and a Book of Rules, together with any other thing he shall think necessary for opening a Lodge the 29th of this instant October, and to charge the expense of the same to the Lodge.

"At the same time 'tis agreed that advertising the Lodge is necessary; it is likewise ordered that Bro. James should get it advertised, and charge the same to the Lodge. John Evans, Master; Lazarus Thomas, Daniel James, Wardens.

(Can any one explain the use of the *truells*, mentioned in the above minute?)

"*29th October*, 1753.

"At a Lodge held this night, it is ordered that, upon the good recommendation given by Bro. Lazarus Thomas, that John Evans, carpenter, be admitted a Brother of this Honourable Fraternity, and that he be made next Lodge Night. * * * * * * * * *

"By order of the Lodge,

"WILLIAM SEARS, *Secretary*."

"*5th November*, 1753.

"By a Dispensation granted by our Right Worshipfull Master, for the Rev. Mr. Francis Beal, it is ordered that the said Mr. Beal be made a Bro. of the Honourable Fraternity at the Lodge held this night, and he is made accordingly."

(Sir Edward Mansell, Bart., who was appointed in 1726 by Lord Paisley, Grand Master, was the first P.G. Master of South Wales; indeed, as far as I can find, of all P.G. Masters the first—and in that capacity granted the above-mentioned dispensation.)

"*December 3rd.*

"* * * * * * * * It is ordered that every Brother that has been admitted and made Masons in this Lodge, shall have certificates of their being made, and when and what Degree.

"JOHN EVANS, *Master*."

"*December 27th*, 1753.

"At a Lodge held this day by proper Summons, and agreeable to an Order made last Lodge Night, 'tis ordered that Bro. Edward Don Lee be raised a Fellow Craft, and he is raised accordingly.

"Upon the motion of Bro. Daniel James, a petition was read of Benjamin M——, clerk, praying he might be made a Mason, and was balloted for accordingly, when it appeared the numbers stood: For, 3; Against, 10 (!) upon which it was rejected." (No wonder.)

"21*st of January*, 1754.

"At a Lodge held here this night, and agreeable to an Order made the 17th Dec. last, Herbert Leighton, Esq., was made an Entered Apprentice. (And) upon the motion of the Senior Warden * * * * * * *, he is raised a fellow Craft."

"*April 22nd*, 1754.

"At a Lodge held here this night * * * * * * it is ordered that the Secretary should send summons to A. B., Esq., and C. D., Apothecary, to attend here personally next Lodge night to answer what is alledged to their charge."

"*May 15th*, 1754.

"It is unanimously agreed upon that the said A. B. and C. D. be expelled this and all other Lodges whatsoever."

"As it has pleased God to take unto himself our Provincial Grand Master, Sir Edward Mansell, it is desired that the Right (*sic*) Worshipfull Master be pleased to recommend to the Grand Lodge our most worthy Brother David Jones Gwynne, of Taliaris, Esq., to become our Provincial Grand Master."

"*24th June*, 1754.

Some interesting inferences may, I think, be drawn from the following curious cash account, which I find under the above date.

	£	s.	d.
By Cash received from Bro, Powell, for being made Entered Apprentice and fellow Craft	1	11	0
By do. from do. for apron and gloves...	0	2	0
By do. from Bro. Beale for ye Provincial and himself...	0	5	0
By do. from Bro. Lee, for an oath, 1d.; and from Bro. Sears, for a contempt, 1d.	0	0	2
Contra. To Cash paid Bro. Gwynn, for 5 trowells and mending 12 others	0	4	10
To do. for Ale at the Making of Bro. Lloyd	0	17	6
To Ale when the penman was remade (!!)	0	2	0

Among other matters, it appears from the above extract that though fees were high, oaths were cheap at Crmarthen.

"WOUNDED."

BY ARTHUR LOCKER.

From the "Graphic."

Upon the battle-field a wounded Turk
Lies helpless and alone;
The cruel shot has done but half its work,
He lives, though overthrown:
A kindlier bullet would have closed his eyes
At once, to open them in Paradise.

His comrades, one and all, have left the fight,
None stays his help to lend;
In such sore straits even a Muscovite
Would seem a kind of friend
If with his lance he stopped his victim's breath,
And so averted a more hideous death.

But all are gone, Giaour and Moslem too,
And now there gathers round
War's fell menagerie, that hateful crew
Of camp-attendants, found
Most useful scavengers, both bird and beast,
Unbidden guests at many a funeral feast.

With flashing steel he keeps the carrion troop
A long while at arm's length;
But they press on more fierce, as 'gins to droop
Their valiant quarry's strength.
See! a bold raven perches on his heart!
Oh! War! how grand and glorious thou art!

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

IX. MARCH.

"When will the stream be aweary of flowing
Under my eye?
When will the wind be aweary of blowing
Over the sky?
When will the clouds be aweary of fleeting,
When will the heart be aweary of beating,
And Nature die?
Never, oh! never, nothing will die;

The stream flows,
The wind blows,
The cloud fleets,
The heart beats,
Nothing will die.

* * * * * *

Nothing will die;
All things will change
Thro' Eternity.
'Tis the world's winter;
Autumn and summer
Are gone long long ago;
Earth is dry to the centre,
But spring, a new comer,
A spring rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Thro' and thro'
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be fill'd with life anew.

EVER the same solemnly joyful lesson—decay and change—but still a change through death to "life anew."

And so through Nature's night we may sleep and brightly dream of Spring, sweet semblance ever recurring of our morn of life—sweet, and yet again how sad the thoughts its memories bring—

"I dreamed I lay where flowers were springing
Gaily in the summer beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling crystal stream.
Straight the sky blew black and daring,
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill;
Of monie a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still."

Truly we ought not to give way to despondency, but rather bear cheerfully the trials of life, remembering how infinitely they are outnumbered by its blessings; for hear once more the voice of Spring—

"Spring, Spring, eloquent Spring,
Thine is a voice all hearts must love;
Plenty and joy are the tidings you bring,
As an earnest below of the mercy above.
Oh! dull is the spirit and cold the breast,
That forgets not awhile it is earthly born;
While we look on the branch where fruit shall rest,
And the green blade promising golden corn.
Arouse, ye sluggards; awake and sing,
A chorus of welcome to beautiful spring."

Why then should we "sorrow as those who have no hope?"—

"Gentle Spring!—in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou—thou makest the sad heart gay."

It would indeed be a strange heart that the growing brightness of the woods and meadows would fail to gladden—for although the old distich may be true that—

"March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers."

Yet in April the showers do not fall, nor even in March the rough winds blow, over flowerless wastes. Humble they may be, like those blossoms that we have found so constant through the dark cold months of Winter, yet are they very welcome, for, as with Wordsworth,—

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

But these lowly friends of ours, the Groundsell and Chickweed, are by no means so noticeable as they were, as day by day the advancing Spring brings forth an ever-increasing store of floral treasure, for—

"The bloom is in the bud, and the bud is on the bough,
And earth is grown an emerald and heaven a sapphire now;
The snowdrop and the daisy wild are laughing everywhere,
And the balmy breath of opening buds steal softly through the air.
* * * * * * * * * *
What promise in the verdant plains—what hope is on the wing,
A blessing on thy balmy breath, thou merry month of Spring."

Passing by the Coltsfoot, too, as having been fully dwelt upon last month, we find a plant of a kindred nature, although of a very different growth,—we mean the Butter-bur, which affects wet meadows and brooksides, whilst the Coltsfoot is more abundant in the drier uplands. Like this latter plant, the Butter-bur puts forth its flowers before the leaves; but so insignificant are they in comparison with the foliage, that few would imagine the meagre conical flesh-coloured spikes of bloom had any connexion with the huge leaves—sometimes even a yard across—that planted on stalks a couple of feet long are called, and played with, as "umbrellas" by children in the hot days of Summertime. So free indeed is the leaf-growth of this plant, that it is, perhaps, the nearest approach to the luxuriance of tropical vegetation that we have in England. We have called the flower meagre, but the bees do not think so, as it affords them a rich meal of honey in the short sharp days of their first venturing forth. Another plant of a similar character now in bloom is the Hairy Cardamine. One strange flower, strange on account of its colour—green, is now in blossoming, the Mercury.

A very pretty little plant, though an injurious one in pastures, owing to its trailing growth destroying the sweet grasses, is the Ground Ivy, whose leaves, when bruised,

emit a strong aromatic odour. Bishop Mant describes its pretty flowers, generally however of a lilac colour, which grow in threes between the stalk and leaf—

"And there upon the sod below,
Ground Ivy's purple blossoms show,
Like helmet of Crusader Knight,
In anther's cross-like form of white."

Few animals will eat this plant, which is said to be even injurious to horses. Villagers, however, prize it highly, using an infusion of it as a cure for coughs. Formerly the plant was known as Ale-hoof and Tun-hoof, being used in earlier days as a substitute for Hops. Even in recent times a quantity of the plant has been thrown into a vat of ale to clarify it, and the liquor thus treated has been deemed a remedy in certain skin diseases. In the Autumn small hairy tumours may be observed on the leaves of the Ground Ivy. These galls, which are caused of the puncture of an insect, are sometimes eaten by the peasantry in France; but Reaumur remarks that "it is doubtful if they will rank with good fruits;" as they have a strong flavour of the plant on which they are formed, we think that we can conscientiously endorse his opinion.

Another wee blue flower may be found not far off, the Ivy-leaved Veronica. Its blossoms are so small and delicate, and its stems lie so close to the ground, that it is in no small danger of being passed over. Other names for it are the Small Henbit, and the Ivy-leaved Chickweed Speedwell; from its early blossoming, country people call it Winter-weed. This plant has lost its reputation as a medicine.

We may now gather the blossoms of the Barren Strawberry, so called from the dry, hairy character of its fruit; whilst in the West of England may be found the blue blooms of the two-leaved Squill. Now, too, in its full luxuriance is the sweet Primrose, with its relatives the Cowslip and Oxlip. Who, seeing them, can ever forget the song of Shakespeare's sweet Ann Page—

"I know a bank whereon the Wild Thyme blows,
Where Ox-lips and the nodding Violet grows?—"

which calls to mind, too, that sweetest of our English flowers, that treasure of the Spring *par excellence*, the Violet. By the wayside, and in the woodland alike, we find this much beloved flower, and many an English copse reminds us of our poet's description—

"Where purple Violets lurk,
With all the lovely children of the shade."

The praises of this flower, though, are not confined to poets any more than is its growth to England. Mahomet declared that it excelled all other flowers. The modern Arabians compare the eyelids to a Violet dropping dew; whilst the odour of the half-hidden flower makes it a fit emblem of modesty. Lane, in his "Arabian Nights," says that Sherbert is made of its flowers by pounding them and boiling them with sugar. In Palestine it blows, with the Narcissus, in January; and in Barbary, Japan, and China, it is in full bloom through the Winter. At Stratford-on-Avon this plant was formerly cultivated for its medicinal properties,—and Syrup of Violets is still used by nurses and employed, perhaps more profitably, by chemists as a test. A larger species, called the Dog Violet, is common; its blossoms, being planted on longer stalks, are often so conspicuously placed as to render the whole bank on which they grow of a lilac tint. Perhaps the sweetest scented, as well as the most delicate of all its varieties, is the White. Ballad singers, as well as our more sober poets, have sung of the Violet; thus in "The Friar of Orders Grey:—

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For Violets plucked the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again."

Now sweet, now sad, are the pictures the Violet conjures up—

"Even now, what affections the violet awakes!"

says Campbell; whilst Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in his "Corn Flowers," asks:—

"Who that has loved knows not the tender tale
Which flowers reveal, when lips are coy to tell?
Whose youth has passed not, dreaming in the vale
Where the rathe Violets dwell?

* * * * * * * *

Brief-lived first flowers—first love? the hours steal on
To prank the world in summer's pomp of hue,
But what can flaunt beneath a fiercer sun
Worth what we lose in you?

Oft by a flower, a leaf, in some loved book
We mark the lines that charm us most;—retrace
Thy life—recall its loveliest passage;—look,
Dead Violets keep the place!"

To Eliza Cook's warm heart they told another story:—

"'Twas on a day in early spring.
Before the butterfly took wing;

* * * * * * *

A tiny boy with pallid face,
Stood in the city's thickest place;
His limbs were lank as limbs could be,
His tattered garments sad to see;
A basket on his arm he bore,
Which gave to sight a little store
Of Violets in bunches spread,
Fresh gathered from their native bed.
Their perfume scarcely lived at all,
Their purple heads were very small,
Their leaves were pinched and shrivelled in,
Their stalks were turning dry and thin.
'Twas very, very cold spring weather,
And Boy and Flowers seemed starved together."

Need we say that she goes on to read us the same lesson that Bulwer does from a companion flower?—

"Avarice, remember when the Cowslip's gold
Lured and yet lost its glitter in thy grasp.
Do thy hoards glad thee more than those of old?
Those wither'd in thy clasp.

From *these* thy clasp falls palsied.—It was then
That thou wert rich—thy coffers are a lie;
Alas! poor fool, Joy is the wealth of men,
And Care their penury."

At least, we shall find it so in the great day of the Master's reckoning with His stewards, when we shall wistfully strain after these words of condemnation of His:—"Inasmuch as ye did unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me!"

This raising up of the lowly and apparently insignificant bids us look lower, as we perhaps consider it, in Nature's kingdom, in order that we may take note of the Great Artificer's hand being over all His works, small as well as great. Doing this, we find that whilst the beautiful and sweet-scented plants are putting forth their flowers, even the humble grasses are coming into bloom. On earth-topped walls, thin-soiled rocks, and even on thatch, the little white-flowered Whitlow-grass is everywhere abundant. The broad-leaved Wood-rush, with its hair-covered leaves, in copses; and the Hare-tail Cotton-grass, which in summer time adorns the wild moorland with its balls of woolly down, are also now in blossom. As we have said, these may escape the eye of the

cursory observer, but an examination of their beauties will well repay the student of Nature, for—

——" Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivalled pencil.
There is not one but
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling life,
A visible token of the upholding loves,
That are the soul of this wide universe."

Passing on we come through such shrub-like plants as the Wood Spurge, with its greenish-yellow blossoms scarcely distinguishable at a distance from its foliage, and the larger Red Shrubby Spurge, to the Trees, of which several are blooming this month.—Amongst such are the Poplars; the Lombardy, with its towering spire-like form which bends before the gale with a plume-like motion of its whole form, instead of merely waving its branches to the blast. Of this Leigh Hunt says:—

——" The Poplar's shoot,
Which, like a feather, waves from head to foot."

The White Poplar which Cowper thus beautifully describes:—

" The Poplar, that with silver lines his leaf."

The Black Poplar, and the Aspen with its ever-moving foliage, from which has come the proverbial description of " quivering like an Aspen leaf." Spenser uses this peculiar quality of the tree descriptively:—

——" His hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of Aspen green."

Very seldom, indeed, are the Aspens still, indeed, we suppose, never except in that breathless silence that precedes a shower. Thomson thus graphically describes this rare stillness:—

" Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of Aspen tall."

The Poplar flower closely resembles the " catkin " of the Hazel, and is to the Botanist an exceedingly interesting and beautiful specimen of Nature's handiwork. On the footstalk of the Black Poplar leaf are frequently found small round protuberances, which are the home as well as the handiwork of insects of the Aphis tribe. The wood of all the kinds is valuable for various kinds of turnery,—for building purposes, owing to its extremely slow combustibility,—and particularly for packing cases, owing to its toughness being such that nails may be driven in close to the edge without splitting it. All the Poplar tribe are invaluable to the layers-out of pleasure grounds, on account of their quick growth. Such is the rapidity with which they come to maturity that we may mention, as an instance, that lately there was to be seen at Great Tew, in Oxfordshire, a Lombardy Poplar, which the planter lived to see attain the height of one hundred and twenty-five feet in the space of fifty years.

During this month, too, the Alder bears a somewhat similar " catkin " to the Poplar and Hazel, whilst the tiny tufts of purple flowerets are to be found on the Elm, from which are developed those flat, oblong, fruits that come whirling down upon us during the breezes later on in the year. Alderwood is useful for a variety of purposes, charcoal for gunpowder making, soles for clogs, and as a substitute for Ebony when dyed black; but its greatest use is its applicability for piles, as, whilst under water, it is wellnigh imperishable. It is on Alder piles that the beautiful arch of the famous Rialto of Venice is said to be supported.

The timber of the Elm is extremely valuable for cart-building, for the curbs of wells, and indeed for any underground purpose. Elm is employed, too, in ship-building, for keels and the planking below water-line.

Another tree, or rather group of trees, flowering at this time, is the Willow. To the ordinary observer, who can remember at least half-a-dozen varieties, the statement of botanists that there are some seventy kinds indigenous to Great Britain, would no doubt be startling, yet such is the fact. We must not stay to do more than briefly notice the Common Osier, so much employed, even in the time of the ancient Britons by themselves for the framework of their coracles, and by the Druids for their sacrificial images, and now by ourselves for every species of useful and ornamental basket-work; the Golden Willow; the "Palm Willow; and that most beautiful species of all, the "Weeping" Willow:—

"The dying one will turn from the sun,
The dazzling flowers, and luscious fruit;
To set his mark in thy sombre bark,
And find a couch at thy moss-clad root.
He is fading away like the twilight ray,
His cheek is pale, and his glance is dim;
But thy drooping arms, with their pensive charms,
Can yield a joy till the last for him;
And the latest words on his lips shall be—
'Oh! lay me under the Willow tree!'"

One plant, and that an unique one, now in flower, we must by no means omit to mention:—

"Under the Mistletoe, peace and goodwill
Mingle the spirits that long have been twain;
Leaves of the Olive branch twine with it still,
While breathings of Hope fill the loud carol strain.

* * * * * *

Hail it with joy in our yule-lighted mirth,
But let it not fade with the festival sound;
Hang up Love's Mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round."

To pass on to the insect kingdom we notice no Butterflies, unless a chance Brimstone or Tortoiseshell that has been wintering, may come for a little while from its hiding-place. Moths are more plentiful, numbering amongst them the Pale Brindled Beauty, the Oak Beauty, and the Drabs or Quakers The Humble Bee is now on the wing; Dor Beetles may also be heard as well as seen, whilst in the pools the Whirligig Beetles are in a state of great activity. In these same pools may be seen those large masses of Frog-spawn, which will soon become Tadpoles. The Ringed Snake comes forth freely about the middle of the month in search of its Frog-food.

Amongst the Birds we notice the Wryneck, the Greenfinch, and the Chaffinch; whilst many of our favourites, such as the Missel Thrush, Blackbird, Thrush, Woodlark, and Crow begin to build. The Wheatear and the House and Sand Martins arrive, whilst the Redwings and Fieldfares depart. As for the Snipes, some go, some stay; the nest of the latter is a beautiful object with its four eggs disposed cross-wise, small ends in the middle. Dear lover of the Birds was Robert Burns:—

"Sing on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain."

and again—

"O stay, sweet warbling Woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.

* * * * * * *

Thou tells o' never ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!"

The same poet draws a lesson, with which we may well close our thoughts on early Spring, from the little Field Mouse, which now begins to come forth again :—

——"Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft aglee,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy."

AMABEL VAUGHAN.*

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "My Lord the King;" "The Path of Life, an Allegory;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," &c., &c.

Chapter IV.—Vale.

Mabel's visit was now concluded, and she was going home to the North with Fitzgerald as an escort as far as Doncaster, where he had some business. Marcus came with Miss Griss to see them off.

As it happened, they were all early at the Great Northern Terminus—whether by accident or design I cannot tell—so they strolled up and down the great platform chatting pleasantly together.

"I say, Mark!" Mr. Fitzgerald observed, as an old woman passed them, laden with bundles, in an awful flurry lest she should lose the train, although it wanted a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes before it started, "does it strike you who that old party is like?"

"I think I have seen you before;
I think I have seen you before;
Your face seems to be so familiar to me,
I think I have seen you before."

Mark chanted in an undertone as he walked along by Mabel's side. "And so I have, but where the dickens it was I can't remember. Oh, now I have it; I believe it's old Mother Stoddart—or somebody very like her."

"And pray who is she?" Mabel inquired.

"Oh, our old nurse of No. 3 Ward at Hertford. She was a nice old party," Mark continued. "At Hertford each ward consists of three stories;—the ground floor is the boys' day-room—just off which is the nurse's parlour; the second floor is the large dormitory, in which half the boys sleep, adjacent to which is the nurse's bedroom, and above is the attic where the rest of the boys sleep—with the servant's room adjoining.

"Old Mother Stoddart was a sensible woman, and not wishing to be disturbed at night, she turned all the turbulent boys into the attic overhead, whilst the quiet ones reposed in the dormitory.

* As objections have been made to the "facts" of this story, Bro. Emra Holmes wishes us to say that they are substantially true as regards a state of things twenty years ago. We think, however, that memory sometimes plays tricks with us all, and we much regret if any pain has been caused to the authorities of the school by a representation of a state of things long passed away, whether that representation be more or less coloured by the infirmity of memory or sensationalism of the hour.

"What larks we used to have to be sure; leap-frog over the beds, bolstering matches, and all sorts of fun,—and sometimes a free fight. Of course, Fitz and I were soon banished there. Old Mother Stoddart used to creep up the stairs like an old cat, with a little black cane in her hand, and if she found anybody out of bed, she used to let into them, rather; didn't she, Fitz?"

"Yes," the latter answered, "and what do you think that fellow Mark used to do? He was a pious rogue and no mistake. If the old woman came up rather suddenly and caught him out of bed—which he mostly was for the first hour or two after we were sent to roost—he used to drop on his knees and say his prayers, or pretend to,—and sometimes I have noticed him unusually devout for at lest ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, during which the old nurse would remain up, eyeing him suspiciously; but Mark knew what he was about and remained in an attitude of devotion until her patience was exhausted, and she would go down stairs with a grunt of dissatisfaction, for she daren't hit him then, and she dearly loved to leather the boys."

"It is to be regretted that youths should be such dissemblers," Miss Griss observed; "but I suppose conscience makes cowards of us all."

Mabel smiled at her cousin's story and remarked:

"Your stories about that other old nurse amused us very much last night."

"Oh yes, but she was in London you know, a regular Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Partington rolled into one. Awfully fond of using long words she was. One day she caught too little boys fighting in the cloisters;—she daren't have tackled big fellows—so she takes them off by the 'scruff of their necks,' as she would say, down to the steward.

"'Sir,' she said, 'as I was a passing through the quadrangle, I saw these two combatantes a combatanting; and if it hadn't have been for my contraficiating I don't know what would have been the insequences.'"

Mabel laughed at the oddness of the old woman's speech; and Miss Griss said:

"It is sad that the boys should fight so much. What was done with them?"

"Oh! well generally when a fight was got up, each boy had his second, and they proceeded with the few who were in the secret, to some secluded spot, the extreme end of the Hall cloisters or near the Buttery. I had an awful fight once, within one of the back tower entrances to the Hall, just out of the Infirmary yard. It was with my best friend, too, a Scotchman; and I remember I thought he didn't fight fair, for he held his head down and pummelled me to my heart's content, and finally blacked both of my eyes to that extent that I was laid up at the Infirmary for days. Somebody came between us, I suppose, because we were such dear friends,—and we were never the same again.

"To prevent interruption from the beadle or others, scouts were posted outside always to give the alarm; so we were very rarely caught, and fights were of daily occurrence. Sometimes, however, a beadle would suddenly pounce in upon us, collar the delinquents and take them off to the steward, whose office is under the Writing School, and close to the beautiful swimming bath they have lately added for the boys' use.

"Well, then, they were caned, and had to stand all day, when they were out of school, side by side against the wall, instead of playing with the other boys. It was a good plan, and they generally became fast friends afterwards."

"Did you like Hertford as well as London?" Mabel asked Mark with interest.

"Yes, I think I did on the whole, the out of school life at all events. The steward was kind and considerate, though sometimes, of course, he had to be severe. The nurses were most of them nice motherly women (ours was an exception). We had a nice field to play in in summer, as well as the School playground, and they were very kind to the little boys in the Infirmary if they were really ill. But the school life was a species of terrorism I shall never forget.

"Under Mr. B. (mentioning the name to Mabel of the under master in the Grammar School), it was worse than being in prison. His cruelty knew no bounds

He was a great coarse brute of a fellow, who was never so happy as when he was flogging the boys.

"Mr K., the Reverend Mr. K. (for obvious reasons I suppress the name), the head grammar master at that time was just as bad if not worse.

"Many a time I know Fitz, who was a delicate lad, then, and very sensitive, was in such a state of abject terror, because he knew he would be flogged with a birch rod if he didn't know his lesson, that the mere dread of the punishment drove it all out of his head, and of course he was thrashed, and called a beast and a pig, and all that sort of thing. He was only 8 or 9. I was harder grained, I suppose, and didn't care so much, so I got on better—though I know, now, I haven't half his abilities and talent; nor am equal to him in any way I feel," he added humbly.

Mabel smiled very kindly at Mark as he thus praised her favourite cousin.

Whilst they were altogether on the platform before the train started, Mabel was quiet, and just a little tearful at parting, very affectionate in her demonstrations to her aunt, and very kind and pensive to Mark.

"Good-bye, old fellow," Fitz said, wringing his friend's hand, "I shall be back in a few days. Take care of the old lady," he whispered, "she looks wonderfully abstracted to-day, and if you don't look after her she'll be catechising the cabman on his knowledge of 'Pearson on the Creed,' or giving you a trifle of 'Butler's Analogy,' and then end by walking in the way of some carriage and getting run over."

"My dear," Miss Griss said, "will you ask your uncle if he can get me a 'Locke'; one can be procured at Wolverston, I daresay."

'What kind of lock, Aunt, is it you want? Will a Bramah do?"

"You jest, child; I do not allude to any of the idolatrous people, Hindoo or otherwise; but it is a book I wanted, which I do not know precisely where to get here, 'Locke on the Understanding.'"

"Oh, that's it, I really beg your pardon, dear Aunt, but I didn't know."

"Good-bye! good-bye!"

The bell rings, the passengers hurry into their carriages, the engine whistles, and then snorts its way out of the Euston Square Station; and Mark stands looking wistfully at the carriage which contains all he loves in the world. Does she care for me? he asks himself.

Those last letters of hers were strangely capricious and yet kind.

Surely she returned the warm pressure he gave her hand at parting.

Surely she smiled graciously when he asked permission to write to her.

But then, again, had she not been equally kind to Fitz, and had she not shown sometimes a preference for his society? Did she not ask him to escort her that day to Wolverston, and had he not made it convenient to take her as far as Doncaster?

Yes; but then he was her cousin, and that was almost the same as being her brother. Surely she couldn't care for him more than——than she did for anyone else? Cousins do sometimes marry, though, and Fitz had certainly of late shown her more attention than formerly.

All these doubts and suggestions passed through our young hero's brain as they travelled back to the Parsonage; and he ceremoniously handed out the old lady, and then got in and drove back again to Town.

I am afraid Mark Seaton did not go down to the Office during the next few days in the pleasantest ottempers.

(To be Continued.)

ALEXANDER PUSCHKIN.

THE name of this Russian Poet is well known in England, though his poety is so far practically but a dim tradition or a hazy outcome to us. We have had from time to time translations of portions of his writings, but not, as far as we are aware,

any regular attempt to master the difficulties of the entire Russian original. Bodenstedt's German translation is familiar to some of us, and, if we are not in error, Sir John Bowring gave us some translations from Puschkin. Our knowledge of the Russian Poet comes mainly through Bodenstedt, and some chance translations picked up here and there.

The first remark we will make is this, that we doubt Puschkin ever being very popular amongst Englishmen, and the reason is threefold. First there is the uncertainty whether we reach to the true meaning of Puschkin through the medium of a translation. Bodenstedt's translation is here and there both obscure and doubtful, (according to us,) in the highest degree, but that is not surprising, considering the intense difficulty of the Russian language.

But besides this, there is an occasional, if not intentional, mysteriousness in Puschkin, which is very hard indeed to fathom, much less to explain. He seems to delight in leaving us to guess what it is he wants really to say, rather than to express it himself, and even when you think you have mastered Puschkin's idea, you find that there is something yet beyond, which has, so to say, eluded your grasp. You still are in darkness. Your's is still the Sibylline oracle without its explanation. This is probably after all only an artificial "tour de force" on the part of the poet, but it is one of the main elements which constitutes the great difficulty of perfectly understanding Puschkin's pregnant words.

Another drawback in Puschkin is his morbidity. His is apparently what the Germans call "First Lieutenant's melancholy" in all he writes. He seems to have lived unhappily—we know he died unhappily—and the gloom of his social existence, his outward associations and his inward emotions, seem to throw that tone of unhealthy cynicism over his otherwise fine ideas and poetic beauties.

We find in him, indeed, the aspirations of the Epicurean, nay, and the fortitude of the Stoic, but we look in vain even for one ray of that nobler trust in God, His present Providence, His certain Future, which gleams from amid the often stormy words, and over the erratic pen of Heine. But we always feel sorry for Puschkin, as we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, or resist the conviction, that, despite his wayward fancies and his gloomy fears, his despondent imaginings and his morbid feelings, there runs through all he writes the golden scintillation of true poesy.

We give some translations from Puschkin, partly from Bodenstedt and other sources, some of which we have made ourselves, and contributed specially to the MASONIC MAGAZINE, in order to afford, however imperfectly, an idea of what Puschkin is, and of the truth of our humble if critical remarks respecting him; others we have taken from different sources, and re-translated and re-arranged, we think it fair to observe.

THE ANGEL.

An angel stood, a glorious vision
At Eden's door, the head bowed low;
Meanwhile the wild and crafty Demon
Arose from Hell's abyss below.

The Spirit then of doubt, denial,
Looked on that sinless One sublime,
And grieved Repentance for the appearance
Of wicked thoughts,—for the first time.

"I've not in vain regarded thee,
I don't, (O purest heavenly guest,)
Profess all that's earthly to despise,
All that's heavenly to detest."

WHAT HAST THOU TO DO WITH MY POOR NAME?

What hast thou to do with my poor name,
Which dies just like the murmur of the sea
Breaking on that far shore,—or like in forest wild
A sound by quiet night is heard by me?

It leaves on memory's very solemn page
Its trace behind, so silent and so dead,
Like an inscription on a tombstone writ,
Which none can understand, by none is read.

What remains of it? All forgotten see,
Gone is it in our new and busy life;
It gives no pleasant recollections now,
Nor soothes with tenderness our angry strife.

Yet even now, when grief thy heart invade,
Speak sadly to it still with gentle tone,
Oh say, I know there 's one who thinks of me,
There is one heart in which I live—my own!

TO ———.

I mind me still of that strange meeting,
When thou didst pass before my sight,
Like a soft vision by me fleeting,
A spirit pure, and blest, and bright.

By misery hopelessly surrounded,
To me, (amid life's tumult vain,)
Thy gentle voice still softly sounded,
Thy kindly features smiled again.

Years fled. The tempest's blast had harmed me
The former fancies were effaced,
And I forgot the voice that charmed me,
That heavenly smile no longer traced.

In loneliness and desolation
My days dragged on in still despair,
Nor duty, nor inspiration,
Nor tears, nor life, nor love were there.

But woke my soul when at our meeting
Again thou werst before my sight,
Like a soft vision by me stealing,
A spirit pure, and blest, and bright.

And my heart beat with exultation,
And Hope arose again as fair,
And Duty and Inspiration,
And Tears, and Life, and Love were there.

I LOVED THEE.

I loved thee—and perhaps that Fire
Has not yet expired in my breast;
Than thy good name, naught is dearer to me or higher,
And never will I seek to discompose thy rest!

I loved thee—though dumbly, hopelessly, and sadly,
In every trial which Love for man can tell:
I loved thee—oh! so truly and so gladly!—
God grant that another may love thee just as well!

TO ——.

The Hills of Georgia rest in nightly slumber—
The Aragua is foaming before me here—
All is to me so sad and dark—without number
Are my griefs—thy dear picture still to me is near.

Thou only one—my sweetest sorrow
Nothing can lessen, nothing can drive away;
My heart it beats and glows again to-morrow,
Because it is impossible not to love to-day.

AN ELEGY.

All slowly fading in her distant home
She lay a sufferer under that blue sky,
At last she faded from our earthly sight,
Though to me now her shade is ever nigh.

A Distance us had sever'd long and wide:
In vain I call up every tender feeling;
Indifferently they told me of her death,
I heard them coldly that sad news revealing.

Yet it is she, whom I so loved of yore
In all the warm effusion of my heart,
In all that tenderness which never left me,
'Midst all the painful wild o'ermastering smart.

But pain and love, where flit they both to-day?
As that still trusting shadow draweth nigh,
That hour itself still ever sweet I find it,
Without one tear, or e'en one heartfelt sigh.

A HEART.

Years of my longings have bereft me,
I've outlived fancies one by one,
And but some sufferings have been left me,
Fruits of a heart that's sad and lone.

Beneath the storms of fate hath perished
The wreath whose blossoms I counted dear,
Careworn, without a friend I cherished,
I wait until the end appear.

So stricken by the cold that found it
Still lingering on the naked tree,
(While wintry storms are heard around it,)
The late leaf trembles hopelessly.

These sad verses are said to be some of the last written by Puschkin, and just previous to his melancholy and premature death in 1837.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(*Continued from page* 424.)

ASTRONOMY, including the solar worship, was practised on the plains of Shinar, embodied in a secret institution which, for distinction's sake, we call the Spurious Freemasonry; and the circle, the crescent, the triangle, and the square, were used as the authorized symbols of the siderel deities. Hence Babylon is styled "the mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth."* The institution was systematized, and a regular priesthood established prior to the dispersion; for Josephus asserts from Hesticeus,† that the priests of Jupiter, surviving the general destruction, having preserved the holy vessels and ornaments, repaired with them to Babylon.

In the cosmogonies of Paganism there is one striking point of similarity: they each allude to the worship of the Sun as the first apostacy. Sanchoniatho's account is, that in a season of great drought the inhabitants of the earth began to worship the Sun, considering him the Lord of Heaven. Hesiod describes the original sin of man as consisting of stealing fire from that luminary, to animate his female image. Zoroaster says that Ahriman, the author of all sin, leapt from the Sun. These allegories are all explained by Moses, who states that the sin of the woman was the setting up of an idol, calling it Bathshish, the daughter of the Sun.‡

The great pyramidal tower was erected by Nimrod, assisted by his Cuthite followers, on astronomical principles, and dedicated to the Sun, "quia," to use the language of Cicero,§ "Solus ex omnibus sideribus tantus est;" the lower apartments being for the funereal portion of the initiations, or the aphanisus, and the upper for astronomical observations, and the perfect regeneration of the Epopt in the *curesis* by a revelation of the *autopsia*, and a communication of the ineffable secrets of the Greater Mysteries. Hence this lofty apartment was technically called heaven, as the summit of a mountain which it was intended to represent was supposed to be the consecrated residence of the deity.

* Rev. xvii. 5.
† Ant. Jud. l. i. c. 4.
‡ Lamb's Hier., p. 136.
§ De nat. deor. l. ii.

"As the Sun is the fountain of light, this luminary was considered by the Sabaists as the symbol of the deity, who is the fountain of intelligence. They imagined inferior spirits to be divided into certain classes, and these were represented by the stars according to their magnitudes. A pre-established harmony was supposed to exist between the spiritual world and the material, and the latter was held to be a type and a development obvious to the sense of the former. The undeviating order observed in the march of the celestial bodies, their regular revolutions in their orbits, and the concert which exists, or seems to exist, amongst them, were believed to typify the relations established by Infinite Wisdom among the spiritual hierarchs of heaven. While, indeed, those countless and brilliant orbs pursue, in apparent accord, their various paths, while they attract, repel, and avoid each other, and while they course the etherial plains without ever jarring, they may, perhaps, be not inaptly said to represent, figuratively, the intellectual powers, spirits, or angels, that in uniform agreement obey, in their different spheres, the mandates of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe."*

Having thus engrafted Sabianism on the patriarchal religion, the devotion of wandering tribes soon became generalized, and peculiar attributes were assigned to the several planetary objects of their worship. Thus Plutarch informs us that a genial influence was ascribed to two of them, the same number being accounted malignant, and the rest neutral.

In like manner the mystics of the last century on the Continent of Europe contended that there is in man seven principles, which are emanations from the seven planets: 1. The divine golden man, from Saturn; 2. The inward holy body, which, like pure silver, is produced from fire and light; 3. The elemental man, from Jupiter; 4. The Mercurial-growing paradisaical man; 5. The Martial, soldier-like man; 6. The Venerine, according to the outward desire; 7. The Solar, a seer of the wonders of God. For they said, "the stars figure God in his almightiness, infinity, and eternity, according to the first principle; in his majestic triumphant kingdom of Light, according to the second; and in his gracious kingdom of Love, according to the third principle. The hosts and legions of the seven angelical kings were figured by the rest of the enumerable constellations and lesser glories."

But to return. Nimrod, of whom each tribe cherished a pious remembrance, by a practical application of the principles already enumerated, was elevated to the skies as a Mediator, and placed in the constellation Orion, and the symbol was a point within a circle.† And it is a question whether this splendid asterisus, in his famed attack on the Bull, and attended by the brilliant star Sirius, was not intended to prefigure the Deliverer which tradition had instructed mankind to expect.

The tradition of his death ran thus: His mother, Semiramis, being besieged in Babylon, "Nimrod, the true oriental Memnon of classical fable, came with his warlike Cuthites from Nineveh, to aid his mother and the beleaguered Babylonians; but, as an apt requital, he was, by his ambitious parent, blown up from what is now called the Birs Nemroud, either by gunpowder or by some similar composition handed down from the antediluvian science of the Cainites. Her unfortunate offspring having been thus compendiously disposed of, she gave out that he had been miraculously translated to heaven in a storm of thunder and lightning. But she preserved his head, which by art magical she made into an oracular Seraph. And this Seraph was the real prototype both of the Gorgon's head and of the Cephalic Seraphim of the Rabbins, and of the speaking Brazen Head manufactured by Roger Bacon, and of all other heads of the like quality and description."‡ This account does not tally with what Pliny records in his seventh Book, where he says that "on the bursting of a mountain in Crete by an earthquake, there was found a body standing upright, with the head in the proper place, which was supposed to be that of Orion."

(*To be continued.*)

* Drummond, Origines, vol. iii., p. 425.
† Cedr. Hist. Comp. fo. 14, Diod. Bibl. iv. 284, Chrdr. Alex. p. 84.
‡ Fab. Eight Diss. vol. ii. p. 382.

FREEMASONS' WIVES.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL,

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

My husband is a Mason true,
And a Mason 's Wife am I;
But to learn Masonic Secrets
It is no use to try:
He might tell *me*—just only *me*—
For women never tell
A secret, but to a friend
That they can trust full well.

My friend, Jemima, call'd to-day,
To have a little talk;
She said that Masons' meetings
Oft had their end in smoke:
Her husband's clothes were full of it,—
She really could not bear
To have them in her room last night,
So threw them on the stair.

Brown said tobacco did no harm,
And it was but a plea
To get his clothes outside the room,
What he had spent to see.
She told him, warmly, that he knew
She would not be so mean;
And he as coolly made reply,
"Jemima thinks I'm green."

"No Brown," said she, "you are not green,
Or I should very soon
Get at the Secrets that you keep,
So closely, Mister Brown!
The parson said, when we were wed,
We two were one for life;
But Masonry has made us two—
You've Secrets from your Wife!"

Now was her time to speak, she thought,
But Brown began to snore;
He always will go off to sleep,
Then she can say no more.
It ever is his way, she says,
When Masonry 's her theme;
And all she meant to say that night,
Just ended in a dream.

We both agreed it was no use
To tease our husbands more;
For they as Masons were as good
As they had been before;
And she and I, from what they say,
Have always understood,
That there is nought in Masonry
But what is pure and good.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

ON THE TESTING AND STRENGTH OF RAILWAY MATERIALS, &c.

BY BRO. R. M. BANCROFT,
Mem. Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society.

MODES OF TESTING RAILS.

THE usual modes of testing rails are: *First*, dead central weight or static test; *Second*, dynamic or test by impact; *Third*, a combination of first and second—first by the central and afterwards by the falling load; *Fourth*, chemical or acid test; and *Fifth*, by rolling weight. To these might be added one of torsion or twisting. It should be borne in mind that tests ought to be such as can at all times be easily applied, and not to cause unnecessary inconvenience to the contractor in carrying out his contract. Climate has great influence upon rails, for in tropical countries a comparatively hard rail might be employed, and a greater amount of duty might probably be obtained than from a softer rail. In practise, any sleeper may be badly packed or decayed so as to offer little resistance, therefore it follows that a rail to be safe should not break or take a permanent set under the weight of an engine; if every other sleeper were taken away this would always give a bearing at which to test rails for different lines or gauges. A good steel rail, as used on the English Railways, will deflect about 3-16 of an inch in a span of 6ft. when a locomotive engine is passing over it. Taking the tests seriatim, it seems to me that the test by a falling weight is more to detect brittleness than a test of deflection; and being a destructive one, only 1 or 2 per cent. of the quantities are tested, and the rest of the turn is supposed to be like them. For the test of brittleness, it has been suggested that a good method would be to drop rails from a given heighth on to a hard platform, which would certainly detect any cold short ones. To detect brittle rails is certainly most important, yet it is difficult to imagine how the loads passing over rails come with the suddenness of a blow from a test monkey. Some engineers say the endeavour to ascertain whether a rail has sufficient toughness by submitting it to the action of a falling weight is most deceptive; the test goes as far beyond the mark, as that by a dead weight falls short of it, because it requires an amount of toughness which is quite unnecessary and inconsistant with a proper degree of hardness. Dead central weight tests determine the strength of a rail as a girder, and are adopted by some engineers, who consider nothing so good as the simple application gradually increasing bending stress to the centre, the deflection and set being noted after each successive increment of stress. These tests being usually made upon bearings, varying from 2ft. 8in. up to 5ft. and 6ft., it is a question whether the amount of deflection shown by so short a length of rail without being damaged by a permanent set, is not too small to be accurately measured; and the difference of the deflection which would be exhibited by a short piece of very good iron and a similar piece of very bad iron would, at any-rate, be very small to afford any certain gauge of its qualities. It would seem that a double test of dead weight and afterwards by impact is a severe and, one would think, a satisfactory one; and, unlike a chemical test, is simple, quick, and inexpensive; it severely tests the qualities of material and workmanship. Some engineers adopt this method, and, though these tests are not designed to represent the wear the rail would have to undergo, yet they are, combined, the safest and simplest that we know of at present to apply. The acid test is made by cutting off a slice from the end of a rail, and, after polishing, immersing it in dilute acid, which eats away all impurities, leaving a lot of cavities and furrows, thus showing up the fibre or grain of the metal very plainly. With most metals, chemical analysis is in itself a complete and sufficient test of quality, but not in steel. The toughness of steel may be altered by sudden coolness; and, although the effect of this operation, and generally the effects of

tempering, are greater when the quantity of carbon is considerable, yet it acts more or less in the mild qualities of steel, so that we cannot rely entirely on the aid of the chemist, but must fall back on mechanical tests, which proves not only the material, but the workmanship. The rolling weight test is made by heavy rollers fixed in a framework and radial bars connected to a centre boss, after the form of a turn-table; motion is imparted to a centre vertical shaft by means of shafting and wheels underneath, which is driven by steam power. It can be made with or without springs; without springs the test is more severe, but by using springs the rollers may be lightened and greater weight thrown into the frame.

The rails to be tested are formed into a circle or polygon, supported on sleepers, packed with ballast in the usual manner. If the rails are bent into a circular form, Mr. Price, the patentee, says, in his experience the texture of the iron is of no moment —provided the rails are bent at a dull red heat—but they may be arranged as a polygon, which plan possesses the collateral advantage that the rollers wear more evenly over their entire surface. These rails are tested by a dead weight produced by hydraulic pressure. A piece of the rail is placed upon 5ft. bearings, and a slightly curved iron surface, $3\frac{3}{4}$in. in width, is made to press upon the centre of the rail. The test is, that, under these conditons, a pressure of 40,000lb. shall not deflect the centre of the rail more than one inch; also, that 60,000lb. shall deflect it 9in. without breaking it.

TEST FOR IRON RAILS,

75lb. per yard.

1st Test.—Each of these rails placed on two supports, 3ft. 8in. apart, must carry for five minutes in the centre, between points of support, a hanging weight of 12 tons, deflection 0·15in. as a maximum, and when the weight has been taken off, the permanent set must not be more than 0·04in., or 1 millimetre, and on condition that, at the second placing of the same weight, the deflection does not increase more than 1-150in. or 1-5 millimetre.

2nd Test.—Each rail in the same position must carry also for five minutes, without breaking, a weight of 30 tons, then, having nicked the surface of the head, it shall be tested to breaking by the blows of a tup 648lb., weight falling 18ft.; and the fracture must show a combination of iron conforming to aforesaid condition.

3rd Test.—Each of the two halves of broken rail placed on the supports, 3ft. 8in. apart, shall be tested by the blows from a tup 648lb., falling 7ft., on the centre between the point of support; under this test, the rail may bend, but must not show any sign of destruction. The Vignoles section of rail would seem to have some advantage over the double head, as the bottom flange is placed at a greater distance from the neutral axis, besides resisting side-strains and torsions; and, as a matter of practice, none but ductile tough iron can be rolled into a wide flange. But this section of rail cannot be relaid with such facility as the double head shape.

TESTING OF FISH PLATES FOR RAILS.

1. Six fish plates to be taken at random from one day's rolling, and bent to an angle of 60 deg. without any sign of fracture.

2. Holes to be punched at a distance from the edge equal to the diameter of hole, without bulging the metal at sides.

WEAKENING RAILS BY DRILLING AND PUNCHING.

An experiment is mentioned by Hackney in his "Manufacture of Steel":—

1. A piece of rail with no holes in it stood a blow of 1 ton falling 20ft.

2. Piece of same rail with a punched hole through the web, broke under first blow at a 3ft. fall.

3. A piece with a drilled hole same size, while it stood the first blow at 2ft. fall. broke with the 2nd at 4ft.

Steel.

The Admiralty tests at present for steel are as follows:—

Tensile and Extension Tests. 1. Strips cut lengthwise or crosswise of the plate to have an ultimate tensile strength of not less than 26 and not exceeding 30 tons per square inch of section, with an elongation of 20 per cent in a length of 8 inches.

"*Tempering Tests.*—2. Strips cut lengthwise of the plate 1½ in. wide, heated uniformly to a low cherry red, and cooled in water of 82 deg. Fah., must stand bending in a press to a curve of which the inner radius is one and a half times the thickness of the plates tested."

3. "The strips are to be cut in a planing machine, and are to have the sharp edges taken off."

4. "The ductility of every plate is to be ascertained by the application of one or both of these tests to the shearing or by bending them cold by the hammer on the contractor's premises, and at his expense."

5. "All plates to be free from lamination and injurious surface defects."

6. "One plate to be taken for tensile, extension and tempering tests from every invoice, provided the number of plates does not exceed fifty. If above that number, one for every addition of fifty, or portion of fifty. Plates may be received or rejected without a trial of every thickness on the invoice."

7. "The pieces of plate cut out for testings are to be of parallel width from end to end, or for at least 8 in. of length. When the plates are ordered by thickness, their weight is to be estimated at the rate of 40 lb. per square foot for plates of 1 in. thick, and in proportion for plates of all other thicknesses; the weight so produced is not to be exceeded, but a latitude of 5 per cent below this will be allowed for rolling in plates of ½ in. in thickness and upwards, and 10 per cent on thinner plates. These weights may be ascertained by weighing as much as 10 tons at a time."

"*Tests for Angle, Bulb or Bar Steel.*—The whole of the steel to stand a tensile strain of 26 tons to the square inch, and not to exceed 30 tons to the square inch. Also to stand the extension and tempering tests described for plates. All the cross ends are to be cut off. One bar is to be taken for testing from every invoice, providing the number of bars does not exceed fifty; if above that number, one for every additional fifty, or portion of fifty."

Steel Tests.

As the result of the report on steel for shipbuilding of the chief surveyor of Lloyd's, Mr. B. Martell, and his assistants, Messrs. Cornish and John, give the following, which is portion of a notice issued by Lloyds on the 1st Nov., 1877.

The steel to be used in ships building for classification in the register book will be required to stand the following tests; to be applied under the personal inspection of the the surveyors to the society, to samples selected by them whenever deemed by them to be desirable.

Tests.—Strips cut lengthwise or crosswise of the plate, and also angle and bulb steel, to have an ultimate tensile strength of not less than 26, and not exceeding 30 tons per square inch of section, with an elongation of 20 per cent before fracture. Strips cut from the angle or bulb steel to be heated to a low cherry red, and cooled in water of 82 deg. Fah., must stand bending double round a curve of which the diameter is not more than three times the thickness of the plates tested.

Test for Bessemer Steel Rails.

Rails will be taken from each day's rolling and placed upon bearings 3 feet apart, when a ball weighing 10 cwt. is to be raised 10 feet and dropped three times, when the deflection must not exceed 3 inches.

Testing railway Steel Axles.

As is generally known, the mode of procedure usually adopted by continental railway engineers s to take one out of each hundred axles and test it to destruction. It

is usually stipulated in the specification that the whole lot may be rejected if this one, or at most a second, do not stand the trial, as several English makers have found to their cost. Some of these tests are very severe ; such is that required by the Austrian Northern Railway, according to which all five-inch steel axles, when set on supports nearly 5ft. apart, must undergo blows from a weight of about 7 cwt., falling from a height of nearly 19 ft., increased by two feet from each successive blow. In this way it must withstand a bend of 9 in., the operation being continued until the axle has withstood more than six thousand foot pounds. A lighter test is that of the Southern Railway Company, who require for their 4½ in. steel axles that, with a distance between the supports of nearly 5ft., they shall withstand a bend of more than 9¾in., under a 7cwt. monkey, falling from a height of nearly 15ft. They must then allow themselves to be bent back straight in a same manner without breaking. In fact, almost every other company's engineer has a different test, differing as to the distance between the supports, the weight of the monkey, and the height of its fall. The texture of commercial iron varies greatly according to its mode of manufacture. Pure iron, which has been formed and rolled equally in all directions, exhibits a texture of very small brilliant grains, but when drawn out into bars its texture is fibrous, the fibres always running in the direction of the bar which may be readily proved by breaking it. The fibrous texture is more tenacious than the granular, and bears a greater tensile strain without breaking. Iron of a fibrous nature sometimes changes into the granular when subject to much vibration, as rods in suspension bridges, &c. Its tensile power then rapidly diminishes.

It is well known to manufacturers and to many others, that steel of the strength of 33 to 36 tons per inch can be made, and is made in large quantities at moderate prices, possessing all the toughness and malleability required in engineering structures. We have this on the authority of Mr. W. H. Barlow, and yet engineers, as a rule in England, do not seem to take kindly to it—for bridge building at any rate—in this respect we are behind our American friends. The malleability of steel will be shown by the following test :—

A piece of rail weighing 80lb. per yard, and 12ft. in length, was held by one end, and twisted at the other until it made 6¾ complete revolutions before it broke. The fracture occurred at one end, leaving about 11ft. of the rail in the twisted form which had been given to it. In this twisted state the rail was laid on two bearings, 3ft. 6in. apart, and subjected to the blows of 1 ton weight falling 30ft., and it bore one of these blows without breaking. Mr. Barlow gives the limiting span of a girder in iron at 5 tons per inch strain as 600ft., and in steel at 8 tons per inch strain as 900ft.

We can obtain an idea of the effect of introducing steel by this, and Mr. Barlow says, assuming a load in addition to the weight of the girder of one ton to the foot, the relative weights under these circumstances would be :—

Span.	Weight of Steel girder in tons.	Weight of Iron girder in tons
200	57	100
300	150	300
400	320	800

With these facts before us, surely we ought to turn our attention to this metal, and get the Board of Trade to state a limiting strain as they do in iron.

Malleable Cast Iron.

In 1804, Mr. Samual Lucas, of Sheffield, patented a mode of producing malleable cast iron, his specification clearly showing the theory of conversion, and the firm Edward Lucas and Son, of Dronfield Foundry, are still engaged in its manufacture, The colour, both of external, and that of fractured specimens approach that of steel. The "malleableized" metal takes readily a very fine polish, which is not easily destroyed. upon exposure to moisture. Malleable cast iron is easily stamped, drawn, and hammered without heating. It can also be worked well under the hammer at a low heat, and at

this stage hammering appears to improve the grain. Very small sections may occasionally be welded, but as a rule, malleable cast iron is not weldable. It is readily brazed with copper. It melts only under a very high heat, and it stands fire so well that it is employed for foundry ladles, crucibles for gold and silver, and for the tubes of some description of boilers. Malleable cast iron may be case hardened more readily and to a greater depth than wrought iron. The castings are not blistered, scaled, or warped in the process, and the case hardening may be effected either with bones, hoofs, or leather in the ordinary manner, or with prussiate of potash. The articles made of malleable cast iron are all kinds of machinery fitments, steam boiler tubes, gas joints, horse shoes, bridle bits, stirrups, gun fittings, bed fittings, railway signal pullies, buffer and axle boxes, tram car wheels, cross heads, portable engine chimney caps and bases, bows for manholes of boilers, link reversing and expansion gear, cranks, pistons, and garden tools in fact, malleable cast iron is used in place of wrought iron to a very great extent, especially since labour became so very dear, as in many cases it comes in cheaper than forged work when the article is of a difficult form or shape—but it cannot compete successfully with forgings when the articles required are heavy and tolerably easy to forge. Castings can be annealed up to any weight and size—the time taken for annealing light casting is about seven days, and for heavy, fourteen days. The metal chiefly used in the production of malleable castings are the finest brands of charcoal and Hœmatite pigs specially prepared.

TESTS.

Its advantage over cast iron is that the same strength may be obtained with half the weight, and that it is easier to finish and take a finer polish. Unlike wrought iron it is not liable to defective welds, and with ease complicated patterns and shapes can be produced at a reasonable cost. It is more easily worked than steel, is freer from defects through blowing or honeycombing. A superior kind of small, soft casting is made by the Nottingham Malleable Iron Company, which from being subject to a partial annealing, is very easily got up a bright polish—the difference in cost being fully recouped by saving in labour and tools.

The process although very simple is but very little understood; it is a common notion that there is much mystery in the using the "chemicals" required. Making iron castings malleable was, indeed, among the lost arts. The late Zerah Colborn says old records show that it was lost and re-discovered more than once. The French philosopher, Réamur, who wrote upon it 140 years ago, observed that it was then practised as a great mystery in Paris.

At last, chemistry came to the aid of the metal worker, and he learned that what he had so long called sulpher in the iron—and sulpher was once a name applied to many substances—was really carbon, and the same as charcoal or diamond, and chemistry showed him carbon would always forsake iron for oxygen, and the cast iron treated with oxygen was malleable, as it always is, whether in the old refinery fire, in puddling, in pig boiling with forge scales and refinery cinders, in the Bessemer process, and in still other modes of treatment.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN ENGLAND.

A LODGE LECTURE.

(*Continued from page* 405.)

AT the commencement of the 14th century we may consider the Fraternity to have been consolidated in this kingdom, as it had been for some years previously in Germany and France. The Abbé Grandidier, a Frenchman, who, in the latter part of

the last century sought to attack the Order, furnishes us, unconsciously and unwittingly, with the most valuable information and the strongest proof of our antiquity when rightly understood. He says :—"I hold in my hands authentic documents and real records, dating more than three centuries back, which enables us to see that this much-boasted Society of Freemasons is but a senile imitation of an ancient and useful fraternity of actual Masons—whose head-quarters were formerly at Strasbourg." He tells us that in 1437 the Masons spread all over Germany—formed themselves into the fraternity of Freemasons, to which they gave the German name of "Hütten," or Lodges, and that the Lodge at Strasbourg was called "Haupt Hütte," or Grand Lodge. He tells us that the Society was composed of Masters, Companions, and Apprentices ; that they invented for use among themselves rallying words and tokens of recognition, and other distinguishing signs ; that they called the sign of words, "das wortzeichen "—the salutation, and that the apprentices and companions, (gruss,) and masters were admitted into the Order by secret ceremonies.

In 1370, "le loge lathomorum," which was the actual working-shed of the Masons, was pitched in the York Minster Yard. We have an inventory of its contents: among others, two tracing boards and a heavy maul. No Mason was allowed to work who had not been previously admitted into "le loge," and had the approval of the Master, the Guardiani (or Wardens), and the Seniores (or Elders), and the consent of the brethren. They were then, as now, Masters, Fellows, and Apprentices. Some of the very words which we still use, like "hele "—and "heigh noone "—or high twelve, may be found alluded to in the Fabric Rolls, as connected with the usages of Masons. No one can read these Rolls, as published by the Surtees Society, without feeling that whatever Masonry was, it was an independent and self-governed body, with usages and secrets peculiarly its own.

We gain from these Fabric Rolls a strong confirmation of our Roman ancestry in the fact that the Norman-French, "le loge," is from a corrupt Latin word, "Logeta," or "Logerranum," a lodge ; and that "Maçon," a mason, and "Maçonner," in Norman-French—to do mason work—are from the Latin word "mansio," a house.

We have seen in the *Freemasons' Magazine* and in other works some wonderful derivations of the word Mason ; but these are what the Archbishop of Dublin would call plain and direct derivations. I have seen in the possession of a very able archæologist a coin, found in York Minster Yard, and which dates from not later than the 14th century. It has on it all our Masonic emblems, and one or two words which indisputably allude to our present Masonic secrets. It is believed to have been a token of the York Lodge of Operative Freemasons. Sir Francis Palgrave tells us that there exist in the Exchequer Rolls documents as far back as the reign of Edward, mentioning the Freemasons, Masters, Wardens, Fellows, and Apprentices.

There are three Acts of Parliament passed respectively in the reigns of Edward III., Henry VI., and Henry VII., which serve most strongly to show the existence of such a party in the country, governed by its own laws, and distinguished by secret signs, in a peculiar band or union. Our learned Brother Rev. Mr. Findel alludes, in a note to his History of Freemasonry, to the recognition of the Order in 1326, by the Council of Avignon, where their meeting is forbidden in very striking words.

It is said that the Companions of the Brotherhood came yearly together, bound themselves by an oath to mutual love and assistance, and had certain secret and characteristic signs of recognition; that they chose a President, 'Majorum (or Master), to whom they pledged obedience.

We have also to consider, in connection with this portion of the evidence, the very startling facts of Masons' marks—that is, the same marks existing on the Pyramids of Egypt, in Roman work, and all ecclesiastical buildings in this country. I have seen a statement that these marks, in the opinion of some able writers, merely pertain to individuals ; but many others, besides our learned Bro. Shaw, who was complete master of this interesting subject, believe that they represent system and organization, well known to Freemasons themselves, and point in a very remarkable way to the universal extension of that great and mystical brotherhood, which overleapt the difference of nations, as well as the distance of ages.

We have another crumb of evidence in the fact that all our Masonic evidences point to their operative origin and their operative fraternity. The Masonic poem in the British Museum, written about 1390, tells us that persons of high degree were admitted into the Grand Assembly. He tells us of three degrees, and states that he had seen early histories of the Order.

But all through—though admitting speculative members, and using language we still should use, as regards secret mysteries—he descants entirely on operative guild or brotherhood. So, too, in the earliest prose Constitution in the British Museum, written in the early part of the 15th century, and edited a few years back by Bro. Matthew Cooke, the writer, probably an ecclesiastic, gives us a Traditional History of Freemasonry, talks of speculative and operative, and presents us with the old rules of the operative body.

There are several copies of these Constitutions in the British Museum and among our Lodges and in private hands; but there is one among the Harleian MSS. which is very interesting, because clearly pointing out the time when the operative assemblies were admitting purely speculative members, and when in a little space the speculative element was to absorb the operative.

Among what are called the new regulations of the Grand Assembly of 1663, is this, "that no person of what degree so ever be made or accepted a Mason unless in a regular Lodge, whereof one to be a Master or Warden in that limitt or district where such lodge is kept, and one to be a Craftsman in the trade of Freemasonry."

We have thus, very shortly and summarily, very condensedly brought down the History of Masonry to the middle of the 17th century, believing that up to that time it was mainly an operative body, though admitting, always, speculative members, especially from among the monks and ecclesiastics and knightly orders in earlier times.

The evidence of Scottish Masonry, as Bro. Laurie shows, I may just add, is very confirmatory of the operative view. Bro. Findel, in his account of the German Masons, to which I have already alluded, gives an account of the reception of the early German Masons, which might almost read for the report of our initiation to-day. If I shall not tire you, I will give you an extract from his work, translated from the German, which is certainly very remarkable, as it alludes to the customs of the operative Masons in the 14th century. He tells us that the operative bodies were under the direction of the learned monastic orders, and that their ritual of reception is still extant. He gives an account of ceremonies, which, if really of early date, are very curious, and interesting to the Masonic Archæologist, and especially mentions Prayer. He adds that the candidate was led three times round the Lodge, back to the door, where he placed his feet in the form of a right angle, and with three wide steps stepped up to the Master, the open Gospel, together with squares and compasses, laying on the table before him, upon which, according to ancient custom, he placed his right hand and swore to be true to the duties of a Brother, and to undertake to keep secret what he then learnt or should hereafter learn. Then was the binding taken off his eyes, the great light shown to him, a new apron given to him, the Pass-word entrusted to him, the hailing and hand-tokens received, and his place in the meeting pointed out to him.

Thus far, then, a possible and probable History of Freemasonry.

Yet it is not wise when one is laying down a proposition of this kind, which militates very much with preconceived opinions, to keep out of sight, or even to undervalue the difficulties which may fairly be raised against this explanation of our history. And as the end of all such lectures as this is, or should be, truth, regardless of any favourite notions, we will just consider before we separate a few of those objections which have been made to this statement.

The first is, that were it so, how could the operative Masons have handed down to us our present ceremonies and ritual? Of course in the lapse of time considerable alterations have necessarily been made in the mere verbiage, perhaps the form of our ceremonies; but yet there can be no doubt whatever that the ceremonies contain marks of very great antiquity; their phrascology is often that of a time long since passed away, and we retain words and expressions in our ritual long since altogether obsolete.

I think no one can sincerely and carefully consider our Masonic ritual and traditions without feeling persuaded that they represent old forms and usages jealously guarded and carefully retained. And when we remember that the Master Masons, in mediæval times, were all men of education, and held a very high place in society, and that many ecclesiastics were members of these building brotherhoods, there really is very little difficulty in the supposition that they handed on, if mechanically, as intelligently as we do ourselves, the old forms of initiation and reception, which, coming from a long-forgotten past, were bound up with their own existence as a body, claiming special secrets and conferring great and valuable privileges.

Another objection has been raised by one or two writers in the *Freemasons' Magazine* to this theory, that we have no proof that our secrets and those of the operative guilds were the same. But Bro. Findel seems to say, and his statement has so far met with no denial or attempted refutation, that the secrets and ritual of the German Operative Lodges are identically the same with those of the present German Speculative Masons, and their secrets and ritual are almost identical with our own. Indeed, there is a MS. on the Secrets of Masonry in the British Museum, which, as I read it, is in itself a complete answer to such an objection, and a copy of the old Constitution in the handwriting of Randle Holmes further sets this matter at rest. At the same time it is not possible, in my opinion, to dogmatize too much on this point, as we are still much in the dark as to the operative usages, whether Germanic or Anglican. It may be sufficient to say, that it is for our antagonists to prove "a negative."

(To be Continued.)

LOST AND SAVED; OR NELLIE POWERS THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. V.

MISS POWERS was naturally of a timid nature, and the strange scenes she was now passing through tended to fill her mind with apprehension.

Having spent all her young life among the young ladies of the seminary, and rarely enjoying the society of the opposite sex, she was naturally startled, when alone on the great ocean, and in company with Nature's roughest men, she should perceive two of these rough men staring at her, and she thought wickedly staring at her, from under the main boom. She had been on the sea long enough to have noticed that the officers and men were not intimate one with the other, and therefore wondered that the third mate should be so intimate with the most hardened-looking man aboard the vessel. She did not show any trepidation noticeable to her fellow-passenger, or to Mr. Evans, although her heart seemed about to leap out of her mouth when she opened it to say:—

"I cannot see how men dare engage in such dangerous undertakings," her face changing to fainting whiteness, despite her endeavour to appear calm.

"When danger is far away," replied the mate, "we are brave enough, and when danger does come, we can't get away, and are obliged to grin and bear it. The whale fishery is not half so likely to frighten a seaman as a cyclone in the Indian Ocean."

"Do we go near the Indian Ocean?" timidly inquired Miss Nellie.

Mr. Evans smiled as he answered "No," and as it was near noon he went below to get his quadrant to take the sun. The captain, mate, or navigating officer aboard a

vessel, at noon, takes the altitude of the sun for latitude, and morning and evening, when the sun is nearest east and west, he measures it for local time, obtaining his longitude from his well rated chronometers.

Miss Nellie wished to look at the sun through the quadrant, and by the assistance of the mate, she was enabled to bring the sun down to the water's edge. When the sun, as seen through the quadrant, touches the water's edge, it is crossing the meridian, and it is then high twelve.

The mate told Miss Nellie to cry out "eight bells," when the sun touched the water's edge, which she now did in a maidenly manner, her voice going only, as intended, to the mate, who, in his loud stentorious voice, passed it along to the forecastle. Taking the sun aboard a vessel is a very important matter, for in this way they direct their course, and keeping clear of the islands, finally reach their destination. When there is no sun for several days, the officers figure out what they call a dead reckoning, which is done by guesswork.

Miss Powers was a naturally gifted musician. She had purchased a piano in the States, which she had taken with her, and which now added to the attractions of the handsome little cabin.

The cabin of the "Sparkling Sea" was done off in black walnut and mahogany, under the supervision of the captain, who thought it was not necessary, because he went to sea, that he should be debarred of all luxuries, so, during his first trip in her the cabin had undergone several changes. Her plain pine-stained doors were transformed into doors with black walnut facings, and embellished by gilded ornamental designs. The china knobs were taken from the doors, and bright, shining brass ones put in their place, and these same brass knobs shone day after day like the inside of a good wife's kettle; the constant rubbing they got seemed to have little effect towards rubbing them out of existence. The state rooms were carpeted with English Brussels, as was also the cabin floor. At the aft end of the table was a large mirror, which covered about half of that end, and the forward end was decorated with a large Swiss clock on a black walnut bracket. On one side of the clock hung a barometer, and on the other a thermometer. In the centre of the cabin stood a black walnut table, and the sofa, chairs, and other furniture were of the most costly and handsome patterns. This furniture was fastened to the floor, and the expensive little oil paintings, of which there were several hanging about, were fastened to the wall. Everything in the cabin was secured so as to be immovable in a heavy sea, with the exception of a beautiful, swinging chandelier, which hung over the centre table, and underneath a stained glass skylight. As the reader will surmise, the passengers of the "Sparkling Sea" were fortunate in sailing with a captain whose ideas of life called for such costly comforts. They might have supposed they were in the cosy parlour of some mansion were it not for the rolling of the vessel, and the sound of the water dashing against its side. After dinner, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Prescott, Nellie took her position at the piano, which was placed under the mirror. Her first hearty meal having put her in the humour, her fingers chased each other up and down the keyboard in the most artistic manner, and harmonies which, for their soft soothing effect, only found their counterpart in nature, followed after her small, jewelled hands.

"Miss Powers, can you not furnish us with a vocal composition?" inquired the captain, delighted at the change his little palace was undergoing.

"I will, if Mr. Prescott will assist me, sing you the duet, 'The Larboard Watch,' which will, perhaps, be interesting to you."

"I am somewhat acquainted with 'The Larboard Watch,' Miss Powers," said Mr. Prescott, "and although it is some time since I have sang it, our critics are not very discriminating, and I will do my best."

Miss Nellie's music folio was procured, and the music placed before her; then in a clear soprano voice, accompanied by Harry Prescott's fine baritone, she sang these soul-stirring words of Williams':—

"At dreary midnight's cheerless hour,
Deserted e'en by Cynthia's beam,
When tempests beat, and torrents pour,
And twinkling stars no longer gleam;
The wearied sailor, spent with toil,
Clings firmly to the weather shrouds,
And still the lengthened hours to guile,
Sings as he views the gath'ring clouds,
Larboard watch ahoy!
Larboard watch ahoy!
But who can speak the joy he feels,
As o'er the foam the vessel reels,
And his tired eyelids slumb'ring fall;
He rouses at the welcome call
Of Larboard watch ahoy!
Larboard watch ahoy!"

The men of the watch gathered about the companion way, attracted by the voices of the singers, which seemed to transport them to fairy lands, so unaccustomed were they to hear such strains of sweet music so far out at sea.

Tom declared that, as the notes rang through the vessel, dolphins came up alongside, and were so charmed that even Slow Simon caught one with a slip noose. But Blackman, the cook, thought that Tom had not begun to do justice to the occasion at all, so he said:

"My, yas, I guess dey did, an' didn't I see de sea gulls come an' cock dere heads to one side, an' put dere ears down to listen? Wall, I guess I did. It's not ofen dey gits treated to such delicacies fur notin'."

Dick Flynn here volunteered the opinion that the fish must have had cotton in their ears if they were obliged to listen so hard and so long as to give Slow Simon time to catch one of them. This joke at Slow Simon's expense raised quite a laugh among the men. In fact, they had a good many laughs at Simon's expense, and one of them was on that very night.

"Simon," called the first mate, as he put his head out of the companion way, in the middle of the second watch, that evening, "go below and see if the mules are fast; it seems to me that I hear some of them running loose."

Simon, thus enjoined, hastened below. Sometimes mules and horses are killed in various ways by getting loose at sea. They are generally packed together in such a way that they lean against each other, and brace each other up. When one mule becomes loose and falls, or attempts to lay down from exhaustion, the others crowd into his place and trample him to death, or if he succeeds in regaining his feet it is not before he is crowded out of his place, and the only room he can find is behind the heels of his more fortunate neighbours, who, knowing that is not the place for him, give him an unfriendly touch with their heels as he passes behind them; in this way, unless rescued, he is soon kicked to death.

"Where's that Simon?" asked the third mate, when it came Simon's turn at the wheel.

"Gone for'ard to look at them ere mules," replied Crony; "sent by the first mate."

Radshaw started forward and found Simon coiled upon a lot of hay, fast asleep, near a large white mule, which was making a delicious feast of Simon's hat. The third mate had sailed before with men who went to sleep in their watch, and knew the remedy. It was but the work of a moment for him to get the tar pot, and spill the contents over Simon's face, and douse him with a pail of salt water. For many weeks Simon carried the black streaks of punishment on his sleepy features, much to the amusement of his shipmates.

The weather continued clear, and the wind fair for several days, during which the many little incidents of an ocean voyage were enacted aboard the "Sparkling Sea." Miss Nellie Powers, in company with Harry Prescott, sang many duets, and each had

separately sung all the songs they knew the best. Miss Nellie had played many fine compositions for the amusement of the captain and mates. The time passed joyously and quickly. Harry found himself thinking that Nellie Powers was the most beautiful and obliging creature he had ever known, and Nellie Powers had learned to admire Mr. Prescott for his fine gentlemanly attention and polite manners.

One evening, about twenty days after leaving port, the captain told the little group gathered around him on the quarter deck, enjoying the gorgeous sunset, that on the following morning the first on deck would see the island. Harry Prescott and Nellie Powers were both on deck as soon as the sun had shown itself above the horizon, to catch the first glimpse of land. They stood for some moments gazing over the vast expanse of water without seeing any land, and a shade of disappointment settled on their faces, for they thought the captain had made a mistake of a few days in his calculations. The captain noticed their bewilderment, and coming aft, laughingly said:

"Do you see the island?"

"No," they answered, looking up as though expecting the sequel to a joke that had been played upon them.

"I supposed you had not by your actions; islands are like a great many other things that you cannot find without you look where they are. There it is, off the quarter," replied the captain.

They both turned their eyes in the direction the captain had pointed, but declared they could see nothing but a cloud on the horizon.

"That cloud you see is the island of Barbadoes," replied the captain, "and before many hours you will see trees and vegetation growing on it."

The sun in splendour shone on a beautiful sea. The "Sparkling Sea," with all her sails and studding sails set, was gracefully moving through the water, and playfully tossing it about her bows. Every moment made bolder the outlines of the island. Barbadoes from the sea presents a flat, whitish appearance. As they neared the island the perfumes from its flowery groves were wafted to their delighted senses. After an hour's sail the pilot came aboard, and the "Sparkling Sea," after the usual taking in of the sails, let go her anchor in Bridgetown harbour.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Author of "Shakspere, his Times and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

I AM glad to see that there is a wide-spread feeling in favour of improving the present rather round-about way of remitting small sums of money by Post Office Order. The labour of the officials might be greatly lightened, and the convenience of the public as greatly increased, by making them payable anywhere, like Bank of England Notes. I have frequently had to wait for payment until the post office where the Orders were made payable at received advice of the same, which, through the negligence of clerks, had not been duly forwarded. I remember, some years ago, having to remain in Halifax until Monday, because advice had not been sent of an Order I received on Saturday morning. Poor people who have received Orders in country

places, and had to walk for miles to the Money Order Office, have frequently their journey in vain, through the negligence of the post office officials who granted the Order not having sent advice of the same to the post office where it is made payable. Surely civilization is sufficiently advanced to allow of making Orders payable at any Money Order Office; and the Government would get the use of a considerable sum without interest, as all Orders have to be paid for when got, and would then frequently circulate from one to another for months before any one would bother to get them cashed—the Government being a safe creditor. Something like what I have pointed out must be done soon, as the present system gets more and more behind the commercial requirements of the age every day; and, being no party question, this reform will not be likely to raise any formidable opposition.

Iron billiard tables are coming into use, as being less liable to be affected by atmospheric changes than those of slate. The frame-work, as well as the table, is of iron. The distressed iron-workers will be glad to see iron used for many more purposes, such as window-frames generally, and a thousand other things equally practicable.

Though we "Britishers," many of us, are afraid that we are degenerating in the breed of horses, (a pure bred Cleveland Bay, for instance, being now almost, if not entirely, impossible to be met with in all broad Yorkshire,) the people of the United States have gone ahead in that as in other matters. One of their literary magazines, *Wallace's Monthly*, states, that "six hundred thoroughbred stallions, and two hundred thoroughbred mares, have been imported, mostly from England, into the United States;" and that "the superior blood, added to the perfection of form and spirit, of endurance and speed, thence derived, has enriched the properties" of their general horse, their trotting horse, their carriage horse, their saddle horse, and their race horse, "to that superlative degree, that nowhere in the world can American driving horses be surpassed, or those employed for general work equalled." It is said the French Champs Élysées and our own Rotten Row combined cannot equal the Central Park, at New York, either for horses or vehicles; thirteen-hundred two-horse carriages, and from a thousand to fifteen hundred other conveyances, most of them of beautiful construction, entering that splendid park daily during the season. Saddling and harness-making, coach-building, and their auxiliary branches of industry, ought to flourish in the neighbourhood of New York.

The Eboracum Masonic Calendar for 1878, a copy of which has been posted to me, contains Lists of the Officers of Provincial Grand Lodge and Chapter for the North and East Ridings; Lodges, Chapters, and Preceptories, of the various degrees, with their times of meeting; the charges in the E.A., F.C., and M.M. degrees, with the Working Tools for each, and the famous E.A. Song. It is very neatly printed, and is for the Province what Bro. Kenning's *Cosmopolitan Calendar* is for the Craft and Chivalric Degrees throughout the world,—a very useful companion, full of information on Masonic matters.

I have received from the celebrated White Star Line of Steamers, so well known for their splendid and commodious vessels plying between Liverpool and New York, a copy of their *Official Guide*, which is worthy of the company that issued it, and that is saying much. I trust, in another Note, to cull from it a few facts for the profit and instruction of Craftsmen. The giving hotel charges for beds, meals, and attendance, is a happy idea; and the handsome *Guide* is as full of information as it is pleasing from its artistic beauty. It deserves an extensive sale.

General Sherman states, that "the valleys of the Upper Yellowstone afford lands capable of cultivation in wheat, corn, oats, barley, and all garden vegetables, with an unlimited range for cattle, horses, sheep, &c. I don't know a single enterprise in which the United States has more interest than in the extension of the Northern Pacific Railroad from its present terminus at Bismarck to the mouth of the Powder River, on the Yellowstone. After that is done we can safely leave to time the extension of the road to the head of navigation of the Columbia River." It is sad to think that hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men and women are pining for want of the bare necessaries of life in various parts of the world, whilst immense tracts of fine forest and prairie lands

are only wanting their skill and labour to become fertile fields, orchards and gardens. Great as is the work which has already been accomplished for civilization by emigration, it is capable of much improvement, by more organised efforts on the part of the emigrants. Thus, for instance, if families known to each other, and between whom there had long existed a bond of friendship at home, having all necessary trades among them, could agree to locate themselves in one neighbourhood, who much less of the home-sickness, and how much more of real comfort, they would enjoy from the first!

In a former Note, after noticing the Rev. T. P. Garnier's interesting little volume on *The Parish Church*, I promised my readers his remarks on the building of King Solomon's Temple, which are as follows:—

"Now I am going to take you back to the building of the first Temple. It will teach us a lesson. It was built as no building has ever been built before or since. Thirty thousand Israelites toiled among the mountains of Lebanon. In addition to these, the remnant of the Canaanites that abode in the land were pressed into the service. Seventy thousand there were that were bearers of burdens; eighty thousand that were hewers in the mountains, 'beside the chief of Solomon's officers which were over the work, three thousand and three hundred which ruled over the people that wrought in the work. And the king commanded, and they brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house.' (1 *Kings* v.) Through seven long years the hum of this vast multitude went up from the slopes of Lebanon. The stately cedars fell, and the tall fir-trees were sawn asunder; and the wood and the stones, duly shaped, were floated on rafts down the coast to Joppa, from whence they were brought up to Jerusalem. Now we come to the special feature of its building. 'The house, when it was in building, was built of stone, made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was in building.' (1 *Kings* vi. 7.) As Bishop Heber has described it:—

'In awful state
The temple rear'd its everlasting gate.
No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung!
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.'

These things are all allegory. The turmoil, the labour, the dust on *Mount Lebanon*, are a type of this world's preparation for a House that is being built eternal in the Heavens. In due course, as each stone is hewn and squared and polished, it is taken away to Mount Sion, in the Heavenly Jerusalem, and there dropped silently into its place. *There* there is no more toil or preparation, for that house is built of stone, made ready before it is brought thither; so that there is neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it is in building. Keep this idea in view, and it will explain much that is hard to understand here. Take the history of a single stone. It was, first of all, a block of the rough, unsightly granite on the mountain. It had to be hewn out. There was a rending and an upheaving, and at last the huge, unshapely mass came away. What followed? Why, it was probably rolled far away from the quarry, down that mountain side, to the sea coast below. Then, if there be found no flaw in it, the hewers of stone would begin to knock off its angles. Day by day the chisels would travel over its surface. Day by day it would be assuming a new shape. The stone squarers would fashion it according to a plan before them. They would measure it by a rule till they were satisfied. There would be a certain building far away in their eye, and a certain spot in that building, and for that space they would fit it. Then the polishers would take it in hand, and they would cleanse it with water. And at last, when it was fair and beautiful and ready, it would be quietly taken away, to fill its place in the Temple on Mount Sion. So it is with a single soul." And our author then proceeds (in prose that is almost poetry, and much more poetical than many verses of rhyme one sees daily) to complete the comparison, in true Church of England teaching, which belongs rather to the realms of theology than to "Literature, Science, and Art," though there is much of all three in the passages that follow my quotation.

As I have transcribed the foregoing, I have been forcibly reminded of Bro. Duganne's "great Masonic poem," as it is truly called, *King Solomon's Temple*, which Masons in this country as a whole seem incapable of appreciating, seeing that the sale of it has not yet cleared the expenses of making it known among them, although it is published at the low price of twopence! I for one have no objections, at proper seasons, to adjourn from labour to refreshment; but too many Lodges make refreshment the main thing, and look upon all Masonic labour as an irksome task, to be got rid of as much as possible. To read a Masonic book or periodical, even if they could get it for nothing, is far from the wish of their members; hence one meets with past masters and present masters of lodges who never in their lives read the Book of Constitution, though they have "presented" but not *given* it to candidates on initiation, and who do not know but that the Grand Master for England rules over Scotland, Ireland, and Canada, as well as their own country. Our Masonic press is slowly, but surely, penetrating this thick fog of ignorance; and the "incompetent brothers," who have degraded their meetings into mere respectable "free-and-easies," one hopes will soon become shamed into better conduct, or driven from the glorious Craft which they have defiled. To the truly wise, symbolism is the highest of all teaching; but to give it to the ignorant and depraved, is really to "throw pearls before swine." How beautifully does Bro. Duganne conclude his truly great American Masonic Poem:—

"There's a mountain of God in each human heart
For that glorious Temple's base;
And the lines of each loyal Mason's art
May its grand foundations trace;
And within it, the wings of cherubs
May the Holy of Holies embrace!
Through the beautiful aisles of the charmed past,
How its wonderful harmonies swell!
When their meanings arise, at the Templar's blast,
From the mould of each darksome cell;
And the soul of the true no longer
With the dust of the false shall dwell!

When the thoughts of our morning shall royally plan,
And the deeds of our day shall build;
And the arch of perfection eternally span,
With the measure our Master hath will'd;
And the depths of our Holy of Holies
With incense of prayer be fill'd!
When the pillars of strength in our porch shall abide,
With the lilies of beauty above;
And the veil of the Presence, encompassing wide,
Overshadow the ark of our love;
And the peace of the blessed Shekinah
Enfold, like the wings of a dove!

Oh! the cedars of Lebanon grow at our door,
And the quarry is sunk at our gate;
And the ships out of Ophir, with golden ore
For our summoning mandate wait;
And the word of a Master Mason,
May the house of our soul create!
While the day hath light, let the light be used,
For no man shall the night control!
'Or ever the silken chord be loosed,
Or broken the golden bowl,'
May we build King Solomon's Temple
In the true Masonic soul!"

Mr. Henry Ecroyd Smith, of Shotley Bridge, whose long study of Roman antiquities is well known, has now entered on a fresh field of labour, which I fear he will only find to be an unprofitable one in a pecuniary sense, that of genealogy. The work in hand is *Annals of Smith of Balby, Camley, and Doncaster*, with elaborate pedigrees of the connecting families, and biographical notices of their eminent members. North of England and other archæologists may look forward to a treat; as the "family connexions" comprise Akroyd of Akroyd, co. York; Aldam of Wickersley, Warmsworth, &c.; Backhouse of Darlington and Sunderland; Barton of Carlisle; Clough of Pas Clough, Glan-y-Wern, &c., co. Denbigh; Coates of Smelt House, co. Durham; Darby of Coalbrookdale, Salop, and Trebwyfrydd, co. Brecon; Dixon of Raby and Henknowle, co. Durham; Ecroyd of Briercliffe, Marsden, &c., Lancashire, and Muncy, Lycoming co., Pennsylvania, &c.; Ellis of Belgrave, The Newarke, &c., Leicester; Gulston of Wymondham, co. Leicester, Knuston Hall, Kent, Dirleton, Dermydd, &c., co. Caermarthen; Gulston or Gulson of Coventry; Hedley of Hedley Hill, co. Durham; Kilham or Killam of Balby, &c.; Mayson or Mason of Hull; Payne of Hagnaby, co. Lincoln, and Newhill, Yorkshire; Pease of Fishlake, and of Hutton Hall, Yorkshire, and of Darlington, co. Durham; Peckover of Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire; Richardson of Hull and co. Durham; Robson of Darlington and Sunderland; Shipley of Uttoxeter, of Cincinatti, U.S., &c.; Stacye of Ballifield, co. York; Stepney, Bart., of Prendergast, co. Pembroke, Dirleton, Darryd, and Danyrallt, Caermarthenshire; Tyson of Alnwick; Waterhouse of Sandholm, co. York, Liverpool, &c., and Whalley (Br. of Cromwell). The work is to be handsomely bound, illustrated, and privately printed, not published in the popular sense of that word.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

A STORY OF CHINESE LOVE.

(From the New York "Dispatch.")

The festive Ah Goo
And Too Hay, the fair—
They met, and the two
Concluded to pair.

They "spooned" in the way
That most lovers do,
And Ah Goo kissed Too Hay,
And Too Hay kissed Ah Goo.

Said the festive Ah Goo,
As his heart swelled with pride:—
"Me heap likee you—
You heap be my blide."

And she, looking down,
All so modest and pretty,
'Twixt a smile and a frown,
Gently murmured, "You bettee."

COPIES of the Christmas Number of the MASONIC MAGAZINE are still on Sale at the Office, 198, Fleet Street, E.C. Price 1s. Post Free, 1s. 1d.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 58.—Vol. V. APRIL, 1878. Price 6d.

IMPORTANT CIRCULAR.

Freemasons' Hall, London, W.C.,
9th March, 1878.

W. Master,

Annexed I beg to hand you Copy of a Report, and Resolutions passed thereon, at the Quarterly Communication of Grand Lodge on Wednesday, the 6th instant, and beg to call your particular attention to the directions therein contained; and more especially to the 4th Resolution, which requires you to have the Communication read in open Lodge, and to cause the same to be entered upon the Minutes.

By Order of the Grand Lodge,
John Hervey, G.S.

United Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of England.
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., &c., &c., M.W. Grand Master.

Report

Presented to Grand Lodge on Wednesday, the 6th March, 1878.

The Committee appointed at the last Grand Lodge on Wednesday, the 5th December, 1877, to consider the recent action of the Grand Orient of France, beg to report that the Grand Lodge of England has received information that the Grand Orient of France has resolved, by a considerable majority, to rescind the 1st and 2nd paragraphs of its Constitution, and to substitute for them the following laws:—

The laws as they formerly stood read thus:—

La Franc-Maçonnerie, Institution essentiellement philanthropique, philosophique, et progressive, a pour objet la recherche de la vérité, l'étude de la morale universelle, des sciences et des arts, et l'exercice de la bienfaisance.

1. Elle a pour principes l'existence de Dieu, l'immortalité de l'âme, et la solidarité humaine.

Freemasonry, an Institution essentially philanthropic, philosophical, and progressive, has for its object the enquiry after truth, the study of universal morality, sciences and arts, and the practice of benevolence.

1. Its principles are the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and human solidarity.

2. Elle regarde la liberté de conscience comme un droit propre à chaque homme et n'exclut personne pour ses croyances.

3. Elle a pour devise : Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.

2. It regards liberty of conscience as the common right of every man, and excludes no person on account of his belief.

3. Its motto is Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

As they now stand they are as follow :—

La Franc-Maçonnerie, Institution essentiellement philanthropique, philosophique, et progressive, a pour objet la recherche de la vérité, l'étude de la morale universelle, des sciences et des arts, et l'exercice de la bienfaisance.

1. Elle a pour principes la liberté absolue de conscience et la solidarité humaine.

2. Elle n'exclut personne pour ses croyances.

3. Elle a pour devise : Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.

Freemasonry, an Institution essentially philanthropic, philosophical, and progressive, has for its object the enquiry after truth, the study of universal morality, sciences and arts, and the practice of benevolence.

1. Its principles are absolute liberty of conscience and human solidarity.

2. It excludes no person on account of his belief.

3. Its motto is Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

The Committee have carefully considered this action on the part of the Grand Orient of France, and having regard to all the circumstances of the case, they have unanimously agreed to recommend the following resolutions for the adoption of Grand Lodge :—

1st Resolution.—That this Grand Lodge views with profound regret the step taken by the Grand Orient of France in thus removing from its Constitution those paragraphs which assert a belief in the existence of T.G.A.O.T.U., because such an alteration is opposed to the traditions, practice, and feelings of all "true and genuine" Masons from the earliest to the present time.

2nd Resolution.—That this Grand Lodge, whilst always anxious to receive in the most fraternal spirit the Brethren of any Foreign Grand Lodge whose proceedings are conducted according to the Ancient Landmarks of the Order, of which a belief in T.G.A.O.T.U. is the first and most important, cannot recognise as "true and genuine" Brethren any who have been initiated in Lodges which either deny or ignore that belief.

3rd Resolution.—That in view of the foregoing Resolutions the W. Masters of all Lodges holding under the Grand Lodge of England be directed not to admit any foreign Brother as a Visitor unless—

1st. He is duly vouched for, or unless his Certificate shows that he has been initiated according to the Ancient rites and ceremonies in a Lodge professing belief in T.G.A.O.T.U., and

2ndly. Not unless he himself shall acknowledge that this belief is an essential landmark of the Order.

4th Resolution.—That a copy of the foregoing Resolutions be transmitted to the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland, to each Grand Lodge with which this Grand Lodge is in communication, and to the W. Masters of all Lodges holding

under the Grand Lodge of England, and that it be an instruction to the W. Master of each Lodge to read these Resolutions at the first meeting of his Lodge after the reception thereof, and to direct that they shall be entered upon the Minutes.

London, 22nd February, 1878.

At the Quarterly Communication of Grand Lodge, holden at Freemasons' Hall, London, on Wednesday, the 6th of March, 1878,

The Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, M.W., Pro Grand Master, on the Throne,

It was moved by the Most Worshipful Pro Grand Master, and seconded by the Right Hon. Lord Sherborne, the Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master for Gloucestershire,

"That the foregoing Report, and the Resolutions therein contained, be received, adopted, and entered on the Minutes,"

which was carried unanimously.

JOHN HERVEY, G.S.

Freemasons' Hall, London, W.C.,
6th March, 1878.

SONNET.

On the late melancholy development of the Atheistic principle in the "Grand Orient of France," as declared in September, 1877.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

As when the setting ray, at eve's decline—
Its orient grandeur fled—dies cloudily,
So dies in Gallic hearts *true* Masonry,
Which is not Atheism—nay, more divine,
Because, in the Grand Lodge above, no shrine
John saw disclos'd, save *one*—ev'n Deity—
Himself its shrine—*there* the sole temple He,
Where patently and palpably doth shine
Inscrib'd on ev'ry radiant forehead there,
In brightest characters of heav'nly flame,
The Architect's great universal Name.
Nor have they, who there worship, any share
With those who set aside or disrespect
The Name of the Almighty Architect.*

* See Rev. xxi. 22; xxii. 4.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(*Continued from page* 438.)

Chap. II.

Of the Causes and Manner of Multiplication of Life and Seed; And one way of preparing Mercury for the Philosophers Stone, and others for making of Universal Medicines, &c.

IN the beginning God gave his blessing to increase and multiply; and commanded that each Thing from its like, should draw its Form; and so created in Nature a certain Chain, or subordinate propinquity of Complexions, between Visibles and Invisibles; by which the Superiour Spiritual Essences descend, and converse here below with the matter. Yet Nature hath, nor had but one onely Agent (hidden in the universe) which is *Anima Mundi*, working by its universal Spirit, through innumerable distinct, Concreates according to their Specifiq; Forms and Seeds, which God the Father, at first Creation by his word and Idea (or Son and Holy Spirit) did Glance at once into the first matter, and so set Laws and Bounds in Nature: Of, In, and over all, which he is still president, upholding, strengthening, and ordering all the said Powers, as his Instruments in every particular as well as in the general; so that a Sparrow falls not without his Providence and Power; and so kind by kind, produceth kind in all Natures, Three Kingdoms (Animal, Vegitable, and Mineral) by means of the said Seed; For as Fernelius saith, *Nihil est in ulla naturæ parte, quod non in se generis sui semen contineat.* There is no part of Nature which doth not contain within it self the seed of its own kind. God and Nature still use the same, and as a mean to unite the Form to its own Matter, and to raise strength and Appetite in the Patient, and to invite the active Virtue of Form and Life to work freely. Yet still its motions to tend to its own Specifick end as God had ordained; except it be misplaced or abused (as Sendivogius expresseth, or joyned to some unfit matter; which end being attained, the Life then seems Dead, or at a stand; and so Chained, Hedged, and imprisoned with Corporal Fences, that it can work no further upon that subject to its Promotion; but onely doth *Organizare molem*, and set its Prison or House into the best order it can; Branching into several Members, that it may have the more room to employ its Faculties, evidently seen in Animals and Vegitals with various motions: But in Minerals (more opprest with matter) less apparent, and seeming slain by congelation, especially taken out of their Mines, and Mechanically used; and so onely preserves its bodily Being, till Revived with new Ferment, and Matter, whereby the Body is opened again to manifest its living, essential Moisture hid in the centre, wherein the seed and spirit of Life is placed as Fire, and then revives and restores new operations, in the new adjoined nourishment or matter. And thus Nature by help of Art may transcend (and as it were) go beyond its self; and so the Seed will still extend its power and Life, as long and often as it be thus opened and fitted with new matter and Ferments.

For Form is Light, the Source of central Heat,
Which cloth'd with Matter, doth a Seed beget;
Wherein Life, like Fire seeks it self t' increase,
And Eternize, if Fuel ne're do cease.

Helmont in *Butler*, and Sendivogius in his *new Light*, partly testifie the same. Now this Seed is no sooner produc'd, but it assaies to change the matter, and stamps its Character therein, and so presently the Matter lives, and the matter then Coworks together with the Form, to attain that end, to which the Seed implanted doth intend.

For all things live according to their kind,
Their Life is Light, as therein you may find.

Quantum quidq; habet Luminis, tantum habet & Numinis, (saith one) And thus much for Form and Seed in general.

Know further now, That Metals in the Mineral Kingdom are thus produced. Their Sulphur unctuous, Coagulates, and fixeth a fluent moisture mineral called Mercury, the which is a dry humidity that flows, yet wets not hands, its parts are so Homogeneal, that the very Fire its self doth not easily separate them. It is of waters Progeny, yet far exceeds it in weight, and firm composure, which properties come not by chance, but by Gods Decree; Providence and Power, from its Specificq; Seed, and its hidden inward Agent, Form, and Life, from *Anima Mundi*, which the Water before had not; neither yet hath it parts dissimular (hand or foot, head or eye) as Animals, or otherwise as Vegitables: but is all homogeneal, and of most firm parts and Root. Now Mercury hath most affinity with Gold, known by their equal weight, purity, firm composure, and easie mixture; next with Silver, then Jove, Saturn, Venus, and last and least with Mars, which is a Secret to understand and though Mercury may be mixt and made amalgame, with all or any, yet it will not enter into any in the Root without fit preparation and great Art; but drive away one from the other, in the Fire, which is another secret, now the reason is, for that it and they are Dead, or their Life hid, imprisoned, and Dormant within their Bodies (as is said) and the Sulphur fixt, and sealed in the perfect Metals, and earthly Fowl or Crude in the imperfect, which Mercury abhors and rejects, or cannot Cope with, being its self also in Fetters, bound to his good behaviour; and if you separate the *faces* of the latter, which are imperfect, yet you have but a fluid Mercury from them like the common; and a Crude Sulphur, too remote to join with Gold, for Gold having passed its Enchantments and Crudities, scorns to be defiled therewith any more; wherefore common Crude Sulphur, will easier join with other imperfect Mettals, then with Gold: but pure and fixt Sulphur, sooner and better with Gold then with the rest; and therefore if you would make use of the Sulphurs or Mercuries of the imperfect Metals, or the common. They must be each prepared and fitted with a living power, and so acuate as to become a fiery quickning Agent, before it can reincrudate, open and enter the body of Sol, whereby its own Water may appear, and its fiery Seed and Spirit of Life issue forth, and be made active to work upon, and in the said Female living Mercury, it being Sols own Essence, Flesh and Bone, and its proper matter, Earth and Matrix (as is said) wherein Seed will quickly fructifie and increase: for Sol though pure, perfect, and full of virtue in its self (bodily) must be Reincrudate, Crucified, and die to Nature, that its Virtue and Tincture lockt up, and onely single in its self Bodily, might become exalted with its body and, spiritually living, and fixt together in heavenly mansions, and so extend and communicate more largely its powerful Virtues, and Tincture to imperfect Bodies, and Spirits to redeem them from Thraldom, Corruption, and Fire by imbracing one grain of his bounteous pure Spirit, and so be raised at last to him for Eternity. For so Death and Destruction of outward Form, will be but as a Back-door to the Soul and Spirits true Birth, and its Bodies eternal Life and Union, till it come at last to the highest perfection, by its fulness of Tincture. Thus is the Philosophical Corner-stone, made a true Medicine, though rejected and scoffed at by many. And these are the effects hid from the voluptuous, Covetous, and Worldly-wise-philosophers, and revealed to Solitary, meek, humble Spirits, who forsake outward pomp and vanities, to embrace the fruits of Piety and Wisdom.

Now observe further, that every thing that is convertible into Gold, hath its Mercury and Sulphur, which either is, or may be acuate, and made fiery and living for a Philosophical preparation of and with Sol, and so both the common and Metallick Mercury may be thus fitted and prepared to wed with Sol. All which Mercuries (as is said) beforehand in themselves are dead; for Mercuries preparation is thus, viz. By a mineral with sable silver Veins, which is the Dragon born in Saturns Den, devouring Cadmus with his Earthly Men.

First then this Dragon double strengh' to Mars,
Must be yet pierc't by him being God of Wars.
Then both will Perish and become a Star,
Where the young King is Born, who is Solar.
Then wash equal Venus in's Blood, and let
Them joyn, till Vulcan take them in a Net.
Which Mercury gently on his Wings must bear,
Till he steals their Wealth, and Sols body tare;
Wherein then Sol will freely shed his Seed,
And this is all whereof we stand in need.

Which ordered right you cannot choose but speed.

If you can prepare your Mercury better,
Do't freely, and care not for this Letter.
For all Sulphurs and Mercuries may serve your turn,
If pure and living join'd t' Earths will not burn.

Chap. III.

Of the Subject and Marks of the immortal Liquor Alchahest.

Here Reader make a little pause, and take this short hint for thy true instruction of the Alchahest and Macchabean Fire, burning in Water, and as a Serpent (or Latex) lying hid in the Cavernes of the Earth, and in other things and places; being nevertheless but one Anomolous Balsammick Salt, passing through the world, which almost every man knows and needs, though he observes not the marks to be that thing. I say, it is the *Primum ens Salium*, and hath a mark or cross affixt on it from the Almighty, which (as Helmont saith) the Adept do know, and every curious Philosophic searcher, may find to be a sure and certain token of its true Alchahestical Virtue, beyond any Demonstration: And indeed we must not seek, or think to find that in a thing which God and Nature hath not implanted in it. For nothing can give, what it hath not. But the vertue, operation, and power thereof, may be cleared and exalted by art. This mark then I say is not the mark of Cain, or any Bestial curse, but clean contrary, and can preserve life; so that none can kill it, though they would devour it; which mark till you find, you shoot at Rovers; and though the Ass have such an outward mark with Ignomy, yet Christ was pleased to ride upon it, and to grace the Cross after by his mighty power of sufferings on it, he having a Balsamick constant virtue of Patience therein over it. Some light is given of this mark and token upon it, both by Paracelsus the glory of Chymists, and by brave Helmont his great Interpreter, but coucht close up from the Rustick observation in convenient places; yet their preparations are plainly set down to be only simple dissolution and coagulation, with easie heat, till it come to its transmuted form, without any commiscible ferment Heterogeneous to it self; but this Serpent biting his own Tail, by digestion and Putrefaction becomes Invenomed, and so by solution mortified into the smallest Attoms possibly in nature; and then is raised, circulated, and revived for eternity to some higher Orb or Elixir, and so not possible to mix with any elementary impurity, or ferment to be transmuted, but seperates and preserves all and every essential concrete whereto it is joyned from corruption, and the causes of death without any diminution of its or their intire created virtue.

(To be Continued.)

EARLY FREEMASONRY IN IRELAND.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

Dedicated to the R.W. Bro. James Horner Neilson, of Dublin.

ONLY quite recently attention has been again drawn to the early history of Freemasonry in Ireland, by the happy discovery through my friend and Brother, J. H. Neilson, of the old Records of the "High Knight Templar's Lodge," Dublin, which, though chartered as a Craft Lodge by the ancient "Mother Kilwinning," soon struck out an independent path of its own, and worked the "high degrees." These Minutes, however, only refer to the latter part of the last century, but it is to a period at least sixty years earlier that our remarks have to do, about which but little seems to be known, and that little not having as yet received the attention it deserves.

The best book on the subject we have ever read is one now before us, kindly forwarded for our perusal by the R.W. Brother Neilson. It is entitled "Historico-Masonic Tracts," and is by "Robert Milliken, R.A.M., H.K.T., K.M., &c." Cork, 1848. There is a deal of fanciful writing in it, but when the author comes to deal with the actual history of Freemasonry in Ireland, he speaks either from personal knowledge or from the testimony of those who took part in many of the proceedings narrated, and who were known to him. Bro. Milliken himself was initiated about 1790, and when 57 years a Mason, and in the 80th year of his age, addressed the work in question "To the Freemasons of Ireland."

In speaking of the Province of Munster, Bro. Milliken says: "This Grand Lodge granted Warrants, and performed all the functions of a National Grand Lodge, perhaps from necessity, on the cessation of a superior power." The fact is, its origin is uncertain, but in our opinion was due to the action of certain members of the premier Grand Lodge of England (of A.D. 1717 celebrity). The Records came into Bro. Milliken's possession about the year 1824, having received them as a present from Bro. the Rev. James Pratt, Rector of Ovens Parish, who had bought them, with other old books, at an auction. They were presented by our Brother soon afterwards to Brother Justin McCarthy, "then Deputy to the Earl of Shannon, Provincial Grand Master of Munster; and contains Transactions of the Provincial Grand Lodge, and of No. 1, the first Lodge of Ireland." It appears that "from the last date in the Transaction Book to the next document as yet discovered, bearing date 1769, there is a lapse of about forty years," excepting a Minute of a Committee of No. 1 of the year 1761, formed to investigate the validity of that old Lodge, which had been called in question, so we are told, by some Dublin Brethren. "The Committee was held at the instance of the Grand Secretary, John Calder, who also at the same time laid before the Committee a charge against Lodge 95." The Brethren (composed of the Masters and Wardens of nine Lodges) declared the Warrant of No. 1 to be valid, and confirmed the members of No. 95 in their privileges. The "mal-practices" of No. 95 "it is supposed had reference to the initiation of the Hon. Mrs. Aldworth, who became a Mason in that Lodge. This Lodge must have held very high rank—when the early respectability of Lodges is considered—her brothers, members of a noble family, and her husband, equally high in society, being members. Mrs. Aldworth presented No. 95, her parent Lodge, a chair of elegant construction, the first Masonic chair seen in Cork, which is still in Cork." Bro. Milliken is, we think, in error as to the reason for the Committee being appointed in 1761, as Mrs. Aldworth must have been initiated before 1744, we having discovered the name of our Sister amongst the list of subscribers to Dr. Dassigny's "Enquiry" of that year (1744), all the rest of the many subscribers being Brethren. The work itself is very scarce, the only known copy being now in the magnificent library of the Hon.

Bro. R. F. Bower, of Iowa, U.S.A. The fact, however, of the initiation of this lady, even though the date is uncertain, is beyond question, and the few additional particulars herein noted as to Lodge No. 95 are valuable. The date of the present Warrant of the Lodge is 1771, according to the authorised Calendar of the G. L. of Ireland, so it is not the original charter by which the members now work, though the same No.

No. 1 Lodge, Cork, has a Warrant of 1731, but it evidently existed before then, as the Records testify, the year 1731 simply having reference to the period of the first issue of Warrants by the then new Grand Lodge. The Earl of Barrymore was W.M. in 1770, having for his Wardens Sir Robert Tilson Deane and Governor Jefferys. In 1773 each member of the Lodge "agreed to provide a uniform of Irish cloth, the colour garter-blue, with crimson waistcoat and breeches," in order "to encourage Irish manufacture," and doubtless at that time the Brethren were much admired when clothed and arrayed as Masons in such gorgeous and striking attire.

Bro. Milliken maintains, that as the first Irish Lodge we have a written account of was held in Cork, in the extreme south, and called the "Provincial Grand Lodge of Munster," there must have been a "National Grand Lodge from a remote period," from which this Provincial of Munster must have derived its powers, the Prov. G.L. "granting Warrants, and performing all the functions of a National Grand Lodge, perhaps from necessity, on the cessation of a superior power." We have already indicated our opinion as to this matter, and shall now proceed to notice another statement of Bro. Milliken's. Lord Kingston, who was installed Grand Master of England in December, 1728, was "in the following year Provincial Grand Master of Munster," and as we know, during his lordship's year of office the Parliament House in Dublin "was about to be built, when Lord Cartaret, the Viceroy, with his suite, attended by the Corporation and garrison, and a number of gentlemen Freemasons, marched in procession and laid the footstone of the building with the usual formalities on the third of February, 1729." The following, however, is new to us, and is so likely to be the correct version, that we are inclined to accept it :—

"The Freemason gentlemen dined together, and there being no Lodge in Dublin, resolved, as was the case in London in 1717, to erect a Grand Lodge in Dublin, and invited the Grand Provincial of Munster, Lord Kingston, to take the Grand National Chair of Ireland, which honour his lordship readily accepted, gratified at being the person selected to revive the National Grand Lodge."

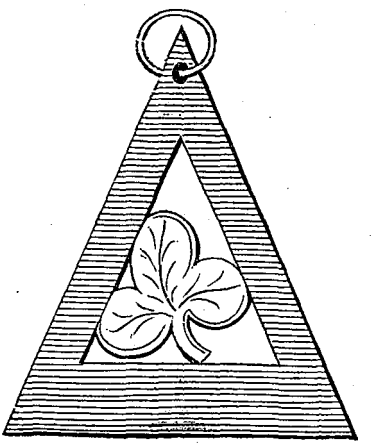
It is curious to note that in the Calendar of the G. L. of Ireland, 1878, one of the Prov. G. Masters of Munster is given as Grand Master of the G. Lodge, viz., Col. O'Brien, M.P., 1726. The eventful history of the Grand Lodge of Ireland since its advent we need not stay now to consider, neither need we allude to the recent investigations of Bro. Neilson into the character and value of the Records of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Munster, now happily traced, and a copy of which only was sold at the "Great Spencer Masonic Sale" recently; for these questions are all receiving their due attention at last, after a lapse of many years of gross disregard of our Masonic MSS. and their important testimony.

Before closing Bro. Milliken's interesting work, we should like to reproduce the following in these pages as to No. 13 Limerick, warranted in 1732 :—"Two small vessels were captured by 'La Furet,' a French privateer (in 1812), commanded by Captain Marincourt. One of the vessels was from the port of Youghal, and commanded by Captain Campell of that town; the other by Captain Joseph Webb of Pool. On their being discovered to be Freemasons they were sent home on parole, having given their words as Masons to get Bro. Joseph Gautier, then a prisoner of war in England, released; or should they fail in performing their promise, they bound themselves to proceed to France within a given time, and surrender themselves prisoners of war. Captain Marincourt and the 'La Furet' became prize to the British frigate 'La Modeste,' and in consequence of his Masonic conduct was released unconditionally. Lodges No. 13, 271, and 952, of Limerick, prepared a vase, of one hundred pounds value, to be presented to Brother Marincourt, whose lamented death after his release prevented their brotherly intent. In ignorance of his death, the vase was sent to France, where it remained seven years, and ultimately travelled back to Limerick, where it remains an ornament in Lodge No. 13, and a memorial of the sublime friendship existing between Freemasons."

No. 1 Lodge voted fifty pounds from its funds for the defence of the kingdom, the other Lodges also not being behind in testifying that the spirit of the Craft did not lessen their patriotism; and for certain, if Freemasons became soldiers, they cannot fail to act loyally to their Sovereign and be obedient and trustworthy. We should note that No. 13 is still at Limerick (1878). No. 271 has been removed to Letterkenny (Donegal), and No. 952 has been removed from the Roll.

We have purposely kept until the last our notice of the "Shamrock Lodge," No. 27, originally located at Cork. We are indebted to our Bro. J. H. Neilson, of Dublin, for the following particulars, which he received personally from the beloved and distinguished Mason the Hon. Judge Townshend, LL.D., Past D.G.M. of Ireland, who was one of the members of the old Lodge.

The "Shamrock Lodge" was originally chartered about 1740, and the Brethren thereof were distinguished by being permitted to wear their aprons with a "green flap," and a golden shamrock embroidered thereon. The first Warrant at Castle Townshend was No. 167, granted about 1830, and promoted by some Brethren who had been members of the ancient Lodge No. 15 (now at Skibbereen), which met at Rosscarberry, and which conferred the Royal Arch and Templar Degrees by virtue of exhibiting the Craft Warrant at the meetings, similarly to many Lodges in England and elsewhere in early days. The Hon. Judge Townshend was admitted a member of No. 167, whilst "under age" (by dispensation), and we are pleased to preserve such an interesting fact respecting so worthy a Mason. On the return of Bro. Dr. Townshend from England, he found that No. 167 had been exchanged for No. 27 Warrant; but the members at Castle Townshend, whilst retaining the title of the "Shamrock Lodge," were not "wearers of the green," preferring any other colour, sometimes those quite out of fashion now. They generally, however, wore aprons entirely white (mostly of sheepskin), and of a large size, without any ornament—the Apprentices and Fellow Craft being required to turn the flap of the apron inwards, but for what purpose has not transpired. Bro. Somerville, who still lives, was one of the founders of the Lodge in the village under the revived Warrant of No. 27, and whilst at Germany, about thirty-eight years ago, for awhile, he was entertained by a Jewish Lodge, the members of which wore a special badge of distinction, which so pleased him that on his return he presented all the Past Masters of Lodge No. 27 with a silver jewel as a badge of the "Shamrock Lodge," of a triangular form, and of a distinctive character indicative of the name of the Lodge. The following sketch which we made of the jewel, which Brother Neilson has now in his possession (presented to him by Bro. Dr. Townshend), will serve to exhibit its character, and also to preserve so scarce and pleasing a memento of "ye olden tyme." Its weight is only a quarter of an ounce, being made of very thin silver.



The present jewel is the only one now known to be in existence. The members wore them for a while, but at last death removed the old Brethren, and the younger Craftsmen leaving the neighbourhood, the survivors gave up the furniture, Warrant, &c., to Bro. Somerville, that they might be protected. Bro. Somerville, on hearing of the revival of the Lodge at Dublin in 1876, sent Dr. Townshend the jewels which that good Brother presented to Bro. Guin on behalf of the members. The name is now changed to the "Abercorn Lodge," which we think a pity, under the circumstances, because the historical associations of the old Lodge may, we fear, in time be lost. The Lodge "Shamrock" at one time kept a pack of hounds, called the "Masonic Harriers," and doubtless after following the hounds in the morning, the members would often unite in the afternoon in singing the lines of the Irish poet Moore, after the Master's toast—

"O, the Shamrock! the green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!"

which was their Charter-song, and the old house in the village would ring again and again with the joyous hearty chorus of the enthusiastic huntsmen and Masons. Masonic Hounds were certainly a unique appendage to the Lodge furniture, but apparently the zest for the sport in no way lessened the ardour of the members for their Masonic duties. In conclusion, we unite our prayers to the many by Brethren scattered over the globe in wishing continued health and happiness to one of the surviving members of the old "Shamrock Lodge, No. 27," in the person of the esteemed, distinguished, and beloved Brother, the Hon. Judge Townshend, LL.D., of Dublin.

THE CHAMBER OF IMAGERY.

From the "Advocate."

HAIL, workmen of the mystic labour, hail!
To-night let all things that have language speak,
Here in the image-chamber of the Craft,
Where truth and virtue beam on every hand;
Above—the spangled Arch, whose diamond rays
Twinkle sweet welcome on our road to Heaven;
Around—emblems of truth, eternal, grand,
Quaint old imaginings of bygone days;
Before—oh, blest eternally of God,
Yon Book, whose secret is undying hope;
Beneath—the earth, our mother, whence we sprung,
And in whose bosom we shall sleep at last;
All these inspire and move the Poet's heart
To claim a welcome, Brothers, in your Band,
And let them speak; those pillars that look down
In brazen symbolisms on the scene;
That golden G, that names the Sacred Name,
The Sheaf that marks His beauty and His love;
The Gavel ringing in submissive ears;
The Level, Plumb and Square on faithful breasts;
The Gauge, wise monitor of fleeting time—
Of time, whose sands no mortal may recall;
The Trowel, with its soothing tale of peace,
Each has its voice, and let it speak to-night.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER X.

You've heard tell of the Widow Malone,
Ochone!
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ochone!
Sure she "milted" the hearts
Of the swanes in those parts,
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ochone!
So lovely the Widow Malone. C. LEVER.

HOW remarkable, and yet how very queer, often are the vagaries of Love, and the "tricks of trade." The philosopher, the man of the world, is often amused, often even depressed, when he notes how foolish and how perverse, and often how very questionable, are the "régime" of the one and the outcome of the other. No one can have travelled through the world without finding out how very dirty is the highway of life, how many dirty people throng it, and how difficult often here is it for the best intentioned, the most honest heart, to "hold up its head" or "its own."

We left our friends at Rome in a nice little mess, which the god of Love, ever bent on mischief, had created in that sympathetic society. The Baron von Puchner-Priessler was the Baron von Puchner-Priessler, (which is saying a good deal), and he was not in the habit of letting the grass grow under his feet, or of not seeking to "improve the occasion." Accordingly he recommenced his old habit of intimacy, his old visits, and his old platitudes,—for the good man was a bit of a bore,—with the charming and dangerous widow. He had a sort of idea, which some men I have met with in life seem to entertain, that their mere attention is to suffice for a woman, and that all the male world is also to understand that by such distinguished preference "destiny" has marked the fair "Odalisque" for their "own." Accordingly he soon manifested his admiration for Madame Allegri, and his disapproval of Don Balthazar, but, as the fates would have it, as I before remarked, ere he had arrived on the "festive scene," as Cooper says in "The Pioneers," Madame Allegri had entered into some "embarrassing and binding engagements" with Don Balthazar. We all remember that inimitable scene where Elizabeth rejects Mr. Le Quoi, having previously had a private interview with Oliver, and therefore the Baron's "empressements" were as little noted by the one as his displeasure heeded by the other. But this little episode created great amusement in the merry party at Rome, though the pretensions of the new "Claimant" were somewhat depressing and disagreeable to all. They served to throw a sense of constraint amid a friendly circle, and even a passing "nuance" of annoyance over pleasant features and sunny smiles.

Compton, who took quite a different view and line, was in fact far more dangerous to Bechner than even the great Puchner-Priessler himself could possibly be to Don Balthazar. For Compton was one of those gay and insouciant spirits who always make Life sunny and gracious to all around. If it were true that he honestly admired his enchantress; if he thought her, as many a poor fellow has thought of others, truly "the girl after his own mind;" if he deemed that all that was adorable and loveable in woman was to be found in that ever-pleasant and fascinating "party," he did not intend to be a broken-hearted, nor did he profess to be a despairing lover. Like a sensible youth as he was, he took things calmly on the whole, and though he hoped to win in the race, he had too much of English pluck about him, if he was beaten, to be sulky or morbid.

But for the moment he was a rock ahead for Bechner, inasmuch as Anna laughed at his jokes, and admired his "bonhommie." Seeing clearly, as a woman always can see, how much there was of tenderness, and truth, and loyalty, and chivalry, in his composition, and as she was an admirer of such things, as all true women are, she did not conceal her pleasure in his society, or her appreciation of his attentions. Not that she was a flirt, or a coquette—she, happily, did not think either habit justifiable, nor did she consider them "good form." She was always the same for Bechner, but she claimed for herself the right to be amused, and she objected on principle to those manly heroics not uncommon among some of us lords of the creation, who affect to blame in a woman the innocent liberty and the agreeability of friendly intercourse they claim so openly and avowedly for themselves. But still, on the whole, the matter, as Paesiello confesses in his Diary, began to become a nuisance. The whole aspect of that cheery society was changed in a moment—intercourse began to become somewhat precise, conversation to appear "gené," and, to use a common if significant expression, every one was on "pins and needles." Paesiello, who was very observant, and very considerate for others, saw that if the present posture of affairs continued, everybody would get across, and he therefore determined to make a diversion, which he thought might have a good effect.

It is astonishing how in love, in war, or politics, a diversion often creates a marvellous change in the veriest if shortest space of time.

There was then living at Rome a good-looking, buxom, well-preserved widow of a certain age, who was a "foraging woman," and "patrolling" for a comfortable home for herself and her two unmarried daughters. She was what the Germans call "adel"—she had married "adel," and so her theories and tastes were "adel" in every sense and degree. To her, Baron Puchner-Priessler was a very great man indeed. In the first place, he was Puchner-Priessler; in the next, he had great wealth and a high position. He was "adel" and rich, she was "adel" and poor. Her husband, a good sort of man in his way, had left her nothing but heavy debts and two daughters, plain and portionless, good-natured, and well-educated. Here was a chance for the good woman. She who was living on the "minimum" of an income, might positively reach to a "maximum," and she and her daughters might becomingly fill that high position in society, and with the greatest *éclat* and prestige, in which they were born, and for which they were clearly intended. Why, she might even marry them! So when Paesiello, with crafty and gentle words, insinuated to the imposing dame, that he thought that Baron Puchner-Priessler positively admired her, but was too modest to say so, not only did she blush—yes! blush with delight and excitement!—but she became so marked in her sympathy for the Baron, that he, who was not very far-seeing, was quite touched by it. It was consoling for him, in the state of mind he then was, to have his feelings considered, his words hung upon, his tastes admired, and his speeches quoted; and if it be true that every one likes to be appreciated here, Baron Puchner-Priessler found that he could have a little Court of his own, in which he could play the part, (at present), of an autocratic sovereign with perfect success and complete contentment. Under these circumstances the situation was improved and bettered itself.

Every one, except Paesiello and Compton, seemed, as they say, to be "suited," and probably a few days would have beheld a remarkable "eclaircissement," as the French put it, for all, when an event took place which upset all the hopes and arrangements of that happy party, both by its suddenness and seriousness, and seemed to cast a shadow of doubt and darkness over the future of so many deeply-interested individuals.

What that event was, if any of my readers have the curiosity to seek to learn, they will discover in our next number. Until then I must ask them to remain in suspense, but to wish well to all true hearts and loyal faith, brave cavaliers and trusting womankind.

(To be Continued.)

PAPERS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY BRO. WM. ROWBOTTOM.

(*Continued from page* 445.)

II.—The Date of the Building.

IF, as I have shown in my last, the Great Pyramid is altogether unique in the position which it occupies on the face of the earth, it is not less remarkable in date, for from its building may be said to date the formulating of the exact sciences as systematic studies.

This is a point to which a Mason cannot give too close attention. Those who read the first part of the Lodge Lecture on "The True History of Freemasonry in England," which appeared in the January number, will remember the conclusive arguments which the writer adduces in favour of an operative origin for Freemasonry. "All our symbols," says he, "all our teaching, all our ornaments, all our jewels, all the customs and technicalities of our Lodges, from first to last, point to the operative basis, and are derived from the actual working tools and customs of purely operative and mechanical Masonry." And he accepts the traditions which make Freemasons builders in a literal sense of those wonderful constructions.

> "—Erected by the world's primæval sires,
> The mighty relics of mysterious days."

This operative origin is, indeed, the only permissable explanation of the rise and progress of Freemasonry, but there is also, at the same time, much that is of a deeper signification, and carries the mind away in speculations, as to when this custom had its rise, whence that saying was derived, and how such and such a symbol received its application.

Of course, we may give a general assent to the statement of Preston, that "from the commencement of the world, we may trace the foundation of Masonry," and that "Ever since symmetry began, and harmony displayed her charms, our Order has had a being." This is true enough of Masonry regarded simply as speculative in its character, and, as a recent critic has remarked, is neither more nor less valuable than the statement that the noble science of Forestry began with the life of our first parents in the Garden of Eden.

We want something more decided than this, something that will give reality to the boast that Masonry is the oldest of all sciences; something that will connect the noble art of building with the great Creation Work of the Divine Architect Himself, and bring them into unison. Then, indeed, might we surely feel that we had found an origin worthy of our Sacred Order.

Now the date of the Great Pyramid is by no means a simple matter to determine, and were it not for a number of remarkable phenomena pointing to a particular epoch, it would indeed be still involved in obscurity. True, Egyptologists are pretty generally agreed in assigning it to the Fourth Dynasty, but since they differ some 2,500 years in their calculations as to the date of such Dynasty, but little help is to be derived from them. At the same time, it is but due to the memory of the late Mr. William Osburn, as Professor Smyth points out, to state that he ascribed the duration of the Fourth Dynasty to the years 2228 to 2108 B.C., within which period the now accepted Great Pyramid date of 2170 B.C. falls.

The Rev. Dr. Nolan fixed the limits for the building of the Great Pyramid at from 2171 to 2123 B.C., a calculation which inclines me to think that he was acquainted

with the chronology of the Western Jews, between which and Great Pyramid chronology I have recently discovered a remarkable agreement to exist. Any way, there is the strange coincidence that Dr. Nolan has fixed as his limits, dates which strangely agree with the Great Pyramid reckoning for the birth of Abraham, 2170 B.C., and the confusion of Babel, 2122 B.C. It appears to have been on this reckoning of Dr. Nolan's, that Sir John Herschel at the request of Colonel Vyse calculated the place of the then Polar Star.

Now the Polar Star of the year 2170 B.C. was *a* Draconis, and at the instant of its crossing the meridian was in a direct line with the Entrance Passage of the Great Pyramid. But the question which naturally presents itself is this:—Why should any special significance be given to that particular Pole Star? The answer to this depends upon the nature of the evidence which can be adduced in favour of that particular period for the building of the Great Pyramid. In fact, we must look for that relation between its building and the *formulating*—I use the word in preference to *origin*, because true Science, Knowledge, or Light, is eternal in its character, as proceeding from Him who is the source of all Light—of exact science for the benefit of man. To such a period, too, we should very naturally look for the origin of Masonry.

In his article on the origin of the Constellation Figures, which first appeared as one of a series in *Belgravia*, 1877, and which have been re-issued quite recently, under the title of "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," Mr. Richard A. Proctor seeks to determine the origin of exact Astronomy by a method which he considers less uncertain than any other. This he does by calculating the period at which the Southern Pole would be central with regard to the old southern constellations. He proceeds thus:—"Now it is a matter of no difficulty whatever to determine the epoch when the Southern Pole of the Heavens was thus placed. Between 2,100, and 2,200 years before the Christian era, the Southern Constellations had the position described, the invisible Southern Pole lying at the centre of the vacant space of the star-sphere, or rather of the space free from constellations. It is noteworthy that for other reasons this period, or rather a definite epoch within it, is indicated as that to which must be referred the beginning of exact astronomy." And, again, he says, "It seems to me highly probable that the date to which all inquiries into the origin of the constellations and the zodiacal signs, seems to point, viz., 2170 B.C.—was the date at which the Chaldean astronomers definitely adopted the new system—the luni-solar instead of lunar division of the zodiac and of time."

The difficulties, which Mr. Proctor finds in assigning the actual origin of Astronomy to the 2170 B.C. date, disappear when we regard that era as specially selected for monumentalising knowledge and taking measures for transmitting to and securing for posterity that knowledge which in the long period of strife and confusion which was coming upon the earth, would be sunk for a time in oblivion, and remembered only by the Sons of Light, who clung to the truths committed to them by their fathers. But I am getting along, perhaps, too fast; for these matters belong to a later stage of this enquiry, and it will not do to appear to be building too high before my readers are satisfied that the foundations are established upon the solid rock. Now let us again look to the astronomical occurences of the year 2170 B.C., and note whether there is anything to be observed of such a nature as to be of peculiar interest to Masons.

In all the range of traditionary knowledge there is, perhaps, no belief—superstition some may call it—more remarkable for the world-wide unanimity which attaches to it, than that which ascribes to the "Seven Stars" some mysterious influence on the fate of the human race. Such a belief must have originated before our common ancestors spread themselves over the world from their central home, and "the sweet influence of the Pleiades"* must then have had a direct application to some well-known fact. Hence we find Bro. R. G. Haliburton tracing this primeval knowledge among the *origines* of almost all nations, and among many unaltered Savage tribes still. Perplexed by many

* Job cxxxvii. 31.

of the wonders he met with in his researches, he laboured on, and ultimately found the solution of many of the mysteries veiled in the allegories of the Sacred and Royal Art.

We do not then invent any new theory when we attach no little importance to the position which the "Seven Stars" occupied in the heavens in the year of the founding of the Great Pyramid, 2170 B.C., "the year of the Pleiades." It was in this year of the foundation of the Great Pyramid that at midnight of the Autumnal Equinox, when *a* Draconis was on the meridian below the Pole, that Alcyone, the central star of the Pleiades group, and, according to the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, who gives as his authority, M. Mädler, of Dorpat,* the centre of the whole universe, was on the meridian above the Pole, and therefore in that year also coincident with the Vernal Equinox. Thus we have the year 2170, B.C. specially marked by astronomical phenomena which would not repeat themselves until 25,827 years had run their course.

Professor Smyth says† :—"Now Alcyone, or η Tauri as the stricter astronomical observers choose at present to call it, is not a very large or bright star in itself, but then it is the centre of a group of stars more bound up with human history, hopes, and feelings than any other throughout the sky, viz., the Pleiades; and there have been traditions for long, whence arising I know not, that the seven overlappings of the grand gallery, so impressively described by Professor Greaves, had *something* to do with the Pleiades, those proverbially *seven* stars of the primeval world, though already reduced to six (*i.e.*, six visible to the ordinary naked eye), so early for certain as the time of the Latin poet Virgil; and probably, according to poetic tradition, as the siege and burning of Troy. Here then is what those overlappings had to do; viz, to symbolize the Pleiades on the celestial meridian and to the south, though not at their actual altitude therein, and as part of the memorial, rather than observing, astronomy of the Pyramid at the time of its construction; for the Pleiades evidently were, *de facto*, the superior, southern and equatorical, or time, star to be taken in concert with the inferior transit of the circumpolar *a* Draconis star on the opposite or northern side of the sky, and twelve Polar hours distant therefrom. And how well they performed their part, as well as how capable they were of it, appeared from this further result of calculation, that when they, the Pleiades, crossed the meridian at midnight above the Pole, at the same instant that *a* Draconis was crossing below the Pole, and *at the particular distance from the Pole indicated by the entrance-passage*, then, in the autumn season of that one year of the northern hemisphere, *the equinoctial point of the heavens coincided with the Pleiades* as to their respective meridians."

Mr. Proctor also considers this fact as one of those proofs which fix the beginning of exact astronomy at this period. He says that "in the year 2170 B.C. *quam proximé*, the Pleiades rose to their highest above the horizon at noon (or technically made their noon culmination), at the Spring Equinox." He then proceeds to comment on the importance that would be attached to "the remarkable star-cluster coming then close by the sun in the heavens though unseen," by minds which were fully impressed with a belief in the influence of the stars on this earth.

It was at or about this time also, that the Chaldean astronomers who had come down into Egypt painted figuratively in the heavens those ancient constellations which in their order of procession so forcibly associate themselves with that dread catastrophe—

> . . . "When raging ocean burst his bed,
> O'ertopt the mountains, and the earth o'erspread.

Dr. Hales refers to this subject in his great work on Chronology, and ascribes—though I believe wrongly—the origin of the constellation figures representing the Deluge to the rebellious followers of Nimrod. Some will say, "All these fancies connecting the constellations with the early traditions belong to a school that has passed away." May be, though, that old learning, of which Bryant appears to have been so eloquent an expositer,

* Bible Teachings in Nature, 1868.
† Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid, 3rd Edition, p. 339.

as far as my slight second-hand acquaintance with his theories has shown me, and which saw in the myths of the ancients glimpses of Primeval Truth, was not all wrong. Certainly we, who cling to the "old truths," must lean rather to their view than to that to which Mr. Proctor refers as being held by some modern scientists, viz., that the whole tradition of the Deluge arose from a poetic fancy depicting the scenes of a grand drama in the starry skies.

Mr. Proctor, however, tells us that at this period alone, *i.e.*, between 2,100 and 2,200 years B.C., could those constellations have been conceived, which used to appear painted on the dome-like ceiling of the Egyptian astronomical temples, and which he contends have been used by Homer in his description of the shield of Hercules* The circum-polar position of the Great Dragon being described in the lines—

> "The scaly horror of a dragon, coil'd
> Full in the central field, unspeakable,
> With eyes oblique retorted, that ascant
> Shot gleaming fire."

He declares in favour of Homer as the author of the description of the Shield of Hercules by comparing it with the description of the shield of Achilles in the Iliad, which displayed—

> "The starry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd
> The Pleiades, Hyads, and the northern beam,
> And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
> To which, around the cycle of the sky,
> The bear revolving, points his golden eye,
> Still shines exalted."

Let me now request the Brethren to note the remarkable connection which existed in the year 2170 B.C. between midnight of the autumn and noon of the spring equinoxes. Professor Piazzi Smyth draws attention to this subject, pointing out that what is generally called "the Vernal Equinox" is incorrectly so termed if we consider only the best time for observing it. For whereas it is impossible to see what stars the sun is amongst at noon, as the Greeks vainly attempted, yet the Architect of the Great Pyramid secured the same results by observing "the anti-sun, or the point of the heavens *opposite* to the sun at midnight. Wherefore his *time of the year* for making his observations of those Taurus stars (the Pleiades) which the sun is amongst in spring, is evidently in the autumn."†

Masons will therefore observe that although the exigencies of the case required that the master builder of this wondrous pile should work at night to study the mysteries of the plan of the Great Architect of the Universe, yet there were reasons for giving to that invisible noon culmination of the Pleiades in the spring, greater importance than its midnight crossing of the meridian in the autumn. At least it would appear so when we consider that in the year of the foundation of the Great Pyramid, and, as we contend, of the Craft thereat, the Sun, and the Seven Stars were on the meridian at the same instant; the centre of our Solar System, and the centre of the Stellar Systems were in a line—the pointers of that wonderful time-measurer, which, like the hands of a clock pointing to noon, will not resume the same position until their set round has been accomplished.

Having then, I hope, proved the Great Pyramid to be as remarkable in date as in position, in the next number I will endeavour to bring forward the leading characteristics of the builders, and try to deduce therefrom who they were.

(To be Continued.)

* "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," p. 346.
† "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," p. 340.

In Memoriam.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

ANOTHER dear old friend hath pass'd away
From friends he loved on earth, and was by them
Esteem'd and loved, as a true, genial man,
Who when he gave his hand, gave his heart too :
As honest as the summer's day is light,
And warm in his affections as the sun
That wakens all to life.

I see my friends
Fall on all sides, nipt by the frosts of death,
Like leaves from autumn trees : warning to me
That I must soon bid this fair earth adieu ;
For it *is* fair, though we deform it sore
With hate, and violence, and selfishness,—
With perfidy, oppression, and all crimes
That spring from sensual feelings, ignorance
Of what mankind might be, and how we best
May realise its final destiny.

Oh, let us each, in our own sphere, aspire
To do what good we can whilst we are here ;
So that whene'er the final summons comes,
We may put "off this mortal coil" in peace,
And those who will survive us then may feel
That we have done our best to leave the world
Better than we had found it.

We have heir'd
Rich legacies of blessings from our sires ;
And it is just that we should pass them down,
Not merely undiminish'd, but enhanced,
To future generations.

He best serves
His Maker who does most to bless his race ;
To render life a higher thing to all
That breathe our atmosphere.

'Tis not my faith
That earth will always be a lazar-house,
And its inhabitants the loathsome slaves
That in all ages most of them have been ;
For every honest heart 's a witness true
In proving what a better, happier world,
We might make of it, if each one would try
To be themselves but truthful, kind, and wise,—
To enlarge the little circle of their love ;
Embrace within their spirit's kindly folds,
Not merely all mankind, but all that lives

In universal nature, of which we
But form a part, to be in harmony
With all the rest of the immense design
Of the Almighty Architect divine.

Peace to thy spirit, my departed friend!
May the dull earth lay lightly on thy ashes,
The wild flowers that thou loved grow on thy grave,
The birds thou loved to hear sing o'er thy head,
For thy heart loved all rural sights and sounds.

Now thou art gone to perfect peace and bliss,
Where 'tis our cherish'd hope to some day join
Thee in the spirit-land; meantime on earth
We oft will think of thy kind, genial smile,
As one that never sprang from churlish heart;
And thou in our remembrance long will live,
Absent in body truly, but in soul
As ever present with us, until we
Meet thee again, where partings are no more.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

X. APRIL.

"WELCOME, O sweet caprice of smiles and tears!
Spoilt darling, with the fickle, flashing, eyes,
Trembling 'twixt joy and foolish happy fears,
Now laughing loud, now shivering through with sighs.
Pleasant, art thou, young sister of the Spring,
Light dancing o'er the golden fronded moss;
To thy fresh notes the merry echoes ring,
While larches shake their emerald tassels loose.
Soft Aphrodite waits with myrtle crown
To grace thee as the First Love of the World,
To soothe thy sigh, beguile thy fretted frown,
And kiss away thy anger, rain-empearled.
Shine out, then, tenderly, bewitching elf,
Earth hath no fairer child than thy fair self!"

Who loves not April—sunny, but treacherous? Say not so, but, rather, "of changeful mood." Who welcomes not the April day, the picture of our lives?—

"When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

"I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming on of storms.

"From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

"The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and coloured wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

"When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

"And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

"Inverted in the tide
Stand the grey rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

"Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed."

"Many a thought," indeed! of life with all its changeful vicissitudes, nor, if we read the lessons aright of the April shower, need we be altogether despondent even in our darkest hours:—

* * * * *

"The gloom came on suddenly,—that we must own,
And we wondered where all the world's beauty had flown,
As the clouds gathered up and the rain rattled down
In a leaf-laying shower.

"The blossoms fell prostrate and pensive awhile,
Bending down to the earth in most pitiful style,
Even after Apollo re-burnished his smile
With more radiant power.
"But at last they stood up in their strength, one by one,
And laughed out in the face of the beautiful sun,
With a perfume and colour they could not have done
Were it not for the shower.

* * * *

"Now, 'sermons in stones' we are told may be learned,
And methinks a quick eye may have aptly discerned
That a rich draught of wisdom may often be urned
In the cup of a flower.
"Come, read me the riddle, and read it aright,
All ye that have too much good luck in your sight,—
All ye that are faint in Prosperity's light,
Just for want of a shower.

"Have the wit of the blossoms, and ask for no more
At the hands of Dame Fortune, in station or store,
But think it a blessing if sorrow should pour,
Or disquietude lower,
"For the cloud and the rain-drop are exquisite things,
Though they dim for a season our butterfly wings,
And the sweetest and purest unceasingly springs
After a shower."

Hardly a time in the April day that is not full of beauty and promise; is it at early dawn? Then, when—

"A wind comes up out of the sea,
And says, 'O mists, make room for me!'"——

the watery curtains are rolled back, and Nature's jewels are left glittering in the early sunshine on every blade of grass.

"It says unto the forest: 'Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!'"——

and all Nature wakes to the glory of another day and the flowers unfold to greet the morn with beauties fresh-renewed.

"It touches the wood-bird's folded wing,
And says, 'O bird, awake and sing'"——

and forthwith the picture is complete, instinct with the touch of life, and myriads of birds raise the early song of thanksgiving to the God that gives them being.

April, then,—"proud pied" April—is come, and with it the first time that Nature's lovely treasures seem to *force* themselves upon our notice. Hitherto we have been fain to seek them diligently, now we seem to be wellnigh bewildered with their profusion.

Milton's "Rathe Primrose" first claims our attention, blossoming now in extreme luxuriance. One of the most singular features of the growth of this favourite flower is that, although its flowers seem to be scattered amongst its leaves, in reality they all spring from the centre of the tuft. Lengthen this point of junction somewhat, and diminish the size of the flowers, and you have the Oxlip. Increase still more the size of this stem, and make the flowers yet smaller, and there is our childhood's friend, the sweet Cowslip. The Polyanthus of the garden is merely another variety of the Primrose. The variation of colour in the garden variety need be no matter of wonder, when we remember that, in Somerset, the ordinary Primrose is frequently found of different shades, until quite a marked red is reached. The ordinary colour, as we have before remarked, is not yellow, but a peculiar pale green; this is rendered quite evident when a specimen is dried, for the blossom becomes completely of this latter hue. No domestic animal will eat either leaf or blossom of this plant, except the pig; strange to say, though, that we have lately heard of a recipe for Primrose-Pudding. Can it be that friend Darwin is right after all, and that there is some kinship in the nature as well as the habits of the *gourmand* and the animal that we have just mentioned?

There are two other species of Primrose than those we have already mentioned—the Bird's Eye Primrose, with blossoms of a pale lilac purple, sprinkled with a fine white powder—and the Scottish Primrose, of a similar appearance, but smaller and stouter in its habit. Both varieties, which flower later in the year, are confined to the Northern parts of Great Britain.

Companions of the Primrose—

"Gleaming like amethysts in the dewy moss,"

are the Violets, also already mentioned. Of these flowers, besides the varieties before named, the Sweet-scented, the White, and the Dog Violet—there are several kinds,—the Hairy Violet, named after its appearance; the Marsh Violet, a pretty transparent-looking plant; the Yellow Violet, growing on moorland heaths; and the Tricolor, or Wild Heart's-ease, the progenitor of our garden Pansies, in all their varieties from—

"The shining Pansy, trimmed with golden lace,"

to the deep dark purple and the brown. The name Pansy, which is a corruption of the French *Pensée* (thought), was spelt by our old writers in a variety of ways: Ben Jonson calls it Paunsé: Milton, in his Comus, thus—

"The shepherds at their festivals
Carol their good deeds loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into the stream
Of Pancies, Pinks, and gaudy Daffodils."

Michael Drayton writes :—

"The Pansie and the Marigold,
Are Phœus' paramours."

Whilst Edmund Spenser sings :—

"Strew me the ground with Daffe-down-dillies,
And Cowslips, and King-cups, and loved Lilies,
The pretty Paunce
And the Chevisaunce
Shall watch with the fayre Flour de Luce."

Other ancient authors refer to the plant as "Heart's-ease," "Herb Trinity," and "Three Faces under a Hood."

Meet companion of these general favourites is the dainty little Wood Anemone, or Wind-flower of older authors, whose exquisite white flower, with its purplish back, is too well-known to need description. In some counties, where the soil is chalky, the beautiful Pasque-flower Anemone is also met with. The Light-blue Mountain and the Yellow varieties are very rare indeed. All belong to the Ranunculus family, the acrid properties of which are well known; the leaves chewed produce violent vomiting, whilst applied to the skin, they act as vigorously as a mustard poultice.

We have already alluded slightly to the Cowslip in speaking of its close resemblance to the Primrose, but this flower, so eagerly sought by the little ones must not be thus lightly passed over. In many counties it is called Paigle,—whence the name and what it means we know not. Several rustic practices are connected with it. Certain of our old herbalists, who never missed an opportunity of vituperating the physician's "drugs," proclaim the praises of ointment made of Cowslip petals; one of them says :—"Our city dames know well enough that the distilled water of the Cowslip adds beauty, or at least restores it when lost." This ointment is still used in country places to remove freckles and sun-burn. Most showy balls are made for the childen of the blossoms; for this purpose the clusters are picked off from the top of the stems, and a number of them hung upon a string stretched between two chairs; the blossoms are then pressed carefully together, and the string drawn up tight, so as to bring them into a ball with the bloom outside; the experienced maker of these pretty floral toys is extremely careful that all the flowers shall be fully expanded. Although the tufts of this plant are much disliked by the Agriculturalist on account of their large size yet utter inutility for food for cattle, the leaves are sometimes boiled as a vegetable. Cowslip wine is too well known to need more than a passing mention.

Shakespeare, Milton, and Ben Jonson all speak of the Cowslip, thus the latter says, in the Shepherd's Holiday :—

"Strew, strew, the smiling ground
With every flower, yet not confound
The Primrose drop, the Spring's own spouse,
Bright daye's eyes, and the lips of cows,
The garden star, the queen of May,
The rose to crown the holiday."

Nor do more modern poets pass it over, for familiar descriptions of "The Freckled Cowslip" are—

"Cinque spotted like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a Cowslip."

and—

"Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head."

The handsome green and gold Pilewort is now in its fullest beauty, but it must not be confounded with that most gorgeous of flowers, the Marsh-Marigold, largest and most showy of the Butter-cup or Ranunculus tribe; as its name implies it is only found in very moist situations. Not far from this plant will probably be found its intimate relation the White Water Ranunculus with its curiously cut leaves. Hard by will doubtless be flowering the "wan-hued" Lady's Smock, as well as the handsome Bitter Cardamine. Several of the Speedwells are now in bloom,—the Germander Chickweed, the Vernal, and the Trifid—so called from the shape of the upper leaves, which are deeply cut into the shape of triple fingers.

Two of the most beautiful of the Lily tribe are also now blooming, one, the Wild Tulip, only found in chalky soils; the other, which is unfortunately giving way before the now almost universal practice of draining, the Fritillary or Snake's-head Lily. This exquisite blossom is said to derive its name from *fritillus* (dice-box), the common companion of the chequered board, the flower being beautifully chequered with pink and dull purple. Sir William Hooke derives its other name from the *Numidia Meleagris* or Pintado, whose plumage is chequered in a similar manner. In olden days it was called the Guinea-hen or Turkey-hen flower; in some country places it is still known as the Chequered Daffodil, and in others as the Snake's Head, to which the flower and stem, especially before the flower is expanded, certainly have some resemblance. The French call it *La Fritillaire méléagre*, and the Germans *Kiebitzey*.

We have but few British species of this tribe of plants, but our gardens are indebted to them for some of their brightest ornaments. We must not pause here to notice them for they are so numerous that old Gerarde said of them, long since:—"All which to describe particularly, were to roll Sisyphus' stone, or to number the sands."

There is one close ally, though, that we must not pass over, for it is a most striking object now with its broad green fleshy leaves—not unlike the Lily of the Valley—and its handsome bunches of pure white flowers, we mean the Broad-leaved Garlic, or Ramson, as the country people call it If you gather it beware of where you put it, for its odour is simply intolerable. Farmers hate it, for cows will readily eat it, and then the butter and cheese are impregnated with a flavour as pungent and disagreeable as the odour of the plant.

An effective contrast to the white flower of the Garlic is found in the purple blossom of the Early Orchis; the leaves of this plant are very beautiful, the shape being most elegant, and the colour, green, spotted with a purplish brown. Another species, the Spider Orchis, is likewise blooming now.

During this month we shall find the short tendrils of the Spring Vetch upholding its pretty and innocent-looking flowers of purple or white. Another flower of this month, seemingly not very generally noticed, is the Wild Wall-flower, of which Gerarde says, "The people in Cheshire doe call it Winter Gillyflower." Moir, amongst other poets, sings its praises:—

> "In the season of the tulip cup,
> When blossoms clothe the trees,
> 'Tis sweet to throw the lattice up
> And scent thee on the breeze;
> The butterfly is then abroad,
> The bee is on the wing,
> And on the hawthorne by the road
> The linnets sit and sing."

Its scientific name is derived from the Arabic *Kheyry*, the Dutch call it *Violier* and the Spaniards *Violette Amarella*. This plant, although too pungent for human consumption, is still perfectly innoxious.

Few of our wild flowers are more admired, perhaps, than the graceful Harebell, bending to every gust of wind that sweeps over its open haunts; for, although we may now and again find it on the summit of a tall cliff, or on the top of some old wall, it is ever most plentiful—

> "On the swelling downs, where sweet air stirs
> The blue-bells lightly, and where prickly furze
> Buds lavish gold."

Another Blue friend that we must now turn our attention to is the beautiful Wild Hyacinth or Blue-Bell. Scarcely a copse that is not carpeted with this handsome flower, for it is to the woods what the Buttercup is to the meadow. Notwithstanding the beauty of its flower, the plant is not a harmless one, for its round root is full of a poisonous clammy juice, indeed this juice exudes from every part of the plant when bruised. Though unfit for food, and useless now, time was when the plant was much prized, for of this juice was made a starch wherewith was stiffened the huge ruffs of former days; the book-binder, too, used to employ it as glue, and fasten with it the covers of his volumes. Another plant, used in a similar way in olden days, is a close neighbour of the Hyacinth in its growth, we mean the Cuckoo-Pint, Wake-Robin, or Lords and Ladies. The tuber of this

last plant when grated into water yields a white sediment which is a substitute for Arrow-root; indeed, some years back, there was quite a manufactory of it carried on in Portland Island. In dry woods will now be found the Wood Crowfoot or Goldilocks, a species of Buttercup. In the same locality, too, will most likely be seen the yellow-flowered Weasel-snout, or Yellow Archangel, of which the mode of growth is similar to that of the White Dead Nettle. The scientific name, "Weasel-scent" is evidently derived from its disagreeable odour when manipulated. The Dutch call it "Dog's Nettle," the French *L'Ortie des Bois.*

At the foot of yonder Elm is growing an extremely curious plant, one of the class so rare in this country, the Parasitic. It is the Toothwort, and possesses no leaves, but has in their place a kind of fleshy-looking scales; its leaves are of a purple tint. Further in that shaded thicket is another most extraordinary looking member of the vegetable kingdom; a strange object, certainly, with its slender stalk topped by a green, square, head. It is the little Moschatell, and its square head is formed of four green flowers placed back to back, with a fifth, as the cover to the other four. Most likely this green little plant is, together with another strange green flower, the Mercury, nestling under some Wild Currant or Wild Gooseberry bush, either of which we should now be sure to find in flower. So too, should we the Crowberry, amongst the mountain pastures.

If we turn next to the hedgerows we shall find that pretty shrub, the Bird Cherry, in blossom; although very ornamental it is of little use to man, save that its wood is esteemed by turners, being hard and richly veined; its fruit is quite uneatable, and probably dangerous in large quantities. The Wild Cherry, proper, too, is now in bloom, as is the Wild Pear Tree. The fruit of this latter is hardly one that a connoisseur would choose, but the wood of the tree is valuable, as, being very compact and fine grained, it is useful for fine carvings. Formerly it was used for engravings, and it is said that the curious old cuts in Gerarde's Herball, from which we so often quote such quaint and interesting matter, were executed on blocks of this wood.

Amongst other trees in blossom we may notice the Oak, Ash, Birch, and Chesnut, all of which, except the Ash, bear their fertile and barren flowers separately, like the Hazel. The Willows still show their catkins abundantly; while the Box must be added to the list of trees with flowers of separate sex.

Amongst the Butterflies we shall find but little change in our list, but a goodly number of Moths are beginning to present themselves; most of them being night-flyers, however, we see but little of them. We may, however, observe the Emperor Moth, the Water Carpet Moth, and the Cockscomb.

The Birds are now busy with their nests, the Jackdaws and Starlings laying in abundance. In the meadows is heard the rough, harsh note of the Corncrake, and the curious cry of the Wryneck, whilst, during the month, we may expect to hear the friend of our childhood, the Cuckoo. Pre-eminent, however, above all other birds is now heard the glorious song of the Nightingale.

Lower in the scale of creation we notice the appearance of innumerable Beetles, such as the Death Watch, and the various Ladybirds. Red Ants now come forth, and the Mole Cricket may be heard, whilst Bluebottles become more numerous than agreeable.

For the "First of April" good old Gilbert White chronicles that Spiders' Webs are to be seen spread on the surface of the ground. Are those the only traps duly set and as duly tumbled into on that notable "Feast of all Fools," we wonder?

Many and varied are Nature's treasures now, but none in the sweet balmy days of Spring seem to compensate us for the dull, dark days of Winter like the flowers of which the Countess of Blessington wrote:—

"Flowers are the bright remembrancers of youth,
They waft us back with their bland odorous breath,
The joyous hours that only young life knows,
'Ere we have learnt that this fair earth hides graves,
They bring the cheek that's mouldering in the dust
Again before us, tinged with health's own rose;
They bring the voices we shall hear no more,
Whose tones were sweetest music to our ears;
They bring the hopes that faded one by one,
Till nought was left to light our path, but faith,
That we, too, like the flowers, should spring to life,
But not, like them, again e'er fade or die."

FROM IDEALITY TO NATURE.

BY SAVARICUS.

READER,—hast thou ever felt what it is to have an exquisite imagination, and a seeming acquaintance with chimerical people, who are the mere mental creatures of thine own creating, mystical, ideal, beautiful?

This uncontrollable, ephemeral, and ethereal imagination, often presents ideal gardens full of flowers and fountains, and peopled by beautiful beings. Then we may seem to have ideal ships sailing on ideal seas to ideal countries, or even to ideal worlds. This ideality appears as a mental luxury, or brain food, giving both warmth and force to the imagination; but, as often as not, leading to nothing but vanishing visions. Yet with all its fallaciousness and flimsy flattery, and its well-known nothingness, Ideality has a great charm. For all ideal things are pure. Hence they have a soul-enthralling effect. The features and form, the grace and goodness, of an ideal Beauty are perfect. Who can gainsay them? The Houris of a Mahometan's paradise are true types of ideal beauty. The songs sung to Loveliness, the lines penned, the sonnets written, the poems printed, the love fancies of youth, the imagined husband, or wife, the glorious and happy future, often, very often, prove to be the outcomings of ideality—the offspring of the fertile brain. When men and women arrive at maturity the ideal in a great measure vanishes; sometimes leaving a large amount of self-made disappointment, if not of despair, behind. But what careth the mass of mankind, as far as outward appearances are concerned?—Nothing! The day cometh and waneth; "to-morrow" is as far off as ever it was; and thus weeks, months, and years pass by. So much for the surface. But who knows all the amount of misery, heart-burning and yearning that is contained beneath the ever-rippling waves of human life. Notable ambition, secret longings, individual envy, just and unjust reproaches, promises not fulfilled, sudden failures, riches elbowing poverty into the gutter, virtue standing in the cold, vice basking in warmth, honour shielding reprobates, and the sacred name of Religion invoked to cover all. Charity having to endure all things. Hope, anchor abandoned. Faith, wandering about, having no resting-place; and the Love of God ignored, if not despised!

Let us step aside from the busy world of humanity and ideality, and just take a glance at Nature, where we can always behold something fresh and sweet and beautiful, and where the prospect of the earth is always lovely and peaceful. Whether it be by mountain, rill, or rivulet, or larger river pleasantly winding out of sight, through wood and forest glade, down to the ever-moving sea—grand in its rest, mighty in its depth, terrific in its tempestuous raging, and withal sublime; made glorious by the vast expanse of cloud and sky. Even now, although the year is young, wild flowers are blooming, and birds with their tiny throats and shrill voices are joyously heralding the fast approaching spring. How welcome to the earth is the vivifying rain and sunshine, and how invigorating is the wind! The rain softens all dormant seeds, and the swelling germs gain warmth and active life. The sunshine gives fresh life to all latent existence; and the wind, with its shrill voice, awakens plant and shrub, and tree,—breathing gentle zephyrs to woo the flowers, and blowing fiercer gales wherewith to arouse the giant trees by whistling through the branches. Walk in the woods, and thou shalt see from out of the beds of dainty moss, so fresh and green, the sweet violets lift their modest heads towards the sunbeams, and thus receive many a kiss; for which, in return for genial warmth and strength bestowed, they silently diffuse their luscious perfume through the air, to be wafted onward about the shady grove, and over many a mead. Pale primroses shall greet your feet, their delicious delicacy and simple sweetness are emblematical of childish innocence and youthful grace. See how from that mass of ovate leaves, green as the purest emerald, they unfold their pale petals to the sun, and send forth

many a charming cluster of buds and flowers, pleasant to behold, and reminding us of the coming spring. And later on, how sweet it is to view the bright green fields where "daisies pied" put forth their buds with rosy lips just peeping from the calices; when ripened by the sun, and panting to be free, they burst their tender bonds, and expanding to the light, show their fair hearts and bow their blushing heads. How happy and delighted the birds appear to be! Even they with their little throats, warble sweet songs of praise, and seem to watch and sing of the earth's increasing loveliness. Yon Lark is soaring high, and pouring forth melodious strains of Nature's clear-toned minstrelsy. Hush! the song hath ceased; down comes the tiny songster to the earth, and sipping refreshment from the moist grass, carols his prelude to another song. The Linnet twitters, and takes up the song, singing softly with a wondrous sweetness, flying in jerks, he seems to say, "Come all ye birds and sing to-day." Scarce hath the Linnet ceased to sing, ere the spotted Thrush in yonder tree, tunes up its pretty throat, and warbles out a song of full and rounded notes, which, echoing through the trees, thrills the Blackbird's heart, and makes him whistle out of very joy. Soon then the denizens of wood and field, enlivened by these harmonious strains, lift up their voices in unison, and pour forth a chorus of gladness, bidding man be happy, and more natural, telling him to dwell contented, and to study Nature by revelling in her beauties, seeking pleasures as innocent as the fields and the earth afford. Trusting more to loving-kindness than to power. Living for each other, and not for selfish purposes. Abounding with happy thoughts. Having sympathetic and generous hearts. Being endowed with feelings of good Fellowship and Brotherly Love. Incapable of doing a bad deed, or of imputing a wrong motive to any one. But thoroughly capable of being moved by the best and the holiest of emotions. Forgiving and forgetting. Striving to please, and never displeasing. Studying the welfare and happiness of others; and above all, delighting in Nature, and in Nature's God. Glorifying His wondrous works. Contemplating the heavens with joy. Having a reverential and loving humility. Venerating all good and holy things. Looking upwards with faith. Soaring with our souls beyond those beautiful clouds which have the silver linings—emblematical of the purity and brightness behind them. Drinking deep draughts of natural delight, and luxuriating in the glories of Nature. Watching the golden sunset, and hoping that our rest may be as bright and as typical. Looking out for the rising of the sun, and trusting that our resurrection may be as fair, as pure, and as glorious. Beatifying ourselves with sacred promises. Having Faith, Hope, and Charity. Exhorting, and exalting Truth. Loving purity and goodness. Eschewing evil. Having smiles on our faces, and kindness in our hearts. Trusting each other. Never doubting. Returning good for evil, dwelling with the Christian Virtues. Spreading good broad-cast by word and deed. Having no pride, but seeking wisdom. Fearing no man. Going to bed with a clear conscience, and having a pillow of roses. Rising refreshed and happy. Causing cheerfulness and gaiety to abound. Daily doing some good deed, and living a life of usefulness.

Did the birds sing all this? Well! yes, they appeared to do so to me, and do so sing even now. Listen to them, and listen long; then it may do your heart good, and exalt you above the every day common things of life. So that thou mayest well exclaim:—

"Oh, Earth! Is Heaven more fair?"

THE TRUE MASON.

From the "New York Dispatch."

No Mason is he who is dead to the wailings
Of those whom misfortune has placed under ban;
Who is harsh, unforgiving toward other men's failings,
Or does any act that debases the man.

He may seem a good brother in sight of his fellow,
Be high in his Order and learned in its code;
But still his pretensions are truthless and shallow,
And he is no Mason in sight of his God.

But he's a true Mason whose soul ever rises
Above the small honours and glories of earth—
Who all the poor glitter of tinsel despises,
And loves to be measured alone by his worth

With Square and the Plumb-lead as emblems to guide him,
From the line of strict duty he scorns to depart;
With the Rule and the Compass both ready before him,
He rears a true Temple of God in his heart.

His thoughts are as pure as the snow when it falleth;
His zeal is enlisted on rectitude's side;
No fear of men's scoffing his courage appalleth,
As he stands the oppressed and the friendless beside.

At the cry of misfortune his love is awakened;
Large minded, he succours, with nought of display
The widow, the orphan, the hungry and naked,
From his portals are never sent empty away.

In precept though firm, he is soft as a mother,
Who seeks in affection her offspring to mould,
More apt by example to win a lost brother,
And waverers keep in the Good Shepherd's fold

Unsullied by contact with lusts that surround him,
Large hearted, he loves with a God-like regard;
He lives a rich blessing to all who are round him,
And dies to receive the true Mason's reward.

AMABEL VAUGHAN.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "My Lord the King;" "The Path of Life, an Allegory;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

A PROPOSAL.—THE FIRST APPEAL.

WOLVERSTON is an old town in the north of England with an ancient church and a history; also barracks, a theatre, a concert hall, and a Mayor and Corporation. It has a large population, and as it is a seaport as well as a market town, I need not add that there are always ships sailing in with cargoes from the North, East, South and West, and innumerable sailors, fishermen, brokers and tradesmen generally bustling about and carrying on their business from morning to night on the

* Bro. Holmes wishes us to state, in order to close the controversy, that while he has sought to give in this story a truthful representation of events of which he has a vivid recollection himself, twenty years ago, he by no means wishes to impugn the comfort or efficiency of the present arrangements for the administration of that great institution—Christ's Hospital.—ED.

docks and quays, or in the dusty, poking offices and shops of which the streets seem to be almost entirely composed; and there exists plenty of pleasure for the young, and plenty of crime as well for all.

Mabel's uncle, Mr. Seymour, did not live in the town of Wolverston, but he had a handsome mansion in the country, about five miles distant, and he came in almost every day of the week, and as he was one of the county magistrates he had a good deal to do at the Town Hall, especially at the sessions, was well known, respected and liked in his capacity of Justice of the Peace, and was altogether a rather popular and decidedly influential man in those parts.

The Theatre Royal, Wolverston, was a handsome building, and as a place of amusement was very successful. There were always actors of talent there (happy place), pretty actresses, and generally a very good, though small, *corps de ballet*. I don't know that I should introduce you there, gentle reader, though I assure you it was conducted in a very respectable manner, and was patronised by the aristocracy of Wolverston, but that the exigencies of my story oblige me to do so. However, more of this anon.

Well, Mabel came up by the train from town late that night, having enjoyed very much the first part at least of her journey, whilst her cousin had been with her; but when he left it had become sadly dull.

"He was a very interesting companion," thought she. "He talked so well. Was so pleasant and agreeable altogether, and then he was so attentive, and seemed to study her comfort so much in every way."

Well, it was not so long they were parted at all events, for he had promised to come up and stay with them during the race week in November, and it was only a month to that time.

Of course Uncle George was pleased enough to have his pet home again, and of course the cousins were glad to welcome their pretty relative.

Mabel was very much improved, so every one said, and certainly looked bewitching. They kept open house at the "Elms," and scarcely an evening passed but her cousins, Philip and Herbert, who by the way were both in love with her themselves, brought in some bachelor friend or other from Wolverston, who was sure to go again with a very vacant sensation about the region of the heart.

Mabel flirted to her heart's content, and so the month passed quickly and merrily by, and Fitz came up for the races. It was a long way from town to come, so Mr. Seymour said, and he would not think of Reginald's returning for another fortnight after the races, and then he should only go back to fetch his friend Seaton, of whom he, Uncle George, had heard a good deal from Mabel, and so they would all spend the Christmas Holidays together.

Fitz was not at all hurt at this arrangement, in fact he thought it a very good one, with the exception, perhaps, that Mark Seaton would be coming up at Christmas, whom he had begun to look upon as a rival, strange to say.

Mabel was certainly a nice girl, she improved amazingly upon acquaintance. It was evident she was not indifferent to him, she had shown that unequivocally more than once. Mark was a good fellow, but then Mabel did not care for him, she had owned as much since he had come to Wolverston. Besides, very likely Mark had forgotten her by this. He had certainly talked very little about her of late, and had become, in fact, rather moody and reserved upon the subject. Mabel would have money one of these days; it was all bosh what he had said to Mark about her penniless condition.

"By Jove," Fitz burst out as a wind-up to his meditation—"By Jove, I've half a mind to propose to her myself."

Mabel had been showing Fitz the lions of the place that day in company with two of her cousins, young ladies who were very much attached to each other, quiet in demeanour, not to say slow, and rather in awe of their erratic, independent, but beautiful cousin.

A hint was to them quite sufficient, however, and though they were supposed to be one party, the two sisters followed demurely out of ear shot of their companions, who rambled about the old Church and the Chantry just outside the town, and the ruins of

the castle, and then strolled up the hill towards the barracks, nominally to see the view from thence, so Mabel said, but really, if the truth must be told, in hopes of meeting some of the officers, most of whom were known to the "Belle of the County," as Mabel was called.

I cannot really say whether Mabel loved her gay, clever, handsome cousin in the truest sense of the word, or whether she was only flattered at attention from a man who was already of some rank in the literary world, and promised to be one day great among his compeers.

I think she loved him in her way, but I am afraid she was so thoroughly a flirt as to have lost almost all that pure, true affection which cannot long exist where love is scattered far and wide like largesse to a crowd. But a coquette never forgives one who, being bound to her, casts an eye of favour upon another, and if ever there was a coquette born and bred, Mabel was one.

This little excursion, then, with one "whom to look on was to love," had led Fitz into that train of thought in which we found him just now, as he was arranging his toilet for dinner on a day soon after his arrival.

Reginald Fitzgerald was a man of action in his way, and it was not long before he had made up his mind to propose.

I am afraid he had often made love before, so he was no tyro in the art. To-morrow week would be the bespeak at the theatre, when all the county magnates would be there, and Mr. Seymour and his family were going as they did every year. Fitz thought to himself, "I'll propose there, it will be just the thing, romantic and peculiar."

On second thoughts, however, it struck our friend that there might be difficulties in the way of his doing it properly then, so it would be better to do it to-night.

"Yes, to-night," he added to himself, "I'll get some excuse to leave the table before the others have finished their wine, and go to the drawing room to the ladies, and then Dame Fortune befriend me."

There was only the family party at the dinner table, but as that numbered twelve in all, nobody felt any need of more.

Dinner over, the ladies soon retired, and Fitz, pleading some excuse about the wine not agreeing with him, and a wish to try over a new duet or two, before the rest joined them, speedily found himself seated by Mabel at the grand piano in Uncle Seymour's handsome drawing-room, whispering to her pretty nothings as she listened, well pleased, to his cooing.

Master Fitz was particularly cool in the way in which he proposed, but he had plenty of modest assurance, that young gentleman.

There were two pictures on the wall opposite to them which speedily caught the eye, and he instantly recognized them as "proofs before letters" of Frank Stone's most popular subjects, "The First" and "Last Appeal."

No doubt the reader knows the pictures to which I allude.

One is of a youth and maiden dressed in the costume of a century ago, loitering near a rustic porch, and it is evident from the happy smile on the face of him who appeals that his prayer is answered, and she has consented to be his. The other is of a young man standing at a well, where a fair peasant girl has gone to draw water, like Rebekah, or Jethro's daughter of old. He has seized her hand, and with passionate tenderness implores her to listen to one last appeal. She turns away with a look of inexpressible grief and sadness, and tries to free herself from his grasp, as she casts a look upon him which says as plain as eye can speak—"I cannot love you."

"Mabel, do you see those pictures: which is it to be?" Fitz murmured in a low voice. His voice was very dulcet when he spoke low, and so was Mabel's.

The three sisters were at the other end of the room, busy at some game, which seemed to thoroughly occupy their thoughts, and they paid little heed to the conversation which was going on between the cousins.

"I don't understand you," Mabel said.

"Do you not understand that I love you, Mabel? Have you not long seen that my

whole thought has been of you. Mabel, say you love me in return, and I am happy."

"Fitz, are you in earnest?"

"Yes, as there is a heaven, I am; I have loved you long and earnestly, and never could forget you now, if I tried—say, dearest, will you be mine?"

Mabel looked down, but never said a word. "Silence gives consent then," Fitz said, "and so I seal our compact thus," and he bent over and kissed her.

Mabel blushed a little and looked more beautiful than ever as she lifted her soft violet eyes and looked upon her lover. And there was that look therein which quite satisfied him, and I think his face approached again far nearer hers than was necessary in turning over the leaves of music.

The engagement was soon known, and everybody congratulated Mabel, including Miss Renard, who was more than usually unctuous in her congratulations, but who mentally resolved that if she had her own way it should never be.

Miss Renard was a lady of a certain age, whom Fitz had met the first night of his coming to the Elms, when there was "a muffin struggle," a thing in which old maids delight, and Fitz, who was a thorough Irishman, made desperate love to the said lady, as he said afterwards, just for the sake of variety, and "in order to keep his hand in."

Miss Renard, poor lady, had thought the handsome stranger as she called him, was struck with her great personal attractions, and had quite made up her mind to accept him; so when she found he had only been making game of her, as she would express it, she was determined he should rue the day.

"How nicely they have decorated the theatre," Mabel says to her friend, Miss Renard, who had accompanied the party thither through the kindness of Mr. Seymour. He would persist in inviting the ancient damsel to share the private box with them that evening, on the occasion of the bespeak, when all the rank and fashion of Wolverston and its neighbourhood thought fit to patronise the temple of the drama.

"Yes, dear, it is very nice," Miss Renard answers, "but where is your cousin? I thought he was coming," she continued, knowing all the time that she saw him talking below to some one who looked like one of the company, probably the lessee himself.

"Oh, yes, Reginald will be here directly, I suppose," Mabel says languidly. She rather thinks Miss Renard a bore.

The fact is, Master Fitz, in coming in, is struck with a name on the play-bill which he fancies he knows.

"Yes—no—can it be that they have engaged Nellie Longmore for the night from London?"

"Not unlikely, though, they must have some good leading lady on these occasions, and I daresay it would pay too,' he mutters to himself.

"By the way, I'll send in my card, I daresay she'll see me," and, thus saying, Fitz slips behind the rest, and presently hails the manager, whom he knew in London as the 'second low comedian' at the old Adelphi Theatre, who now had graduated in another 'line of business.'

"I say, Mr. Foster, will you be good enough to send this round to Miss Longmore, and ask for an answer for me?" Fitz says, handing the manager a card with a word or two scribbled upon it.

"Very well, sir, I daresay it will be all right. Shall be happy to introduce you to Miss Longmore, if you like. The fact is we are not in the habit of letting any stranger behind the scenes. It doesn't pay, you know, and they never do it even in London now at the best theatres, as you are aware. But of course we consider you as one of ourselves, if I may say so."

"Thank you, I feel complimented I'm sure," replied Fitz, with the slightest possible sneer in his tone.

"Perhaps you'll be so kind as to send round word to me at the stage box where my party are;" and with that off stalked Mr. Fitzgerald, curling his moustaches, and smiling to himself a rather haughty, sarcastic smile, as he thought of the manager classing *him* with the actors.

To be continued.

"VALE PONTIFEX MAXIME!"

THE ENTOMBMENT OF PIUS IX.

WE have thought it well to take this interesting account of the funeral of a deceased Pope, and the election of a living one, from our excellent contemporary *The Graphic*.

"The arching dome of Michael Angelo, almost a lesser sky within the sky, rises dim and shadowy above the basilica dedicated to the Galilean Fisherman. The great, grim mosaics waver in the uncertain flicker of torches; and the huge letters of the inscription show fitfully, like the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's Feast. "*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificavi Ecclesiam meam.*" The letters come and go, one by one, fragmentarily. They are no longer the clear black Roman characters. They are hieroglyphs full of a hidden and mysterious meaning. Within the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, to the right of one entering St. Peter's by the great door, lights have been burning all day, and a still form, guarded by still forms,—the only restful figures in the vast thronged edifice,—has been lying with a smile on its waxen face. There it has lain all day, and for four days and nights; smiling quietly, as though the Angel of Death had whispered a secret in its ear, which made earth poor and small as an infant's toy. It wears a deep crimson regal mantle, and a mitre covered with cloth of gold; and gloves of crimson silk clothe the aged hands which clasp a small black cross, on which a silver Christ hangs sorrowful and compassionate. On one finger of the crimson-gloved hands glitters the episcopal ring. It has been there for four days in solemn pomp and state, surrounded by guards, to keep away the eager multitudes pouring on, pouring on, like an exhaustless sea. And still that secret whisper of the Angel of Death keeps the waxen face smiling. Under those closed lids there are visions that we cannot see. Within those dulled ears are sounds that we cannot hear. Let who will pause before that venerable shape in reverence or derision, it will not quiver, it will not throb. It remembers the secret whisper, and smiles quietly with an impregnable calm, to which the mightiest monuments of time-defying Egypt are but handfuls of changing dust.

But now the struggle and the throng are past. The great doors have shut out from the church the busy world, even as those closed eyelids shut it out for ever on the seventh day of this month. The lying-in-state of Pius the Ninth, Pope of Rome, is over. Thousands have come to gaze upon the show. Thousands of footsteps have shuffled over the marble pavements, and out again on to the great steps, and across the Piazza, where the soulless fountains ceaselessly aspire to fall again, and plash indifferent to sunny rainbow or dull thunder-cloud, and so into the streets where the full life of the City absorbs them in its flow. Quiet,—an awful quiet,—reigns in St. Peter's. Think of the vast building, silent, save for an occasional sound of stealthy voice or foot!—a sound which flutters in shuddering echoes to the dome, and breaks its wings and dies there. Think of the vast building, dark save for some points of yell w flame within the Chapel of the Sacrament, and a glare of tapers in the opposite chapel, whose light falls from its open door upon the dim pavement of the aisle, and the redder flare of a few torches shedding ghostly shadows on marble column and image, gilded altars, and the colossal bronze baldequin above St. Peter's tomb. Strange to think of,—is it not?—that the bronze of those twisted columns once lined the dome of the Pantheon! And now within that whilom pagan temple, divided from us by the flow of yellow Tiber, lies another king and ruler of men but recently called to his rest. Him, too, have the thronging thousands flocked to gaze upon in his last repose, and him, too, have they found and left impassable, deaf to the blare of his loved soldier's bugle, smiling—he also—in the calm contentment of that last whisper, "*Miserere, Domine!*" That is the sigh of the living when the pageant is over, and the great gates are shut, and the dazzling tapers spent. "*Miserere nobis!*"

Hark! the appealing hymn sounds in faint strains along the lofty aisle! They are going to carry the Pontiff to his sepulchre; to hide him from the eyes of men. "*Miserere!*" They raise him on the bier on which he has lain in state, and begin a slow procession;—perhaps the strangest, most impressive, and most solemn, which has ever wound itself around the curving spaces of St. Peter's. The last! The last! Those words keep humming in our ears. There will be other Popes, and they will die, and priests will bury them. But with the death of Pius the Ninth a chapter of the world's story is closed; the leaf is turned; History has written "Finis" on that page. On the next—what will be written?

The iron gates which divide the Chapel of the Sacrament from the body of the basilica are still closed. Within the chapel slowly gathers an assemblage of the Princes of the Church. The Cardinals have descended by a private staircase from the Hall of the Consistory within the Vatican to the chapel, where they await the reverend Chapter of St. Peter's. As each Cardinal passes before the bier, he stoops to kiss the foot of the dead Pope. Outside the iron gates are crowded the guests admitted by special permission to witness the ceremony. These are the whole of the Diplomatic Body accredited to the Holy See, many members of the Roman aristocracy, bearing such historic names as Orsini, Colonna, Gaetani, and some strangers, many of them ladies. They are, for the most part, kneeling; and from time to time a crucifix, a rosary, or a medal, is passed to the attendant priests, with the prayer that it may touch for a moment the corpse of Pius the Ninth, and thus become a relic precious to the devout.

At length from the opposite chapel—that called the Chapel of the Choir, or Canons' Chapel—arrive the clergy of the Basilica of St. Peter, Monsignore Folicaldi, Bishop of Ephesus and Canon of the Basilica Vaticana, at its head, wearing a white mitre and black cope. Assisted by the inferior clergy, he sprinkles the corpse with holy water, reciting the accustomed prayers the while; and now the bier is raised upon the shoulders of the Noble Guard, and the procession begins.

First walk the Mace-bearers of the Chapter; and the Great Crucifix is borne aloft. Then a crowd of Church dignitaries, amongst whom certain of the Cardinals are eagerly observed. Which of those old men is to be the new Keeper of the Keys? What stirring ambitions, zealous bigotry, sincere devotion, pious faith, and angry arrogance, dwell beneath those reverend gray hairs? Cardinals Bilio, Pecci, and Di Pietro are amongst the most closely noted. But what avails the keenest scrutiny? These are not men to wear "their heart upon their sleeve." And now the haughtiest spirit is for awhile subdued by the solemnity of the moment. The dim light, the awful vastness of the edifice, the pathetic sounds of the Psalm "*Miserere*," chanted in a subdued tone, the associations of the time and place, the aspect of the dead Pope's face immoveably serene and smiling in its white calm, as he passes for the last time through the great basilica, which has so often witnessed his triumphs and his pomp,—all this makes up an overwhelming impression, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Chanting still the procession moves along the aisle, passes close beneath the sitting statue of St. Peter, with the keys in its bronze hand, which seems to move in the flicker of the torches; reaches the apse, with its huge *barocco* altar, and so called Chair of St. Peter; turns, and goes back down the church on the north side until it arrives at the Chapel of the Choir, where the final funeral ceremonies are performed. Here the bier is reversed, so that the corpse is carried into the chapel with its head towards the altar, in accordance with ancient custom. It is set down in the midst, and surrounded by the members of the hierarchy and the Noble Guard.

And then the choir (called the Capella Giulia, or Julian Choir) begin to sing the antiphone, "*In paradisum deducant te angeli,*" and the psalm, "*Sicut cervus ad fontes aquarum.*" Whilst the grave and majestic music, executed by voices alone, thrills through the lighted chapel and out into the dark nave, three coffins are brought in, and placed before the altar. One is of cyprus wood, the second of lead, the third and largest of chestnut wood. When the singing and the muttered prayers, and the solemn aspersion with holy water, and the incensing are over, there is a moment's pause. Every eye is fixed upon the dead face so soon to be hidden for ever from human eyes. The moment

has come. Monsignor Ricci, Majordomo of His Holiness, advances to the bier, and, with evident emotion, covers the face of his dead master with a white silken sheet. At a signal from him, the Chaplains of the Basilica, assisted by several officers of the Noble Guard, take up the corners of the crimson cloth upon which the body lies on the bier, and, raising it thus, reverently deposit it within the first cyprus-wood coffin. This done, Monsignor Ricci places in the coffin three bags of crimson velvet, containing coins and medals of gold, silver, and bronze, whose number corresponds with the years of the long Pontificate which has just closed. Also he deposits there a parchment scroll within a leaden tube, on which is written the eulogium of the dead Pontiff, and an outline of the chief acts of his reign. The cyprus coffin is now closed, and screwed down. The Cardinal Secretary of State, retiring from it, makes three genuflections—the last act of homage which Pius the Ninth shall receive from mortal man in *sæcula sæculorum*. The leaden coffin bears a cross above the late Pope's arms, which are surmounted by the triple pontifical crown, but *without the keys*; these emblems being attributed only to a living ruler of the Church. Moreover there is engraved upon the leaden coffin the following simple inscription :—

CORPUS.
PII. IX. P. M,
VIXIT. AN. LXXXV. M. VIII. D. XXVI.
Eccles. Univer. Præfuit.
AN. XXXI. M. VII. D. XXIII.
Obiit Die VII. Febr. An. MDCCCLXXVIII.

And beneath the inscription a skull and two crossbones. The leaden coffin is again enclosed within a large external case of chestnut-wood, and each receptacle is sealed, with all accustomed formalities, with the various seals, seven in number, of the Camerlengo, the Majordomo, and the Chapter of St. Peter's. Finally the heavy mass is placed upon a species of truck on wheels, covered with crimson cloth, and slowly rolled along till it is brought to a standstill beneath a gaping chasm in the wall above a certain door to the left of one of the galleries of the Canons' Chapel, which is opposite to the monument of Pope Innocent the Eighth. In this provisional depository lie the remains of each deceased Pope until his next successor dies and replaces him. Gregory the Sixteenth lay here for many years, but, it is said, was removed to his last resting-place before the termination of the late unprecedently long Pontificate.

And now, amidst an oppressive and breathless silence broken only by suppressed sobs of women and the harsh occasional creak and jar of pulleys, the coffin, strongly secured by ropes, is slowly hoisted to the niche above the door. As it rises, slowly and heavily, the choir begins the psalm, "*Benedictus, Dominus Deus Israel,*" and at the moment when they come to the verse, "*Illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedunt,*" the coffin reaches the appointed spot, disappears within the wall, and the masons instantly begin to close it up with stones and mortar.

It is over. Another Pontifex Maximus rests under the shadow of the mighty dome. A pale young moon glints silvery upon a window, here and there making the torchlight ruddier. Stole, and cope, and mitre glide away. The flash of arms and red and amber uniforms is swallowed up by darkness. Black shadows in mourning garb blot the wide pavement of the nave, and are gone. Silence steals down from the dome again, and walks the church unchallenged by a stray echo. Darkness, raven-winged, stealthily chases a moonbeam here and there, and the inscription, like the writing on the wall, shows more mysteriously fragmentary than ever, "*Tu es Petrus,*"—the rest is oblivion.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

The election of a Pope is a ceremony well in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion and the importance of the result. Considering that its rules and regulations were settled long before the modern science of election was understood, and long before the ballot had found its way into the institutions of Europe, the scene, with all its formalities, is interesting, not only from the picturesqueness of its details, but also as a sort of antiquarian curiosity, and as a proof of Papal ingenuity in quite the Dark Ages of history.

The actual voting for a new Pope takes place invariably in a chapel within the walls of the Conclave—or rather, more strictly speaking, in what is called the Presbytery of the Chapel, the lower end of which is closed by a curtain of violet-coloured silk. The interior decorations of the Presbytery are all of a gorgeous kind, and suited altogether to the auspicious event of an accession rather than to the melancholy ceremony of the funeral just concluded. At the other end of the building is the altar, covered with a crimson *pallium* embroidered with gold, upon which are placed lighted candles illuminated in colours after the Roman fashion. In front of it, on the Gospel side, is placed the Papal Cross, and near to it the Papal chair upon which the Pope Elect will presently take his seat to receive the first "adoration" of his late colleagues. On the other side is a large table, also covered with crimson cloth, and having upon it the necessary appliances for proceeding to the ballot. These consist of a vast number of voting papers, printed with the accustomed formula, and folded ready for use, wafers, wax candles, needles, and red thread, the purposes of all which will be seen in the sequel. There is also a printed card containing the words of the oath which each Cardinal takes as he deposits his *schedulla* or voting-paper.

Against the side walls of the Presbytery are ranged in order the seats of the august electors. Their backs, and the *baldacchini* above them, are of silk, which is of a violet colour for all those Cardinals created by the late Pope, and of green for those created by his predecessors. These canopies are, moreover, attached to cords, by means of which each can be instantly lowered at will, and, as soon as a valid election has taken place, the Camerlengo lowers every one of them except that which covers the seat of the new Pope. In front of each seat is a small desk with black blotting-book with golden tassels, quill pens, ink, and paper, and candles, in case the daylight should not be sufficiently strong at any afternoon sitting. There is also a detached desk in the middle of the space between the two rows of chairs, at which any Cardinal who is afraid of being overlooked by his neighbours may sit down and inscribe his *schedulla* undisturbed.

When the hour of voting arrives—viz., at eleven o'clock on the first day—and if the first attempt is ineffectual, then at eleven and five each day of the Conclave the Cardinals are summoned by a bell, and by the voice of the Master of the Ceremonies, calling them "in Capellam Domini." They arrive, clad in the cassock, sash, and *amice*, and with the red hat, and take their seats in order. Mass is celebrated; the hymn, *Veni Creator*, is sung; and then the door of the chapel having been locked, the important business of the day begins. Three modes of election have been established by the long usage of centuries. The first, "per inspirationem, adorationem, et acclamationem," is when the whole number of assembled Cardinals with one consent choose and elect by acclamation the occupant of the Holy Chair. The second method is followed when, after discussing the claims of two or more candidates who are known to be likely to succeed, an arrangement is come to by which the partisans of all except one give up their own opinions, and accede to the vote of the majority. In each of these cases no voting is necessary, and the new Pope is immediately conducted to the throne on the altar steps. More commonly, however, the succession has to be decided by actual voting, and then the following proceeding is scrupulously carried out.

Each Cardinal advances in order of precedence to the great table, and takes up a voting-paper, with which he returns to his desk. Upon the voting-paper, which is about 8 inches long by 4 inches broad, is this formula in Latin:—"I, Cardinal (name) choose as Supreme Pontiff my most reverend Lord (name) Cardinal." The motto and device of the writer follow, and the paper, folded in four, is sealed with four seals, and then folded once more and carried to the silver chalice in which the votes are taken. As he does so he pronounces the oath binding him to elect that person whom he thinks most fit for the sacred office. When all the *schedulle* have been placed in the chalice the scrutator shakes them or mixes them up together, and transfers them into a second receptacle, from which they are poured out and counted, to see that they correspond with the number of the vote. They are then unfolded one by one, so that the name of the candidate written upon each is seen, while the name of the voter remains unknown and covered by its four

seals. If any one candidate obtains more than two-thirds of the votes he is declared elected. The whole of the *schedulle* are then opened entirely by breaking the seals, and the name of each elector verified. In the mean time the *baldacchino* over each of the Cardinal's seats, except that of the elected Pope, is lowered, and all eyes are turned at once in the direction of the chair thus silently indicated.

If, however, as so often happens, the requisite majority is not secured, a most curious practice immediately follows. The scrutator takes up the *schedulle*, transpierces them all with the needle and thread before mentioned, and carries the bundle thus made to the back of the altar. Here there is a small grate provided with matches and bundles of straw. Some straw is placed within it, and the useless voting papers are thrown on the top. A light is then struck, and the inflammable mass is instantly consumed. A thick smoke is caused for the moment, which, rising through a long funnel to the roof of the edifice, gives to the populace outside the news that no Pope is yet elected. "*Papa non e fato !*" cry the spectators as soon as the puff of smoke is seen, and no other sign is forthcoming until the Conclave is open and communication with the outside world restored.

The result of a successful election is not, however, complete until the elected Cardinal has accepted it. The question is put to him in a set Latin formula by the Cardinal Camerlengo and the three chiefs of the Sacred College. If he accepts, the Cardinal Deacon requests him to state what name he intends to take. He is led to the altar, and offers up a prayer, after which he is attired by the masters of the ceremonies in the splendid apparel of the Papal dignity, and seats himself on the throne to receive the first "adoration" of the Cardinals.

E. B. M.

JILTED.

BY THE REV. T. P. WILLIAMSON.

WHEN Cannelmas cam last aboot,
It wor a weary tahm !
Oor coo gat choakt wi' tonnop-root,
An' fayder brak hiz arm.

Then mudder teeak an' telt ma theer
Ah mun te sarvice gan' ;
Fer Ah wor tonn'd o' eeghteen year,
An' sheea 'd mak shift wi' Nan.

"Sarvice !" Ah sed—"a pratty teeal !
An' what 'll Mattha say
(He luvs ma just that desprit weel)
Gin Ah sud gan' away ?"

Then up sheea spak, az chirp az chips,—
"An' Mattha wants te wed,
He'd better let it pass hiz lips—
Nut keep it iv hiz heead."

"He hez ten yacker, ivvery bit,
Tweea coos, an' pigs az weel,
Sum sheep teea, an' a canny tit,
An' t' cawf at 'z ommest veeal."

"That lass he hez te mind hiz yam,
Sheea 'z neea gert things it 'z clear,
An' getten warse sen fost sheea cam,
Bud gat roond *him*, Ah hear.

Seea thoo mun gan' te Abram Grant's
O' Pinchinthurp toon-end!
They' ve happen'd twins; an' t' wife sheea wants
A lass 'at hez sum fend."

An' seea that neet, when Mattha cam,
Ah telt him all sheea 'd sed;
He teeak it quiet as a lamb,
An' hing'd hiz colly heead.

An' when he rahz 't—"Fra Commondil
Te yonder spot," sed he,
"It 's kittle rooad, an' monny a hill—
Ten mahl, or else Ah lee!

Ah 've luv'd tha, lass, uncommon strang,
Bud we mun boo te fate;
Ah 'm sarten seear, or it be lang,
Thoo 'll finn'd annudder mate."

An' sed, az thruff t' lahle yat he past,
"Ah 'z seear Ah wish tha weel!"
Ah thowt, fer seear, me hart had brast,
Az he tonn'd on hiz heel.

* * * * *

An' seea Ah 'z noo at Abram Grant's,
An' t' twins tha be seea cross,
Gin t' Lord mah feeble sarvice wants,
Mah life wor nut mitch loss!

Ah thinks o' Mattha day an' neet—
Ah 'z telt he 'z teean wi' Nan;
Bud, Oh! Ah thinks it can n't be reet
To be seea fause a man!

Tweddell's Northern Almanack.

Little Brickhill Vicarage.

ON THE TESTING AND STRENGTH OF RAILWAY MATERIALS, &c.

BY BRO. R. M. BANCROFT,
Mem. Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society.

TIMBER.

LLOYD'S CLASSIFICATION OF TIMBER.

THOSE in the first class are: English Oak, African Oak, American live Oak, Saul (India), Australian Ironbark.

ALBURNEM.

If we examine the cross-section of the trunk of a tree we shall find it consist of three principal parts—pith, wood, and bark; the perfect, or heart bearing wood

occupying the larger portion. All timber trees increase by addition to the external surface, and it therefore follows that the wood of oldest growth is found in the centre of the tree, and that the several concentric layers are younger in proportion as they recede from the centre. Around the perfect wood there is seen a concentric belt of younger growth, which has not yet attained to the maturity of the heart-wood. This belt is called the *alburnem*, or *sap-wood*; around it is the *liber* or inner bark, surrounded again by the outer bark. The centre of the heart-wood is occupied by the pith, and there is a communication between the pith and the bark that is maintained by the medullary rays, which, as their name expresses, radiate from the pith, in the centre of the perfect wood, to the external coating of the wood, or bark. When cut in a sloping direction, they produce the beautifully varied appearance called "figure" in ornamental woods.

Mineral Constituents of Timber.

These vary very much with the nature of the soil on which it is grown, but consist chiefly of the carbonates of potash, soda, lime, and magnesia, with generally a small portion of the sulphates, chlorides, and phosphates of the same substances. The following table exhibits the weight of mineral ash remaining after the combustion of 1,000lb. weight of different woods, all equally dry when weighted:—

1,000lb.	of elm	yielded	19lb. of ash
„	poplar	„	20lb. „
„	willow	„	4½lb. „
„	beech	„	2lb. to 6 lb.
„	birch	„	3½lb. „
„	oak	„	2lb. „
„	pine	„	1½lb. to 3lb.
„	ash	„	5lb. to 6lb.

Sapwood.

The sapwood in all fir timber is useless, and very generally there is a large proportion of it in comparison to the heartwood. It is rather a curious fact that there appears to be a difference between the pines and the generality of the hard wood timber in this, that a small proportion of sapwood in fir is indicative of the inferiority of the timber. Thus the red pine of Scotland has fewer layers of sapwood than either the red pine of Canada or of the Baltic. As a general remark, it may be stated that the greater quantity of sapwood there is about a tree of any description of fir timber, the better will be the quality of the "spine," which is the technical term given to the mature wood. It should be an object with consumers of wood to see that their purchases include as little sapwood as possible, but it is quite impossible for deals and timber to be imported quite free from it.

I noticed, during the construction of Blackfriars Bridge, two whole baulks of timber were tested as to their compressive resistance with the following results:—

	Length.	Size.	Crippled with	per foot.	Reduction in length.
Red	20ft.	13in. by 13in.	118 tons	or 112 tons	⅝in.
White	„	„	147 „	126 „	½in.

Creosoting Timber.

Throughout Grimsby Docks the timber used was perfectly dried and creosoted by Bethell's process, and care was exercised to ascertain that the due amount of creosote was employed, each piece of timber being accurately weighed after it had undergone the creosoting process. Without for a moment doubting that chemistry may some day supply a cheap and efficient preservative against the attacks of the white-ant and "rot," still there can be no doubt whatever that "Bethell's process" is by far the most efficient yet brought to light. Thorough saturation is what is wanted, and "Bethell's process" can accomplish this.

In creosoting timber for Railway work, the standard quantity specified by the Great Western and Great Northern Railways, is 35 gallons to one load of 50 cubic feet, being 0.7, or gallons, or 7lbs. to a cubic foot; the oil to be 1,000 specific gravity.

When railway sleepers and telegraph poles are properly creosoted, they undoubtedly receive a prolonged life. Sleepers should be specified to be of good, sound, well-grown Baltic redwood timber, free from sap, shakes, large or unsound knots, and other defects, and to be creosoted with at least 35 gallons of creosote per load, to the satisfaction of the company's engineer. The preservative properties of creosote appear to be threefold: First, it prevents the absorption of moisture in any form or under any change of temperature; secondly, it is noxious to animal and vegetable life, thereby repelling the attacks of insects and preventing the propagation of fungi; thirdly, it arrests the vegetation or living principle of the tree after its separation from the root, which is one of the primary causes of dry rot and other species of decay. Wherever creosoted timber can be applied it would seem advisable to do so, because it not only resists the changes of weather, but also adds to the strength of the wood. On the authority of Messrs. Armstrong and Forster, of Sunderland, we know that a series of experiments proved this to be the case.

The size of the pieces tested was 2ft. 6in. by 2in., by 1½in., and the pressure was applied midway between supports 2ft. apart.

	Not Creosoted broke with.	Creosoted broke with.	Gain through being Creosoted.
Memel fir	11cwt.	11¾	¾
Scotch fir	13⅔cwt.....	15⅕	1⅔

In each of the above cases the breaking weights are the average of six tests.

Telegraph Poles.

Non-creosoted telegraph poles are very short-lived, 7 years being the maximum; some have decayed in 3. A fair average would be about 5 years.

Creosoted poles, on the contrary, are very durable, and as yet sufficient time has not elapsed since the process was applied generally to telegraph poles to say positively how long they will last—certainly twice as long as *non*-creosoted. Much depends upon circumstances, quality of timber, description of soil in which they are erected, and the way they are creosoted. Under very favourable circumstances 20 years life might be expected; but an average life of 14 years may safely be taken.

The following, from the *Architect*, well deserve noting:—

"In most of the specifications for works in London, as Builders know, the usual description given for timber is 'Best Memel, Riga, or Dantzic.' This clause is for the most part liberally interpreted to mean timber fit for the work that has to be done, and it is not the custom to require any positive evidence that the timber supplied to any building is *best timber* in the timber merchants' application of the word; in point of fact, not 10 per cent. of the timber used in ordinary building contracts is of that particular quality, and there are no good reasons why it should be.

"*Best Timber*, in a timber merchant's specification, means timber exceptionally straight-grained and free from knots; and of timber so selected a large percentage is subject to heart shakes and cuts up unsound, and from the very straightness and softness of its quality is not so well adapted to sustain heavy weights as the second quality, which is not so clear of knots, but as a general rule is sounder and stronger. In point of fact, what are called the second qualities of Memel and Dantzic timber do most of the London work of high class, and come into the market as '*Second Memel*,' and '*Good Middling Dantzic*.' In some cases, where the timber is used as whole timber, as for piles or heavy warehouse girders, the '*Thirds*' in Memel or the '*Common*' in Dantzic may be used; but, except for these and similar purposes, they are too coarse for good work. And here let me say that the great secret of buying timber to advantage is personal inspection, as different parcels submitted under the same description and specification will vary so much in quality as to make a difference in the actual value to the builder of 20 to 25 per cent.

"The supply of Riga timber has lately been limited, but the foregoing remarks as to Memel and Dantzic may be taken as equally applying to Riga.

"Sometimes a parcel described as 'Thirds' comes over equal to good seconds; and, on the contrary, many parcels of seconds ought properly to be described as thirds. Our London system is to buy the timber in the water at the docks, where it is rafted in floats, as it is discharged from the vessels. A float of timber averages 18 loads of 50 × 50 cubic feet; it is rafted sometimes single and sometimes double, and by walking on to the rafts a good judge sees at a glance the general quality of the cargo; and in special cases, if worth the trouble, may go through and select his timber stick by stick, on an understanding with his merchant to that effect; the only expense thereby incurred being the cost of re-rafting—in taking the rafts to pieces and fastening them up again.

"The disadvantage of our London system is that, as a rule, timber is always used wet, not only containing its native sap, but also the absorption consequent upon being perhaps some months in the water; hence, when care is not taken, arise those terrible shrinkages that sometimes occur. I recollect the case of a large house where the whole of the interior divisions were carried out by a series of heavy quarter partitions (without any brick internal party walls) resting upon each other up to 40 feet high. No precautions were taken against shrinkage, and the consequence was that within a few months after erection the whole of the floors, especially the upper ones, were out of level. The roof gutters would not take off the water; every plaster cornice in the house was cracked, and the expense of reinstatement was very serious, the sole cause being the shrinking of the timber. In heavy roofing too I have seen serious results from the same cause.

"It is vain to attempt to buy *seasoned* whole timber—there is not such a thing in the market. The only cure is that in the designing of the building the arrangements should be such that at no point shall the shrinkage of timber have the effect of injuring the stability of the work. In the present day, with our facilities in the use of iron, this is easily accomplished. A good deal of Swedish timber has recently been imported and extensively used, though never mentioned in the specification or supposed to be allowed. It has much improved in quality of late years, and there is no real practical objection to its use except in name, as for most purposes, if of good quality, it is just as good as Memel, Riga, or Dantzic. It should not be used in large scantlings where weights are to be carried, as, though tougher than the other qualities, it is not so strong; but for smaller scantlings it is perfectly adapted. The absence of turpentine renders Swedish timber less durable than 'Memel' or 'Dantzic' for damp situations, such as *ground joists* or *tide work*, where the timber is alternately *wet* and *dry*.

"When seen in the stick, before cutting, a certain difference in the method of preparing it for the market enables the practised eye to detect it at a glance; but when well selected and the slabs taken off, in many instances, when mixed with Memel in scantling, no man in London can say which is which. This very remark was made to me by an architect of forty years' standing, who had raised himself *from the bench* by his own exertion and self-education, and a lengthened practice confirms me in this view.

"Of course there are certain characteristics of the timber that are distinctive—there are certain pieces of Swede that no man would pass for Memel, and certain pieces of Memel that could not be mistaken for Swede; but the per-centage of both qualities to which this last remark applies are certainly not more than 10 to 15. As Swede is generally about 30 per cent. cheaper than the other descriptions, I need not say that its use is far more extensive than is generally known.

"The following ports are the best: Sundswald, Soderham, Swartwick, and Lluysne. These generally produce a full sized timber, and the Lluysne has this advantage, that it generally takes a reddish tinge when sawn; and when that is the case is not to be distinguished from Memel, to which it is not inferior in point of fact. From the other ports the wood runs smaller, and is therefore wasteful in conversion.

"As a general rule Swede timber is apt to run taper, and in estimating an extra

allowance for waste should always be made; whenever it runs about 12″ square it is almost sure to open shaky at the heart.

"As to size for general use, as a rule Riga runs rather small, not over 13″; Memel, as an average, 13 to 13½; but if joists or girders are required to hold 14″ deep when slabbed, there is nothing to be had but Dantzic. In the course of one season I had to provide about 200 loads of this scantling for a special purpose, and it was all that there was in the market; so that in more than one instance I was applied to by *Builders* to see if I could spare them a few sticks. It is possible by special arrangements with the merchants abroad to obtain a shipment of rather larger timber, but the limit mentioned above gives the general run of the market for ordinary purposes.

"Swede is apt to run rather irregular in size. I have seen a few sticks as large as 16″; but this almost invariably opens shaky. The best size to buy Swede is 12″ down to 11 and 10½.

"Some very superior small Memel is to be bought for purposes to which it is adapted about 9″ square; it is equal in quality to the very best, but is to be had considerably cheaper on account of size.

"For light shoring and small scantlings where no weight is to be carried, such as ceiling joists, &c., it is often advantageous to use *Die Square*. It comes over from 4 to 8″ square, any length, is about half the price of full-sized timber, sometimes less, and the sawing is saved.

"In buying timber in the water one or two points are worth attention.

"Never buy timber that floats too low in the water, as in that case it is either sappy or shaky, and always look at the ends with an especial view to soundness.

"There is very often a little shaky appearance, which is of no consequence. But if there is anything like a shake running through the heart of the pieces, I reject it at once, as I know that it will open shaky.

"The peculiar green shade that denotes sap is recognised at a glance. And I will give another piece of advice. If doubtful as to buying a lot of timber, go and look at it on a *wet* day, as the rain has the effect of showing up the defects if there are any.

"Do not be too much afraid of knots if they are not large or dead. Some descriptions of timber that look rather coarse, open sound and clean equal to the best.

"*Pine* '*red*,' which is good and fit for anything, and yellow, which is rarely to be trusted, have both at intervals been used in the London Market, but the prices of both lately have been such as to exclude them for timber purposes.

"Oak is generally specified to be '*English Oak*,' but a great deal of foreign oak is used; Stettin, Memel, and other ports furnishing a capital article, straighter in grain than English, and rather easier to work—in endurance quite equal for all practical purposes—and when converted as good as English in all respects; in fact better, as it is not so apt to cast; the twisting up of sills, and other failures resulting from the use of strong grown wiry native stuff, being entirely avoided by the introduction of '*Baltic Oak*.'

"As far as timber goes this pretty nearly exhausts the materials in most general use; for exceptional purposes other woods are employed.

"Teak for Railway carriages and the treads of warehouse staircases is about the most durable material we have; it has also been used for manger rolls; but the desperate labour of working it keeps it out of use for all but the most exceptional purposes.

"*Elm*, for vice benches, bench tops and coffins, may just be mentioned; and then, as far as timber is concerned, there is not much more to be said.

"Some wood was imported into this country from California as an experiment a few years ago, in the shape of whole timber deals, battens, and planks.

"The whole timber was simply magnificent—4 ft. square in the butt, 60ft. long, with scarcely a knot—and the other articles equal in quality.

"The rate of freight, however, was prohibitive, and after the first importation we had no more. It had this peculiarity in working: *with the grain*, it worked as easily as ordinary Memel fir; across grain, it was as hard as wainscot.

"It made splendid joiners' work, and would be, I imagine, unapproachable for ship masts; but its importers lost money, and there is no supply.

"In the conversion of timber to its purposes in the building, a little care will sometimes save a great deal of money.

"Sometimes one comes across a *butt* of Memel perfectly clean and free from knot or shake of any kind. In a largish purchase, say 100 loads, there are generally some of them: if these are selected and put on one side, afterwards cut down by the mill—at home if you have one, abroad if you have not—they make simply the best staircase treads. From their width, 13½", they save cross-tonguing; the price, of course, is cheap as compared with the Petersburgh or Onega planks usually used; and for appearance and wear nothing more can be required by the most fastidious; they only want a little seasoning.

"When timber runs rather coarse, that is, knotty, reserve it for the larger scantlings; a 4-inch knot should be avoided in a girder 12" deep, but is fatal in a piece of 6 × 4, while in its bulk the piece of half timber would probably bear more weight on proof than a soft-grained piece perfectly clean and free from knot of any kind.

"The variation of the market in various classes of goods sometimes makes it worth while to use battens, planks, and deals for timber purposes, the price per standard at which they are sometimes bought—taking into consideration the sawing which is saved—having the result of making them cheaper than timber.

"Caution must, however, be exercised in doing this where heavy weights have to be carried. These materials, planks, battens, and deals, are usually cut out of smaller and younger timber, and *area* for *area* it will be found, as I have proved more than once by experiment, that, used in this form, they will *not do the work* that by the ordinary calculations, accepted and used by the engineering profession, timber is usually supposed to do; indeed a soft open-grained deal, say of 9 × 3, as compared with a close-grown piece of strong Memel timber, should have an allowance of at least 20 per cent.; *i.e.*, if the strength of timber is nicely proportioned to the weight to be carried by the engineer who furnishes the design. In some cases the substitution of these materials for cut timber from the log becomes a dangerous experiment, and should only be attempted when there is plenty of strength to spare; in ordinary house-building, for instance, it may be adopted occasionally with the most economical results.

"As to the prices of timber, they vary more perhaps than any other article used for building purposes; when I first began to buy timber, now many years ago, I paid £40 for goods that often since I have bought for £20, and at the higher price I was well served.

"At present, the trade shares the general commercial depression around, and prices rule lower than I have recollected them for many years.

"While the foreign markets have also changed to a great extent, there is much more care taken in the selection and arrangement of timber abroad than there used to be, and, therefore, judgment has not quite so much play. The timber is sorted much more carefully, or to a line, and therefore mixed lots, as we used to call them, never come into the market. By mixed lots I mean freights where firsts, seconds, and thirds were sent together without distinction of quality, and where, therefore, personal judgment was the only test of value."

MORITZ GRAF VON STRACHWITZ.

THE poems of Maurice, Count Strachwitz, were published in a little volume (5th edition) by Edward Trewendt, Breslau, 1864. We are not, unfortunately, aware whether any subsequent or larger edition has appeared, and only, therefore, deal with what we know, and, to say the truth, like much.

We are not, of course, prepared to uphold all the views of the poet, nor even to

defend many of his utterances. Like many other poets we could name, his writings must be taken "cum grano," inasmuch as his ideas, it must be confessed, are often not a little erratic, and the "lees" are many and powerful of the strong and luscious wine, which, as a "child of song," he calls himself (ein ehrlicher Geselle), he offers to the guest at the poetic banquet. His "coronæ conviviales" are, it must be admitted, rather fantastic, if graceful and sweet-scented. Perhaps, too, we feel it right to say, that he may be properly accounted a pupil of the pure Epicurean School, (never the highest in poesy), and we cannot, therefore, conscientiously recommend his often exquisite strains for the approval or study of the young, or for any, until Time has mellowed their experience, and Religion has given to Life its happier direction, its controlling sway.

But still, as Count Strachwitz has many admirers in Germany, and his name and verses are almost apparently unknown in England, we have thought it well to call attention to a few translations from his poetry, which, however imperfect in themselves, may afford a part-idea, at any rate, of the originality and sweetness of the writer. We have often found much gratification from the perusal of his ringing lines, and think that, had his life been prolonged, and his Muse winged, so to say, a steadier flight, he would have ranked among the masters of German Minne-singers. As it is, his mingled Epicureanism and Stoicism must prevent his taking the front line in that goodly array, as we are among those who think, and think strongly, that the Divine gift of ποιησις to man must ever be permeated and purified, in order to rise to the highest use and most beneficial effect, by that reverential and religious spirit which never forgets, which ever acknowledges, the unspeakable gifts of T.G.A.O.T.U. And if in the case of Strachwitz some of his lays appear to the sober mind to be too sensuous, —too much given up to an unhealthy ideal,—too deeply absorbed by a mere earthly phantasy, too frequently to be tinged with a marked and melancholy materialism,—still, like as in a glade in a forest, where the green intervenes between the overhanging trees on either side, so he has passages of exquisite simplicity, grace, and poetic feeling which command admiration, and appeal forcibly to our sense of all that is true and tender, graceful and affecting. We therefore venture to commend the examples of his animated and effective verse which follow to the fraternal criticism and contentment of our readers, the more so, as notwithstanding his defects, we by no means wish to imply that Strachwitz is an irreligious writer.

STANZAS.

Mx darling, come—'tis good for both,
When at last the Eve appears,
When the day, to its departure loth,
Has made its eye red with tears;
For then the very deepest blue
Environs yon hilly wall,
And sweetly in its timidity
Murmurs the waterfall.

Noiseless the wings are flapping
As they swim on with the stirless wind,
For Slumber that realm is lapping
With its breath both soft and kind.
It makes the waves smooth as a river,
It does not ruffle your hair,
It bids not the leaves to quiver,
It only kisses each leaf so fair.

The flowers seem dreamily to bend,
And breathe out voluptuously,
There floats the thought of the legend
And of mythic chieftains by;

The trees in their stillness all alone
Look up to Heaven there,
And are murmuring in gentle tone
To themselves,—their evening prayer.

My darling, come,—the glowing sea
Is behind the mountain rolled,
And casts on the streamlet before me
Its last little streak of gold.
My darling, come—the night is here,
The fair roses sip the dew,—
Come, Oh ! come, my love so dear,
My heart it pines for you !

LEBENSANSICHT.

Oh, cease to speak unto me !
You only speak, in truth,
To stone and wood : you can't o'erthrow in me
My joyous pride in youth.

You never shall persuade me,
That every man is base,—
That Right has utterly ceased to be
Amongst our mortal race.

The Light is not so pale here,
As you would make believe ;
The Cloud is not so thick here,
About which you ever grieve.

The World is not so bad, indeed,
As you say it does remain,
Neither so endless is the need,
As you evermore complain.

The Heaven still of meteors bright
Possesses a goodly share ;
The earth of every glad delight
Is yet by no means bare.

Still we've true-hearted heroes
With plume and sword on earth ;
Still we learn songs of heroes
Of true heroic worth.

Still we've poets gentle-hearted
Our wilder ones among,
And women tender-hearted
Still glow as lights of song.

The golden foliage of the Vine
Has gleamed for ages long,
The fragrant breath of Spring divine
Has year by year been strong.

There manly, noble hearts indeed,
Are upstanding for the right—
There the Bark of Hope it does not need
To go down utterly in the night—

And where of Hope the gentle flame
Still glows in every breast,
There need we not to seek to blame
The fresh joy of song confest—

And gather ever so sadly above
The foggy mist the heart:
Oh! let that heart be full of love,
And joyful still be Art.

A SONNET.

I SING and speak, thou hear'st it not;
I weep and complain, thou hear'st it not;
I chant in the holy fear of night,
I chant by day, but thou hear'st it not.

I sing aloud like a thunder-roll
In the heavy storm—thou hear'st it not;
I sing quite gently, like the kiss of the West
On a bank of roses—thou hear'st it not.

And when in my song both lightning and storm
I clash together—thou hear'st it not;
And whatever I bear in grief and pain,
And in love—thou hear'st it not.

DU GEHEST DAHIN.

OH! bright, bright day, thou passest away:
How cold and dull is the world to-day!
No breath of being, no waves in their strife,
No Love, and no Life,
However I seek—despairingly.
Like the sun itself, thou fadest away,
To which the Persians, kneeling, pray.
I look at thee, O Queen of the Day,
Until gazing, gazing, I blinded stay,
Till thou sinkest in the blue sea.

Thou passest away, and thou scarce can know
Both my bitter strife and my heavy blow;
Without thee no sorrow, without thee no dream,
Without thee no Time, and without thee no gleam,
And still I remain all silently.

Thou passest away, and I am still no more:
I leave the strains to pass as before;
Thou castest thy beams both bright and bland
On another shore—on another land—
And I must suffer alone.

A PRAHLEREI.

AND art thou proud?—then, by my oath,
A greater pride is mine
If bloomed ten times more bloomingly
That Flower-yoke of thine;

If shone ten times more graciously
That stately form in you,
More tenderly, more wistfully,
That eye of heavenly blue.

And art thou cold?—O proud, proud heart,
Far colder still am I,
If gleamed ten times more gleamingly
Thy face, as morn flits by.
Though even were it mightier
Thy long eyelashes' play,
Or brighter and more Spring-featured
The fairy-show fades away.

And as I wrote these rhymes of mine,
Then I knew not the reason why;
And as I spoke of pride and coldness
I was dumb without reply.
I'm sent to my knees with terror
By a look, a word, to-day.
So cold remain, so proud remain,
But drive me not away.

I WOULD I WERE A POET.

I WOULD I were a poet—
A poet of lasting fame:
The flowers, which are my songlets,
I give unto thy name.

Upon my wreaths of poesy
Thy feet shall wander now;
The spirit of my dreamings
Greets thee with kneeling vow.

To thee they must do homage,
And find their Queen in thee.
I would I were a Poet—
Alas! that cannot be!

GERMANIA.

LAND of the sword and land of right!
Land of poesy, land of light!
Land of the true and the free!
Land of the Eagle and the Lion!
Land near to death thou seem'st to be—
Look to thyself, O Germany!

O Rulers cradle!—near and far
Ferments in thee the Burgher war:
In thee a thousand voices cry—
A thousand spears are brandished:
In feverish dreams, alas! you lie—
Arouse! arouse! O Germany!

Gentle whispers, anger-loud,
Lies that crush in their dim cloud;
In the dust lies modesty,
And doubt destroys faith's gentle dove.
Ever No, and never Yea—
Say Yes now, O Germany!

On thy knees for ever pray
That the Lord crush not thy way;
From the Lords of Tartary
May He truly thee defend,
For Siberia 's near to thee—
Be true to thyself, O Germany

That Prince and People trust each other—
That no Monk thy light shall smother—
That no Marat mislead thee,
Or fill thee full of massacre;
For Marats already are in thee—
Beware of them, O Germany!

That God shall keep thee in His grace,
Darling of our worldly race!
Defence of peoples free!—
That thy word go far and near,
Thy Star of Honour gleam from sea to sea,
And thy sword, O Germany!

We might prolong these extracts, but we think that we have given enough to interest some of our readers. We may recur to the subject, as some of Strachwitz's poems display a very reverent spirit, and we have had to leave out one or two extracts.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN ENGLAND.

A Lodge Lecture.

(Continued from page 473.)

A THIRD difficulty is an opposing theory which commends itself to some minds—namely, that of a select and secret Order, which has preserved the teaching and mysteries of Masonry, having derived them from the Knightly Orders, and mainly the Knights Templar, who brought Freemasonry—or rather Egyptian traditions—back from the East. The only objection to such a theory is, that we have evidence that Freemasonry existed, as a system and brotherhood, long before the Knights Templar were founded. Indeed, it is much more likely, from the known facts of the case, that the Knightly Orders were, as our own traditions say, patrons of Freemasonry, and adapted the existing system, of which they obtained cognizance as protectors of the Guilds, with its secret forms and mysteries, to their own secret receptions. The Knightly Orders, the Templars, certainly had what they called a "secreta receptio," or secret ritual of acceptance, and there can be no doubt that many of their forms and ceremonies were very much akin to our own.

I have read carefully every work on Templary, home or foreign, I could find, but I never have been able to discover anything confirmatory of a Templar origin for Freemasonry, though much which is most adverse to such a theory. I have seen, for instance, in the great Library at Paris, a Templar ritual, which is of last century, and professes to give, as if apparently not long after the period, an account of Jacques de Molais' death. But that ritual makes a marked difference between the three degrees of Operative Freemasonry, and the order or degree to which the candidate was about to be admitted. It confirmed me, when I read it and transcribed it, in the conclusion I had

previously arrived at, that long before the Knights Templar were formed into an Order the Operative Guilds had carried on their work of initiation and probation, though admitting into their body, to strengthen them and protect them, both the Ecclesiastic, and Knightly Orders.

The same remarks, very nearly, will apply to what is called the Rose Croix theory. That a Society of Rosicrucians, as they are termed—from their founder, Christian Rosenkrantz—or Brethren of the Rosy-Cross, existed in the world at one time, adepts in chemical or illuminati in alchemical science, admits of no doubt. That they may have used Masonry for their own purposes is not impossible or improbable; but that my brethren of the Rose Croix Degree, however excellent in themselves, as some I know are, are really in any measure descendants of the old Rosicrucian Confraternity, any more than that the Masonic Knights Templar are lineal descendants, or even preserve the ritual and secret reception of those famous soldiers of the Cross, the poor brethren Knights of the Temple at Jerusalem, is, I believe, a delusion.

One more objection has been made to the operative origin of Freemasonry—that it is impossible to see, in the usages of a purely operative body, the end and object of a speculative Brotherhood, whose authentic annals do not date much earlier than the beginning of the last century. But we have evidence to prove that in 1646 Freemasonry was an established institution in this country, when Elias Ashmole, a purely Speculative Brother, was admitted at Warrington. In 1682 he was admitted "a fellow," not of the "Masonic Company," but of a Society of Freemasons. Dr. Plot, in his "History of Staffordshire," published in 1686, alludes to the existence of the Order in terms which carry it back beyond the commencement of the 17th century, at any rate.

The earliest use I have found of the word "Freemason" and "Freemasonry" is in a contract to build Fotheringay Chapel, in 1435; but if Sir F. Palgrave's words are literally exact, as I have already said, there exist in the Exchequer Rolls documents dating as far back as the reign of Edward I., mentioning the Freemasons, Master and Wardens, Fellows and Apprentices.

No doubt it is true that in later times the complete supremacy of the speculative element has given a purely moral and spiritual application to our technical phraseology, and has tended to encourage that fuller teaching of a universal brotherhood. But though this be so, it does not do away with the almost positive certainty that the Operative Lodges have handed down to us those leading truths and distinctive landmarks which we still, as Speculative Masons, carefully preserve. So that, in conclusion, whatever may be said for or against this view of this History of our Order—whatever difficulties there may be—and that there are still some I do not deny—yet further investigation, I feel convinced, will show us that it is only thus, when we profess to give an exact account of our Brotherhood, that we can harmonise it with the known facts of history, or explain numberless anomalies in that history which otherwise are altogether insuperable.

The Freemasons, in the early part of the 13th century, seem to have formed themselves into small and migratory societies, under the government of a Master of the Craft, with the privilege of taking apprentices, who, after a due initiation, became Free and Accepted Masons. Thus we have the word "Freemason" brought into use—not, as Mr. Halliwell thinks, because they were cutters of freestone, or as Leland seems to say, from the French "Frères Maçons," but because they were free of their Guild or Corporation—free, in opposition to the serfs and villeins of those days—free to fix the price for labour in their General Assembly, and included with the freedom of that extended but secret Brotherhood which bound together in one bond of mystical union the Masons of different countries.

I am afraid that my Lecture will have seemed to many both dry and uninteresting, almost unavoidably so; but I yet can plead for it an honest endeavour to find the truth, without any prejudice or partiality in favour of any preconceived opinion. I have offered it to you this day as a Masonic student, and hope that we may yet live to see a thoroughly reliable history of our Order written, based on the needful and all-important certainty of genuine witness and authentic statements. Not that, in saying this, I wish to blame our earlier Masonic historians, Preston especially, who seems to have used the

documents he alludes to with scrupulous fidelity, and always to have had evidence of some kind for the statements he makes. But Mr. Hallam has said that the History of Freemasonry has been written hitherto either by panegyrists or calumniators, each equally mendacious. Whether that is just or no of others I will not stop now to inquire, but I venture to hope that my Brethren present will acquit me of such a charge in either sense, and will accept in good faith and fraternal sympathy this humble effort of a Masonic student to illustrate the annals and to uphold the true claims to antiquity on historical evidence of our useful and beneficent Craft. And if in this most imperfect sketch I shall have excited the interest of Masonic students in the subject to which my Lecture has related, or helped them to an appreciation of the deep reality of our Masonic History, which I trust I shall have convinced them is most important in itself, I feel that these few stray thoughts and humble researches will not have been submitted to your fraternal consideration altogether uselessly or in vain, while I shall be more than repaid, for any time or labour I may have spent in the collection of evidence and in the preparation of the Lecture I have had the honour and privilege to deliver to you to-night.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Author of "Shakspere, his Times and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

AS an illustration of the progress of textile manufactures, Mr. Brassey, M.P., recently stated, that in 1874 there were 39,000,000 spindles in England, 5,000,000 in France, the same number in Germany, 2,900,800 in Switzerland, and 1,500,000 in Austria.

There are a class of "*feel*osophers," as Cobbett would have called them, who have pictured savage life as the golden age of happiness from which mankind have fallen. Mr. Anthony Trollope, who has been contributing to the *Northern Echo* a series of interesting letters on South Africa, says of the Kaffirs:—"An ordinary man of the tribe, when dying, is taken away to die alone in a ditch; and, when dead, is put away under the ground without a word. But the funeral of a Chief is attended with many ceremonies. His arms and ornaments are buried with him, and friends are appointed to watch his grave, for a longer or shorter period, according to his rank. If he have been a very great Chief, the period is sometimes a year, during which the watchers may do nothing but watch. The grave of the Chief becomes a sanctuary, at which all offenders may take refuge. The neighbouring Chiefs, when told of the death, are compelled to shave their heads." The authoress of *Scenes in our Parish* asks, "What matter if the traveller's scrip be empty, when the sunset shines on him, as he ends his toilsome journey, and enter's his own Father's house?" And although we may be able honestly to exclaim with Thomas Hood,—

"Would I were laid
Under the shade
Of the cold tomb and the long grass for ever!"

Yet who would not prefer dying at home, on his own couch, surrounded by ministering friends, to the "primitive simplicity" of savage neglect. I may be too effeminate, but, for my own part, give me a good feather bed to a ditch! Like Falstaff, "I would fain die a dry death."

My literary and antiquarian friend, Mr. J. Tom Burgess, F.S.A., in his genial book on *Historic Warwickshire*, remarks:—"The course of the Avon marks the great natural division of the county. The southern open country is termed the Feldon or champagne

country. The northern bank is termed the Arden, or the woodland. The heights of Shuckburgh, Napton, Burton, and Brailes alone break the monotony of the plain of the Feldon, which rises in successive undulating billows to Hodnell, Gaydon, and Wellesbourne, and sinks to the foot of the Edge hills, on the Oxfordshire boundary." And further on, in the opening of his chapter on "The Heiress of Canonbury," he tells us :—"There is no spot so difficult to find, and no place better worth seeing in the county of Warwick, than the old moated mansion of Compton Winyates," which "is built in a recess or comb of the Edge hills, about equal distances from the villages of Tysoe and Brailes, whose handsome churches are the pride of the country side; indeed the church of Brailes, desolate as it now appears, is known as the cathedral of the Feldon." One cannot help wishing that Mr. Burgess had favoured us with a chapter on each of those fine old churches. In my various rambles in the Midland Counties, I have missed visiting both of them. Brailes is a place with a history of its own. Before the Conquest, it was one of the possessions of Edwin, Earl of Mercia; and afterwards, including the two hamlets of Chelmscott and Winderton, it yielded, to William the Conqueror, the then respectable sum of fifty-five pounds a year, and twenty horse-loads of salt. For four hundred years it was the property of my remote "antecessors," the old Earls of Warwick, who, among other privileges, claimed that of having a gallows there, which I am afraid was too often used when milder measures might have better served all useful purposes. The church, dedicated to St. George, is 164 feet in length, and 58 feet broad, with a noble tower, 120 feet high, in the Perpendicular Style; and though the church itself has suffered fearfully from the profanations of ignorant churchwardens in the dark ages of church architecture, it yet contains many good specimens of the Early and Later Decorated, as well as the Perpendicular; and I am glad to learn from the Vicar that this worthy workmanship of our ancient operative brethren is to be thoroughly repaired and—where absolutely necessary—restored. I feel certain that the architect (Mr. W. Smith, of 10, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.), whose name is well-known in the Isle-of-Ely, Lincolnshire, and Leicestershire, will see that none of those ill-adapted alterations are made which so often cause good antiquaries to regret the so-called "restoration" of ancient churches. £2,700 have been already received or promised; liberal subscriptions having been contributed by the late Marquis of Northampton, the Bishop of Worcester, the Archdeacon, the Rural Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, and the spirited Vicar and his good lady; whilst upwards of one hundred and fifty clergymen have shown their interest in the work by donations varying from £50 to £1. It is a worthy undertaking, in which every Freemason ought to take an ardent interest; and, as at least £1000 more will be required to complete the arduous undertaking, I specially commend it to the consideration of the Craft in general, and of those in particular who (like myself) whilst most highly prizing the fine symbolic teaching of our Speculative Masonry, have a warm reverence for the skilled workmanship of our old operative brethren, who, though dead, still speak to us in their matchless works. And surely a Freemason of the nineteenth century ought to be able to exclaim with the Puritan Milton of the seventeenth :—

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

COPIES of the Christmas Number of the MASONIC MAGAZINE are still on Sale at the Office, 198, Fleet Street, E.C. Price 1s. Post Free, 1s. 1d.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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In Memoriam.

THE Craft and the Girls' School have to deplore the loss of Bro. R. W. Little, whose services have been great to both. He has passed away at a comparatively early age, through overwork and a fatal malady, and leaves a void not easily to be filled, and a memory very grateful to all English Freemasons. Few, if any, laboured so steadily for Masonry, and did so much in so short a space. He was the able co-Editor, with Bro. Dr. Woodman, of our contemporary the *Rosicrucian*, and was a "Masonic Student" and a Masonic Archæologist of no mean pretensions. The sympathy of all our readers will be with his afflicted widow.

"HIS END WAS PEACE."

R. W. L.

Died April 12, 1878.

He sleeps, life's fitful journey o'er,
His gallant race well run:
He has reached in peace the deathless shore,
For him Eternity 's begun!

A Brother true, sincere, and kind,
Life's path he gently trod
With pleasant mien and gentle mind:
He's resting in his God!

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(Continued from page 486.)

CHAP. IV.

Of the Salt of Tartar volatilized, or Samec, and other Elixirs.

I MAY tell thee here nevertheless, That though the proper subject of this foregoing Liquor, called the *Alchahest* be but one Anomalous Salt, or first beginning of Salts, with such a noted mark, and *John Baptist* like, doth such great or mighty works, yet nevertheless the least Elixirated subject in the Philosophers Kingdom (though the lowest perfected Salt) will doe such Alchahestical effects, and some beyond, especially being rapt up (like *Paul*) from the Quarternary Elements, into the Christalline third Heavens above the fixt Stars and Planetary Orbs: For *Paracelsus* his high prepared Samech, and every Alcalisate Incinerated wine of vegetables being brought to their full preparation and perfection, are Alchahestical, at least Succedaneous, as a *Circulatum minus;* and also all other Balsamick Quintessential things, and Concretes in the three universal kingdoms of nature. But more especially the true Mercurial Saline, and Sulphurous Elixirs of Philosophers wrought up and exalted to the bright Christalline or Angelical Orbs, influences in spiritual fusible liquid Forms, and appearences are so universally Alchahestical, that I say they may do the same things, if not greater, and make better exalted Balsamick seperations and preparations, then the ordinary saline Alchahest. But the manner of preparation (*& modus dispositionis*) must be thought on to bring this to effect: For the degrees of Hierarchy are much conducing to and for the Glory of Angelical powers and influences: And yet the said Alchahest (as a good forerunner) may prepare the way or Foundation to this grand Elixir. 'Tis true, the Alchalizate parts of Samech, and other Alcalyes, after their sufficient resolutions and pure soft apparelling for their first addresses to win their beautiful Celestial Bride, and her beloved and delightful influences must have a hot and most pure affection (chac'd from Adultery, yet Fusibly melting with heat;) and then each of them with a strong clutch (like a Domestick Thief), nevertheless gently and at leisure) will take away his beloved out of her Chariot at such a time when he finds her in her greatest beauty, and most glorious pure attire, and with a cleanly conveyance, in the cool of the evening, will carry her away with all her wealth and Jewels from her outward weak, and inward close attending strong Guardians, who will then by her milder advice pacifie his heat for the present, but being once fully marryed and in his possession, her love will be so true and intire, that her tender affection will snatch and carry him on her winged embraces in her Mantle, up to the highest Mountains, from hers and his boisterous, pedantical, malicious enemies where afterwards they will live in peace upon heavenly Manna in Paradice, and dress the Garden of *Eden* with new Plants, and may delight in all the fruits of life, having an Angelical Guardian and Gardener with a Flaming Sword, to prevent and keep out all Rustic and Malevolent followers and pursuers.

And Reader, this greater secret may be here revealed; That some affirm, all the Concreats and things in natures, three Kingdoms, (Animals, Vegetables, and Minerals) may be reduced to such a quintessential perfection of the four Elements, and three Principles as to have a community of nature, and will make the matter for the Philosophers Stone in any kind; but then they must be Fermented with Gold and Silver for Metals and Minerals, and so may easily transmute course Metals into Gold or Silver, and perfect baser Minerals and Stones as well as they may exalt their own Specifick kinds.

I might further enlarge with some rare Philosophick particular preparations in every kind or thing, and of the universal Spirit, and general Phlegmatick *Menstruum* or dissolvent, and of some sweet oyls and spirits of Balsamick, Salts, Sulphurs, and Mercuries, *&c.* both for *Menstruums* and Medicines; and to set forth *Butlers* Magnetick, Mystical, Physical, Anodyne Stone, with other Sympatheticks, Magneticks, *&c.* But it were against my intention of brevity, and I have sufficiently done in the general, for the Philosophers Stone and Elixirs, (*instar omnium*) comprehends all.

Chap. V.

An Apologitical Peroration of Mans Mortality, Resurrection, and State for Eternity.

Perhaps here some may say, it is not easie to find or understand all written in this short volume, by solitary experiments, or public Print, which I confess to be true; nor could I, till I had the blessing to converse with some Philosophick Authors, and had living words to demonstrate it; whereby likewise I felt and found out *Paracelsus* and *Helmont*, in their concealments, which I have here given thee a Key to open; and if it may be any help unto thee, acknowledge it from God; if thou dislike it, thy time and charge will not be much prejudiced by these few lines, and might be spent worse, but take it for good intentions, or how else thou pleasest, so thou forfeit not thy Christian name by envy, or speaking evil of what thou knowest not.

And thus I hope in this short discourse I have sufficiently explained my Philosophical ænygmatical Scutcheons, and Epitaph, with the Alchahest, Samech, and other Elixirs, as also my adjoyning words and Figures, the rest I leave, (if thou be more curious) to be explained by the aforesaid Authors, and multitude of others better experienced in this Art; and if thou yet shalt blame me for thy want of apprehension hereof by these writings, or of my Figures and Epitaph, I am resolved to be dumb and silent like a dead man still; for if I deserve blame I ought to bear it quietly; if otherwise, I have been used to scandals and reproaches from *Pharaohs* Court to *Jobs* Dunghil, and can take it for a Glory to suffer patiently; for I have set down what the Philosophers and Adeptists have said and confessed, *viva voce*, and in Print; no could I or they give this knowledge in the plainest words, without the peculiar inspiration of God: Wherefore if thou desirest this great blessing, ask it of him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not when it may tend to his glory. But be sure thou prepare thyself by purity and holiness, with true mortification, as thou desirest thy work should prosper and thrive. And therefore pray affectionately, That God, in and through Christs spirit, may enliven thee from dead works, and seperate light from thy dark body and Chaos of sin, that so being truly baptized into him and his Righteousness, by an Essential and Living Seed of Faith, thou maiest improve thy Talent, and mount through and above the quarternary defiling world into the Trivne power, and at last come to the quintessential, or Super celestial Central circle of Peace, and Heavenly Beatitude.

Wherefore now, candid Reader, if thou beest not satisfied with this work or these expressions, leave them for the Author, for the said Epitaph and Figured Scutcheons will serve me well enough for a Grave Stone (which was so chiefly intended at the first) where I may lye at rest, with or without any other Herauldry, or Applause; and wherein thou maiest plainly nevertheless read thy mortality, as on other Tombs, To prepare thy self for thy long home of Eternity, for thy Body, Soul, and Spirit, must be seperate, and the four Elements thus corrupted from the Sal, Sulphur, and Mercury, generate Worms, &c. which after a full and perfect separation, are again to be reunited at the day of doom, for a quintessential, super celestial, and everlasting being: The good in Joy and Peace of the Holy Ghost, which had fermented the same by Righteousness in this life into Christs Body as Members, and was in all the Saints and true Catholick Church, the Hope of Glory. But the other that were Bad, left to their Bestial, Sensual, and Divelish Fermented Affections, to be tormented eternally,

with and by their bad Spirits, and grosser Essences, for their idolatry of Fleshly, Divelish, and Worldly vanities, with horror and everlasting anguish of mind and body, wherewith nevertheless they will be nourisht and enabled to endure for ever and ever. All which I have declared, and cannot be easily hid from thee, though thou shouldst want *Lynceus* eyes, or the Philosophick Eagles eye, to behold the light of nature exalted to the highest degree of the Sun by art; which nevertheless I wish thou maiest find out by this or some other means; so it may tend to the Praise and Honour of God, and thine and thy neighbours Eternal wellfare, who am thy friend and true Lover of Art and Nature, and care not what thou saiest or thinkest of *W.C.* or twice five hundred.

Laurum Amice eligis Rus.

A BRIEFE OF THE

GOLDEN CALF.

OR THE

WORLDS IDOL.

DISCOVERING

The Rarest Miracle of

NATURE.

How in less than a quarter of an hour by the smallest proportion of the Philosophers Stone, a great piece of Common Lead was totally transmuted into the purest transplendent Gold.

With other most Rare Experiments and Transmutations.

Written in Latin by Dr. *Frederick Helvetius*,
And Printed at the Hague, 1666.

And now Englished and abbreviated for the ease of the Readers.
By *W. C.* Esquire.

Laurum Amice Eligis Rus.

THE

EPISTLE OF VV. C.

TO THE

READER.

Reader,

I HAVE taught *Helvetius* with his *Golden Calf*, our English Tongue, to perswade thee (by these experiments from a true Adeptist) Of the reality of the Philosophers Stone, & Universal Medicine, and consequently to esteem the Noble Art of Chymistry by which it is wrought; and I heartily wish the laws were not so strict, nor the snares so many, against the honest Practisers of this Art, but to punish the others more severely that abuse the same, then I question not the further demonstration hereof. But the Golden Calf and Fleece are sufficiently divulged almost in every language, and many rare English Philosophers collected by our worthy Countryman *Elias Ashmole* Esq; in

his *Theatrum Britannicum.* There is also published a Manuscript of a most rare *Anonymon* (probably yet living) who like a miracle of nature, attained the *Elixir* at 23 years of Age, 1645. And as a true *Elias* (or fore-runner) hath taught the same, in his Book Entituled, *Secrets Revealed,* or *an open entrance to the shut Pallace of the King.* We have likewise the bright Sun of our age, and lover of mankind, *John Rodolph Glauber, Basilius Valentinus,* and *Cosmopolite Sendivogius,* brave *Helmont, Paracelsus,* with several other Translations in English, wherein many rare secrets are revealed for the honour of this Art, Improvement of our English Nation, and to establish a belief of the said Stone. This worthy *Helvetius* it seems, had formerly a misprision of this Art, but by these demonstrations mentioned in his book, he was convinced, and as worthily recanted to prefer the Truth, and God's Honour before his own Repute, by which he hath gained more repute amongst all vertuous learned men. Now if these Experiments shall gain the like credit with you (as I doubt not but they may) you will not any ways detract or scandalize this almost Divine Art. Nevertheless I do not perswade thee (with the murmuring Idolatrous Jews to adore this Ass or Golden Calf (the workmanship of mens hands) though termed the God of this world.) Nor with *Jason* or *Hercules* to hazard thy self, or any Limb, for the Fleece, orbranch of the Golden Tree; but diligently to read and consider these and other learned Authors to find a true coherence amongst them, and how with *Moses,* or these *Elias Artista's* to wash the *Læton,* and burn the Golden Calf, and not thy Books; but beware thou fling not away thy mony before thou understandest the Roots of Nature, and the full art to proceed. If thou intendest the thing herein mentioned, least thou come off with loss and blaspheme the truth; neither slight these Reliques of the Fleece as common dirt or dust, but rather magnifie the great Creator, who hath not only given us this pretious Stone for our health and wealth, but withal a most glorious white Stone, clothed in Scarlet, *viz.* his Son Christ Jesus for the Example, Redemption, and Eternal Salvation of all men of that Spirit, in and with whom are all blessings for Male and Female, Poor and Rich. But methinks these bright Stars thus eminently appearing, with other manifest Tokens would perswade us that the time is come, or not far off, when the true *Elias* is or will be revealing this and all other Arts and Mysteries more plainly and publickly then before, though not perchance in or by any single person, but in some publick Administration of Spirit (like a second John Baptist in a Fiery Chariot) to prepare the way for a higher design, by which men may forsake their vain lusts and pleasures, to follow this and other laudable Arts. And Exercise more Justice, Honesty, and Love to their Neighbours, (hitherto very cool and remiss) till they come to be transformed into the perfect Image of Christ, in, by, and with whom he will Reign spiritually; or else may find the smart of their vices by their violent Fiery Furies, and the Stone out of the Rock or Mountain, *Dan.* 2. 45. cut out without hands, to fall upon them in Judgment, till they and their Idols, Gold and Vanities be turned to dirt, or of no esteem, and afterwards the truth of Religion in Righteousness to flourish and cover the earth, as the waters do the Seas, and then God will even delight to dwell in and amongst the Sons and Daughters of men, as the Members of his beloved Son, Christs body, the true Catholic Church and Christs Kingdom; Though in some small differing outward forms, and that this his Kingdom may come and hasten, is the prayer of

Your well wishing friend,

W. C.

Or twice five hundred.

Laurum amice elegis Rus.

FREE MASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

(To be Continued.)

PAPERS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY BRO. WM. ROWBOTTOM.

(*Continued from page* 496.)

III.—The Builders.

IN the enquiry to which this chapter is devoted, we shall find the difficulties surrounding the problem considerably lessened by having a fixed date to work upon, and it was for this reason that I gave precedence to the subject of enquiry dealt with in the last chapter.

The 2170 B.C. date, besides being accepted by many writers having so little in common as Professor Smyth, Mr. R. A. Proctor, and Sir Edmund Beckett, receives important confirmation from the Pyramid itself. At the distance of 2170 pyramid inches from the commencement of the Grand Gallery, measuring backwards along the floor line of the first ascending passage, and so upwards towards the entrance of the pyramid, there occur on the side walls, and nearly opposite to each other, and at right angles with the floor, two *exquisitely true and finely chiselled lines*. The question of the existence of some mark at the 2170 inch distance from the Grand Gallery's commencement was put by Mr. Charles Casey, in 1872, to Professor Smyth as the test of the chronological and at the same time prophetic character claimed for the passages. Professor Smyth, though he had commented on the ruled lines in the granite blocks in his book, "Life and Work at the Great Pyramid," had not taken that particular measurement, and he accordingly wrote to Mr. Waynman Dixon, C.E., then in Cairo, who, with Dr. Grant, made the necessary measurements, the results being on the east wall 2170·5, and on the west wall, 2170·4. *

Before entering into more particular characteristics of the Great Pyramid builders, let us note the following generalities. First we find that, whoever the builders were, they reached the central land of Egypt from the East, and after accomplishing their work became spread abroad throughout the earth. Hence we find the monuments of the pyramid builders completing the circle of the earth, and appearing in conjunction with other evidences of a common knowledge among the *origines* of the nations. We may thus easily accept the claims of these earliest erections to be national monuments. Both Mariette Bey and Hekekyan Bey have contended for this; the latter holding—very reasonably—that "these pyramids were national undertakings; their plan and execution were decided after mature deliberation; laws were passed, and revenues provided, to carry out the public decision by the executive authorities." †

Mr. Bonwick further quotes Mr. Wilson, a learned writer on the astronomy of the ancients, the Rev. E. B. Zincke, and Mr. Gliddon, as favouring the idea that the pyramid builders were white men.‡ It is indeed somewhat remarkable that they should have applied to them the name of Yoingees, which, found in the early Hindoo Puranas, has within modern times become corrupted into Yankees—Yoingees being the name given to the English on their arrival by the North American Indians.

I may mention here that in a footnote in my recent publication I have ventured to suggest that the term "lepers," which occurs in Manetho's account of the expulsion of the Shepherds from Egypt, and also in the Harris *papyrus* in the British Museum, is most probably a reference to the occupation of, and final expulsion from, Egypt of a white-skinned race.

* "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," pp. 432—445.
† "Pyramid Facts and Fancies," p. 114.
‡ *Ibid*, p. 74.

And, singularly enough, among the Mexicans a tradition still survives connecting the pyramidal sun temples with a "Golden Age" of peace, and a good white man with a long beard, who taught them how to live and govern well, but went away when wars began.

Under these circumstances we can easily understand that the figure of a four-square pyramid, with its peculiar geometrical properties, should have become to be regarded as the symbol of Divinity—or the Sacred Symbol; for apart from a philosophical application of its natural properties, those early builders would be sure to associate in their traditions their original unity on the centre with the great work of masonry they had reared. Nor, indeed, does the whole range of myth present us with a more striking instance of the rapidity with which the early knowledge was lost or obscured, than the degenerate orgies to which, among the heathen, the memorial of that pure geometrical figure, the symbol of the source of energy and the creative principle, had given place.

Manetho and Herodotus give us distorted accounts of the invasion of Egypt by a Shepherd race from the East, who after occupying Egypt many years betook themselves to Palestine and built Jerusalem; and Rawlinson considers it very probable that it was the memory of this early invasion that prejudiced the Egyptians against those following the occupation of Shepherds. Mr. Proctor sums up the evidence thus:—"It seems tolerably clear that certain Shepherd-chiefs, who came to Egypt during Cheops' reign, were connected in some way with the designing of the Great Pyramid. It is clear, also, that they were men of a different religion from the Egyptians, and persuaded Cheops to abandon the religion of his people."

So far, then, as assigning the building of the Great Pyramid to a people or clan entering Egypt from the East, and of a different religion to the Egyptians, there is not much difference of opinion to meet.

On these grounds Mr. Taylor argued that since the Egyptians were confirmed idolators, and their invaders closed the temples and prohibited their services, it was only reasonable to assume that the Shepherds were of a purer religion than the Egyptians, and were indeed worshippers of the One God. Thus he was led to look to the line of Shem for the builders of this monument, and to consider the hatred of the Egyptians as rather a testimony in their favour than otherwise, and as we may see by the history of Masonry in all ages, it has frequently been the lot of its professors to have their principles misrepresented, and to have evil imputed to them.

Now, all the Pyramidalists, from the late Mr. Taylor downwards, are inclined to look to Shem, or Melchisedek, as the Master-Builder, and so strongly does Bro. Cockburn Muir feel on this point, that he holds it to be of *fundamental importance*. And in this he is but logical; nor do I see how any one holding in the main to Smyth's theory could look to any other than the chosen son of Noah as the Master-Builder. When, also, we regard it as a Masonic question, we are immediately reminded of the brotherhood existing between the Israelites and the Syrians, which was of such a nature as to permit of the latter assisting in the building of the House of God, which Solomon the King did build in Jerusalem.

Such a brotherhood naturally points to the earlier history of the Shemitic races for its origin, and the separate existence of Israel, cut off from the nations of its kindred and a stranger in the land of Egypt—requires that that origin must be found before the Hebrews became separated from the Shemitic stock.

In the master-builder Shem—by right of his headship of the human family, the representative of Man and the type of Him, who, as the first-born from the dead, became the Second Adam—we see, indeed, the only one among his contemporaries entitled to assume the position to which he has been assigned.

Even Mr. Proctor considers that in coming to the conclusion that the Strangers from the East, whose coming into Egypt was so strangely connected with the building of the Great Pyramid, were of the Shemitic tribes—or, as he puts it, kinsmen of the patriarch Abraham—we do so upon "*grounds sufficiently assured.*"

How, then, does the era of the Great Pyramid accord with its assumed connection with the life of the patriarch Shem? This was the question which presented itself to

my mind in the study of this question, and led to the enquiries and results recently published in the pages of "*The Mystery of the Bible Dates Solved by the Great Pyramid.*" Into the particulars of that inquiry I need not here enter, but it resulted in proving the year 2170 B.C. to be the natal year of the patriarch Abraham, with the history of whose descendants the existence of the Pyramid and the Craft is so mysteriously connected. Here, then, let Mr. Proctor seek the rise of that astrology with which he is so certain the building of the Great Pyramid was in some way connected. For did it not commemorate, by reference to the starry spheres, the wonderful history of the "Chosen People" and of men through the three degrees of their progress to the early truth and light—the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian; the last dispensation giving again to the human race the blessed hope of eternal life by the resurrection of the God-man, to whose birth, life, sufferings, death and resurrection the most ineffable secrets of the old heathen mysteries had pointed, and kept alive the hope of human redemption and reconciliation with the Father, even in countries where the written testimonies of the prophets never reached.*

Is there any tradition extant connecting the patriarch Shem with the building of any monument? Josephus has such a tradition connected with the descendants of Seth, who are said to have built two monuments in the land of Siriad—Egypt, the land of Sirius, or the Dog Star—in order to preserve the knowledge they had attained from loss in the coming deluge. Some have imagined that Josephus has misplaced this tradition, which belonged by right to post-diluvian times.

A similar tradition is also to be found among the Arabs, who relate that the Pyramids were built by the orders of the ante-diluvian king Saurid, who being warned in a dream of the approaching catastrophe, called together his counsellors to consult as to the best means of securing the most valuable of their treasures. "This," says Mr. James Bonwick, "is a version of the story of Shem engraving the learning of the old world upon two pillars—Jachin and Boaz, Pillars of Hercules."†

Where is there, then, such a tradition surviving, or from what is the writer quoting?—for in another place he says of the Pyramid:—"All the symbols of the Craft are there, and were there, and in the land of Egypt, thousands of years before the masonic temple of Jerusalem was reared by Solomon. It is not wonderful, therefore, that Masonic writers, particularly Continental and American ones, should have been more drawn to the Pyramid than to the Jachin and Boaz of the King of Israel, associated, on Biblical authority, with the two great centres of ancient mysticism, Phœnicia and Egypt."‡

I must leave to others deeper versed in Masonic lore, or of a more extended acquaintance with the traditions of the past, to unravel the mystery further. So far as I am able to judge, the weight of evidence refers the building of the Great Pyramid to the Shemitic races. Individually, I strongly incline to connect the second and third pyramids of the group with the other two families of man, but confess that such an opinion is founded upon conjecture merely, supported, may be, by the theory maintained by Mr. Agnew and Mr. John James Wild, that the three pyramids stand in scientific relation to each other, and form parts of one grand harmonious whole.§

It would not be strange were this eventually to prove to be the case, and it is interesting to note, in connection with this theory, that whereas the first pyramid is remarkable for the *wisdom* which has directed its proportions, the solid superstructure of the second gives *strength* as its chief characteristic, while the third, from its original casing of polished granite, obtained the palm for *beauty*.

But I am now only professedly dealing with the first and greatest of these monuments, and must next proceed to establish from the wisdom it contains the reasons which induced the builders to erect it.

Alfreton, March 26th, 1878.

(To be Continued.)

* Dr. Oliver's "Star in the East," pp. 54, 55.
† "Pyramid Facts and Fancies," p. 116.
‡ "Pyramid Facts and Fancies," p. 220.
§ *Ibid*, pp. 202—205.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER XI.

Arma virumque cano.—VIRGIL.

I HINTED in my last chapter of an unexpected event, which would cast for a time gloom and despondency over the merry circle at Rome, and would break up that "fair fellowship" "pour le moment." And so it was—and so it did. I mean the outbreak of the war in Italy in 1848, which led to the retreat of the Austrians, under Field-Marshal Radetzky, to Verona, to several Austrian victories, to a short armistice, and then to the crowning battle at Novara in 1849. When the events of 1848 broke out, Bechner, old soldier as he was, and true Tyroler to boot, at once took farewell of his charmer, and hastened to his old ancestral castle, and placed himself at the head of a fine corps of Tyrolese Sharpshooters, and joined "Vater Radetzky," as the Austrians liked to call their brave old leader, at Verona. Stanelli, though a Venetian by birth, had already served in the Piedmontese army, felt that, inasmuch as he was possessed of property in Piedmont, also felt that it was his duty to rejoin his colours, so he applied for and obtained a position on the Staff of the Piedmontese army.

Thus in a moment was the gay house of the Allegri family turned into a house of mourning. Eva and Anna, though they deeply felt the departure of their admirers, (and many, no doubt, were the mutual vows of fidelity pledged ere the hour of parting came), yet, like sensible women, found no fault with the resolutions of their "young men," and in fact I believe, though sad at separation, like true women too, secretly applauded their soldier's sense of duty, under all circumstances. Balthazar and Paesiello did not feel that there was any call for them to mix themselves in the "hurly-burly," the more so, as Don Balthazar sententiously observed, "My fighting days are over—I leave all that to the young men." Baron Puchner-Priessler being a pure civilian, felt no military ardour at all, and I fancy was rather bored than otherwise, the more so as this grave trial of a separational, uncertain duration seemed to throw the fair widow more and more into the closest confidence with her capable and friendly adviser, Balthazar. So Baron Puchner-Priessler sought for consolation amid the gloom of the Allegri villa in the conversation and sympathy of Madame Von Langentheiler, who abounded in both, and had an unlimited supply of either ready at the shortest notice, and with the best possible effect.

Still, poor Eva and Anna found not only the time hang rather heavy on their hands when Stanelli and Bechner were really gone, despite the attentions of Compton and Paesiello, but their fair faces often bore outward traces of their not unnatural herz-weh, as the Germans poetically call "heart-ache," within.

Strange it is in life how often those whom we prize little when present and living, we deeply miss, we truly mourn for, when departed—when dead. Then there comes over us a tender memory of a living presence—of a kindly heart; then there supervenes a retrospect, affecting and subduing, of pleasant hours and gracious scenes, of voices and forms, and hearts and sympathies, which all belong to our own dear buried past!

In the mean time the onward current of events had brought about again in Italy the stern arbitrament of war. Upon the triumphant advance of Field-Marshal Radetzky from Verona, and the sterling victories of Santa Lucia, Somma Campagna, Custozza, Volta, and before the walls of Milan, an armistice had been concluded on the 9th of August, 1848, between the Austrians and the Piedmontese, which gave a sort of breathing-time to the combatants. But on the 12th March, 1849, a Piedmontese Major

brought to the gray-haired Austrian Commander a denunciation of the armistice. We believe that the gallant officer was in such a hurry to return that he declined refreshment, and never left his name, so that that is lost to history and the world. On the 18th the Austrians commenced that remarkable flank movement on Pavia which is destined to be famous in the history of military campaigns, and to be full of interest always to the student and the strategist. By the morning of the 20th 60,000 Austrians were massed in and near Pavia, and at noon the Austrians crossed the Ticino, and after some most successful skirmishes at Mortara and Gambolo, moved on towards Novara. The action at Novara, which began on the 23rd, was during its continuance, until the evening, hotly contested and most gallantly fought. The Piedmontese army, outmanœuvred by a great master-stroke of the art of war, were also deficient in that "élan" and "esprit de corps" which distinguished the Austrian soldiers. And though the Piedmontese soldiers fought most bravely, and amply maintained their high military character, yet victory ere long so decidedly leant to the side of the veteran leader, that, as we all know, the abdication of Charles Albert took place, Victor Emanuel became King, and an armistice was agreed upon between the victorious Austrians and the defeated, but not humiliated, Piedmontese.

All through that hot day Bechner and Stanelli had greatly distinguished themselves on opposite sides. Bechner, at the head of his Tyrolese—who, as Hochländer says, "pressed forwards like demons springing from tree to tree,"—had won admiration from all, and he had been more than once commended both by Benedek and the Archduke Albert, who saw the gallant bravery of that Tyroler on his gray charger, and he had even had the high honour of a nod and a smile, and a cheery "Well done!" from old Radetzky himself.

Stanelli, attached to the Staff of La Marmora, had found himself nearly all the time amid the fine Piedmontese Bersaglieri, and his gallantry and exposure of himself had been noted, and he had been "highly commended." Just before the triumphant Austrians stormed the Piedmontese position, poor Bechner fell badly wounded by a portion of a shrapnell-shell; while, strange to say, in the last "melée" of all, Stanelli, badly wounded also, was taken prisoner by some of the "Kaiser Jagers."

But the battle was won, and though since that eventful day changes great and many have come over Italy, and the Austrian Rule has ceased, and the "Morgen Land" is "one and indivisible," yet no loyal student of history, no soldier, no philosopher, can recall that striking chapter of the past without remembering admiringly how well that Austrian army was led by that stout-hearted and true-hearted old man. Radetzky's March is still the favourite tune of the Austrian army, and is seldom heard without some emotion; and the Austrian army must be greatly changed from what it ever has been if it ever forgets the name and the services of "Vater Radetzky."

Our two friends, on the morning of the 24th, found themselves in the "Santa Rosalia," a large Capuchin church in Novara, and resting side by side, where they were carefully tended, amid sufferers of both armies. Bechner had had to undergo amputation of the left arm, but was doing well; Stanelli was suffering from a bad gun-shot wound, which promised to be tedious and trying.

When the news of the battle and of our poor friends' misfortunes reached Rome, great was the grief and the consternation in the Allegri family. Eva and Anna at once made up their minds. They would go to Novara to nurse their wounded friends; and as Madame Allegri thought she ought to go too, Don Balthazar considered he ought to accompany Madame Allegri, and Paesiello and Compton considered they were bound to look after their friends, and take no end of comforts for the suffering heroes. It was in vain that Baron Puchner-Priessler counselled "prudence,"—it was useless for Madame Von Langentheiler to talk of "feminine decorum." Eva and Anna had made up their minds, and when our young ladies have made up their minds, you may as well talk, as young Ratler says, "to the wind," or also, John Jones adds, to a "stone wall, sir!—They've got the bit in their mouths, and go ahead they will!"

On the whole, I am inclined to think that Eva and Anna were right, for there are actually times, I venture to believe, in this old-fashioned, humdrum world of ours, when

conventionality is useless, and Mrs. Grundy very much in the way. Not that I approve of rashness or recklessness, or want of decorous consideration, on the part of our young ladies, on any occasion or in any position—far from it. But what I mean is this, that there are seasons when the heart is the best spokesman in us and for us all, after all, and when living impulses are better than stereotyped rules, and sympathetic reality more admirable than prudential considerations. I hope that I may be forgiven for saying this. I need not weary my readers with the transports of the two wounded soldiers, or the gentle tears of those warm-hearted girls when they found themselves within the sad walls of Santa Rosalie. Before evening that same day both our gallant friends were in comfortable lodgings with their friends, and the best and fairest nurses in the world, to say nothing of a kind Sister of Charity; and we need hardly doubt that under such genial and soothing associations they soon proceeded to convalescence. I think Bechner was almost content to lose his arm to receive the Cross of Maria Theresa from old Radetzky himself, and the whispered assurance at the same time of Anna that in her opinion he was the greatest of heroes. What Eva said to Stanelli deponent doth not think it needful to repeat here; but whatever it was, it seemed to be the best of medicine to that enthusiastic young man.

Oh, pleasant voice of woman, which gives such confidence to hope, such softness to sorrow, such tenderness to happiness here! After all, how much often depends on the words, the smiles of her, whom some call an Angel, some venture improperly to term a Crocodile! I scout that idea! Like Don Quixote of old, I uphold the fair fame and true heart of woman. I declare her to be the best of friends, the safest of guides, the wisest of counsellors, and the most faithful of mates. Others may change—not she! Others may desert—not she! Others may betray—not she! No! When men are shallow and inconstant, women are faithful and steady; when men are tried and truant, women are trusting and tolerant.

One is sick of hearing these modern attacks on women, which mostly comes from the brainless and the ignorant of our young men.

Madame Von Langentheiler could hardly find words to express her sense of the great "impropriety" of which the demoiselles Allegri had been guilty; and as Baron Puchner-Priessler thought so too, those worthy souls no doubt found much mutual comfort in deploring and denouncing the "bad form" of the "new generation."

I am not insensible to much that is incongruous and inconvenient in the way of the words and acts of our younger denizens of to-day, and I think I can remember, out of the dimness of years, somewhat similar complaints of *my* generation, when I, the writer, was actually a "young man about town." Each generation listens to and makes the same accusation, partly true, partly exaggerated. No one generation, in my opinion, is worse than its predecessor—nay, any of its predecessors!

The two Frauleins Von Langentheiler—good-natured, plain, and portionless young women, too sensible to "quarrel with their bread-and-butter,"—quite agreed with their dear mamma (whatever their private opinions really were), and we can only hope that Baron Von Puchner-Priessler would in due time reap his reward for the "high moral line" he so patronised, and the worldly prudence he so commended.

(To be Continued.)

BIDE A WEE, AND DINNA FRET.

Is the road very dreary?
Patience yet!
Rest will be sweeter if thou art aweary,
And after night cometh the morning cheery.
Then bide a wee, and dinna fret.

The Clouds have silver lining,
Don't forget;
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining—
Courage! instead of tears and vain repining,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

With toil and cares unending,
Art beset?
Bethink thee, how the storms from heaven descending
Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending,
And bide a wee, and dinna fret.

Grief sharper sting doth borrow
From regret;
But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present, and the morrow?
Nay: bide a wee, and dinna fret.

An over-anxious brooding
Doth beget
A host of fears and fantasies deluding;
Then, brother, lest these torments be intruding,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

XI. MAY.

"Love in her eyes, sweet promise on her lips,
Blossomed abundance in her tender arms,
Bird music heralding her sunlit steps,
Winds hushed and mute in reverence of her charms.
Maid veiled in tresses flecked with gems of dew,
White lily crowned and clad in 'broidered green,
Smiling till hoar and eld their youth renew,
And vest themselves in robes of verdant sheen.
Where fall her dainty feet meek daisies blow,
Lifting their fire-touched lips to court a kiss;
Heart beats to heart and soft cheeks warmly glow,
With budding hopes of love, and joy, and bliss.
Fern banners wave, and harebells welcome ring,
As trips across the meads the Bride of Spring."

Now sing the birds, now wave the tree-boughs high towards heaven, now springs the opening flower, and every rivulet sparkling and dancing in the sunshine joins Nature's laughing chorus, for it is "The merry month of May."

Yes!—

"The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,
And the small birds sing on every tree;
Now everything is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

"The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me."

What a note of sadness even in this gladsome time? Yes! and always Yes! for so long as man has been and shall be mortal, so long is he—as the same poet tells us—

——"made to mourn!"

Shall, then, we not rejoice to-day because of the morrow's possible gloom? Yes, indeed! for what says another of our favourites?—

"The sun is bright—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

"So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

"All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest!

"All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

"Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay:
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh! it is not always May!

"Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last years' nest!"

Good advice, that, to make the best of the present; but yet we must beware, lest in the enjoyment of the present we fail to remember the future—not the future of gloomy presentiment, though, but the future of a bright and happy hope:—

"Earth's children cleave to Earth—her frail
Decaying children dread decay.
Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale,
And lessens in the morning ray,
Look, how, by mountain rivulet,
It lingers as it upward creeps,
And clings to fern and copsewood set
Along the green and dewy steeps:
Clings to the fragrant kalmia, clings
To precipices fringed with grass,
Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,
And bowers of fragrant sassafras.
Yet all in vain—it passes still
From hold to hold, it cannot stay,
And in the very beams that fill
The world with glory, wastes away,
Till, parting from the mountain's brow,
It vanishes from human eye,
And that which sprung of earth is now
A portion of the glorious sky."

Glad ending to a gloomy thought—

"So soon passeth it away and we are gone!"

Let us, then, whilst living for that glorious consummation, make, as God would have us make, the best of this world's beauties that He has given us, and let us find a pure enjoyment in those plentiful treasures that He has abundantly poured into Nature's lap, and in those jewelled delights with which he has so richly adorned the bosom of our Mother-Earth.

Everywhere, then, do we find a profusion of bloom, for—

"The welcome flowers are blossoming,
In joyous troops revealed;
They lift their dewy buds and bells
In garden, mead, and field.
They lurk in every sunless path
Where forest children tread;
They dot like stars the sacred turf
Which lies above the dead.

"They sport with every playful wind
That stirs the blooming trees,
And laugh on every fragrant bush,
All full of toiling bees;
From the green marge of lake and stream,
Fresh vale and mountain sod,
They look in gentle glory forth,
The pure sweet flowers of God."

We love all Nature's works, but oh! how we love the flowers; and the more simple and unassuming they are, the more we love them. No delight that can fill the heart of the fond possessors of acres of flower-beds and house after house full of the treasures of the Tropics, no pride of the horticulturist who can show a new variety of some choice scion of his garden, no "eureka"-cry of the eager botanist who has discovered and made his own some unique specimen of his scientific classification will ever compare with the joy of the little heart when the sunny hours of spring-tide cover the emerald carpet of the meadow with the myriad blossoms of those friends of childhood —Buttercups and Daisies. Nor is the feeling quite extinguished yet, for—

"I never see a young hand hold
The starry bunch of white and gold,
But something warm and fresh will start
About the region of my heart.
My smile expires into a sigh;
I feel a struggling in the eye,
'Twixt humid drop and sparkling ray,
Till rolling tears have won their way;
For soul and brain will travel back
Through Memory's chequered mazes,
To days when I but trod Life's track
For 'Buttercups and Daisies.'

"Tell me, ye men of wisdom rare,
Of sober speech and silver hair;
Who carry counsel, wise and sage,
With all the gravity of age:
Oh! say, do ye not like to hear
The accents ringing in your ear,
When sportive urchins laugh and shout,
Tossing those precious flowers about,
Springing with bold and gleesome bound,
Proclaiming joy that crazes;
And chorusing the magic sound
Of 'Buttercups and Daisies'?

"Are there, I ask, beneath the sky
Blossoms that knit so strong a tie
With Childhood's love? Can any please
Or light the infant eye like these?
No, no; there 's not a bud on earth,
Of richest tint or warmest birth,

Can ever fling such zeal and zest
Into the tiny hand and breast.
Who does not recollect the hours
When burning words and praises
Were lavished on those shining flowers,
'Buttercups and Daisies'?

"There seems a bright and fairy spell
About their very names to dwell;
And though old Time has marked my brow
With care and thought, I love them now.
Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings
Are closest linked to simple things;
And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,
Till love, and life, and all be past:
And then the only wish I have
Is, that the one who raises
The turf-sod o'er me, plant my grave
With 'Buttercups and Daisies.'"

Leaving now, for a little while, sentiment, let us seek to learn somewhat of our flower-friends themselves. Upon the Daisy we have dwelt more than once, for it is an almost universal blossomer, although now in the greatest profusion of bloom, for—

"Of every moneth in the year,
To mirthful May there is no peer."——

We may, however, linger a short time over the Buttercup, for its relatives—the Crowfoots—are a numerous family; "King-cups," "Gold-cups," "Cuckoo-buds," and "Mary-buds," Shakespeare and other writers used to prettily name them. The Buttercup, proper, has a bulbous root, which possesses emetic properties; this "virtue" (!) is not wanting in other parts of the plant, nor indeed in other members of the family, as many a naturalist, who has unwarily chewed the leaves or flowers, has found to his cost; his parched and heated tongue and throat, to say nothing of the uneasiness in other portions of his internal economy, having as much diminished his day's pleasure as the "lop" of the "calm" sea has often disturbed the serenity of the marine brother of worthy old Izaac Walton. Besides the bulbous Crowfoot, or Buttercup, there are the Creeping Crowfoot and the Upright Meadow Crowfoot, which will blister the mouth of cattle happening to browse upon their leaves; whilst the little yellow variety has even been known to kill sheep that have eaten it; so poisonous is it that three ounces of its juice has proved fatal to a dog in three minutes; this kind may be recognized by the very large, prickly, seed-vessels that succeed the flower. Another species, the Celery-leaved Crowfoot, which has stout juicy stems and bright glossy leaves, but very small flowers, grows by the side of streams and ditches; laid upon the skin, this flower will raise a blister, and most unpleasant inflammatory symptoms will even follow its being carried in the hand; the juice of the bulbous kind, applied to the nose, will induce sneezing. Altogether we have no less than fifteen species of this plant growing wild. Here, we must not pass over a relative of the Buttercup, which, if little and humble, is pretty: we mean the green-flowering Mousetail, which may be found on the borders of cornfields; it derives its name from the shape of its clusters of seed-vessels.

An easy step brings us to a close neighbour, if not a relative, of the Crowfoot, the Poppy. Who does not know the huge expanse of colour shown by this common plant? For there is perhaps no more beautiful or brilliant effect produced upon the face of Nature than when the breeze, sweeping over the wide expanse of the cornfield, produces alternate waves of scarlet and green or gold. Who again can fail to call to mind the cautious dread with which in childhood's days we handled the

"Corn Poppies, that in crimson dwell
Called Head-aches, from their sickly smell"—

very fearful that too close contact might result in such a headache as would bring our holiday ramble to an abrupt close? The Poppy takes its scientific name from the

Celtic "*Papa*," the "pap" or soft food of infants, it having been customary to take Poppy-seeds boiled to a soft consistency to induce sleep; in Persia the seeds are still made into cakes and eaten with impunity, whilst the capsules which contain them abound with the poisonous narcotic juice which, when dried, forms Opium. We have six wild species of Poppy in England — the common Red, called in country places "Corn-Rose"; the Long Smooth-headed, frequent amongst corn; the Round Rough-headed, a much rarer species, confined to chalky and sandy districts; the Yellow variety of Devon, Wales, and Ireland; and the White, which some will not allow as a wild variety at all; this denial, however, seems hardly warranted, as the plant is frequently met with in Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and Kent. We must not close our notice of this class of plants without a passing mention of the seaside variety—the Horned Poppies—of which the Yellow is most frequent.

The next plants that claim our attention are two of the "cruciform" order of flowers, like the Wallflower, the Yellow Rocket, and the white-blossoming Jack-by-the-hedge; the former of these has lyre-shaped and the latter heart-shaped leaves; both resemble in many particulars the common Water-cress.

There is a plant that seems to be dying, so drooping hangs its head even before it has blossomed; this is not a sign of disease, but the habit of many of our "umbel"-bearing plants, such as Hemlock, Beaked Parsley, &c.; this one, perhaps the most slender of them all, is called the Earth-nut from its tuber that lies deep in the soil. Pull it up and there appears a slender white root, but as it is quite devoid of fibres, it is quite certain that it is not the root proper. No! if you would have a complete specimen, you must do as Caliban offered to do to procure Trinculo's pig-nuts—dig; only if you have your trowel you need not, unless very desirous of imitating the aforesaid Caliban, "dig with your nails."

Next we come to the Saxifrages; the White Meadow, a really handsome plant with its kidney-shaped leaves, and the Rue-leaved, or Threefingered, a tiny plant rarely four inches high, whose little reddish-looking leaves are covered with sticky hairs. In company with this latter specimen we shall most likely meet with some of the Pearlworts, little inconspicuous plants much resembling Chickweed, which is, however, a Stitchwort. One of the most notable of this last family is the Greater Stitchwort, earlier called Whiteflowered Grass, and still in country places known as Satin Flower and Adder's Meat. The entire plant is extremely brittle, and according to Gerarde is called "All-bones," on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as he quaintly explains:—"It is called in Latin *Tota ossa*, in English, All-bones; whereof I see no reason except it be by the figure *Autonomia*, as when we say in English, He is an honest man, our meaning is that he is a knave; for this is a tender hearbe, having no such bony substance." Of this tribe there are many other varieties than this Greater Stitchwort and Chickweed, of which we may just mention the Lesser, Marsh, Bog, Wood, Lowly Alpine, and the rare Many-stalked Stitchwort, found only on the borders of Loch Nevis, and on the hills beyond Dunkeld.

In brilliant contrast to the white of the Stitchwort blossoms is the blue of those of the Cat's Eye, or Germander Speedwell—

> "The gorse is yellow on the heath,
> The banks with Speedwell flowers are gay,
> The oak is budding, and beneath,
> The hawthorn soon will wear the wreath,
> The silver wreath of May."

Of this pretty plant, sometimes eroneously called Forget-me-not, there are no less than eighteen English varieties, all having blue or flesh-coloured flowers. Of these are the Ivy-leaved, or Winter-weed, before described, the Procumbent, and the Brookline; we have before described the uses and supposed qualities of this pretty flower-group. Another group, still more pretty perhaps, but certainly more treasured, are the Mouse-Ears or true Forget-me-nots; of the little land variety of which there are two kinds, the Scorpion-grass and the Yellow and Blue.

The next noticeable group of flowers is the Geranium family, amongst which the most prominent members are Herb Robert or Stinking Crane's-bill; the brittle clear-stemmed, pink-jointed, Lucid; and the woodland variety, the Dusky Crane's-bill. Whilst in the woods we shall not fail to notice the Woodsorrel, that true Shamrock, which, singularly enough, the sons of Erin have discarded for plain creeping clover. Yet another woodland friend, most fragile but most beautiful of all, is that universal favourite—

"Our England's lily of the May,
Our lily of the Vale."

Like our old English "May"-Lily the Germans call it *May-blume;* this plant, though not common to all woods, yet covers large expanses of ground where it does grow; the Woods of Asply Guise, in Bedfordshire, are noted for it. Its mode of growth is prettily described by Clare:—

"The blue-bells too that thickly bloom
Where man was never known to come;
And stooping Lilies of the Valley,
That love with shades and dews to dally,
And bending droop on slender threads
With broad hood-leaves above their heads,
Like white-robed maids in summer hours
Beneath umbrellas shunning showers."

These said "broad hood-leaves" spring from the root which is creeping; the pretty flower bells are succeeded in autumn by rich red berries as large as a small cherry. The delicate scent of the Lily of the Valley flies the dried specimen, but is as readily imparted, together with a bitter flavour, to water and spirit; the famous Aqua Aurea, which was thought a valuable preservative against contagion, was distilled from it; and in Germany a wine is made of the flowers. Gerarde says that a decoction "is good against the gout and comforteth the heart."

The reason of flowers blooming "where man was never known to come" is thus beautifully given by Mary Howitt:—

"Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passeth by:

"Our outward life requires them not;
Then wherefore had they birth;
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

"To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For Who so careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him."

Many other plants are flowering now, but we may not stay to mention them; but as most of them will still be blooming next month, we must take notice of them then. Leaving now the flowers, after a parting glance at the lovely Buck-bean, that handsome denizen of stream and moss alike, and turning to the shrubs, we find blooming the Sweet Gale or Dutch Myrtle, which is the badge of the Scottish clan Campbell. This plant is also called the Candleberry Myrtle, because if its berries be boiled in water, a kind of wax will exude and float at the top, of which candles may be made. The Yellow Berberry, again, will be in flower, whose blossoms are as irritable upon being touched as the Sensitive Plant itself. Mountain Ash, Pyrus, Wild Service, and Crabs are all blossoming, as too are the Prunus species, so too is the shrubby common Maple, with its curious cork-like bark. Nor must we omit the Sloe or Blackthorn, which is so often mistaken for the Hawthorn or true "May." Would we could linger awhile to recount the sports sacred to this plant and month, but the opportunity, like the sports themselves, have passed away.

Amongst the trees now in blossom, we must notice the Great Maple, the Beech, Sycamore, Hornbean, Spindletree, the Scotch Fir, and others of the cone-bearing tribe; closely allied to which last the Juniper is showing its diminutive catkins and berry-like cones mingled with the fruit, ripe and unripe, of former years.

Of the Butterflies, which we have no room to catalogue, we must notice the Swallow-tail, the Pearl-bordered, the Greasy Fritillaries, and the Orange-tip. Amongst the birds of the month are the Swift and Swallow, which now lay; as do also the Black-cap, Sparrow-hawk, Barn-Owl, Goldfinch, Bullfinch, Grey and Yellow Wagtails, and those notable birds the Nightingale and Kingfisher, with that most curious denizen of the air the Nightjar.

And thus having reached the end of this ever-beautiful and ever-beloved month, we may only pause to wish it farewell in the musical words of Eliza Cook :—

"'Tis the last sweet day of beautiful May,
And the face of Nature is beaming
With light and love from the blue above,
With the tint of flowers where wild bees rove,
And the gems of the brooklet, streaming.

"The rook on his way greets beautiful May
With a farewell note of pleasure;
The lark is loud in the one, white cloud,
And the cuckoo chants as though he were proud
Of his quaint, unchanging measure.

"The beetles at play thank beautiful May
For the velvet floor where they gambol;
The dun deer slink with a yawn and a wink
'Neath the hawthorn's shade, or hurry to drink
At the pool with a lazy amble.

"The meek herds stray in beautiful May
Where the richest grass is growing;
Or drowsily stand on the rifted sand,
Where the ripples just wash the osiered land,
Too happy for feeding or lowing.

"Thou art passing away, most beautiful May,
As still as a babe in its sleeping;
May the lids of thine eyes, like the child's, arise
To a Hope in the Future all kind and wise,
To a season when God the harvest supplies,
And gives to His creatures the reaping."

AMABEL VAUGHAN.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "My Lord the King;" "The Path of Life, an Allegory;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

WOLVERSTON THEATRE.—AN UNREHEARSED SCENE.

MISS NELLIE LONGMORE had been "leading lady," to speak in theatrical parlance, at the St. John's Theatre in the West End, but the company had lately broken up, and she had since been on a series of "starring" engagements, and was now for a night or two here. Let not the reader suppose for one moment that the fact of Mr. Fitzgerald's knowing her argued ill, for he was really a gentleman, and was one of the

very few who, with all his faults, kept his faith with womankind, and never wronged a single one of that sex which the poet describes as so fair and yet so frail.

This indeed was so well known in London among his set at the "Arts Club," and the "Garrick," of both which he was a member, that he was called the "Honourable Fitz," by which name he was known in all the theatres in London,—at least such as he frequented, and they were only the best.

Fitz, amongst other things, was a dramatic critic, and, I believe, a member of the Dramatic Authors' Society, and so in the pursuit of his vocation,—and a very pleasant vocation he made it too—he had the *entrée* of the Green room, where he was always welcome. In London he had met Miss Longmore, who was a very handsome, lady-like woman, and a real genius in her way, and he had seen and acknowledged her talent,—and in "writing her up" in the papers he had made *her* a reputation, and *himself* her friend.

She was a very nice girl (only 23 at the date of my story), and, strange to say, had no enemies—at least none who spoke evil of her—so that scandal had, as yet at least, never pointed the finger of reproach at her, and she had never done a deed of which to be ashamed.

But, as I said before, Fitz was a thorough Irishman, and would flirt with anything in petticoats, no matter how plain, provided there was nothing better to attract him at hand. How much more, then, with a pretty woman, who had already begun to like him more than she cared to own to herself, and who smiled always sweetly and kindly upon him.

There was a crowded house, and all the pieces went well. The *corps dramatique* was a good one, and on this occasion the caste was unusually strong, so that the loudest plaudits greeted the performers, but the "leading lady" received the lion's share of the applause. This was not to be wondered at, for Nellie was nearly as charming a Juliet as Mrs. Scott Siddons, whom she greatly resembled. Before the curtain dropped at the close of the first act, a messenger tapped at the door of the box where our friends were seated, and Fitz, who was on the look-out, quietly opened the door, and took a crumpled note from the man's hand, in which was the one word, "Come," and nothing more.

The party were so intent upon the masquerade scene—it was "Romeo and Juliet"—that nobody noticed the interruption, except Miss Renard, who was all ears and eyes for other people's business.

She noticed the crumpled piece of paper, and the smile that came over Fitzgerald's face, and she resolved to watch him. As soon as the Nurse said those last words to Juliet—

"Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone,"

Miss Longmore looked up at the box where Fitz was standing; he took the hint, and walked out before any one had time to observe him.

"Where is Fitz?" someone asks presently, "where is Fitz?"

Mabel looks askance, but says nothing.

Two or three friends came round to the box to greet Mabel after her return home again, and in congratulating her on what they have just heard, ask also: "Where is Fitz?"

Mabel is hurt, annoyed, at what she justly considers her lover's neglect.

Here the first night they are seen in public together he takes the earliest opportunity of leaving her side, without so much as a word to say why or wherefore he has gone.

(I'm afraid she would have been more hurt still could she but have divined where Fitz was now.)

Yes, there he is chatting to the pretty Nellie Longmore on the stage, and seemingly very happy in her company.

The word is however given to "clear," for the curtain is going up for the second act, and the young couple move to the wings for a moment or two before Juliet retires to "change" for the second scene.

Of course Fitz says all sorts of pretty things about Miss Longmore's "Juliet," and how he should like to be her Romeo just to learn how to make love to her properly; and she laughs, and says that if he could not make love to her except by the aid of the book or the play, his passion cannot be very ardent, or it would soon find words of its own, far better than were ever written, to express his thoughts. And Fitz answers:

"*Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?*"

"Are you going to rehearse the next scene, if you please?" Miss Longmore says, "because I must go; but you may stay here if you like, and I shall be free to chat to you presently!"

"Oh! Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?" she adds half scoffingly, half tenderly.

Fitz looks up, a sharp enquiring glance, but she has gone.

"I should like to have seen her face when she said that," he mutters to himself, and then he stands with arms folded, buried in thought, little heeding anything that passes, so wrapt up is he in his deep abstraction.

Suddenly he remembers where he is, and finds that he has been unconsciously standing so near the last entrance on to the stage, near the footlights, that he can see the occupants of the box opposite, and he moves back hurriedly, hoping most devoutly that none of the party have seen him.

And now Scene 2, Act II. is coming on, and Romeo enters, saying—

"*He jests at scars that never felt a wound.*"

Juliet appears above at a window, having been helped up there by Mr. Fitz, and as it is rather high, it requires some art to do it well.

Not being exactly used to such employment, Fitz succeeds in placing the young lady on the balcony; but in doing so manages to push the next wing a little to the rear, thus exposing him to the gaze of the occupants of the stage box, supposing them to be looking in that direction.

One pair of sharp eyes have indeed detected him, and, little as he knows it, he is being watched attentively through a *lorgnette* by no less a person than his quondam flame, Miss Renard.

That admirable lady was determined in her own mind to show her dear friend Mabel where her *pretendu* lies in ambush, and opportunity soon offers.

At the end of the second act Juliet retires from the balcony saying—

"*Parting is such sweet sorrow,*
That I shall say—good night 'till it be morrow."

"Very pretty indeed," Fitz replies, as if the words were addressed to him; "and now as the platform is rather high for you, you will have to accept my assistance to come down. Come now, jump, I will catch you;" and with that our gentleman opens his arms, and the fair Juliet leaps down. The two then stand for a moment talking, and then move aside out of view.

"Mabel, just look here a moment," Miss Renard says, "I want to show you something. Take this glass, and look close by the balcony on to the stage; do you see anything?"

"No! where? Oh, yes, I see the man who is playing Romeo; he is saying something."

"Lend me the glass; quick! Oh, my friend, I have caught you at last!" the amiable Belinda says. "Now look!—but stop, they are gone; how provoking!"

And Miss Belinda Renard was glum for the rest of the evening.

"Oh! don't mind," said the fair Mabel. "I daresay it was something I shouldn't care to see. Where is Reginald, though? It is very strange he does not come."

"We shall see him presently, no doubt, dear," says Miss Renard; "probably when the play is over," she adds with a grim, icy smile.

Meanwhile, Mr. Fitz, quite unconscious of the interest he is exciting in other quarters, has devoted himself to Miss Longmore, and when the play is over he escorts her to her carriage—a cab, by the way. For some reason best known to themselves they

do not go out by the stage door, the usual mode of exit for the "ladies and gentlemen" of the company, but they come through the manager's private way, which leads out through the box entrance.

As they go out, Miss Longmore dropped something, but it was only a card, so it did not much matter.

Having shown the charming actress to her carriage, Fitz went back "as cool as a cucumber," or Charles Matthews, to the box where he had left his *chere amie* and other relatives, and excused himself for being absent so long by saying that a friend of his from London had just come down, and was anxious to see him; but he forgot to add who that friend was.

Miss Renard was prepared to be satirical; but she knew that Fitz was more than a match for her, and so thought it wisest to bide her time.

A farce followed the play, and after that the ballet; but our friends were heartily tired, and the ladies did not care to wait longer, so our party were amongst the first to leave.

Miss Renard was a little in advance of the rest, and in going out saw near the door a card lying on the ground. Unobserved she stooped and picked it up, and it did not take long to read engraved thereon, "Mr. Reginald Fitzgerald," or to see that there were some words in pencil: "May I come and see you after the first act?" the rest was half rubbed out; but it was quite sufficient for the inquisitive lady, and she hid it under her glove, resolving to make use of it some day.

Meanwhile Fitzgerald, wholly unsuspicious of the plot in which he was becoming involved, was endeavouring to reinstate himself in Mabel's good graces; a feat that would have been difficult even for him but for one fact, which was that the fair Mabel had had a host of admirers round her all the evening; and therefore, although she was hurt and chagrined at first at her lover's want of attention,—and had she guessed the cause, would undoubtedly have discarded him at once and for ever—she did not miss Fitz as much as perhaps he would have liked, and consequently soon forgave him for his neglect.

(*To be Continued.*)

MASONIC HYMN.

From the "Advocate."

COME where each Mason raises
His heart in grateful song,
Come where each brother praises,
Where prayer and praise belong.
They serve their God in heaven,
And square their useful lives;
The Mason's Great Light given,
Directs them to the skies.

The square, the plumb, the level,
Their rule of life portray;
They cease the work that's evil,
To tread the upright way.
Their smoke of incense rises,
Emblem of faithful heart;
Each Mason sacrifices,
Each acts a noble part,

Their book of Constitution,
  Their line of rectitude;
Love is the grand solution
  Of all that's pure and good.
Faith towers the Mason's heaven;
  Hope yields immortal bloom;
There joys supreme are given
  To dispel error's gloom.

Ere life's short day is ended,
  Their lovely work and toil
Show Masons' virtues blended
  With corn, and wine, and oil.
They eat the hidden manna
  That to the good is given;
They sweetly sing Hosannah
  While marching home to heaven

DR. MOON'S WORKS FOR THE BLIND.

WE are much pleased to be permitted to peruse the following report, and we commend it to the attention of all our readers :—

A Brief Account of the Progress and Success of Dr. Moon's Reading for the Blind during the year 1876.

With grateful thanks Dr. Moon again presents to his kind friends a summary of the success, which, through the Divine blessing upon their united efforts, has been accomplished during another year, in preparing and circulating embossed books in his type for the blind. During the year, 6,226 volumes have been circulated, making a total of more than 110,000 volumes issued since the commencement of the work, thirty years ago.

Of the books sent out in 1877, 2,503 were books of Scripture, and 3,723 were upon Religious, Biographical, Educational, and other subjects.

As in former years, the circulation of the books has not been confined to Great Britain alone, but they have been sent to Spain, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Syria, America, Australia, China, &c. Copies of the Lord's Prayer, and other small portions of Scripture have been sent to Africa and China.

Dr. Moon has now adapted his Alphabet to 131 languages and dialects, many of which have been successfully employed by Missionaries and others in distant lands. Dr. Moffat, the great African Missionary, is kindly endeavouring to get some of the embossed copies in the Sechuana language circulated amongst the Sechuana tribes, and Dr. Moon hopes shortly to have the co-operation of several other Missionaries in Africa, both on the Eastern and Western Coasts, as he has portions already embossed in 20 of the African languages. Dr. Moon would again express that he is desirous of embracing all opportunities of circulating these specimens in new countries, by the kind assistance of Missionaries and others, who may be going abroad.

Towards the close of the year, through the kindness of the Rev. J. Kilner, an opportunity occurred of sending an account of Dr. Moon's work and a specimen alphabet to about a thousand Missionaries abroad. Dr. Kilner, in acknowledging the receipt of the packet of circulars and Alphabets for the Missionaries, said, "In a few weeks these leaves for the healing of the nations will have gone the wide world over."

Numerous are the letters of the most pleasing and grateful character that Dr. Moon is continually receiving from the blind, and the noble work of home-teaching among the blind of Great Britain is progressing with the most satisfactory results. But the more the home-teaching work progresses, the greater is the demand for the increased variety of books. To meet this demand, as well as others equally pressing, Dr. Moon again earnestly pleads for continued assistance from his subscribers to the work, and he earnestly hopes that many additional friends may be raised up to enable him to extend the usefulness of his system of reading to the blind of other countries, who have not had the privilege of reading for themselves. Contributions may be addressed to Dr. William Moon, 104, Queen's Road, Brighton.

The following are the 131 languages and dialects to which Dr. Moon has adapted his type for the blind, specimens of which may be had by Missionaries and others going abroad. These specimens will serve as a kind of first lesson for teaching the blind to read:

Accra or Gâ, Aimara, Aneityum, Arabic, Arrawack, Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, Basque-French, Basque-Spanish, Bengali, Bohemian, Brazilian, Breton, Bulgarian, Bullom, Sherbro-Bullom, Burgandian, Carniolan, Catalan or Catalonian, Chippewyan, Choctaw, Cree, Creolese, Croatian, Curacoa, Dajak, Dakota or Sioux, Danish, Delaware, Dorpat Esthonian, Dualla, Dutch, Enghadine-Upper, Enghadine-Lower, English, Esquimaux, Faroese, Fijian, Fernandian, Finnish, Flemish, French, Galla, Gaelic, German, Grebo, Greek-Ancient, Greek-Modern, Greenlandish, Haussa, Hawaiian, Hebrew, Hindustani, Hungarian, Hungarian-Wendish, Icelandic, Indo-Portuguese, Irish, Isubu, Italian, Japanese, Javanese, Judeo-Arabic, Judeo-German, Judeo-Spanish, Kafir, Karif or Carib, Khassi, Kikamba, Lapponese, Latin, Lettish or Livonian, Lifu, Lithuanian, Lithuanian Wendish Lower, Lithuanian Wendish Upper, Malagasy, Malay, Malay-Middle-Class, Maltese, Mandarin-Southern, Mandingo, Manks, Maori, Mayan, Mexican, Mohawk, Moldavian, Mosquito, Mpongwe, Namacqua, Negro-English of Surinam, New England-Indian, Ningpo, Normandian, Norse, Ojibwa, Peking, Persian, Piedmontese, Polish, Portuguese, Provencal, Quanian or Norwegian Laplandish, Raratongan, Reval-Esthonian, Romano-Moldavian, Romany, Rouman, Russian, Samoan, Samogitian, Sechuana, Servian, Shanghai, Sesuto, Slovakian, Slovenian, Spanish, Susoo, Swedish, Swiss, Tahitian, Tamil, Tigré, Tongan, Turkish, Vaudois, Wallachian, Welsh, Yoruba.

A list of foreign books in Dr. Moon's type may be had on application.

Further particulars of this work will be found in an interesting little volume, entitled, "Light for the Blind," by Dr. Moon, published by Messrs. Longmans & Co., Paternoster Row, London.

Illustrations of some of the Benefits the Reading has been to the Blind.

One of our readers, a poor woman in Scotland, met with an accident through a fall while cleaning her house. This disabled the hand by which she was accustomed to read. While lying in bed after the accident, she thought she would try to read with the other hand. When the book was given her, she commenced what she thought would be a useless experiment, but, to her agreeable surprise, she was able to make out distinctly the words of a hymn. "Oh, how strange," she said, "that the first hymn that should turn up to me on opening my book should be the one entitled 'Thy will be done.' When I commenced reading that hymn I was in a sad, repining state of mind, but before I finished, I felt calm and trustful; it was to me as a well of water to a weary traveller in a desert land."

Another poor woman, aged 45, thirty years blind, learnt to read in three lessons. When the teacher first called, it was thought impossible she could learn, as she is deaf to every sound. But he determined to try; so he at once put the alphabet under her fingers. She said, "Oh, this is the alphabet for the blind! I tried to learn a long time ago, but could not get on, and I am afraid I sha'nt now, but I will try." The teacher passed her hand to and fro over the page, by which means she learnt most of the letters before he left. On his second visit, she said in a sad, despairing tone, "I am afraid I

shall never learn to read." The teacher sat down by her, took her hand, and touched his eyes with her fingers. She said, "Oh, you are blind, and come to teach me! How kind! I WILL try." And she turned to her book with an evident determination to master it. At the third lesson she read through a card containing part of a Psalm, with which she was greatly delighted. When the teacher rose to leave, she said in a voice husky with emotion, "Oh, thank you, thank you; it will be a blessing if I can read. I have been blind 30 years, and so deaf for 20 that I have not been able to hear the sound of reading, so that I have almost forgotten now how to pronounce the words when I have spelt them." At the fifth visit, the teacher found she had read through the first eleven chapters of St. John's Gospel.

Another reader remarked to her teacher, when he called to change her book, that "The joy of being able to read God's Word again was greater than the sorrow she felt at losing her sight."

Amongst the various accounts received from abroad, there is a very interesting one in reference to the labours of Mr. James, of Ballarat, in Australia, which is as follows:—"Mr. James is an entire stranger to the country in which he lives (having emigrated from Cornwall, in England), yet it is wonderful how he makes his way, day after day, for a distance of seven miles or more, round about Ballarat. With only a dog as his companion, he seeks out and visits the blind, to instruct them in reading the 'Old, Old Story,' to talk with them upon the things of the better land, and engage with them in prayer. This zealous labourer has already taught many of the sightless ones to read, and amongst the number is a blind Chinese, whom he has not only taught to read, but to converse in English. 'It is a touching sight,' says one, in writing to a Ballarat newspaper, 'to see this godly man setting forth on his labours of the day, with his dog and stick, and his packet of books strapped to his back; and it is remarkable how well he succeeds, having but one hand, and being an entire stranger to the country.'"

Subscriptions towards the furtherance of this good work of embossing the Bible and other books for the blind of all lands, will be thankfully received by Dr. William Moon, 104, Queen's Road, Brighton, Sussex.

IS IT A PROMISE, OR A DECLARATION?

BY PHILOSOPHOS.

SOME of my readers may remember that at a recent memorable Lecture at Birmingham Professor Tyndal seemed to bring a part indictment against Religion, in that he stated that the Promise of Peace on earth had been notoriously falsified by the results of time and the experience of subsequent ages. I confess that I cannot think such a bit of clap-trap worthy of the name or fame of Professor Tyndal, who, on the subjects proper to his sphere of work and power of thought, is undoubtedly a Διδασκαλος of no ordinary ability in our living generation. It is just because his words are listened to and thought over by so many at the present day that I venture to offer my humble protest in the MASONIC MAGAZINE against assumptions which are baseless, and against assertions which are incorrect.

I. In the first place, the so-called "Promise" was not, as we understand it, a "Promise" at all. It is simply a declaration, a proclamation of great joy, of good news, to a sorrowing, suffering, sin-laden, dying world. "Glory to God on High" was hymned by an angelic choir, because in the fulness of time the work of redeeming grace was at last openly begun on earth; because in the goodness and wisdom and love of the Most

High, the blessed counsels of the Everlasting Trinity were now to be openly and personally communicated to weak and fallen man. Therefore well did the heavenly host begin with an asiription of glory to T. G. A. O. T. U. for this manifestation of incomparable and imperishable love; and then also seasonably as well and justly did the same bright denizens of a happier sphere assert that in this glad announcement was wrapped up for ever on earth Peace and good will. If only the message was rightly received—if only the truth was actually mastered—if only the fact was firmly believed in—there was the offer, amid the narrowing and antagonistic tendencies of earthly society, of the blessed possibility of Peace and good will for man. Under the shadow of that Diviner Tower of Strength, and Hope, and Salvation—of that "Great Rock in a weary land,"—there was henceforth to be an "outcome," if men so willed it, so looked at it, so aided the beneficent declaration of the Lord of Heaven and Earth—namely, a living era of Peace and good will—though man seemed willing rather to be at enmity with his fellow-man—though hostile passions and bitter hatred marred and devastated with their fell power the wondrous area of Humanity.

II. But as if to prevent error—as if to forecast exaggeration—as if to deal with the infirm susceptibilities and darkened minds of men—the Divine Teacher of our holy religion especially declared that He, humanly speaking, came, "not to send peace on earth, but a sword," and that it must needs be that "offences" came—divisions, troubles, tumults, sedition, heresies;—but "woe" to the individual by whom they actually did come to this suffering and estranged creation of ours.

III. Thus it will be seen, then, that the "exegesis" of Professor Tyndal is profoundly incorrect, and that neither text nor context support his interpretation. Indeed, as I regard it now, calmly and seriously, his whole argument, which rests upon it, falls, so to say, with a crash! To suppose for one moment that such a statement, however dogmatic, is any valid objection to the verity of Religion or the historical certainty of Christianity, for instance, would be an insult to our common sense, to say nothing to its being most antagonistic to all the rules of right reasoning and correct interpretation.

IV. If Professor Tyndal is wrong—as he certainly is—in declaring such a "pæan" of angelic sympathy—a "Promise"—I do not see what force remains, what propriety endures, (so to say), in his open attack, or in his latent insinuation. It is, if seriously intended as a disparagement of Religion, as weak as weak can be, and hardly deserves notice, or demands refutation, from those who read or understand their Bibles. But as in these unlettered and excitable days assertion is often mistaken for argument, and assumption is accepted for proof, it seems to me well, especially having regard to what is passing in France and elsewhere just now, under the standard of Material Infidelity, and so-called Scientific Scepticism, to point out to all my Brother Masons how and wherein so distinguished and so popular a teacher as Professor Tyndal has gravely and greatly erred. If the old axiom, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," be still, to some extent, at any rate, true, shall I be blamed by any if I say this, that while I am willing to follow and listen to Professor Tyndal in pure Science, I absolutely decline to accept him, in any sense, as my tutor in Theology.

I do not wish to seem to be too ready to take offence, or to cast stones at those who differ from my religious views, but I feel bound to point out the danger to many ardent students and anxious intellects of some of the refined and questionable speculations of the hour.

Nothing is so dangerous in this world, for the present and future welfare of us all alike, as any attempt to weaken the general foundations on which Religion safely and triumphantly stands. We have outlived the age of coarse attack and unbelieving immorality; we have parted with, let us trust for ever, the polished sarcasms of Bolingbroke and the shallow sophistry of Volney; we have, I repeat, left behind us Hume and Gibbon, we have forgotten Priestley and Thomas Paine. But there lies before us a more subtle temptation, a more dangerous trial, to-day. Science is made to speak with distinctive voice in respect of all we hold most sacred and most true. "The voice may be Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

Whether then we have to deal with older or later scepticism, with uncouth or

courteous infidelity; whether we are to confront the old weapons of Celsus and Spinoza furbished up with modern fittings, or listen to the wordiness of Strauss, or be pained by the profanity of Massol, let us be resolute in this one thing,—that we decline either to be ridiculed or intimidated out of our religious notions, our religious convictions, our religious trust. Infidelity in the abstract or concrete may draw near to us with siren voice, and argumentative audacity; it may seek, as the case may be, to seduce, to entrance, or to overawe, but we decline to cast off our little "bark" from our "moorings," which are firmly fastened to the "Rock of Ages."

We know too well what Infidelity has in store for us, to be allured by its pretences, or shaken by its sarcasms. Instead of peace it would give us fear; instead of satisfaction it would give us confusion; instead of order, it would lead us into anarchy; and instead of faith, hope, and certainty, it would leave us, and can but leave us, in the mournful quagmire of error, in the sinking quicksands of despair!

THE SCOT ABROAD.

From "The Masonic Eclectic."

WE were going out to join the Turkish service, where hard knocks and high pay were to be got for the asking, and of course we talked of nothing but cutting and slashing, capturing standards, and winning endless glory, forgetting that we might be picked of by marsh-fever or cholera before we ever saw the enemy at all. The most enthusiastic of us all was an Englishman, a jolly, empty-headed, good-natured sort of a fellow, who was going out as an interpreter, having somehow picked up a smattering of Turkish, though of Russian and the other language of Eastern Europe, he knew no more than I did. I found out by chance, before I fell in with him, that his ruling passion was an unquenchable hatred to everything Scotch; and so, just for the fun of the thing, I determined to pass myself off for an Englishman. Having been brought up in England, I succeeded very well; and to others who were in the secret, it was as good as a play to hear the fellow launching out against Scotland and the Scotch, never dreaming that his attentive listener was himself one of the hated race.

I'm not going to inflict upon you the history of our journey up the country, which at the time I thought unendurable misery, though I know better what "roughing it" really means by this time. Suffice it to say that after several weeks bad food, dirty quarters, days of crawling at a snail's pace along the worst roads in the world, and nights of being crawled over by creeping things innumerable, we at last found ourselves, with our trimness tarnished, and our ideas of "glorious war" considerably modified, encamped at some unpronounceable places on the Lower Danube, with old Suvarov's gray-coats quartered within three miles of us.

I never saw Suvarov but once; but I haven't forgot it yet. One day, when there was a truce for three or four hours, some of the Russian officers invited a few of ours to dine with them; and an old Bavarian cavalry officer, who was one of the elect, and with whom I had become quite intimate, thinking I might like to see the fun, took me along with him. We were all as thick as thieves in a twinkling, and there was a great hand-shaking and drinking of healths going on all round, when, all of a sudden, the hangings of the tent were flung back, and in rushed a little pug-nosed, dirty-faced fellow, dressed (or rather undressed) in a tattered pair of trowsers, and a shirt that looked as if it had never been washed for a month—stuck his arms akimbo and crowed like a cock. I took him for a drunken camp-fellow, and was rather astonished to see all the Russian officers start up and salute him, as if he had been the emperor in person; but my old

Bavarian, remarking my bewilderment, whispered to me that it was Suvarov himself. He chattered for a minute or two with his officers, and then, looking hard at me (I suppose he thought I looked rather greener than the rest, and wanted to give me a start) asked in Russ, which one of the others interpreted for me, "How many stars are there in the sky?" "None at present," answered I in French; "they only come out at night!" The old fellow laughed when they repeated what I had said, and told me I ought to have been a Russian; and with that he bolted out as sudden as he came in, and I never saw him again.

It was a few days after our glimpse of the enemy's *menage*, that the first taste of retribution overtook my friend the Englishman. We were strolling through the camp with a Turkish officer, whose acquaintance we had made the day before, and the interpreter was abusing the Scotch to his heart's content, as usual, when, to his utter astonishment (and to mine, too, for that matter) Hassan Bey turned upon him, and broke out fiercely, "I'll tell ye whaat, ma mon, gin ye daur lowse yere tongue upon ma country like thaat, I'll gie ye a cloot on the lug that'll mak' it tingle fra this till hallowe'en!"

You should have seen the Englishman's face; I think I never saw a man really thunderstruck before. "Why, good gracious!" stammered he at length, "I thought you were a Turk!"

"And sae I *am* a Turk the noo, ma braw chiel," retorted the irate Glasgow Mussulman; and a better ane than *ye'll* ever mak', forbys, for ye ken nae mair o' the ways than my faither's auld leather breeks, that ne'er trawvelled further than jist frae Glasgae to Greenock, and back again; but when I gang hame (as I'll do or it's lang, if it be God's wull) I'll jist be Wully Forbes, son o' auld Daddie Forbes o' the Gorbals, for a' that's come and gane!"

At that moment, as if to add to the effect of this wonderful metamorphosis, a splendidly dressed Hungarian, whom I remembered to have seen among the Russian officers, with whom we had dined, called out from the other bank of the stream that separated our outposts from the enemy's, "Wully, mon, there's truce the noo for twa hours; jist come wi' me, and we'll hae a glass o' whusky thegither!"

At this second miracle, the interpreter's face assumed a look of undefined apprehension, wonderful and edifying to behold—exactly the look of Moliere's "Malade Imaginaire," when he began to wonder whether there was really anything serious the matter with him.

"Isn't that fellow a Hungarian?" said he, in a low, horror-stricken tone. "What on earth makes him talk Scotch?"

"Perhaps he's got a cold," suggested I; "but I must tell you that some of our savants hold a theory that Scotch was the original language, to which all nations will one day return; and this looks rather like it, doesn't it?"

"Scotch the original language!" shrieked my companion; and, breaking off in the middle of his sentence, he subsided in a silence more oppressive than words.

A few days after this, a scouting party, of which I had the command, took a Russian officer; and, in order to cheer him up a bit under this misfortune, I asked him to dine with me, the party being completed by my friend the interpreter. Luckily our prisoner was a good hand at French, of which we both knew enough to go on with; so the conversation went smoothly enough, except that my Englishman, who thought no small beer of himself as a philologist, would keep bringing out scraps of what he imagined to be Russ, making the disconsolate captive grin like a fox-trap whenever he thought no one was looking at him. At last, after we had drunk each other's health all around, and finished what little wine we had, the Russian called on me for a song; and as I didn't know any in Russ, I gave him a French one instead, which I had picked up on the voyage out. Then our interpreter followed on with an old Latin drinking song (which our new friend seemed perfectly to understand); and when he had finished, turned to the Russian, and said very politely, "Won't you oblige us with a song yourself? it ought to go all round." The Russian bowed, leaned backed a little, looked at us both with an indescribable grin, and burst forth in the purest native dialect with "Auld Lang Syne."

"Bless my soul!" cried the agonized Englishman, starting up, "Is everybody on earth a Scotchman? Perhaps I'm one myself, without my knowing it!" And thereupon, overwhelmed by this appalling idea, he slunk away to bed, where I heard him groaning dismally as long as I remained awake.

From that day there was a marked change in my rollicking companion. All his former joviality disappeared, and a gloomy depression hung over him, broken by constant fits of nervous restlessness, as if he were in perpetual dread of the appearance of some Turkish, Austrian, Greek, or Tartar Scotchman. Indeed, what he had already seen was of itself quite sufficient to unsettle him, as you may imagine; and all this was a trifle to what was coming. For about this time our corps was detached to meet a Russian force under a certain General Tarassoff (of whom we had heard a great deal), who was threatening to fall upon our flank. We fell in with the enemy sooner than we expected, and had some pretty sharp skirmishing with him for two or three weeks together; after which (as usually happens in a fight when both sides have had about enough of it) an armistice was agreed upon, that the two generals might meet—to arrange, if I recollect aright, for an exchange of prisoners. After all the trouble Tarassoff had given us, and all that we had heard of him before, we were naturally rather anxious to see what he was like; so I and three or four more (among whom was his excellency the interpreter) contrived to be present at the meeting. We had to wait a good while before the great man made his appearance; but at last Tarassoff rode up, and the Pasha came forward to receive him. The Russian was a fine, soldier-like figure, nearly six feet high, with a heavy cuirassier moustache, and a latent vigour betraying itself (as the "physical force" novelists say) in every line of his long muscular limbs. Our Pasha was a short, thick-set man, rather too round and puffy in the face to be very dignified; but the quick restless glance of his keen gray eye showed that he had no want of energy. My friend the interpreter looked admiringly at the pair as they approached each other, and was just exclaiming, "There, thank God, a real Russian and a real Turk, and admirable specimens of their race, too!" when suddenly General Tarassoff and Ibrahim Pasha, after staring at each other for a moment, burst forth simultaneously, "Eh, Donald Cawmell, are *ye* here?"—"Lord keep us, Sandy Robertson, can this be *you*?"

Involuntarily I glanced at the Englishman.

"I thought as much," he said, with a calmness more dreadful than any emotion. "It's all over—flesh and blood can bear it no longer. Turks, Russians, Hungarians, English—all Scotchmen! It's more than I can bear. I shall go home!"

"Home!" echoed I in amazement; "why you have hardly been out six months yet!"

"What *of* that," groaned the victim, clutching his forehead distractedly with both hands; "there's nothing left for me to do here. I came out as an interpreter; but if all nations of Europe talk nothing but Scotch, what use can I be! I shall go home at once, before I lose my senses altogether. I shall be talking Gaelic myself before long."

I never saw him again after his departure; but I have since heard that to the day of his death he remained firmly convinced that the Turkish conquest of Constantinople, and the subsequent rise of the Ottoman empire, were a malicious invention of historians, and that all the inhabitants of Eastern Europe were in reality Scotchmen in disguise.

"HAIL AND FAREWELL."

"Hail and farewell!" We meet to part
Even with the greeting on our lips,
As those, who come from some busy mart,
See all their wealth go out in ships
That never come again to shore.
So fade our days to rise no more,

Our three-score years are but a span;
We scarcely trill an idle song
Before the funeral army's van
Passes with muffled drums along.
And sadly then the doleful bell
Moans in the palsied ear "Farewell!"

"Hail and farewell!" The stars go down;
The billows of the rosy dawn
Are breaking on the idle town,
And night's weird armies, far withdrawn,
Fade like dim spectres down the west,
And hope is strong and love is best.

Yes, hope is strong in newer souls,
And love is best for those that stay;
No more my ship at anchor rolls,
And yours is sailing fast away.
I lose you, for the ocean's swell
Breaks now between us. "Hail, and farewell!"

The lamp goes out, the embers die,
Pale Dian tips her silver keel
In some far-hidden reach of sky,
While night and darkness round us steal,
And sorrow sits on every sail;
We cry "Farewell!" but whisper "Hail!"

Beyond the ocean, where the palms
Arise beside the jocund streams,
And love rehearses all his psalms,
And youth renews his happy dreams,
If I may wait your coming sail,
How blessed then the cheerful "Hail!"

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(*Continued from page* 464.)

THE Anaglyph before us was an Egyptian symbol, and therefore we will consider in what manner the Spurious Freemasonry of that country may assist in establishing our hypothesis. The science of astronomy was carried to great perfection in Egypt. The ark of Noah was esteemed by that people an emblem of the heavens; and when they began to distinguish the stars in the firmament, and to reduce them to particular constellations, there is reason to think that most of the asterisms were formed with the like reference; and the sun and moon being considered eternal, were worshipped devoutly, because they rightly concluded that nothing but the Deity could have existed from everlasting.

Sir W. Drummond has promulgated a curious theory on this subject which is worth quoting. He says: "Among the similitudes which policy had invented and which religion had sanctified, none could be more agreeable to monarchs than that which compared the princes of the earth with the King of Heaven, and which represented them as the emblems of the supreme and spiritual Governor of the Universe. The celestial court was imagined to resemble those of our nether world. The King was likened to the Sun, and the great men of the state were assimilated to the most brilliant of the stars; and thus while the people looked up with reverence to their masters upon earth, as images of their rulers in heaven, they became the willing slaves of a despotism which seemed to be founded on the authority of the gods themselves."*

The form of the Sun being permanent, was symbolized by a circle; and the changing moon by a semicircle or lunette, as it appears when first visible at its monthly renewals. And the walls of their temples and obelisks were painted in permanent colours, or carved in relief, all the sacred symbols of their complicated system of religion, accompanied by zodiacs and celestial planispheres, numerous specimens of which still remain at Tentyra, Esneh, the Temple of Isis at Philoe, and many other places; and these mysterious symbols and diagrams were partly explained to the initiated aspirant, and partly confined to the knowledge of the priests alone.

Accustomed, in the spirit of a perverted theology, to consider the seat of the divinity in the higher regions of the air, and inaccessible but to the purest celestial beings, they at first considered these beings, whatever they were, in the light of *mediators between God and man*, through whom, therefore, their vows and offerings ought to be directed. But another question arose: how were they to ascertain the nature and locality of these benignant intelligencies? The brilliant orbs of night were suggested as the intermediate objects between earth and heaven, and therefore the abode of those brilliant seraphim whose business and delight it was to convey petitions from man to his Creator, and in return to disseminate blessings upon earth.

It was not, therefore, to the stars abstractedly that the devotions of the Sabean worship were originally addressed, but to the genii, seraphim, or spirits who were reputed to inhabit them. Many of the Hindoo philosophers believed—and their system was framed on the Egyptian model—that the stars were the souls of men departed this life, and raised to that high dignity in reward for their virtues and austerities. The distinction, however, in subsequent ages, when religion became deteriorated by the grossest superstitions, and pure theology degenerated into a system of physics, was forgotten, and men paid adoration to the material and visible substance, instead of the invisible power.

These superstitions were confirmed by the practice of judicial astrology. After the apotheosis of their eminent men, who were transplanted into the firmament of heaven, it was taught that the stars possessed an actual influence over human affairs, which could arise from no other cause than the favour or displeasure of their divine inhabitant. Hence, in the hieroglyphics of Egypt, a star was used to represent the Deity;† and hence, doubtless, from an ancient tradition preserved in the Mysteries, of atonement through the shedding of blood, and the doctrine of an expiatory sacrifice, mankind were gradually led to propitiate these imaginary gods by prayers and bloody offerings. These at first consisted of beasts, then of enemies taken in battle, and lastly of their own children and friends.

The Druids of Gaul and Britain were in the habit of immolating human victims in sacrifice to Hermes, under the idea of an atonement for sin—as Cæsar expresses it:‡ "Pro vita hominis nisi vita hominis reddatur, non posse aliter deorum immortalium numen placari, arbitrantur." This approach to the true doctrine must have proceeded from an unimpaired tradition which had been transmitted from the earliest inhabitants of the earth after the deluge.

* Drummond, vol. ii., p. 85.
† Horap. Hier., l. ii., c. i.
‡ De Bello Jal., l. vi., s. 16.

The system of elevating deceased mortals to the skies, and investing them with divine attributes, was introduced into Egypt by Hermes, the reputed inventor of our Anaglyph. And it is curious to observe that the angels are called stars by God Himself,* the stars representing them not only in the glory and brightness of their nature, as St. Paul saith,† one star differeth from another star in glory, but also in the great multitude of them—the hosts of heaven being, like the stars, innumerable.

Now, as it was well known that Jehovah had appeared on earth in the human form, to communicate his will to Adam, Enoch, and Noah, the Hermesians feigned that he had been incarnate in those persons, who were hence considered in the light of transmigratory representatives of the Deity; and hence the Seers, which is here symbolised, not only by a circle, but by the chief figure, the compound Scarab, was reputed to represent Osiris or Noah, the great father of mankind, from whom Hermes received his mysterious knowledge. And Noah was a type of Christ, as Osiris, symbolised by our anaglyph, *was an incarnation of the Deliverer expected by the Egyptians.*

The destroyer Typhon was also identified by the Egyptians with the Sun.‡ He represents *fire* as well as *water*, and was worshipped in conjunction with a star. And hence, probably, originated that ancient Christian belief that the souls of the damned should be alternately plunged into floods of fire and fields of ice, which is alluded to by Virgil as well as Milton. The former says:

> "—— aliis, sub gurgite vasto,
> Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni."

The latter:

> "From beds of raging fire, in ice to starve
> Their soft ethereal warmth."

It is for the above reasons that we find in the hands of Osiris and other Egyptian Seraphim the ansatic cross, or the cross and circle united. I am in doubt whether the *prima facie* signification of this symbol be not grossly phallic; but we are quite certain that it signified life—the giver of life—life everlasting, and not unfrequently the Mediator, who is the author and bestower of eternal life.

Again, Isis was deified in the planet Venus, which was always pourtrayed as attended by a star, although her residence was placed in the moon, whose various phases, imitated in the above planet, were considered a supernatural manifestation of the Deity; and, as we have already seen, she was usually symbolised by a crescent or lunette. Thus Sanchoniatho tells us that Astarte, in her travels, caught a brilliant star as it descended from the heavens, and consecrated it as a deity at Tyre.

In conformity with the above practice, the Egyptians, in the language of the Mysteries, which Iamblichus identifies with that which was used by Adam in Paradise, figured Harpocrates, Orus, and Osiris, the first as a child, to designate the sun at its rising; the second as a young man, to represent the sun at his meridian strength; and the third as an old man, to represent his declination in the west.

The people were soon induced to offer sacrifices to these worthies in their presumed character of Mediators; but the truth, that they were only dead men, was preserved in the Spurious Freemasonry. Thus Bishop Cumberland says that some who had been initiated into the greater mysteries, "have truly told us that this worship of such great men, as were the founders of arts and civil government, was the grand secret of it, which was not communicated even to those that were initiated into the lesser mysteries."§

To be continued.

* Job xxxviii. 7.
† 1 Cor. xv. 41.
‡ Plut. de Isid. p. 131.
§ Cumb. Sanch. p. 348.

ON THE TESTING AND STRENGTH OF RAILWAY MATERIALS, &c

BY BRO. R. M. BANCROFT,
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Bricks.

THE bricks of Rome, which have withstood the wear of seventeen hundred years, the bricks manufactured by the Dutch, which have remained uninjured even when used for street paving, show the excellence which has been attained in the manufacture of this building material in past times. Our own British bricks made in the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts were far superior to the bricks made in the present day. In an American journal, the Rev. M. D. Conway, in a description of a visit to Thomas Carlyle's retired old mansion in Chelsea, states that the renowned owner, pointing to the bricks and mortar which compose his dwelling, remarked :—"Look at these bricks, sir; not one of them is a lie. Let a brick be once honestly burned, and the cement good, and your wall will stand till the trump of doom blows it down. These bricks are as sharp as the day they were put up, and the mortar is now limestone. The houses all around us crumble, the bricks in them were made to crumble after sixty years—that being the extent of most of the leases."

Of the actual truth of Mr. Carlyle's exposure there is but little doubt. Despite the fact that the means of production have vastly improved, we are left with bricks that are roughly finished, imperfectly burned, and perfectly unable to hold together for much more than half a century. Undoubtedly the system of building on leases for sixty or ninety-nine years has led to this deterioration in the strength and endurance of home-made bricks. The object is to obtain building materials as cheaply as possible; and although complaints were made a few years ago as to the high price of bricks, yet they can be obtained at prices which do not allow of any great perfection in the manufacture. Speculative builders will, of course, continue to encourage the sale of disgracefully-made bricks; but for works which are intended to resist the advances of time and the inroads of atmospheric influences, the best materials will be sought for.

The experiments which have been made of late years in testing the strength of bricks have been of great importance; while the careful methods adopted by the engineers engaged in the construction of the more recent of our great metropolitan works have led to good results. One of the most elaborate sets of experiments was made a few years ago by Mr. Hawkes, who was induced to enter into this subject by having to erect some farm buildings for himself. Mr. Hawkes, having experienced considerable benefit from testing pig-iron purchased for his foundry, thought it would be worth while to do the like with the bricks to be used by his builder. He obtained thirty bricks which were sent him as average samples of the kind proposed to be used for his buildings. He ascertained that the average strength of these bricks was somewhere about 1,300lb., but it appears that when the bulk of the materials was delivered, numbers of them were only of the average strength of about 800lb. Two men can test 300 bricks by a testing machine in one hour; and that number is sufficiently large to enable anyone to ascertain the average strength of a vast quantity of bricks. The method of testing was not to ascertain the breaking point, but the bearing power up to a certain average of strength. It has been stated that very few bricks will bear a pressure of three tons. Mr. Hawkes says :—"If you wanted to test bricks at Boston, where the mean strength is 5,064lb., it might be considered that 4,000lb. was a fair test. If bricks had been purchased at a tested strength in the year 260 at Uriconium, about 3,000lb., or if in London in 1860, I would advise the brickmaker to limit his guarantee

to 360lb., because, unfortunately, some have broken at 366lb." Mr. Hawkes' experiments were to ascertain the transverse strength of bricks, not their power to resist a crushing force. It is important to know for how long a brick will carry a weight without breaking. We are told that one common Boston brick which broke with a weight of 920lb., sustained a pressure of 690lb. for forty-eight hours, and then broke with a weight of 1,330lb.; of course these experiments were made upon the half brick, and calculated out at the standard size and bearing. A brick from dried ground clay by pressure sustained a weight of 820lb. for forty-eight hours—its original strength being 898lb.—and it broke when the weights were made up to 950lb. Half bricks frequently require a greater weight to break them than whole bricks. Taking twenty-five bricks each from different districts, it was found that the average weight was 7·85lb., and the strength usually increased with the weight. We gather from Mr. Hawkes' tables of experiments the following useful facts:—

Boston red bricks, best. These bricks are well made, and have a smooth surface, and are straight and square at the edges. They cost in Boston 17 dollars per thousand. Mean strength, 5,064lb. Common Boston bricks, of a dark red colour, labour at 2 dollars per thousand, are free from rubbish. Mean strength, 3,184lb.

Baltimore best bricks are hand-made. The very best sell at 25 dollars per thousand, and ordinary bricks at from 6 to 8 dollars. Mean strength, 3,551lb. Common Baltimore bricks are considered to be far stronger than stone—the bricks from old buildings being very sound. Mean strength, 3,040lb.

The Dutch bricks were furnished by Messrs. Rosher, of Holland Street, London. Greatest strength, 4,000lb.; mean strength, 3,580lb. The Dutch clinkers are stronger and heavier than American common bricks. The clinkers "are made at Moor, near Gouda, in South Holland, from the slime deposited on the banks of the River Yssel, and formerly from that of Haarlem Meer. The colour is a light yellowish brown. The clay or slime is washed to get rid of the earthy matter before being moulded."

From the experiments made on home-made bricks we gather these interesting facts:—The Tipton blue bricks give the greatest strength (5,553lb.), the mean strength being 3,975lb. Best Garrison Lane, Birmingham, bricks, which are hand-made, the clay being passed only through one pair of rollers, stand next in order. Greatest strength, 3,530lb.; mean strength, 3,376lb.; while the common bricks from the same neighbourhood were far inferior. The best Oldbury bricks gave the greatest strength at 4,600lb.; the mean strength being 3,345lb.; while the common Oldbury bricks stood at 3,361lb. greatest strength, and 2,193lb. mean strength. These bricks were manufactured by Messrs Barnsley; those made by Messrs. Ingram by machines gave the following results:—Greatest strength, 3,703lb.; mean strength, 3,120lb.; the least strength being 2,078lb. Messrs. Bradley and Gavan's machine-made bricks, manufactured in Leeds, gave the greatest strength, 4,133lb.; mean, 3,198lb.; least, 2,616lb. The clay is taken from the pit, and does not undergo any previous preparation. In some cases no water is added. The hand-made bricks had a mean strength of 1,038lb. Some bricks from Bridgewater were tried and found to give the greatest strength, 3,200lb.; mean, 2,318lb.; and least, 1,515lb. Crickmay's bricks (near Weymouth), hand-made, one pair of crushing rolls, but no pug-mill:—Greatest strength, 2,680lb.; mean, 1,940lb.; least, 1,480lb.; while some bricks made in two yards nearer Weymouth only gave the mean strength of 725lb. White bricks made in Leicestershire:—Greatest strength, 1,472lb.; mean, 1,104lb.; least 824lb. Oxford bricks:—Greatest, 1,187lb.; mean, 1,087lb.; least, 875lb. Two lots of London (stock) bricks were tested, and gave the following results:—No. 1: Greatest strength, 1,496lb.; mean, 998lb.; least, 366lb. No. 2: Greatest, 1,396lb.; mean, 825lb.; least, 485lb.

Prior to the commencement of the works in connection with the Southern Main Drainage, Mr. Grant, the engineer, made a series of experiments on the compression and strength of various bricks. These experiments were made about the same time as the testing trials with the Portland cement used for these works, and which have been described in *Building News*. 300 experiments were made on the strength of bricks, and some useful facts were ascertained. From the six tables in which these facts are

recorded, we learn that in 1863, 173 experiments were made on the compression of bricks. We can only give the mean results, as the cubical contents, dimensions, and maximum or minimum results would occupy too much of our space. Gault bricks, which were used on the Bermondsey branch of the works, showed :—Average pressure when the specimen first showed signs of giving, at 13·380 tons and 12·120 tons ; and pressure when finally crushed, average, 37·90 tons and 32·38 tons. Messrs. Allan's (Sudbury) Suffolk bricks, used for the pumping Station at Deptford, showed :—Average pressure when giving signs of breaking to be 4·475 tons and 17·100 tons ; and average pressure when crushed 31·75 tons and 43·45 tons. The following bricks, which we select from this table, were used on the Southern Outfall contract :—

	Weight. lb.	Pressure when first showed signs of giving — average in tons.	Pressure when finally crushed — average in tons.
Brimstone, Suffolks (Allan)	6·8	5.100	31·00
Best Whites (Allan).....	6·6	5·100	19·60
No. 3 Suffolks (Allan)	6·4	4·000	19·10
Best whites (Salters, Chilton)	6·3	5·300	25·90
No. 2 Suffolks (Salters, Chilton)	7·1	6·600	33·20
Gault wire-cut, No. 2 (Webster, Burham) ...	5·4	6·400	32·90
Gault, pressed No. 1 (Webster, Burham) ...	6·1	7·400	36·80
Gault (Betts, Aylesford)	6·4	7·300	32·40
Best reds (Stares, Fareham).....	6·3	8·420	26·10
Best rubbers (Stares, Fareham)	8·8	1·400	15.70
Best firebricks (Pearson, Stourbridge).....	7·3	15·800	62·80
No. 2 Salmon (Ambrose, Colchester)	6·5	8·900	36·70
No. 2 Suffolks (Knight, Woodbridge).....	6·1	8·800	37·30
Good stocks (Smeed, Sittingbourne)	5·3	5·700	33·90
Best blue (Gilbert, Tipton)	8·0	21·600	965·20*

* This specimen withstood the utmost pressure of the testing press.

Eighty-two other experiments were also made in 1859 and 1860, on the compression of bricks ; and in the same years, thirty-eight experiments were made on the strength of various kinds of bricks, &c. From the tables recording these experiments we select the following items :—

Mr. Gilbert's blue bricks gave the total crushing power (average) at 50·00 tons, and 75·00 tons, the crushing power per square inch being 4,014lb. and 3,200lb.

Mr. Cliff's fireclay brick—total crushing power (average) 65·62 tons and 37·50 tons, the crushing power per square inch being 4,218lb. and 2,401lb.

Machine bricks, red, manufactured by Mr. Platt—total crushing power (average) 28·12 tons and 18·74 tons ; crushing power per square inch 1,667lb. and 1,619lb.

The following were the results of some blue bricks by three different makers :—Mr. Taylor, crushing power, 50·60 tons ; ditto, square inch, 2,915lb. ; Mr. Gilbert, crushing power, 75·00 tons ; ditto, square inch, 4,759lb. ; Mr. Cliff, Wortley Works, Leeds, crushing power, 72·00 tons ; ditto, square inch, 4,639lb.

Mr. Helling's clay bricks showed a total crushing power (average) 26·00 tons, and a crushing power per square inch of 1,574lb.

These experiments are, of course, with the best made bricks, selected by the makers for the purpose. We need hardly say that the common bricks now so plentifully used in running up houses in London could not stand a pressure anything approaching that to which some of the varieties mentioned above were subjected.

The strength of bricks necessarily vary much, according to the quality of clay from which they are made in different localities; but the following tests, made by Mr. Kirkaldy, may serve as guides in specifying brickwork for engineering purposes. Nos. 1 and 2 tables are tests of bricks made by D. W. Barker, of Worcester; No. 3 table gives results of tests made during the erection of Blackfriars Bridge.

In the two following sets of tests, Mr. Kirkaldy bedded the bricks between pieces of wood ¼in. thick, and filled the recesses with cement.

No. 1.

Description.	Dimensions in inches and decimals.	Base area square inches	Stress in pounds when Cracked slightly.	Cracked generally.	Crushed steel yard dropped.
"Pressed" recessed top and bottom	3·20 by 9·14 by 4·50	41·13	45,680	86,220	91,180
do.	do. do.	do.	45,590	79,775	90,320
do.	do. do.	do.	38,760	77,830	89,640
do.	do. do.	do.	36,180	70,960	85,820
	Average	41·13	41,552	78,696	89,240
	lbs. per square inch		1010	1913	2170
	Tons per square foot		65·0	123·0	139·5

No. 2.

"Builders'" recessed top and bottom	3·20 by 9·30 by 4·50	41·85	40,960	97,240	113,220
do.	do. do.	do.	39,280	95,270	106,530
do.	do. do.	do.	36,490	87,382	101,202
do.	do. do.	do.	33,540	81,180	95,840
	Average	41·85	36,490	87,382	101,202
	lbs. per square inch		872	2038	2418
	Tons per square foot		56·1	134·2	155·5

No. 3.

Description of Bricks.	Bricks in piers four courses high. Size of pier in bricks.	Mortar.	Failing slightly tons per ft. supr.	Entirely crushed tons per ft. supr.
Common stock recessed	1½ by 1½	Lias lime	17	27
Do. do.	„	„	21	30
Red bricks, machine-made	„	„	20	40
Do. hand-made	„	„	20	36
Gault	„	Roman Cement	24	59
Do.	1 by 1	„	54	72
Clarks' Sudbury Machine	„	Portland	49	76
Uxbridge red, hand-made	„	„	44	53

(To be Continued.)

A FAREWELL ADDRESS

TO  THE

MINERVA ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER,

No. 250, HULL.

FAREWELL to you, a sad farewell,
My Royal Arch Companions dear!
Fain would my falt'ring tongue now tell
The wishes of a heart sincere.
'Tis true, though distance intervenes,
My fondest wish to you will stray,
Depicting well remember'd scenes
In that Sanhedrim, far away.

They tell the cause that brought to light
The vaulted shrine, the precious scroll;
When Sol, at his meridian height,
Dispell'd the gloom and cleared the whole.
It proved the Catenarian law,
The wisdom of the grand design,
The multi-angled triple tau,
The sacred, mystic, double Trine.

Farewell! may peace without alloy
Rest on you all, both young and old,
Our noble chief and his viceroy,
And all by charter'd law enroll'd.
One thing I crave, when you are met
Around the social board, will you
Think kindly of the Bard who wept,
With heartfelt tears, his fond ADIEU?

CHRISTOPHER FOSTER,
Ex-Clerk of Works, Westminster Abbey,
P.M., P.G., Supt. Wks., P.Z., P.G.M.E.H.,
N. & E. Yorkshire.

February, 1878.

DISCOVERY OF ROMAN REMAINS AT TEMPLEBOROUGH.

AT a general meeting of the Rotherham Literary and Scientific Society three papers on "Templeborough" were read by Mr. J. D. Leader, F.S.A., Mr. Geo. Wright, and the Rev. W. Blazeby. The Rev. Philip C. Barker, the president, took the chair, and there was a large attendance of members and their friends. The following paper was read by Mr. J. D. Leader:—

Dr. Collingwood Bruce, in the opening chapter of his most admirable work on the Roman wall, remarks that "A large part of the knowledge we possess of the early history of our country has been dug out of the ground." Certainly that is true of the Don valley, concerning the early history of which we have learned more by a few weeks of spade research than by any previously recorded efforts. Before a Rotherham audience it is quite unnecessary that I should describe the situation of the Roman station called Templeborough; but for the sake of those who may not know it so well as you do, a brief explanation is desirable.

About a mile and a quarter to the west of the town of Rotherham, in the angle formed by the confluence of the rivers Don and Rother, may be seen the well-defined outline of a quadrangular earthwork bearing the appearance of a Roman camp. It was not noticed by Camden, but Bishop Gibson, in his edition of Camden, in 1695, refers to it as "a fair Roman fortification, called Temple Brough." It lies between the river Don on the north, and the Sheffield and Rotherham turnpike road on the south. There has been a double agger, at least on the north, south, and east sides, and possibly also on the west. The inner area encloses a little more than four acres, and measures 390ft. from east to west, and 450ft. from north to south. This is known as the Castle garth. Last autumn a crop of wheat grew there, and when it had been reaped no stone larger than a river pebble was to be seen on the surface of the ground. There was simply a well marked earthwork, bounded on the east side by an old blackthorn hedge, and on the other sides open to the larger area of the field.

Rather more than two months ago explorations on this site began. I need not go into the circumstances that led up to them. Suffice it to say, that on the first of October operations began by cutting a grip across the south-east angle of the agger; and before the expiration of the second day, previously-received notions about the character of the camp had been considerably modified. At various depths, in the very heart of the bank, were found fragments of Roman pottery and tiles, one of the latter bearing the stamp C.IIII.G. Here then was evidence that the earthworks had been thrown up at some period subsequent to the destruction of a Roman station. It was an entirely new light, and we followed its guidance with caution. The fourth cohort of the Gauls has left many traces of its existence near the Roman wall. It was stationed, according to the Notitia (a work compiled about the year A.D. 400), at Vindolana, or Little Chesters, a station to the south of the wall, between Chesters and Procolitia; but that it had built a station in Yorkshire was a new and important fact.

Presently our cutting led to some rough foundation work, which proved to be walls eight feet thick surrounding a well, not perfectly circular, but measuring across its largest diameter 6ft. 9in. It was full of earth, and had presented on the surface of the ground when we began not the slightest indication of its existence. The investigations about this well are still going on. It has been excavated to a depth of 24ft., but the strong inflow of water makes the work slow and difficult. In the course of the excavation, many fragments of black and red Roman pottery have been found, a small piece of bronze, many large stones, quantities of decayed wood, and part of a querne. The walling ceased at a depth of twenty-three feet, and was found to rest on a bed of solid

coal, some portions of which were brought up to the surface and burned. So far the excavation of the well has proved less interesting than might have been anticipated, but until the bottom is reached conclusions are premature.

Our next work was to cut a trench across the south-west angle of the agger, but there no foundations were found. Fragments of pottery, both Samian, black, and light coloured, were thrown out, and 4ft. 6in. below the surface a band of boulders was cut through, which probably once formed a road surface. Samian ware and other pottery were found below these boulders at a depth of 6 feet from the crown of the agger.

A depression about the middle of the south bank seemed to indicate the place where the entrance to the station had been. At the commencement of the second week operations were begun on that spot, and eighteen inches below the surface a very rough boulder-pitched road was found. Its width was not very clearly defined, owing to the disturbance its surface had undergone, but it seemed to have measured about 21ft. across. Trial holes were then made at intervals in a straight line across the camp to the north agger, and the road surface was found to continue the whole way. Our next effort was to ascertain what buildings had been situated on the line of the road, and the inquiry was soon successful. About 18in. below the surface a wall of roughly-squared stones was discovered, which proved to be three feet broad and from three to five courses in depth. The stones are laid in clay and earth, similar to the walls found at Slack, and rest on a foundation of boulders and clay concreted together. The work of following out and uncovering the building thus discovered has since formed the chief business of the exploration. Its outline is depicted on the ground plan now exhibited. At first it seemed to be a nearly square building, measuring 72 feet from north to south, and 68 from east to west; but, trenching the ground further eastward, we came upon another wall eight feet from that first regarded as the eastern boundary. Its masonry was similar in character to the other walls. In the intervening space were found many traces of fire in the form of blackened stones and charcoal. Two feet six inches below the surface the pierced black dish and the two whetstones now exhibited were found; and three feet below the surface the light-coloured earthenware mortarium. It lay face downwards, slightly inclining to the south-east, and was lifted out entire. It measures 13½ inches across the top, and stands 3½ inches high, and is a very fine and quite perfect specimen of this not uncommon form of dish.

On examining the newly-found easternmost wall, it was observed to rest, not on concrete like the others, but on large slabs of stone; and pushing the inquiry a little further, we found that 14 inches of walling had been built over the large stones of a threshold, thus concealing the bases of two columns 11 feet apart. The clue thus obtained was at once followed, and a row of seven column bases was disclosed buried under the walling. The level of the latter wall agreed pretty nearly with the level of the road previously referred to; but the removal of this stonework led to the discovery of another road surface 18 inches below the first, pitched with boulders, but less disturbed than the upper one. The interval between the two roads was filled with loose stones from a ruined building, fragments of pottery, tiles, and charcoal. At the southern end of the colonnade stood a small, shallow stone trough, measuring 2ft. 9½in. × 1ft. 3in. and 4in. deep inside. The threshold at this point was much worn, as with the tread of men, and indeed all along the eastern colonnade these evidences of its having been a place of much popular resort are seen. Between the two southerly column bases, with its upper part lying over nine inches below the surface, lay a broken column five feet ten inches long, and measuring five feet two inches in circumference. The part nearest the surface was scored with many marks of the plough-share, yet it had lain undisturbed, with its broken end dipping at a sharp angle into the ground, so that it nearly rested on the lower roadway. A luis hole remains in the end that is perfect. The column bases already found had carried pillars only thirteen inches in diameter, but here was one twenty inches in diameter. We had clearly other and larger bases to discover.

By this time our trench had been driven well into the heart of the south agger. At this point the upper road lay three feet six inches above the lower road, and the

bottom of the southernmost column base was five feet from the surface of the ground. Turning our cutting westwards, we gradually discovered, one after another, the bases of four large columns, 22 feet, 23 feet, and 21 feet apart. No two of them were exactly alike, but the most easterly seemed to have been the one on which the broken column found on the east side had rested. Above this row of bases lay a bouldered road corresponding with the upper road of the east side, and seeming to lead up to the southern wall, which during this second occupation had formed the southern front of the building. Between the third and fourth bases of this front lay an entire column, with its base outermost and its head toward the colonnade. It measures 9ft. 7in. long, 19¾in. in diameter at the base, and 15¾in. at the top. A luis hole is seen at its upper end. So far columns have not been found on the western side of the building.

Apropos of luis holes, I may mention two Roman examples. Mr. Roach Smith has recorded that the more ponderous of the stones of the Decuman gate at Lymne, in Kent, are provided with luis holes, made precisely like those of the present day. Dr. Bruce, in his work already referred to, points out that all the facing stones of the Roman bridge over the North Tyne, near Cilurnum, have been placed in their position by the luis. These two examples effectually dispose of the popular notion that the luis was invented by Louis XIV. of France.

On the plan will be observed two small apartments near the north-west angle of the building. In the most easterly of these, many fragments of hypocaustal tiles and flue tiles were found, some of the latter blackened with soot, leading to the impression that here had been the hypocaust for warming the edifice. But nothing remained whole, nor were there any traces of plaster, though the flue tiles had been scored in diagonal lines as if for the purpose of receiving a coating of that material. The large apartment extending from these small chambers to the south front has been cleared out, but no traces of flooring have been found. It measures 51ft. by 28ft., and seems to have been one room. To the east of this lay another large apartment, measuring 68ft. by 27ft. Thus we find the whole interior of the building occupied by two large rooms, and two smaller ones where a heating apparatus has been. This is evidently not a private house. I believe it is not a temple, and am inclined to regard it as a prætorium, a sort of town hall or court of justice, where the chief officer sat to hear causes and try offenders. We are told that "each particular city had its peculiar magistrates. The Prætor held a kind of assize once every year, and then decided all causes of more than ordinary consequence; sitting in great state upon a high tribunal, with his Lictors round him, bearing rods for the backs and axes for the necks of the people." Only one whole tile has been turned up, and it measures 7 inches square and 3 inches thick. Many fragments of Samian and other pottery have been found, and a quantity of red clay, from which the tiles seem to have been made.

(*To be Continued.*)

I WISH HE WOULD MAKE UP HIS MIND.

From the "Voice of the People," St. Kitts.

I WISH he would make up his mind, ma,
For I don't care much longer to wait;
I'm sure I have hinted quite strongly
That I thought about changing my state;
For a sweetheart he's really so backward,
I can't bring him out though I try;
I own that he's very good tempered,
But then he's so dreadfully shy!

When I speak about love and a cottage,
He gives me a glance of surprise,
And if I but hint about marriage,
He blushes quite up to the eyes!
I can't make him jealous—I've tried it,
And 'tis no use my being unkind,
For that's not the way I am certain,
To get him to make up his mind.

I've sung him love sonnets by dozens,
I've work'd him both slippers and hose,
And we walk out by moonlight together,
Yet he never attempts to propose!
You really must ask his intentions,
Or some other beau I must find,
For indeed I won't tarry much longer
For one who can't make up his mind.

C. S.

LOST AND SAVED; OR NELLIE POWERS THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. VI.

WE do not propose to go into all the details of the unloading of the vessel, for that would of itself make a longer narrative than we intend to make this.

There are no wharfs in the West India Islands, and when the "Sparkling Sea" was ready to unload, lighters came off from the shore, and the mules were slung, hoisted, and lowered overboard into the lighters. The hoisting of the mules overboard afforded the men all the amusement they had with the animals since they left New York.

"It's moighty glad I be to see them fellers goin' over the side. I've made a stable man of myself long enough I have. It's delightment to see the kickin' they do," remarked Tom joyfully, as the mules one by one went over the side.

"Why, captain," asked Nellie, who was sitting on the house under the awning watching the men, "what is that darkey biting the mule's ear for?"

"Oh, that's to divert the mule's attention from the men who are slinging him," replied the captain. "If it wasn't for that man's biting the mule's ear, which he does after twisting it as much as possible, the mule would kick so that no one could go near him."

"There goes one in the water," said Harry, as the swell of the sea parted the lighter from the vessel, leaving a distance of about six feet between.

"Yes, but there he comes out again, and goes into the lighter," said the captain, as the men immediately hauled the mule back, and when the sea rolled so as to bring the lighter and vessel together again, let him drop into the lighter.

"Oh, how funny," said Nellie, laughing until tears came into her eyes.

"The men seem to be enjoying themselves now for the first time since they came shipmates with the mules," remarked the captain.

Two-thirds of the cargo was soon unloaded, and the balance ordered to Port of Spain on the island of Trinidad.

On the evening of the third day, after the captain and the passengers, who had been rambling among the beautiful groves on the island, came aboard, the order to hoist the anchor was given, and when the sun was about to sink to rest the "Sparkling Sea" spread her wings, and like a beautiful bird flew towards her new destination.

The evening was one of beauty, the moon was smiling through drifts of snow-white clouds, while myriads of tiny stars were sparkling in the deep blue sky. An evening in the Caribbian Sea possesses all the beauties of ocean life; the water rippled by the gentle cooling trade winds and lit by the rays of the moon, presents a scene to inspire one with awe for the Creator of such grandeur.

On the second evening out the island of Tobago was sighted off the weather bow, and on the second morning the "Sparkling Sea" passed through the Dragon's Mouth, and entered the beautiful Gulf of Paria. The scenery about this gulf is one of the finest in the world. The water is of a light green and transparent in many places to the depth of many fathoms. Early in the evening the "Sparkling Sea" let go her anchor in the harbour of Port of Spain. The night was brilliantly lighted by the moon, and pleasure parties sailed about the gulf, the music from their bands being borne far out over the water. Among the vessels in the harbour were those from many European ports, and songs in many different tongues echoed and re-echoed on the still evening air.

Those aboard the "Sparkling Sea" were silent listeners to these songs. The forward hands sat about the windlass smoking their pipes and spinning yarns until midnight and drowsiness drove them below. On the following morning the balance of the mules were sent ashore, but in a somewhat different manner than in Barbadoes.

At sunrise a man swam off from the shore on horseback, and came alongside the vessel, a distance of about a mile, a platform was projected out over the vessel's side, and a mule drove out on it, then the outer end was suddenly lowered, and the mule dropped into the water. The man on the horse then started for the shore, and the mule followed. In this way fifteen mules and horses were soon in the water and on their way to the shore.

The hurricane deck was now torn down and sent ashore, and the vessel cleared up until again she resumed her natural shape and beauty. The ballast was taken in and the order to break out the anchor was given. The sailors, now relieved of their extra duties, went to work getting the vessel under way with a will, and their voices rang out as they raised and lowered the windlass brakes, showing that their hearts were merry, the chanter man crying his

"O break her out my Johnny,
O break her with a will,
For now we're outward bound Johnny,
And up she's coming still."

And then the chorus men joined in—

"For now we're outward bound Johnny,
And up she's coming still."

Every word brought the anchor-chain further through the hawse-hole, and soon the anchor was on the bow. Again the sails were set, and the "Sparkling Sea" passed out through the Serpent's Mouth and entered the Atlantic Ocean. A run of a few days brought them to the Equator, or line, as it is known at sea.

At four bells on the evening of the day they were crossing the line a gruff voice was heard alongside hailing the brig.

"Brig ahoy! Heave to and take me aboard."

At this command the vessel was hove to, and over the side came old Neptune. His form was bare to the waist, a large rope yarn wig covered his head, and a long beard of rope yarn and oakum reached down to his waist. His face was spotted with tar, and in

his left hand he held a concha shell, while in his right hand, to represent the trident, he carried the grains impaling a fish. He was received by the captain and officers with a salute, and he in turn saluted them.

"How d'ye do, hearties? what's the good word? I'm from down below, and have come to tell you that Madame Neptune is brewing a small gale down there, and that even now the water is boiling under your keel. But I must be off. Hope you'll have a pleasant voyage on the ocean of life, as well as through my domains, and if any of you find it necessary to make me a visit, I will try and entertain you with the best my caves afford; but I must be getting along. Good bye, come and see me off." As he turned to go over the side, Slow Simon and two or three other greenhorns, who had been curiously watching him, ran to the side just in time to receive a deluge of water from the main top, which the old hands had been preparing for them during the afternoon watch. As Neptune disappeared a tub of fire was seen to float astern.

Nellie was as much surprised as the green hands, and when Neptune was lost to sight and the brig put on her course she vented her curiosity by exclaiming—

"For goodness sake what kind of an apparition was that, where did it come from, and where has it gone to?" And as her large blue eyes opened to their utmost, she said, "*Oh, what a fright it did give me!*"

"That was King Neptune," replied the captain, "paying us a visit as he usually does any vessel entering his domain. Sometimes when a vessel of importance, like a man-of-war, crosses the line, he comes aboard accompanied by his wife and son." The smile that flitted across the captain's face made Nellie more curious, and thinking perhaps she would get no better definition from him, she turned to the mate. "Mr. Evans, the captain seems to evade my question. You tell me how that strange creature got aboard here, and the cause of those men getting such a ducking."

"To give that information would be against the law of sailors," replied Mr. Evans.

"But then you know I'm not a sailor, Mr. Evans."

"*That's so, Miss Powers, I did not think of that; then besides, old Neptune would* be pleased to claim so fair a being as yourself for one of his acquaintances."

"I am not very anxious for any nearer acquaintance," laughingly replied Nellie, "but I am anxious to hear the story."

The mate looked about him as though looking to see if there was anyone else near likely to hear the secret, and then told the freaks of old Neptune.

"You must know, Miss Powers, that almost every vessel that goes to sea carries some greenhorns along, or at least some sailors who have never crossed the Equator. These green hands according to usage must be initiated when they cross the line. The part of Neptune is taken by one of the old hands who is rigged up by some of the knowing ones, who, watching their opportunity when the green hands are out of sight, let him over alongside on a hanging platform, and at the proper moment, as you see, he makes his appearance on deck. The green hands are as curious as yourself, and as Neptune talks fast and does not give them a chance to get near him when he says 'come see me off,' they run to the side in time to get wet as you just observed."

"What is that fire floating astern?"

"That is a half barrel filled with pitch, which is supposed to have been the fire ship in which Neptune came up from the ocean caves, and in which he is supposed to be going back."

"What a strange custom," said Nellie in a thoughtful way, "I thought the evil spirit from down below had come aboard."

Beautiful days came and went, fair winds sped the brig on her way. Nellie Powers, when not engrossed with her favourite authors, spent some of her time leaning over the rail, and dreamily peering down into the deep dark sea. With her eye she would follow the spotted dolphins that played alongside, or watched the porpoises that sported under the bows. In her joy she built fairy castles away down below the sea; filled them with mermaids and various kinds of fish, decorated the walls with sea-fans and sea-weeds, the niches she trimmed with pink and white coral, the floor she made of beautiful sea-shells, and the whole, after brilliantly lighting it with a thousand tiny candles, she placed in charge of King Neptune.

"Nellie," said a voice from behind her one day, "you'll be overboard yet; here I've been standing for ten minutes ready to catch you every time the vessel lurched, and you have paid me no more attention than you have the rolling of the vessel, which has threatened several times to cast you into the sea; what do you see so interesting down in the depths of the ocean?"

Nellie, looking up, saw Harry standing beside her, and said,

"I have seen a great many pretty things. I have been building fairy castles down beneath the sea, and had not noticed the increase in the wind, and perhaps, but for your timely warning, I should have fallen overboard, and then you would have got your clothes wet by jumping in after me, for I know you would have done it, wouldn't you?" and Nellie looked up into Harry's face in a sly sort of way, but without giving him a chance to reply she kept right on talking.

"I have been thinking, Harry, of the far off island home, which I have never seen, and of which I have no conception, and the parents I am to meet after so many long years of separation. It makes me real glad to think this beautiful breeze is helping me on to that meeting, that every leap of this noble vessel is so much nearer home. And then, Harry, my heart returns to that beautiful home I have left behind, to the friends I have bid farewell for ever, and when I think that each puff of wind is bearing me further away from them my heart swells with emotion."

"But, Nellie, you have no idea what a beautiful home you are going to. What beautiful trees, flowers and birds abound there. I am sure you will be delighted to watch the bright sun glistened waves as they beat on the shore. Your poetic mind will have an opportunity to expand to its utmost extent and your admiration of the beauties that will surround you will have no bounds." And Harry's features brightened as he dwelt on the beauties of his native place.

"I suppose I shall be delighted, Harry, but then it seems so much like dying to bid farewell to all you know on earth and start off for an unknown country." As she spoke her features assumed an expression partly of joy and partly of sadness.

One day when Nelly was peering down into the blue sea, she saw a flying fish dart through the water followed by a larger fish; she anxiously watched the tiny one as many times when almost in the mouth of the larger fish it darted forward with greater rapidity and escaped for the time. Once when the little fish seemed about to become a prey, it made another dash and sprang clear of the water, and spreading its little wings skimmed over the surface. Nellie clapped her hands with joy as she beheld the transparent creature, as she supposed. free from danger. But her joy was of short duration, for a sea gull which had also been following the adventures of the small fish now swooped down and captured it.

She had spent hours that day in watching the physaliæ, or Portuguese men-of-war, which had for days been sailing in great numbers past the vessel. These objects constitute one of the wonders of the ocean, with their small transparent sails of a purple hue tinged with white, spread to the soft gentle winds of those seas, they present a sight beautiful to behold.

"Oh! I do wish I had one of them," exclaimed Nellie, as they were passing through a fleet of about fifty.

"Do you? then you shall," said Harry jumping up and grasping a long pole that lay near by, to which he fastened one of the cook's pails and succeeded in capturing two of them.

"Bravo, Mr. Prescott," laughed Nellie, "what an admiral you would make, and what prizes you would capture in the time of war! just think how you have captured two Portuguese men-of-war in a bucket! Everlasting fame shall certainly be yours, but at present you must be content with my thanks."

These creatures lose half of their beauty when taken from the water, so Nellie was somewhat disappointed when one of them, which had been hung on the main boom, did not retain its brilliancy.

"What's that?" she asked, pointing to the long jelly-like body and purple pendants of the creature, which were now stringing out and dropping off.

"That solid mass contains the life of the thing," replied the captain, "and acts as ballast for the little craft, keeping its long, egg shaped bladder-like body, with its little sail, in an upright position."

Nellie was about to touch it when Dave Blackman, the cook, going by cried out—"Doan you do it, Misse, dey's pisen. I knows nouf of folks with big strong fingers dats had de vulsions by touchin' of dem."

"You mean convulsions, Mr. Blackman," said Nellie.

"Dat's it," said the cook, straightening himself up with pride at the sound of his name in full.

"He is right," said the captain, "I would not advise you to touch it; in some manner its tendrils are poisonous."

The creature that had been so beautiful before in her eyes now became loathsome; she could hardly believe that a thing of beauty could be capable of evil. She had yet to learn that some of the loveliest objects in this world of ours are the most dangerous to come in contact with.

In this and a similar way the time passed pleasantly along aboard the "Sparkling Sea." The little vessel was often made merry by the joyous voices of the two passengers singing some pretty lay, which rang out in silvery strains over the waters, and we have no doubt that the fish of the sea were better fish, more neighbourly, and less likely to take advantage of each other's infirmities, after the sweet voice of Nellie Powers had thrilled through their bodies.

Chapter VII.

It was evening at sea—what beauty in the words, what beauty in the fact; poets have written on it; musicians have sung to its grandeur; novelists have exhausted themselves in expatiating upon the magnificence of the scene, and the hallowed glory that surrounds an evening at sea. But tongue could not tell nor pen describe, the evening that found the small company of souls aboard the "Sparkling Sea" hundreds of miles off the eastern coast of South America. The sun was just sinking below the water, and across the sky stretched its train of yellow and vermilion, and a glow from its parting ray settled upon the features of Nellie Powers, as she sat on the stern rail of the vessel, and with her large blue eyes was trying to pierce the depth of the fleecy clouds above, and perhaps see into the Celestial City with its pearly gates, which she knew must lay very near a sky of such gorgeous splendour. The soft winds were toying with her golden curls; and Harry Prescott, who was sitting near (but who was supposed to be reading a book, which he held upside down in his hand) was feasting his eyes upon the innocence and beauty of her angelic countenance. He wondered how it was that after leaving so many beauties behind without a pang, that each look Nellie gave him should send such a thrill through his being, and he began to question himself to see if that was really the feeling a person was supposed to experience who was falling in love.

"How now, Harry Prescott?" said Nellie, turning around; "caught in the act, are you? taking advantage of me, brigand like, when I am off my guard." As Nellie spoke, she changed her position to one nearer Harry.

"Now, Nellie, you do me a great injustice," replied Harry; "here I was *pondering* over a sublime thought, which I had found in this book, and, happening to look up towards you, was just in time to catch you looking at me, and you, like a good lawyer, turn the tables on me. But it's with no effect, for with all the evidence in, any fair judge would decide against you."

"But the evidence is not all in, Mr. Prescott. You say you were reading, and any judge would certainly find the case against you when he found that at the time you were caught in the act of which you are accused, the book you held in your hand was upside down."

Harry looked at his book, and for the first time noticed that it was not in a position that an intelligent man would hold it to read from, or to search for sublime thoughts He would probably have made some reply to this sharp retort, had they not been disturbed by the captain, who said:

"I am sorry to interrupt your little tête-à-tête, but we are going to jibe the spanker, and you are not in a very safe position."

Jibing a sail aboard a ship is the act of shifting it from one side of the vessel to the other, which is made necessary by a change in the wind, or the course of the vessel.

Although Nellie had acted so surprised over what she called catching Harry in the act, she had known that he was looking at her some moments before she turned around. While she was looking so intentively at the skies, she was thinking what a noble gentleman Harry Prescott was, and how lonely the voyage, which was now comparatively joyous, would have been without him.

On the morning following the incidents related above, a dense fog covered the face of the ocean, which continued for two days, keeping the passengers below, and making everything disagreeable when contrasted with the pleasant days that had passed.

The captain had been expecting to make the land, and, although he said nothing, he had carried an anxious mind ever since the fog had set in.

Along towards evening on the second day of the fog, the passengers were astonished by hearing the captain give the order to cast the lead, which was shortly followed by the order to let go the anchor. The anchor held fast; the sails were tied up, and when the morning dawned, and the fog disappeared, the daylight revealed the city of Rio Janeiro spread out over a beautiful country. The harbour was filled with vessels of all nations, and to the crew of the "Sparkling Sea" the scene was an agreeable surprise.

The mists arose above the rippling sea,
Which bathed in lustrous golden sunshine lay.
In grandeur spread; while balmy winds blew free,
And gently fanned the waves at break of day.

The dew-kissed verdure on the mountains seen,
Was glist'ning at the blush of early morn;
The white walls of the city with the green
Of spring, in beauty hid when day was born.

"Captain Dill," said Harry, when the exclamations of surprise had subsided, "it seems to me that you seamen have a fair insight into the mysterious. I should think it would require a great deal of skill to run a vessel into a harbour like this in a fog, and no sun taken for two days. I shall be obliged hereafter to consider you a supernatural being."

"We are not supernatural, Mr. Prescott," replied the captain, "but we often do things because we are obliged to. Very few would voluntarily enter a harbour in a fog, but the consequences of going by are worse. Your thoughts are similar to those entertained by myself, a few years since, when I was cabin boy on the bark 'Bird of Paradise' out from San Francisco, we passed through the Golden Gates on a pleasant morning, and that was the only real pleasant morning we saw until we were anchored in this harbour. We had a good many storms on the passage, and had been driven miles out of our course. When we were in the latitude of the Horn we encountered severe storms. These storms sprung us a leak, and when we were nearing this latitude we met a storm of great violence, and we lost our fore and mizzen topmast and jib boom. The captain altered the course for the nearest port, which was this one. On the day he supposed we would sight land, a fog, similar to the one we have experienced, set in, but the captain was a self reliant man, and, after running a few hours, he gave the order to cast the lead, and, after looking at his chart, gave the order to drop anchor. Along towards night it cleared up, and the city and harbour stood open to our view as you now see it. From that time forwards, I placed great confidence in the abilities of that captain, but afterwards he run me on the rocks off the coast of Mexico, and nearly cost me my life."

After breakfast, the quarter boat was lowered, and the captain with the passengers, after a great deal of manœuvering, succeeded in working their way among the great number of bumboats that filled the harbour, and reached the shore. They were met at every step by some anxious vendor of fish, meat, candy, beer, or honey, who offered them great inducements to buy. The market of the place was thronged with men exhibiting

parrots, monkeys, snakes, and everything or anything likely to sell. One old man stood on the corner of the street with a turban round his head, and a cage of trained monkeys, which he was exhibiting, by his side. As the captain and his party arrived near this man's stand, a monkey, of little better appearance than monkeys generally have, was doing some remarkable tricks. Nellie, after watching him for a few moments, said she had a good mind to buy him to help enliven the balance of the voyage, and asked Harry to get it for her. He undertook to do so, but could not make the man understand him. The captain noticed Harry's perplexity, and offered to help him out. He asked the man how much he wanted for his monkey. The vendor named a price equal to five dollars in gold United States money. The captain laughed at the answer, and, turning to Nellie, told her not to pay more than half they asked for anything she wanted to buy in this place.

"Captain Dill, I will commission you as my agent in this matter, with full power to buy that monkey as cheap as you can," said Nellie, laughing.

(*To be Continued.*)

PRAYER ON THE SEA.

THE night is both sublime and calm :
How far off the land we see !—
The ocean in emerald breadth and grace
Is resting tranquilly.

I think that the waves are sleeping,
Even now, from their rage and might,
And that over the deep the Creator
Hovers through the sacred night.

I think as if at this moment,
I must sink deeply and rapidly
In the greenest depths of the ocean,
O Lord, at thy nearness to me !

I think as if high above me
The vault of waters is resting there,
And this song about it is flowing
Into the morning air.

STRACHWITZ.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Author of "Shakspere, his Times and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, who is now editing the little *Hull Miscellany*, has judiciously devoted a number to the memory of our gifted Brother, Robert Burns. After a brief, but interesting, memoir of Scotia's

inspired ploughboy, we have the noble odes to his memory by Isabella Craig Knox, James Macfarlan, James Montgomery, and Dr. Spencer T. Hall,—the latter written for a meeting of Scotsmen in Sheffield, on the anniversary of the bard's birth, thirty-seven years ago, and concluding as follows:—

> "Yes! gather'd here or scatter'd there,
> Britannia's sons, the wide world o'er,
> Will hail him each returning year
> With offerings worthier than before:
> Yet, though more tuneful each acclaim,
> And richer in poetic flowers,
> No lay names Burns's dear-loved name
> With more devotedness than ours."

I would recommend Mr. Andrews to give a Burns number every January, and advise him to quote in his next my friend Eta Mawr's beautiful poem on the poet; also to give a Shakspere number every April; for if the people of Hull are not far ahead of those of any other town I know in England, the majority of them have all yet to learn about the gifted and the good of their race. Mr. Andrews' idea is a good one, and only needs fully carrying out. As a Hull publication, he might also appropriately have an Andrew Marvell number, a William Wilberforce number, a Col. Thompson number, and so on; for though the learned Dr. Grosart has clearly shown that the incorruptible Marvell was *not* born at Hull, as previous biographers had mistakenly stated, yet his whole life was devoted to that borough, and though he is as much ours as theirs as a poet, yet as a parliamentary representative Andrew Marvell was emphatically the member for Hull, and all parties now honour his patriotism.

In the January Notes, I quoted Sterne's genial description of the dance after supper, as practised by the peasantry at "the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurina," so finely described in his *Sentimental Journey*,—a passage which I enjoyed in boyhood, and still love in my declining years. But he who, according to the inscription on his tombstone, "did not live to be a member" of our "society," need not have crossed the English Channel to find such a scene as he has so finely described; his own native Ireland could have furnished it, long before he was born in the barracks of Clonmel; and at least thirty years after his stolen corpse had been dissected by Professor Collignon, at his own university of Cambridge. George Holmes—the clever grandsire of our well-known Brother, Emra Holmes,—a man who, I believe, was the rightful heir to an Irish peerage, with good broad acres to support the title, but who became an artist instead of a legislator—in his charming *Sketches of some of the Southern Counties of Ireland*, published in 1797, on his visit to Holy Cross Abbey, (which, he says was, founded by Donald, king of Limerick, and contained a shrine in which the monks pretended to have deposited a piece of the Cross on which Christ was crucified—to whom it was dedicated in 1169), after giving a description of the place, worth reproducing in a Masonic Magazine, pleasantly remarks:—"After dinner, lured by the calmness of the evening, we strolled along the banks of the river, highly delighted with the scenery. Here we met a truly rustic group; the young men and women of the village were enjoying themselves by a dance; a fidler and piper emulously lent their strains, which were not ill bestowed upon their hearers, for they showed, by their rude jokes and merry glee, how open the mind is to the effects of music, even of the coarsest kind. Each young man, as he took his partner, gave a half-penny to the piper, and then set to with all their heart and soul. Content and harmless mirth are, I am sure, acceptable offerings to our Creator, and in a much higher degree than all the gloomy self-denial of the cloistered monk: one voluntary sigh of humble thankfulness, springing from a grateful and cheerful heart, finds easier access to the throne of mercy than all the raging sorrows and health-consuming abstinences of monastic discipline. Leaving them to their pastime, we rambled on still farther, till warned by the quick approach of evening, we returned."

It is not improbable that George Holmes might have read the *Sentimental Journey*, for he was a man well versed in literature as well as in science and art. "At this period of universal information," he writes, "while the historic and descriptive pages of the most distant climes are unfolded to our view, are we not naturally to suppose those parts nearest the heart of the empire, through which a great portion of its life blood flows, should be intimately known? Yet, strange to say, Ireland, which, for a space of six hundred years and more, has been politically connected with, and continues to be a powerful and valuable gem, in the crown of Great Britain, is less known to the people of England, in general, than the most remote regions." And he might have quoted, as a proof of his assertion, the keen and careful observer, Laurence Sterne, travelling to France to find an illustration of what his native country was equally capable of supplying, as the interesting extract I have given abundantly proves. My truly poetic friend, the late Charles Swain, has sweetly sung:—

"We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we 'd but stoop to raise them!
For things *afar* still sweetest are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth has naught
Like Home and Friends around us!"

And so it is: we traverse the globe for what could more easily be found at home; we seek for pleasures beyond our reach, instead of enjoying those at our command; we sigh for great opportunities to do good, instead of attending to the urgent calls for aid all around us; and live and die like fools, rather than true philosophers, whose souls are constantly permeated with the Masonic feeling of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, whatever his country, colour, or caste.

I have received the fifty-fifth Annual Report of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, from which I am glad to learn that their really interesting museum has been patronised by a greater number of visitors than before; the sum taken for admission being £25, which, at sixpence each, represents one thousand visitors; but, as servants and children are admitted for half-price, may probably have been paid by a greater number. Visitors to the sea-side too few of them have intellects sufficiently developed to appreciate a museum like that at Whitby, or it would be a disgrace to them to have visited that romantic watering-place for a few days without having seen its valuable collection of fossils, shells, stuffed birds, and other curiosities, such as perhaps no other town of its size in England can equal. From the number of learned and gifted men who have formerly belonged to, as well as those who now are members of this excellent institution, the nobility, clergy, and gentry of North Yorkshire should all be proud to belong to it; for no man is entitled to honour from his social position who does not prove by his actions that his tastes are much higher than those of the vulgar herd, and that he is willing to aid any good effort for cultivating a love of literature, science, and art. I notice the title page contains a vignette of the ancient Egyptian obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, recently brought to this country by the liberality of Bro. Erasmus Wilson and the skill of Bro. Dixon. I hope, when fixed upon its proper basis, it will be welcomed to England by such a Masonic gathering as has never before been witnessed in the streets of London; for that will certainly be a most opportune occasion to show to the uninitiated, as well as to our Brothers of the Craft, that the Speculative Masons of the Present have not quite cut all connection with their Operative Brethren of the Past.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

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WITH this last Number of our Fifth Volume we have not a very great deal to report, though our Summary is still not deficient in interest. Our Royal Grand Master, accompanied by his Royal brother-in-law the Crown Prince of Denmark (J.W. of the Danish G. Lodge), presided at the Annual Festival, and made, as usual, a thoroughly Masonic and genial speech, to the happiness and loyal content of all present.

He has since spoken well and admirably in Paris, where he has greatly encouraged the Exhibitors by his presence, sympathy, and affability.

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark have been with him.

The Anniversary Festival of the Girls' School has taken place under the distinguished presidency of our Pro-Grand Master, which is always welcome, and ever effective. £8,600, in round numbers, constituted the return made by the generous exertions of the Stewards, and the ready liberality of the Order. The slackness of trade, and no doubt the fact of the funded property of the School, account for what otherwise might seem a retrogression in the returns. Many Lodges and Chapters have done nothing, but on the whole we think the amount subscribed most creditable to Masonic beneficence.

There are now nine candidates for the vacant Secretaryship of the Girls' School. We need hardly remark how important it is for the best interests of the School that we should really get the "right man in the right place." The flow of circulars is abundant, but on this occasion a new species of recommendation has appeared—namely, individual exhortation in the interest of a particular candidate. This we venture to think a great mistake, and one to be entirely deprecated and discouraged. The circulars of committees are one thing,—the declaration of individualism quite another thing.

We rejoice to notice the increase of Royal Arch Masonry amongst us. It is a matter of sincere congratulation to all Companions of the Royal Art!

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(Continued from page 533.)

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY

Of Doctor *John Frederick Helvetius.*

To the most Excellent and Learned, Doctors, Dr. Theodosius Retius, at Amsterdam Doctor John Casper Fausius, at Heidleberg, and Doctor Christianus Mentzelius, at Brandenburgh, My Honoured Friends and Patrons.

MOST Noble and Acute Searchers into the Vulcanick Anatomy: I would not be wanting to manifest the glory and riches of this ancient Spagyrick Art, which I have seen and done, by projecting a very little of the Transmuting Powder on a piece of impure Lead, (which in a moment) was thereby changed into the most fixt pure Gold, enduring the sharpest examination of fire, so that none need doubt, but certainly know the first material Mercury of Philosophers is to be found, and is as a fountain overflowing with admirable effects. Yet it is not in my thoughts to teach any man this Art, of which I my self am yet ignorant, but only to rehearse the proceedings I have seen. For it is only the part of Bruits to spend their life in silence, and not to declare that which might propagate the honour of the most Wise, Omnipotent God our Creator: It being ungrateful for men, (who ought to participate of the divine nature) not to glorifie their maker. I shall therefore without flourishing, faithfully relate whatever I saw and heard from Elias Artista, touching this miracle. For truly I was not so intimate, that he would teach me to prepare the Universal Medicine throughout the Artificial, Chymical, Physical Method, yet he vouchsafed such a rational Foundation in the Method of Physick, that I shall never sufficiently extoll his praise. Receive therefore this small present which I officiously Dedicate to you for admiration. Farewell.

N. E. E. D. V.

Your most humble Servant.

John Frederick Helvetius.

CHAP. I.

BEFORE I describe the Philosophical Pigmy conquering Gyants in this Theatre of Secrets, suffer me to transcribe some of Helmonts words, out of his Book of *The Tree of Life*, fol. 630.

I am constrained (saith he) to believe there is a Stone to make Gold and Silver, though I know many exquisite Chymists have consumed their own and other mens goods in search of this Mystery; and to this day (alas) we see these unwary and simple Laborants cunningly deluded by a Diabolical Crew of Gold and Silver, sucking Flyes or Leeches. But I know many Stupid men will contradict this truth. This man will have it to be a work of the Devils, another a hodge-podge, another to be the soul of gold; so that with one ounce of this Gold may again be tinged only one ounce of Lead, and no more; but this is repugnant to Kissler's attestation, and others as I shall shew you: Another perhaps believes it possible, but says, The Sawce is dearer then the meat. Yet I wonder not at all, for according to the Proverb,

Things that we understand not, we admire;
But things that please our fancy, we desire.

Now what will man do in natural things, who is fallen from the fountain of light into the bottomless pit of darkness, especially in this Philosophick natural Study. Nay, if they understand a thing, they despise it, not knowing that more is to be sought then possessed. Wherefore Seneca said right, in his book of Manners, Thou art not yet happy if the ruder sort deride thee not. But whether men believe deride or contradict, there is a certainty of the transmutation of Metals; for mine eyes have seen it, my hands done it, and handled this spark of Gods everlasting wisdom, or the true Catholick, Saturnine, Magnesia of Philosophers (a very Fire sufficient to pierce Rocks) a treasure equivalent to 20 Tun of Gold. What seekest thou more? I believed it with the eyes of Thomas in my fingers, I have seen I say in nature, That most secret supernatural Magical Saturn known to none but a Cabalist Christian: And we judge him the happiest of all Physicians, to whom this Sovereign Potion of our Medicinal Mercury is known; or of the Medicine of the Sun of our Æsculapius, against the violence of death, for which else grows no better Panacea in all the Gardens. But the great God reveals not promiscuously these his Solomonical gifts; for it seems to most men a wonder, when they see the creature, by an Occult implanted magnetical virtue of it's like, to be brought into a real activity.

As for example. The ingenerated magnetical, potential vertue, in Iron from the Loadstone; in gold from Mercury; in Silver from Copper; and so consequently in all the Metals, Minerals, Stones, Hearbs and Plants, &c.

But here I may deservedly ask, Which of the wisest Philosophers is so acute, to perceive by what means or obumbration the imagination in any woman with Child doth tinge venomous or monstrous things, and dispatcheth its work within a very moment, if it be brought to activity by any external object. I believe many will say, it is a Morto-Magical divelish work; but such Bablers are afraid of the Resplendency of the Essential Light of Truth, wherewith their Owl-like Eyes are lamentably afflicted. But as I may affirm, the Stars are a cause of this matter, though thou or I perhaps cannot comprehend their heavenly Influences; neither are the Plants which the earth affords to be slighted herein, although I or thou cannot rightly judge from their external Signatures, the effects of their ingenerated virtues, which they eminently shew according to their degrees of Power, in the healing and preserving of mens bodies. But are all men defective in their light of understanding, because I or thou are wanting in knowledge, how the Powers Created to one and the same end may be brought into activity. Thousands of such things might be instanced, although thou dost not know the splendor in the Angels, the candid brightness in the Heavens, the Perspicuity in the air, the clear Limpidity in the waters, the variety of colours in the Flowers, the hardness in Stones and Metals, the Proportion in living Creatures, the Image of God in regenerated men, Faith in true Believers, and Reason in the Soul: Yet is there in them such a beauty, which very few mortals have throughly perceived, or plainly known.

Now why should there not be such an admirable virtue in the true Philosophers Stone, which truly I have seen and known to be so. Yet hereby I endeavour not to perswade the worthy and unworthy alike, to labour in this work. I rather dehort busie searchers, from this most perillous secret, like as from some Holy of Holies; Yea, let every discreet Student be exceeding cautious in reading and keeping company with Sophisticate false Philosophers. Nevertheless to satisfie curious Naturalists, I shall communicate faithfully whatsoever was acted between Elias the Artist, and Me, concerning the nature of the Philosophers Stone.

It is a thing much brighter then Aurora, or a Carbuncle, more splendid then the Sun or Gold, and more beautiful then the Moon or Silver; Insomuch that this most recreating light, can never be blotted out of my mind, though it should not be believed by Learned Fools, or Illiterate Asses, babling nothing but the gloss of haughty proud eloquence. For in this exulcerated old malignant Age, nothing can be secured from slanderous Carpers; But all such Batts and Bratts do err from Truth, and in progress of time vanish, miserably ensnared in their own errors, yet our assertion shall stand till the very end of all generations, being built upon the eternal foundation of Triumphant Truth. And although this Art be not yet known to all, the Adept do assert according

to experience, That this natural Mistery is only to be found with the great Jehovah, Saturninely placed in the Center of the World. In the interim, we account them happy, who by the help of art, are careful how they may wash this Philosophical Queen, and circulate the Catholick Virgin Earth, within a Magick, Physicall Christalline Artifice; Nay, as Khunrade saith, they alone shall see the Philosophers King crowned with all the colours of the world, and coming forth of his Bedchamber, and glassy Sepulchre, more then perfect in his external glorified fiery body, shining like a bright Carbuncle, or a compact, and Ponderous transparent Christal; These shall see the Salamander casting out waters, and washing therewith, the Leprouse Metals in the fire, as I my self have seen. What shall I say? These shall see the Abyss of the Spagyrick Art, where this kingly art did rest and lye hid so many years in the Mineral Kingdom, as in their safest bosom. Assuredly the true Sons of this Art shall not only manifest such a river of Numitius; in which long since Æneas (being washt, and absolved from his mortality), by the command of Venus, was presently transformed like to an immortal God, but also the whole Lydian River (called Pactolus) transmuted *into gold*, as soon as Mygdonian Mydas hath washed himself in the same. Also in a long Series they shall partly see the Bath of naked Diana, and the Fountain of Narcissus; yea, Scylla walking in the Sea without her clothes, by reason of the fervent rayes of the Sun; and shall gather the blood of Pyramis and Thysbe, by whose help the white Mulberries were tinged into red. Partly also the blood of Adonis, transformed by the descending Goddess Venus, into the Anemone Rose: Partly also the blood of Ajax, out of which did spring the fairest Flower of Hyacinth or Violet: Partly also the blood of the Gyants, struck by Jupiters Thunderbolt: partly also the tears of Althea, shed when she had divested her self of her Golden Robes, and laid them down: partly also the drops from Medea's decocted water, out of which green things did presently sprowt out of the earth: Partly also Medeas Potion boyled out of many hearbs, gathered three days before the Full Moon, for the healing of her good old Father Jason: Partly also the Medicine of Æsculapius; Partly also the leaves by whose taste Glaucus was transformed into Neptune: Partly also the expressed juice of Jason, by whose benefit he got the Golden Fleece, in the Land of Colchos, after he had fought generously in the Field of Mars, not without great danger of his Life: Partly also the Garden of Hesperides, from whose Trees might be gathered Apples of Gold: Partly also, Hippomines running a Race with Atalanta, delaying and conquering her, by throwing down three Golden Apples, given him by Venus: Partly also the Aurora of Cephalus; Partly also as it were, Romulus transformed by Jupiter into a God: Partly also the Soul of Julius Cæsar, transfigured by Venus into a Comet, and placed amongst the Stars: partly also Pytho the Serpent of Juno, springing up after Deucalions deluge out of the putrified Earth, heated by the rayes of the Sun; partly also the Fire, whereby Medea lighted seven Candles: partly also the Moon inflamed by the great burning of Phaeton; partly also the dryed shrub or branch of the Olive Tree, new greening with berries, as a new and tender tree: partly also Arcadia, wherein Jupiter was used to walk: partly also the dwelling place of Pluto, at whose entrance the three headed Cerberus did watch: partly also that Mountain where Hercules burnt all his Members he had from his Mother upon a Pile of Wood, when the Fathers parts did remain fixt and incombustible in the fire, yet was he not one jot impaired in his life, but at length was changed into the likeness of a God. Further, these true children of the Philosophers, shall at last enter into the Temple of the transformed rustick house, whose roof was built out of fine gold. Indeed I cannot do less then once more proclaim aloud with the Adeptists. O happy, and thrice happy is this Artist, who by the most gracious blessing of the most high Jehovah obtains this art to prepare and make this almost divine Salt, by whose efficacious operation, the metallick body or mineral is broke open, destroyed and killed, yet its soul is revived to the glorious resurrection of the Philosophick body: Most happy therefore is he who obtains this Art of Arts, to the glory of God, by earnest constant prayers: For certainly the knowledge of this Mystery cannot be obtained, unless drawn and suckt out of the Fountain of Fountains, which is God. Therefore every serious Lover of this inestimable art should believe the chief of his business is, That with uncessant desires and prayers

in a living Faith, he implore, and adore the most Soveraign grace of Gods Holy Spirit in all his works: for it is the solemn custom of God to communicate his gifts candidly and liberally, only to candid and liberal men, mediately or immediately: for by this only holy way of the practice of Piety, all students of difficult arts find what they desire. But they must exercise solitary Philosophical and Religious pleadings with Jehovah, with a pure mouth and heart: For the heavenly wisdom Sophia embraceth our friendship, offering us her Rivers of gratious goodness and bounty, never to be drawn dry. And most happy is he to whom the true kingly way shall be shewed by an Adept Possessor of this great Secret. But I foresee this small Preface will not satisfie my Readers alike; some perchance taxing me for presuming as it were to teach them an art unknown to my self, when this hath been my only purpose to relate a History: yet I doubt not but this study of divine wisdom, will be sweeter to some then any Nectar, or Ambrosia. I say no more, but conclude with that of Julius Cæsar Scaliger, That the end of truly wise men is the communicating of wisdom: According to that of Gregory Nyssen He that is good, Communicates willingly his goods to others, for the property of good men is to be profitable to others.

(To be Continued.)

PAPERS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY BRO. WM. ROWBOTTOM.

(*Continued from page* 536.)

IV.—The Reason of its Building.

WE now proceed to discuss the reasons which could have influenced the builders in their erection of this monument at the particular epoch to which it belongs; and, first of all, we may at once lay aside as unworthy our attention as Masons all reasons which fail to account for the scientific proportions and references with which it is found to abound. Glancing over the numerous purposes assigned by writers to the building, we cannot help being struck by the absurdity of some and the inadequacy of others. Mr. Bonwick devotes half the pages of his volume to this problem, while Colonel Howard Vyse in his day found sufficient matter to compile a most interesting appendix to his magnificent work. It is difficult to imagine how a traveller could see in the Pyramids either barriers against the desert, or filtering reservoirs for the Nile water; much less that educated men could have left these nearly solid structures with the idea that they were the granaries that Joseph built to contain the stores of wheat. Equally difficult, also, of belief, is the idea that the Great Pyramid is nothing more than a mere tomb; though it is not denied that some one may have been buried in or near it, and it is evident that in the erection of the later Pyramids this purpose was the sole end in view.

There remain, then, to be considered the theories which ascribe to it a scientific purpose. On a cursory glance, many of these appear contradictory, while others appear inconsequent. What is wanted, as appears to me, is some theory which, while embracing in its conception the most important of these views, should also present a sufficient apparent cause. I do not know how to explain this more fully here, but as I proceed I hope my readers will grasp my meaning. This much for the present—I do not consider it correct to say the Pyramid teaches this or that scientific truth; since,

however exact Great Pyramid science may be, it is first necessary to have mastered the problem before the Pyramid symbolism can be understood. In the right view of this question lies, I believe, the true Masonic teaching of the Great Pyramid.

How, then, shall we view the Great Pyramid? As a "Witness to the Lord;" a temple—not for the celebration of service it is true, but for all that a temple—a building dedicated to the honour and glory of God.

Following Jewish tradition, which places the confusion at Babel in the 48th year of the patriarch Abraham, I find a striking parallel between the Great Pyramid and that later temple with which our Masonic traditions are so intimately connected. In studying the history of the Chosen People we cannot fail to note that the era of our Royal Grand Master K.S. marked the zenith of civilisation reached by Israel, and was followed immediately afterwards by the revolt of the Ten Tribes from the House of David and their eventual dispersion in the land of their enemies. We are thus led to the conclusion that by the erection of the House of God at Jerusalem, David and Solomon were inspired by the Spirit of God to provide against that period of darkness and dispersion which was about to close the "Golden Age" of the Hebrew Monarchy, and to preserve a visible "Sanctuary" in Judah. So also was it, I believe, at that earlier period when Shem, the King of Peace and Righteousness, succeeded to the headship of the human family on the death of the Patriarch Noah, and prepared to carry out the instructions of his father and to rear an everlasting monument to the Lord his God, previous to the final dispersion of the human race. Confuse not, therefore, this final dispersion, as we are wont to do, with that previous dispersion in the days of Peleg, when the earth was divided among the families of Man (Genesis x. 25). The one was to fulfil a beneficent and natural purpose—to prevent the exhaustion of any particular locality by the increasing numbers of men, and to enable the descendants of Noah to reap the promised blessing, to multiply and replenish the earth. But the other was a far different event; for men had sinned and rebelled against the Lord, and His wrath was poured out upon them. A parallel may here again be found in the history of Israel. They had been brought through the waters of the sea—had entered the Promised Land—had been dispersed to their appointed possessions—had forgotten the law which Moses had given them—had been regathered into one family by David—and had again enjoyed a period of united prosperity under Solomon, who, also, was the Prince of Peace; before their last and final dispersion which ensued, though not immediately, on their revolt.

I know that this is not the generally accepted view of this early period of history, concerning which the book of Genesis gives us so brief a summary; yet it is perfectly agreeable to the tenor of that history, explains many things otherwise hard to be understood, and is in keeping with the scheme of redemption and restitution as taught in Holy Writ.

It is, then, after the reassembling of the tribes by Noah in the central land of Egypt, which inaugurated "the Golden Age," that I place the building of the Great Pyramid by Shem as a witness to the Lord. This, then, being the theory, how is it supported by the facts of the case? for if the Great Pyramid was built on the true Masonic principle of preconceived plan and design, we may rightly expect to find in the evidences of such design proof of its intended purpose. Such there must be, or the theory falls to the ground. No carved imagery or mural decoration portrays the progress of the building or records its purpose; if we would enter into the secrets that lie in the design of the Master Builder, we must, with Piazzi Smyth, arise and "measure the Temple of God." But a Mason will require a particular measure. No hap-hazard rule will satisfy one instructed in the Masonic Craft. The unit of measurement used in the Pyramid is the inch, the basis also of our own system of meterology. Twenty-five of these inches constitute the "sacred cubit," which is the square of the "boss"* or 5 × 5 pyramid inches. This 5 × 5 cubit appears, however, never to have been in general use. There is no evidence of its use in the roughly-squared masonry of the

* See Article 1, p. 444.

building, and it is only in its finished proportions that its presence is noted. There was, however, preserved among the people of Israel a sacred cubit, distinct from the measure in ordinary use, described by the prophet Ezekiel, in giving the measures for the temple yet to be built, with great emphasis—"*The cubit is a cubit and a hand-breadth.*"* A difference of not less than 4 inches was thus indicated as existing between the cubit in general use and that to which he was referring. Sir Isaac Newton devoted his great genius to this question, and from such data as he was able to obtain deduced an approximate length of 24·88 inches, for what he pronounced to be the "sacred cubit of the Jews" which was "the proper and principal cubit of the Israelites long before they went down into Egypt."† Thus we have as the standard measure a cubit, which from comparison of results proves to have been equal to that used by Noah in the construction of the Ark; by Moses for the Tabernacle; by Solomon for the Temple; by Ezekiel in his plans for the future Temple; and to which the old two-foot rule as in general use among the so-called Gothic races is the closest approximation in length of any known measure in general use in ancient or modern times.

In the Pyramid measurements we find this cubit comes out as a "day symbol," or, as Piazzi Smyth calls it, the "day standard of linear measure;" for on dividing the base side length by 5 × 5, and thus reducing it to cubits, we have for the result 365·242,—the exact number of days and the fraction of a day in a year.

We are now brought to what scientific men chose to call, "the coincidences of the plan of the structure." They say in effect that the Architect having decided to build a four-square pyramid of a certain height, and at such an angle that the height should have to its base square the same proportions as the radius of a circle to its circumference, all else followed as a matter of course. Under these circumstances we may be thankful that the author of "Pyramid Facts and Fancies," has given us a most unexceptional guarantee of the exactness of the coincidences we are called upon to consider. He quotes a distinguished scientist and official astronomer as writing to him as follows:—"Astronomers do not as a rule agree with Piazzi Smyth's *deductions* and *conclusions*. His matters of fact are of course not disputed, and many of his discoveries are, I think, rather looked upon as curious and interesting coincidences, than as establishing his theories."‡

Before recording a few of these so-called "coincidences," it may not be out of place here to remind the craftsmen that as the whole structure of the pyramid masonifies the peculiar properties of the circle and square, its builder must have been a master in that science, which, as its name (Geometry—earth-measure) denotes, has particular reference to the plans of T. G. A. O. T. U., and has for its laws those unchanging principles whose universal application is met with throughout all His works.

Going back then to the building of the Great Pyramid for the origin of Masonic tradition, we can understand how appropriate is that recommendation to its study, which is given to the initiated on entering the F.C. degree. "Masonry and Geometry," we are told, "were originally synonymous terms, and this science being of a divine and moral nature, is enriched with the most useful knowledge; for while it proves the wonderful properties of nature, it also demonstrates the important truths of morality."§ In taking for the standard of length the sacred cubit of 25 inches, the Architect really fixed upon the 10,000,000th part of the earth's radius, and thus based his system of measurement upon a line from the surface to the centre of the earth. If from this building Masonry took its rise, we can easily believe that this was no mere accident. Indeed, Mr. Proctor says:‖ "It seems, for instance, altogether likely that the architects of the Pyramid took the sacred cubit equal to one 20,000,000th part of the earth's

* Ezekiel 43, 13.

† See "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," pp. 314—320, where references in full will be found to Sir Isaac Newton's calculations.

‡ "Pyramid Facts and Fancies," p. 164.

§ Preston's "Illustrations of Masonry."

‖ "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," p. 68.

diameter for their chief unit of length, and intentionally assigned to the side of the Pyramid's square base, a length of just so many cubits as there are days in the year; and the closeness of the coincidence between the measured length and that indicated by this theory, strengthens the idea that this was the builder's purpose." He then proceeds to show how there are other coincidences which weaken the proof in favour of design, but since these coincidences do but prove a mysterious order in creation, and the ruling presence of well-known laws, such coincidences should rather prove to Masons that the gifted Master Builder had been guided in the planning of this wonderful Temple by the eternal laws of T. G. G. O. T. U.

Since the base of the Pyramid symbolises the year circle of the earth, it is not surprising that the height thereof should typify the earth's distance from the centre of that system of which it forms a part. Such was the view of the late Mr. John Taylor. As the π (Py) angle of the pyramid is also sometimes expressed for practical purposes as 10 : 9 (that is for every *ten* units which the structure advances inward on the diagonal of the base it rises upwards *nine*). So does its height multiplied by 10 in its 9th power give a sun-distance which meets the requirements of modern science. The distance thus given is 91,840,000 miles, a distance considerably less than the 95 millions generally given in text books a few years back, but wonderfully near the result of the Venus Transit Observations of 1874, as recently calculated by Mr. Stone, Astronomer Royal, at the Cape of Good Hope, who gives as his result 91,940,000 miles.* Mr. Proctor, who had given the sun-distance in the *British Encyclopædia* at 91,400,000, considers that the actual distance will ultimately prove much nearer the Pyramid distance, and that there is now good reason for believing the actual distance to be nearly 92 million miles.†

Mr. Proctor urges against these coincidences that in a building presenting such a variety of measurements some coincidences with the results of modern science were sure to be found. He thus persists in maintaining that the agreement is casual only, and not premeditated; but when we compare these typical references of the Great Pyramid to the universe we cannot help recalling the description of a true Masonic Lodge, as set forth in the lecture on the first T—— B——, and being struck by the unity of conception displayed.

It is impossible for me to give, in the brief form required for a magazine article, the numerous problems worked out in this building, but I cannot conclude without referring to a few of the remarkable characteristics of the King's Chamber. This chamber is in form an irregular square in length from east to west, and in breadth from north to south, and is situate nearly in the centre of the building.

By referring to the dimensions given on page 445 in the March number, it will be seen that the breadth is exactly half the length, and the height half of the floor diagonal.

Mr. James Simpson, of Edinburgh, was the first to call attention to a series of commensurabilities of squares in very Pyramid numbers. Taking half the breadth, 103·033 —or, as he more closely defined it, 103·0329—as a special unit of division, he found:—

Breadth	= 2·	whose square =	4
Height	= 2·236	„ =	5
Length	= 4·	„ =	16
Total of squares of linear measure =			25 or 5^2.
End diagonal	= 3·	whose square =	9
Floor do.	= 4·472	„ =	20
Side do.	= 4·582	„ =	21
Total of squares of plane diagonals =			50 or $5^2 \times 2$.
Solid diagonal	= 5·	whose square =	25

* See article by Prof. Piazzi Smyth, in the *Banner of Israel*, April 17, 1878.
† "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," p. 72.

The sum of the three totals thus equals 100, of which number of stones the walls of the chamber are composed.

The length of the chamber multiplied by 5 × 5 yields 10303·29, or the same row of figures, with the decimal point differently placed, as Mr. Simpson's unit of division; and if it be asked what further significance this number has, then it may be replied that the area of the square base of the Pyramid is equal to the area of a circle whose diameter equals 10303·30.

"Again,"* says Professor Piazzi Smyth, "considering Pyramid inches in the King's Chamber to signify Pyramid cubits outside the building, the following results came out correct to six places of figures:—Take the length of the King's Chamber, 412·132, to express the diameter of a circle. Compute, by the best methods of modern science, the area of that circle; throw the area into a square shape, and find the length of a side of such square. The answer will be 365·242." The length of the base side of the Pyramid in sacred cubits. In the Ante-chamber also the equation of areas is also worked out. For $103{\cdot}033^2$ = the area of a circle whose diameter is 116·260. Then:—

(1.) $103{\cdot}033 \times 5 = 515{\cdot}165$; solid diagonal of King's Chamber.

(2.) $103{\cdot}033 \times 50 = 5151{\cdot}65$; the side of a square whose area is equal to that of the direct vertical section of the Pyramid.

(3.) $116{\cdot}260 \times \pi = 365{\cdot}242$; the number of days in a year, and of cubits in the base side, or,

(4.) $116{\cdot}260 \times \pi \times 5 \times 5 = 9131{\cdot}05$; the length of the base in inches.

(5.) $116{\cdot}260 \times 50 = 5813{\cdot}$; the height of the Pyramid.

Many other examples might be given, but let me now refer to the solution of another geometrical problem worked out in the construction of the Coffer in the King's Chamber, which appears to me to bear upon the mysterious reverence for double cubes which Dr. Oliver refers to in his works. The Rev. Henry Morton, an enthusiastic mathematician and Pyramidalist, has told how the problem of the duplication of the cube formed one of the mysteries of the ancients, and the strange geometrical properties of this Coffer may have originated the belief that some mysterious properties were associated with the form of the double cube.

On comparing its cubic dimensions it will be seen that the exterior is double the interior, and that therefore its capacity equals its solid volume, while the cubical contents of its sides are double the cubical contents of the bottom. This mysterious Coffer is also held to be equal in capacity with the "Ark of the Covenant," and the brazen lavers of King Solomon's Temple, which contained four homers, each homer being equal to the Anglo-Saxon corn measure known as a "quarter,"—the Coffer itself being earth commensurable in density and capacity.

The only object of coeval antiquity found within the Pyramid, no wonder that its original use has given rise to many speculations. As some of these may be interesting, and are relevant to the question now under discussion, I will quote from the pages of Mr. Bonwick's book a few appropriate passages:—"†All the ancient Pagan mysteries are connected with a sacred vase, a holy bath, a baptismal font, in which the initiated, in a nude state, were completely immersed, and from which they were raised to newness of life. This idea of the regenerating influence of that holy water prevailed alike in the further east and the further west, from the Himalayas across the old continents to Mexico and Peru, or over the Pacific islands. It has literally girdled the earth. We observe it alike in the most ancient as well as most modern forms of heathenism.

"According to Professor Piazzi Smyth the Pyramid was erected to preserve the Coffer or Sarcophagus. According to mystics of various orders a similar opinion has been entertained. Some contend it was to keep inviolate this *symbol of generative life.* It

* "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," p. 179.
† pp. 218 and 219.

was the cauldron of Ceridwen of the British Druids, whence secrets were learned by special and Divine inspiration. It was at once the tomb and the portal to immortality. In a country where, and in an epoch when, certainly, eternity and eternal life occupied more of the popular thought than in any other clime or time, this precious sign of death and life would be watched over with most jealous care.

"Recently, a remarkable American work, *Art Magic*, has given a Pyramid interpretation. The author speaks of the marvellous as "a sarcophagus for *living men*, for those initiates who were there taught the solemn problems of life and death, and through the instrumentality of that very Coffer attained to that glorious birth of the Spirit—that second birth so significantly described! He adds these words, understood in various senses:—'Slain by violence and laid in the coffer, with him is destroyed the *Master's Word*, on which the building of the great temple depends.'"

No wonder that such men regard the Pyramid as a Masonic Lodge devoted to initiation into the higher mysteries. This could not have been the purpose of the Great Pyramid, else why that "sealing of the passages" which has been already described. Whatever the true purpose was, it could not require a continuous intercourse with the interior to work it out. Hence the connection between Masonry and the Great Pyramid must have been in its origin, and in my concluding article next month I shall endeavour to show that while the primary purpose of the Great Pyramid was that of a monument of witness to the Lord, it is in keeping with its Masonic character that the secrets committed to its keeping should remain unknown until——that is, until the world should be prepared to receive its witness. If any should demur, as some have already done, to a witness of this character; should ridicule secrets which remained secrets until independently discovered; let them reflect that such a witness is in strict keeping with the Spirit of Prophecy, as it is written: "Seal the book, even to the time of the end."

Alfreton, April 30th, 1878.

(*To be Continued.*)

"KICK HIM DOWN."

If, in the treacherous paths of life,
Thy brother's foot should slip,
And words of folly or of strife
Fall from a thoughtless lip:
Or if, perchance, as many say,
"Dame Fortune shifts her gown,"
And blight his prospects in a day,
The cry is, "Kick him down!"

Whate'er his state in life has been,
If honest, worthy, wise—
Or if he wealthy hours has seen,
Of course—you'll shut your eyes.
If poverty, with galling chain,
Makes him the talk of town—
If, struggling, he attempts to rise,
The cry is—"Kick him down!"

If solitude and penitence
For errors be his lot—
If conscience brings remembrance
Of follies oft forgot—

If Hope again, with buoyant wing,
With success his efforts crown,
A thousand accusations bring,
And cry out—"Kick him down!"

If on his well-meant efforts rest
The helpless child for life—
If near his doubting, beating breast,
There hangs an anxious wife—
If to dispel his many cares
Life's hopes and joys seem flown,
Take a dark view of his affairs,
And cry out—"Kick him down!"

If good intent our brother guide,
Though failing in a part,
Discourage not—the world is wide—
There's good in every heart!
Let sympathy your soul inspire,
Whate'er misfortune's frown—
Oh! try to look a little higher,
And never "Kick him down!"

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER XII.

"The widow smiled a welcome warm."

—A LAY OF LONDON CITY.

THEY say that there is something very affecting and sympathetic in "Juxta-position." So Clough asserts, and I am not anxious to dispute his high authority, though I am sometimes tempted to ask with him, "What is Juxta-position?" Difficult as it is to explain, and hard to analyze correctly, yet there is apparently in it something very softening and agreeable. Be this as it may, our wounded heroes in Novara found ere long how woman's gentle voice can soothe, and how woman's loving heart can heal, most of the wounds and ills even to which "flesh is heir to," and how in our hours of emergency, grief, care, worry, pain, she is like an Angelic Being at our sides, with a message of peace, with whispered utterances of blessing and of tenderness!

Henceforth for these two couples Life had a new interest, the world a common sympathy. They had to confront its dangers, its difficulties, its meannesses, its treacheries, no longer alone, but united by a link which could not be broken—a presence which nothing could obliterate. Oh, happy mortals they!

If Don Balthazar and Madame Allegri were not so enthusiastic or so symptomatic in their avowals and appearance, they felt probably the same emotions, though in a calmer way. Young people often forget that others are bored with their "spooning" propensities, and din into your ears the praises of their "Theodore" or their Anna Maria, while all the time you think the youth an unlicked cub, and the maiden a little uncivilized hoyden.

We should never forget in this world that two-thirds of the world know nothing, and care less, for the other one-third; and that if ever there be not something agreeable to us in the misfortunes of our dearest friends, (as the cynic asserts,) there is often something essentially provoking in good luck which never has been ours,—in all that worldly prosperity and happiness which never have been, never can be, our Kismet here. Indeed, if one were to judge from the normal conversation of one's friends, "hard lines" and "undeserved misfortunes" seem to be the lot of most of us in life! Some people like to be morbid and have a grievance, but, on the whole, I believe the world deals kindly with most of us, though its wounds are often long in healing, and its dark hours and stormy days overpower and even over-pass the sunshine of fancy, and the fairy scenes of genuine happiness.

But where am I getting to? As Mrs. Balasso says, "sentiment is dangerous, and retrospection a mistake." In the midst of the general contentment, when even Paesiello and Compton were beginning to take a very equable view of things, and admit that prospective Hymeneals had some pleasant characteristics, a new arrival troubled the peace and harmony of that rejoicing and contented circle!

Baron von Puchner-Priessler, like many another man, determined to make one more assault on the "hard heart" of Madame Allegri before he succumbed to his "fortune de la guerre;" so one fine morning he appeared at Madame Allegri's temporary abode, a pleasant little villa just outside Novara, and when announced found himself in the midst of that once more gay and happy confederation. He was received very warmly by the fair widow, with malicious smiles by the ladies, and with "*sotto voce*" chaff by the men. But he soon made a diversion, and proclaimed the object of his coming,—for, like some others whom I have met with in life, he had no idea but that when Puchner-Priessler spoke, all were to listen, mute and satisfied and respectful! So he asked Madame Allegri to take a walk with him, a request which sorely bothered that good dame not a little, and which she acceded to evidently most reluctantly.

However, there was no help for it, and away they walked. What happened in that walk was never formally reported, though probably Don Balthazar was duly and discreetly told; but when the younger portion of the family came in in the evening, they learnt that Baron Puchner-Priessler had returned to Rome, Antonio said to his master, "as black as thunder, and without a word to cast to a dog or a woman!" Oh, impertinent Antonio!

And here I think we may as well finish the episode of Baron Puchner-Priessler, though he is neither a very interesting personage, nor plays a very striking part in our veracious story. Not that I think him wrong in trying to obtain for himself so amiable a wife as Madame Allegri; but as he was a thoroughly selfish, callous man, I neither sympathize with his woes nor mourn over his disappointment;—the more so as "compensation" was in store for him.

When he reached Rome he found Madame Von Langentheiler full of beaming smiles and superabundant sentiment. To her, Puchner-Priessler was everything, (whatever that everything might mean), and she soon enabled that egotistical gentleman to feel quite comfortable and perfectly at his ease. Finding, as other men have found, (as weak-minded as himself), how much they can lean on a talkative, clever, well-educated, if shallow-principled woman, after a few weeks of daily "making up to," this distinguished individual "surrendered at discretion."

We need hardly pursue him into his married life: it was no doubt happy in its way, and brought its "agrémens" and its distractions, and was, I think moreover, after all, quite good enough for him. For Madame Langentheiler was not a bad-hearted woman, and as Madame Puchner-Priessler number Two she made a very good wife for a man who certainly did not know what a good wife really meant, and certainly did not deserve one.

But when I add that owing to her new position she succeeded in marrying her two daughters well, does she not deserve to be "highly commended?" I think she does, and therefore give her the "honours of war" accordingly.

When the news of this little "denouément" reached Novara, great was the joy, much the laughter!—and Paesiello has recorded the event in his Diary, with a striking passage, which I will transcribe, as best closing, moreover, this very prosaic chapter.

"So Puchner-Priessler marries Madame Von Langentheiler! Well, there is no accounting for tastes, or the 'outcome' of things in this world! And, after all, what does it matter to you or me? Life is so made up of pettiness and folly, of foolish vows, broken promises, and ill-starred engagements, that when two old geese fancy themselves in love, it is perhaps as good a commentary as can well be on the hopes and ideas of the young and inexperienced. All our goslings are cackling on the green common of life, but an old goose and an old gander!—well, good luck go with them!

I, for one, find as I grow older that life's illusions vanish one by one, and that there is very little, when all is said and done, which we need weep over, need regret, and least of all treat as of vital importance to any of us!"

I don't, for one, agree with our hero, but I like to let him speak for himself, feeling assured that the good sense of my readers will enable them to discover all that is fallacious, and all that is untrue in this little bit of morbid philosophy.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

XII. JUNE.

QUEEN of the fairies, laughing-browed Rose Queen!
Sunny enchantress, dimpled, warm and fair!
Sweet witch, on whom young maidens shyly lean,
Wreathing star pansies in thy golden hair—
Pansies for thoughts lips dare not speak aloud,
But mystically whisper in a flower;
While stands the shadowy Future, pale and bowed,
Drawing the emblem lots that shall them dower:
Nightshade to one, to one a red, red bloom,
Fresh gathered with the dew in its warm heart,
Wild woodbine, briar, grey moss from a tomb,
Balm-flowers, sweet-balsam, stinging-nettle smart—
Prophetic oracles that glad and grieve,
Given in Elfin Court Midsummer eve."

ALL is joy and beauty, for as the bare blank patch of soil is now covered with herbage, and that herbage again well-nigh hidden with the upspringing treasure of flowers, so the early summer-time seems, as it gilds the very darkness of the Winter that is past, to re-invigorate the mind and to flood the heart with a golden glow that lights up and warms even the dreary days of sorrow in the past. Oh! 'Day of Sunshine'—

"O Gift of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much,

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms!
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O life and love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?"

Who has not felt this soul-striving to burst the fetters that bind him to a sordid earth and to live in and for better things alone?

Who again could answer negatively the poetic questioning of our truly English Poetess?

"Who loveth not the sunshine? Oh! who loveth not the bright
And blessed mercy of His smile, who said "Let there be light?"
Who lifteth not his face to meet the rich and glowing beam?
Who dwelleth not with miser eyes upon such golden stream?
Let those who will accord their song to hail the revel blaze
That only comes where feasting reigns and courtly gallants gaze!
But the sweet and merry sunshine is a braver theme to sing,
For it kindles round the peasant while it bursts above the king.

* * * * *

The bloom is on the cherry-tree—the leaf is on the elm;
The bird and butterfly have come to claim their fairy realm;
Unnumbered stars are on the earth—the fairest who can choose,
When all are painted with the tints that form the rainbow's hues?
What spirit-wand hath wakened them? the branch of late was bare,
The world was desolate—but now there's beauty everywhere.
'Tis the sweet and merry sunshine has unfolded leaf and flower,
And tells us of the Infinite, of Glory, and of Power.

* * * * *

The sweet and merry sunshine makes the very churchyard fair;
We half forget the yellow bones, while yellow flowers are there;
And while the summer beams are thrown upon the osiered heap,
We tread with lingering footsteps where our "rude forefathers sleep."
The hemlock does not seem so rank—the willow is not dull;
The rich glow lights the coffin nail and burnishes the skull,
Oh! the sweet and merry sunshine is a pleasant thing to see,
Though it plays upon a grave stone through the gloomy cypress tree."

Sweet and merry sunshine, indeed! But—

"There's a sunshine that is brighter, that is warmer e'en than this;
That spreadeth round a stronger gleam, and sheds a deeper bliss;
That gilds whate'er it touches with a lustre all its own,
As brilliant on the cottage porch as on Assyria's throne.
It gloweth in the human soul, it passeth not away;
And dark and lonely is the heart that never felt its ray:
'Tis the sweet and merry sunshine of affection's gentle light
That never wears a sullen cloud, and fadeth not in night."

What a blessing to us prosaic mortals of this weary work-a-day world, that amidst man's labour Nature should afford one endless Sabbath to those who seek in her their rest; should

in that Sabbath give a Sabbath-teaching to those of her children who will follow her guidance; should of those very children provide her Poet-priests and priestesses to divine her wondrous lore, to expound its hidden mysteries, and dispense its mental-healings to all her offspring of the earth. Well may we "Thank God for flowers!"

For—

"The Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunslight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay.

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

* * * *

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

* * * *

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

Once more "Thank God for flowers!" and Thank Him, too, for that

"Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere."

And now to the Works themselves, else will our space be filled with moralising and our time and opportunity, precious, for it is the last, of describing Nature in June, be lost and gone.

As such thoughts induce a serious frame of mind, we will begin with one of our more sober-hued family—one of which we spoke shortly last month—the Umbel-bearers. This family, on account, we suppose, of its very marked characteristics, is called almost universally "Hemlock," whereas but one species of it is in reality entitled to the name, and that one easily recognizable from its being the only British kind that has a smooth spotted stem; besides this, its deep-green, large and beautifully indented leaves, together with its mouse-like smell, is unmistakable. As a general rule, all plants of this tribe,

growing usually in moist situations, are poisonous; to this rule, though, there is one notable exception, the Angelica, which is used as the basis of a sweetmeat. Referring to the poisonous properties of the Hemlock, we cannot forget the philosopher Socrates, who was compelled to drink its deadly juice, nor shall we hardly fail to call to mind the curious, if original, views of the goodness of Providence held by Pliny when he asks—"Wherefore hath our Mother Earth brought out poisons in so great a quantity but that men in distress might make away with themselves?" Far differently shall we regard the Creator's ways when we dwell upon the service that even deadly plants such as Hemlock and Foxglove, rightly understood and properly applied, render to suffering humanity—lengthening not shortening, making happy not cutting off as unendurable, the term of human life; many a quondam nervous sufferer has reason to be grateful to these plants for the relief they have afforded him. Injudiciously applied, especially amongst the "simples" of villagers of the "Wise" sort, such plants have wrought much mischief, which fact seems to have been known to Gerarde, who says common Marjoram given in wine is a remedy not only against the "bitings and stingings of venomous beasts," but it also "cureth them that have drunk opium or the juice of black poppy or hemlocks, especially if it be given with wine and raisons of the sun."

The Foxglove, with its lofty stems, handsome leaves, and beautiful bells of white, pink, red, or purple, deserves a separate mention beyond that of its being of such great medicinal value. It is one of the handsomest native flowers we have, and there is, perhaps, no more beautiful sight than one of the lanes in the Yorkshire dales, with its banks waving shoulder-high with a luxuriant growth of Bracken, Male-fern, and Foxglove. Another of the Fig Worts is the Knotted, which frequents woods and moist grounds; it may be known by its tall square stem, notched leaves, heart-shaped at the base and tapering to a point, and comparatively insignificant cluster of dingy greenish purple blossoms. This species is named from its knotted root. There is another kind, equally common, which frequents streams, and is known as the Water Fig Wort or Water Betony. It may be recognized by a small winged expansion of the angles of its square stem. The odour is disagreeable like that of the Elder. Both species are unwholesome, and disliked by cattle, but that they can be eaten was proved at the siege of Rochelle by Cardinal Richlieu in 1628, when their roots formed the main support of the starving soldiers. The French to this day call the Fig Wort *Herbe du Siège*. Notwithstanding their disagreable odour, the flowers are attractive to many insects, notably wasps. There are two other species, the Balm-leaved and the Yellow, but they are not so common.

Another handsome plant, although hardly, perhaps, a strictly indigenous one is the common Snapdragon that affects the tops of old and crumbling walls. Another variety of this latter plant is the slender creeping-stemmed Ivy-leaved Snapdragon.

The next type of flower that we must notice is the large pea-blossomed or pod-bearing family, for we can hardly proceed a yard without treading upon one or other of them; here, as we speak, at our feet is one member of the tribe—nay, we ought to have said branch of the tribe, for it is quite a numerous company, we mean the Clover—Clover Dutch, Clover White, Clover Red, Trefoil Purple, Trefoil Yellow, Middle, with its zigzag stems and purple blossoms—all unmistakably pea-like or podded, save that instead of the pods hanging upon single stems they are gathered into bunches. In common with all other trefoiled plants—Shamrocks and the like—the Clovers were considered by our ancestors to be antagonistic to evil and "noisome" to wandering witch or wary wizard. The poet alludes to this old notion;—

> "Woe, woe to the knight who meets the green knight,
> Except on his faulchion arm,
> Spell-proof he bear, like the brave St. Clair,
> The holy Trefoil's charm.

No doubt the tri-une leaf had to do with the foundation of the belief, linking it with the legend of St. Patrick's taking, when introducing Christianity into Ireland, as the text of his sermon on the Divine Trinity in Unity, the triple leaf of the Shamrock, which sprang up from the hole made in the turf by the point of his pastoral staff.

Next comes the numerous family of the Vetches. Close by the hedge is the Yellow Meadow Vetchling, or Everlasting Pea; cattle are said to be very fond of this plant, which is a rapid spreader. Next we have the Tuberous Bitter Vetch, Peaseling, or Wood Pea, with its purplish blossoms. It is but little heeded in England, but the Scotch, who call it Corneille, esteem it very highly; its roots are considered to be a valuable remedy in lung complaints, and are chewed also to give a relish to liquor; a little of the plant is considered to allay both hunger and thirst. The flavour of the roots, like that of the Rest Harrow (another butterfly-flowered plant) is sweet; they are eaten boiled, or roasted like chestnuts in Holland and Flanders. Lightfoot says that in Ross and Breadalbane a pleasant liquor is fermented from them; Dickson recommends their cultivation in England. Baxter says "it is supposed to be the '*Chara*' of Cæsar's Commentaries, the root of which steeped in milk was so great a relief to the famished army of Dyrrachium." This is also thought to be the "Caledonian Food" described by Dio on which the hungry army of Valerius lived. There are two other species, the Black Bitter and the Wood Bitter.

Perhaps the most graceful of the tribe is the Tufted Vetch, whose garlands are so tender that they can scarcely be untwined from the hedge without breaking. Many of the wild varieties of Vetch are highly spoken of by Gerarde as food for cattle, whilst Dr. Plot in his "Natural History of Staffordshire," says that this and the before-mentioned Wood Vetch "advance starven or weak cattle above anything yet known." All the ten species of vetch are thus useful, whilst their seeds afford a rich harvest of food to our bird friends. These plants have been long and widely known; their name in Celtic being "*Gwig*"; in German, "*Wicken*"; "*Bikion*" in Greek; "*Vicia*" in Latin, and in French "*Vesci.*" One pretty species we cannot now stay to describe—that is the Milk Vetch, in its various varieties, but we must mention a somewhat analogous plant, the Sainfoin, which is found wild on Royston Heath, Dover Cliffs, and other bleak chalky places. Its name, "Holy Hay," would lead us to ask with Alfred Lear Huxford :—

"What have the pilgrims told
About this flower?
Said they, when in times of old
The Infant in the manger lay,
Thou thy blossoms didst display
And changed his humble birth-place to a bower."

The French call this plant also "*L'Esparcet*"; the Italians "*Esparzita*," and "*Cedrangolo.*"

Wandering up the hillside we ought to find, growing close to the ground, the yellow-green flowers of "Our Lady's Mantle"; the same hillside can scarcely fail to present also the—

"Thymy mound that flings unto the winds
Its morning incense."

Were the hill in Ireland we might gather the London Pride or None-so-pretty in its native wilds; were it in Wales or Scotland, the purple blossoms of the Moss Campion; whilst on the moors we are pretty sure of gathering the bright yellow European Globe flower, a member of the Ranunculus family; here too we might pick up a specimen or two of the White Butterfly Orchis.

Back to the streams and we shall find the Yellow Iris, of which Charlotte Smith says :—

"Retiring May to lovely June
Her latest garland now resigns,
The banks with Cuckoo-flowers are strewn,
The wood-walks blue with columbines;
And with its reeds the wandering stream
Reflects the flag-flower's golden beam."

The root of this plant is scentless and sweet, and although sometimes used medicinally, should be employed with caution, as it produces a heat in the mouth and throat which will last for hours. Like other astringent infusions, it will, with iron make ink, and

forms a good black dye, for both of which purposes it has been long in use with the Scotch. Dr. Johnston thus quotes Ettmüller concerning it: "But above all which I have hitherto known, the juice of the roots of the Iris, rubbed upon the tooth that is painful, or the root itself chewed in the mouth, in an instant, as if by a charm, draws away the pain of the teeth, arising from what cause soever. He that communicated it to me affirmed that he had tried it forty times, at least, with like success. I myself also have tried it; a great many others have done the same by my persuasion, and I hardly ever knew it to fail." A cosmetic is also prepared from this plant, whilst its roasted seeds are recommended as a good substitute for coffee. As to its name, Plutarch says that Iris signified "eye of heaven."

The Purple, or Stinking Iris, is found in woods and hedges. Like other varieties of Iris, this plant bears the name of *Flower de Luce*, which, however, should properly be applied to the Lily. As an heraldic bearing, this flower carries us back to the time of the Crusades, when Louis VII. of France chose it as his emblem. On a coin, however, engraved by both Speed and Camden, it appears in the crown of Edward the Confessor. The *Fleur de Lys* was evidently, from its name, a Lily; and it is a Lily that is invariably represented in all religious paintings of the Virgin Mary.

And now for the Queen of water-flowers, the Water-Lily,—what can exceed it, glistening in its bed of glossy leaves, in beauty. If less delicate, hardly less beautiful is the richly-coloured cup of the Yellow Water Lily, which is so strongly scented as to be quite overpowering in a room. Eastern nations are fond of it—the Turks making a cooling drink of its blossoms, which they call "*Pufer*," from its ancient name "*Nouphar*"; the Arabs still call it "*Noufar*"; whilst our own scientific name for it is of Greek origin.

We must pass over now the myriads of smaller aquatic plants, the Flowers of Heaven, the Falling Stars, the Crow-Silks, Star-worts, Feather-foils, and Horn-worts, and recline for awhile in well-earned rest with Thomson:—

> "Beside the dewy border let me sit,
> All in the freshness of the humid air;
> There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
> An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head
> By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
> Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
> Of fragrant wood-bine loads his little thigh."

For what?—

> "Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee!
> * * * * * *
> Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee!
> * * * * * *
> Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee!
> Late and early at employ;
> Still on thy golden stores intent,
> Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent,
> What thy winter will never enjoy;
> Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy bee!
>
> Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy bee!
> What is the end of thy toil.
> When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
> And all thy work for the year is done,
> Thy master comes for the spoil.
> Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy bee!"

Does Southey speak truth? Yes! and No? Yes! if we have simply for ourselves been storing up that of which the grave will rob us! No! if we have been content to—

> "Go, labour on, spend and be spent"

for others. For then, though our toil and its result will be for ever left behind in the

Master's hand here, that Masters hand will give us a reward as shall give us for sorrow gladness, and for mourning joy eternal!

The Moths, the Butterflies, the Beetles, and the others of the Insect world, as well too as the Birds, are far too numerous to mention; we can only say that all may now be found in plenty. These with many a flower and fern, many a shrub and tree must go unmentioned even,—those trees to which our English Poetess says:—

"We bless ye for your summer shade,
When our weak limbs fail and tire:
Our thanks are due for your winter aid,
When pile the bright log fire.
* * * * * *
In the rustic porch, the panelled wall,
In the gay triumphal car;
In the rude-built hut, or the banquet-hall;
No matter there ye are!
* * * * * *
Then up with your heads ye sylvan lords,
Wave proudly in the breeze;
From our cradle bands to our coffin boards,
We're in debt to the Forest trees."

From greatest then to least of all her works Nature invites our presence and our sympathy; choice or compulsion, business or pleasure, may awhile enthrall us, but instinctively our longing soul turns to the calm delights and the soothing beauties of the country; once more, and for the last time, hear Eliza Cook:—

"Take me to the hill side, take me to the rill-side,
Where the scarlet pimpernel and starry daisies grow,
Where the woodbine wreathing, greets the Zephyr's breathing,
Where the foam-pearls dance upon the ripples as they flow.
Take me to the valleys where thick, shaded alleys
Will lead me to red clover-fields and plains of yellow sheaves,
And I'll sing to bees and flowers, I'll tell the woodland bowers
That the heart brings back its old love to the sweet, green leaves."

Take me where the birds fly, take me where the herds lie,
Where the ring-dove nestles, and the browsing heifer lows,
Where the brake will hide me from the fawn beside me,
Where the pebbly runnel kisses wild moss, reed, and rose.
Take me where the sunlight only sheds a dim light,
Where the arm of Lady Birch with oak and alder weaves,
And their branches bent with glory shall tell the same old story,
That Bird and Poet sing the best 'mid sweet, green leaves."

Need we say more in praise of Nature's glories? No! and well is it that it is so, for reluctantly enough do we lay down the pen that has guided us and our companions through this twelvemonth's round of beauties. But the time comes that we must part, and we can only take those lessons to heart that we have thus been reading for others out of Nature's book.

Sorrowfully then do we turn us back from the pleasant companions of our rambles, and look alone once more upon our field-friends—

"Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb."

THE END.

T. CH. BARON ZEDLITZ.

IN 1855 there was published by Cotta, of "Stuttgardt," in Würtemburg, a very charming little edition of the "Gedichte" (poems) of Zedlitz.

We have long known them, but as they are not very familiar, we believe, to English and Masonic readers, we have thought it well to include a notice of them in this series of humble papers on some few of the German Poets.

There are many beautiful passages in Zedlitz, if sometimes, perhaps, a little hazy in idea and in their "outcome," but still deserving both of thought and attention. Indeed, we think we may fairly say this, that no one can read or realize his many "happy lines," without finding him and feeling him to be a true master singer, of truest ποιησις. We are not contending now that Zedlitz takes the very highest rank, or that he is without faults of more than one kind, but still as we have found often improvement, pleasure, and edification in his stanzas ourselves, we seek to communicate that pleasure and improvement and edification to others.

It may be well to note that we very often come across in Zedlitz with many passages of good moral teaching, much kindly sympathy, and not a few religious imaginings! But in translating German or other foreign poetry, we must make allowances, which we do not, for the difference which exists on all these subjects, alike in foreign habits of thought, and foreign education.

We prefer, however, to let Zedlitz speak for himself, and beg therefore to call attention to his poems, which have been specially translated for the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

THE PAST.

I see thy veil all slowly lifting,
  Friend of the world, O sacred Past and dear!
I seem to witness through thy Vision shifting
  The venerable figures of thy sons draw near.

Onward they march in the glory of thy days,
  Fame crowned and smiling they pass before us here,
And the soul listens with glow and with amaze,
  To tones which still are echoing far and near.

E'en when the breath of thy spirit sways
Me, and the quick beat of my heart it plays,
I feel those beautiful, beautiful days.

Picture of God which hovers so sweetly to-day,
O child of Freedom, who seem'st to say
The complaint is faded in the far away!

THE PRESENT.

Far banished in the ocean of our life,
  Behind us lie those lands so gay and grand,
A glowing Eden of time long past and strife,
  There stares us in the face an unknown land.

Out of that past not yet a wanderer came,
Upon it night and darkness settle down,
Still drives us here howsoe'er we strive, complain
The powerful hand of Fate's all rougher frown.

So is the Present of our hard strife to-day,
A ceaseless fight for a goal all far away,
Of the storm-reared waves the fantastic play.

Are all our courage, all our faith in vain?
Still Hope upon us smiles consolingly, midst our pain,
Both mild and calm, a leading star in life's dark hurricane.

THE FUTURE.

All that I see, alas! is strife in vain,
For dark and doubtful my knowledge does appear,
That which I wish I lose ere long again,
Deceit and treachery surround me here.

For no duration lingers with my life,
And I at last must close my every care,
Dispersed the night-clouds of this weary strife,
A brighter certainty will enfold me there.

Aurora tells me that the day is near;
Victorious light through the shadows will appear,
When manfully we struggle for the truth all clear.

The golden gates are opened wide at last
Of yon dear home—no longer now o'ercast,
Time bids longing hearts look on to joys that last.

STANZAS.

So must I then with sorrowing eyes behold,
How my golden stars have fallen down,
The bloom has faded from the tree of life, all cold,
The leafless tree the withered branches crown.

Must the light winds all Fortune bear away?
Must each light tone of joyousness resound?
With Fate I know no favourite to-day,
Clear is the flood, I yet must touch the ground.

UNCERTAIN LIGHT.

Pathless and trackless the rocks above
The Pilgrim storms on his wandering way,
Rushing streams and tumultuous flood,
Resounding forest, naught the foot can stay.

Darkness is combatting above him on high,
Moving like armies the clouds float away,
Rolling thunder, foaming streams,
Starless night, naught the foot can stay.

At last, behold, from far it gleams—it gleams!
Is it a Will-o'-the-Wisp? A star can it be?
See where that glimmer shines in its friendship,
How it allures, how it beckons to me.

Swiftly the wanderer speeds through the night,
To that far light which attracts him mightily,
Tell me, can it be fire, or Aurora's red?
Is it Love? or Death can it be?

A LOOK TOWARDS HEAVEN.

Take in thy hand thy staff,
(Thou wanderer o'er life's wave,)
Thy road half rough, half smooth,
Leads thee surely to the grave.

Thy way is soon passed o'er,
In this mortality,
Then thou stand'st in the midst
Of the grey eternity.

One day flits with another,
And thou must wander through,
Where runs the path, my brother,
Of that future far from you.

Avaunt phantom! that my soul
Into that deep abyss would haste,
By a shore-less sea those waters roll,
And all is lonely and waste.

Still all o'er flood and waves to-day
With brightness the sun is streaking,
Love comes which had flown away,
The sweet dear voice is speaking.

Still must thou be looking above,
Oh, stricken wounded heart,
For some changes to the rapture of love
Thy deepest, bitterest smart.

Thou can'st cling gladly to Hope unshaken,
However high the flood may be,
How can'st thou be forsaken,
While Love remains to thee?

AMABEL VAUGHAN.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "My Lord the King;" "The Path of Life, an Allegory;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

MARK'S VISIT TO NEWGATE STREET.

AFTER a week or two of great enjoyment Fitz returned to London, and in a few days he was once more at Wolverston, this time accompanied by his friend Mark Seaton. Mabel had continued to correspond with Mark since she left London, indeed since she had been engaged.

Neither she nor Fitz however had thought fit to tell him of the engagement; Fitz because he said that Mark had not been very open with him lately, and never so much as mentioned Mabel's name, so it was clear he did not much care; and Mabel because she thought she could better tell him herself than write to him about it. Mabel was like many other women, she liked and admired Mark, and she even respected him more than she did the man to whom she was affianced, and yet she was so selfish that she did not scruple to sacrifice his happiness to her own, and to play with his true honest heart as if it were but a child's toy. So Mark came. Nobody told him of the state of things which existed, since they naturally thought he would know all about it from his bosom friend Fitz, and he had thus been left in total ignorance of what had taken place.

Mark Seaton was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet. He remembered only too well what Mabel had said to her uncle that last evening at Trinity Parsonage about young Gilbert Dawson.

"Oh, uncle, I do hope we shall get him a presentation."

"You see he's a sort of cousin of mine," she had added to Mark, "and they are so very poor;" and he had promised that night that he would do his very best for her sake,—and he kept his word.

Mr. Tyssen informed him two or three days afterwards that he regretted to say his cousin, Lord Bourchier, had already given his nomination away and would not have another presentation for some years. Then one of the clerks in the office, a good natured fellow, told him it would not be a bad plan to obtain a list of the governors who would have presentations during that year, which could be got from the counting house at Christ's Hospital for 2s. 6d., so our friend got leave one morning, marched off to Newgate Street, into the well-known entrance under King Edward's Statue, and procured a copy.

As he was going out of the gate he was saluted by a small boy, who said—"Please, sir, would you mind buying me a pound of sugar and two packets of cocoa," putting up his small hand timidly with two fourpenny bits in it.

"To be sure I will, my little fellow," said Mark, and out he went, made the purchase for the boy and came back again.

"And now my little man, and what's your name?" said Mark, as he gravely brought the things out of his pockets and gave them to the boy with a shilling for himself, which he took gratefully and thanked Mark very much for.

"Penalurick;" replied the boy.

"Queer name," Mark observed, "and where do you come from?"

"Cornwall, a place called St. Blazey: I don't suppose you ever heard of it;" the boy replied.

"Well, I've heard of a place that sounds rather like it," said Mark laughing, "but I

don't think there's a saint before it. And what were you going to do with the cocoa and sugar may I ask?"

"Oh! we make it up in cups or a stray basin, hot and thick, with bread in it, in the wards: its very jolly;" Penalurick answered as if he was surprised any one should ask such a question.

"Well, do you know I was a Blue Coat boy once;" Mark continued, "and when I was as young as you I used to stop the people at the gate (any lady or gentleman who looked kind, you know), and get them to go out and buy me things, as we couldn't go out ourselves. But then we bought, (when we had any money, which wasn't very often,) rolls and saveloys, and oatmeal and sugar, and Yorkshire pudding, and all sorts of things,—for we were very hungry and glad to supplement our dinner when we had anything to supplement it with."

There are always boys lingering about the gates during playtime, for people often come to see some of the boys, who of course are difficult to find, and the loiterers are always ready to go in quest of the lad whose friends have come to see him because they are almost sure of a tip for whoever finds him first. So hearing Mark say he was once a Blue Coat boy three or four gathered round him, for he had a sunny face and a pleasant manner, and boys are great physiognomists, and knew he would not be cross with them.

It was half-past twelve and the boys did not go to dinner till one—so Mark stood with his back to the cloister wall, (just over his head was a quaint old monument—"Here lies a benefactor: let no one move his bones,") and chatted away to the boys about his own school life.

"Do you know," he said, "I was in No. 5—up that stone staircase," pointing with his right hand to the entrance close to which was the ward mentioned."

"It's No. 3 now;" a boy interrupted.

"Quite right, I was aware of it. Well I went in for oatmeal and sugar, and I used to get a quartern of oatmeal for 3d. or 4d., and a pound of sugar at the same price, mix them together and sell them for a penny a spoonful. Sometimes I would make friends with the servants, mix my oatmeal and sugar in a gallipot with water into a sort of dough or paste, put a good lot of sugar on the top, pop it into the nurse's oven, with the servant's permission, and when it was baked I would sell it sometimes for as much as 2s. 6d. It cost me, I suppose, 4d."

"My eye!" said a little fellow passing with an irresistible look of impudent incredulity.

"Well, brother Crug, and what have you got to say?" Mark observed, bringing the boy up with a round turn. The others laughed at the appellation which is universally used by old Blues to young ones. (Crug means bread in Christ's Hospital language.)

"Oh nothing," said the boy as he joined the group.

"I made a good deal of money in this way," Mark continued, "and then I thought I would try the cocoa and sugar, but the boy, whose monopoly that trade was, interfered with me, and interfered to that extent that my nose bled and my eyes twinkled and turned a greenish blue afterwards, so I gave it up. Then we used to have our potatoes baked or steamed at that time in the skins, and as they were rarely done the boys couldn't eat them. So I started in that trade. I used to fill my pockets with the potatoes left by the other boys, take them up to the ward, put them under the fire there amongst the hot cinders, and after they were baked sell them three a penny with a little butter on them, which I had induced some kind lady who I waylaid at the gate, as you did me, Penalurick, to purchase for me.

"Please are you in trade now?" said a sandy boy with very large eyes and very large feet.

"No," said Mark, smiling "I wish I were, it pays a long way better than my profession."

"Why, there's Anthony," Mark exclaimed, as one of the beadles passed, in his neat livery and silver badge with the school arms on his breast, across near the pump in the middle of the quadrangle. Do you still run after him and sing

"Anthony's nose is long,
And Anthony's nose is strong;
T'would be no disgrace,
To Anthony's face,
If his nose were not so long?"

"Oh! yes," said the boys with great glee.

"Well, he has a rather large nose, now I think of it," Mark added.

"And now, boys, where's the tuck shop? I suppose, by the way," and he paused, "that, as you are just going to dinner, you won't care to have some grub now?"

"Oh! shouldn't we!" said the young gentleman who was brought up with a round turn, "Oh! dear no, not at all! not by no manner of means!" he added in a comic way there was no resisting.

"And what's your name, you young scapegrace?"

"Pitcher," said the boy. "Diggory Pendray Pitcher."

"Ah! there was a boy of that surname, he couldn't boast so distinguished a christian name, on my form under old S.," mentioning a well-known master in the school. Well, old S. was deaf, and Pitcher had such an enormous mouth that standing opposite S. in class he could twist it round and prompt the boys right and left without S. seeing; of course he couldn't hear."

"Oh! crikey!" said the boy brought up with the round turn, "what a whopper!"

"Quite true, I assure you," Mark went on, "and now boys who's for the grub shop?"

Away the boys went, there were six of them, and Mark followed.

They got inside, he shut the door and then stood 3s. or 4s. in cakes and pies for the whole of the boys who were there, and then wished them "good bye."

The boys greeted him with a cheer, and then three times three, "for he's a jolly good fellow," and all that sort of thing, with voices which echoed in the old cloisters, and argued well for for the state of their lungs, and as he turned to walk out of the school the great bell rang for dinner. A sudden desire seized him to see the boys once again at dinner in the Great Hall, and he turned and strolled back leisurely, walked through the cloisters, across the hall playground which looks out in Newgate Street, up the grand staircase of the magnificent granite structure (which is in the Tudor style of architecture, and built in 1825, when the Duke of York laid the foundation stone,) and into the Great Hall.

The 700 or 800 boys were arranged down on either side the long oak tables, the nurses were standing at the heads of their respective wards, the monitors were facing the boys, two to each ward, the Grecians were all at their cross table at the end of the noble room, and the Warden and Matron occupied their respective places on a sort of raised daïs under the great central stained glass window filled with the armorial bearings of the Kings and Princes, Presidents and Patrons of this Royal Charity.

Three solemn strokes with the gavel brought the boys on their feet, a brief service was said and sung, "a long grace over short commons," as Dickens would say, and then the meal began.

The Warden saw a stranger, and thought, no doubt, he had no business there, for strangers as a rule are not admitted except occasionally into the galleries at either end of the building, or at the great Lenten public suppers, when all the world goes. Mark went, however, straight up to him and introduced himself, and then stood and looked round. Yes, there was the quaint old picture, said to be by Holbein, of Edward the VI. granting the charter to Christ's and the other Royal Hospitals. There was the enormous painting of the Blue Coat boys at Court in the time of Charles the Second, which it was said took so long to do, containing something like 100 figures all as large as life, that the king died meanwhile and James the Second's head had to be substituted. How well he remembered sitting at table just beneath this picture, flicking the pats of butter by a dexterous effort of the bent back thin blade of the knife, which sent them with almost the force of a catapult on the King or Courtier's cheek, and how delighted the boys were, though they were not Republicans, if they could only hit the King.

Then there were the well remembered full length portraits of the Queen and Prince Consort, a number of dingy gentlemen, aldermen and merchants of London of the 17th and 18th centuries, "St. John in Patmos," which one boy said was very like Patmos, a gentleman in near peril of being swallowed by a shark, a very interesting picture to the boys, especially those of a nautical term of mind, and other interesting paintings.

Then all round the hall were the oaken shields emblazoned with the arms of the Presidents and Treasurers of the Institution from its founding in 1552 to the present

time, and all the windows were filled with stained glass, the arms of great Lords, Bishops, Dignitaries of all sorts, Governors of Christ's Hospital.

And a crowd of thoughts of the happy old days came back.

There was the public supper one Sunday in Lent, years ago, when the old Duke of Cambridge, wearing the blue riband of the garter, was there, and the people crowded round as only a well dressed mob can do to see His Royal Highness. "I've come to see my boys," Mark had heard him say, "I've not come to see you." He was a deaf old gentleman, and did not know he spoke so loud, but it had a good effect, and he was not much molested afterwards.

And then he thought of the election of the present Duke as President and how popular his candidature was with the boys, who bullied the meek looking Governors who came to vote into saying they would support the Duke; and then he remembered the chagrin of the then Lord Mayor, who was also a candidate for the chair, and who, with a dignity and magnanimity worthy of the civic throne, because he failed to get in, visited the poor boys with his displeasure and disappointment and refused to give them the customary shilling at Easter.

That Easter procession to the Mansion House when the boys brought back the Lord Mayor in state to Christ's Church to hear the 'Spital sermon according to ancient custom,—what old memories it revived.

The long double line of boys, 1000 in number, walking slowly through the Egyptian Hall, down the long corridors, passed rows of Aldermen clad in the scarlet furred gowns and wearing their chains of office, ladies and gentlemen in gay attire, tall flunkeys in gorgeous liveries, who handed to each boy two buns and a glass of wine, and then the Lord Mayor himself with the great pile of new silver and gold in front of him, a new shilling for each boy, half-a-crown for a monitor, half a sovereign for a deputy Grecian, and a pound for a Grecian.

Each boy wore on his breast a paper legend in old English, "He is risen," with the old fashioned long S so like an F that the boys in the streets used to misunderstand it, and mutter audibly "He is rifleman."

How well he remembered Stokes, whose appetite was something awful, and who used regularly to stalk solemnly past the flunkey when his turn came, take his buns, slip behind dexterously and come up again, and get half-a-dozen surreptitiously that way, much to the delight of the other boys; and Kirkham who sold his shilling generally twelve months in advance for a penny or twopence, thus showing his belief in the old proverb that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Thus thinking over the old days, Mark left the hall, smiled a good bye to some of the boys who had been listening to his stories in the cloisters, and shared his bounty in the shop kept by one of the beadles in the grounds, and made his way out of the hospital and away back to Somerset House.

For the next few days he and his good natured friend wrote letters to all the Governors with present nominations, some 100 or 150 in all, (let us hope it was always during luncheon time, or after official hours,) and for another week or fortnight he was on tenter hooks of expectation hoping to get a nomination from some quarter or other. A month had elapsed and he had received but 30 letters, all in the negative; up to a week before he came north he had received but 35 in all. Not one promise did he get, not the suspicion of the shadow of the shade of a promise. His was a deserving case, no doubt, but there were others far more distressing. The Governors had promised their presentations for years to come, and there seemed not the ghost of a chance for Mabel's cousin.

What was to be done? He daren't go to Wolverston unless he succeeded. He thought, and thought, and thought again, and at last decided to speak to his chief.

Mr. Tyssen was very kind, and when Mark stated all he had done and how he had made every effort he could, he said how he would make one more trial for his sake, and the very day before Mark started for Wolverston he called him into his private office and told him he had at last succeeded in getting the coveted presentation from the Earl of Kilmallock, an Irish Peer. Mark wrote at once a hasty line informing Mr. Brig of the good news and started.

(To be Continued.)

WOMEN'S RIGHTS AND WOMEN'S WORK.

BY A LAZY MAN.

From the "Royal Cornwall Gazette."

I HAVE to write an essay;
  What bores those essays are!
To read a novel on a couch
  Is pleasanter by far!
What *are* the rights of women?
  I really cannot tell;
But what the work is that they do
  I know that pretty well!

A little "ord'ring dinner,"
  When breakfast time is o'er;
A little jingling of the keys
  That lock the store-room door;
A promenade with "Fido,"
  A glance at *Fun* or *Punch*,
A brilliant Paris toilet,
  And then—a little lunch!

When that is over, novels
  The happy hours engage;
Then tea, with spicy scandal
  For dames of ev'ry age:
And then, perhaps, some crochet,
  Or some such silly stuff,
Then dress again for dinner
  (They're never dressed enough!)

And then, perhaps, the children
  Come down to see mamma;
She gives them cold caresses,
  And asks them "how they are;"
And then to ball or concert,
  And home as clocks strike one!
A scolding to the sleepy maid,
  And all the work is done!

And now my tale is ended;
  I've said my little say;
The "Rights" that women strive for,
  I'll know, perhaps, some day.
I'm getting tired of writing,
  So take away my pen;
And "call me early, mother,"
  I must be up by ten!

ON SELECTING THE BEST CHARITY.

WE have seen a paper, which is, we believe, put forward by one of our "Charity Reform" associations, as they like to call themselves, under this heading, and which, as it is full of fallacies and mischievous mistakes, according to our view, we think well to reproduce and comment upon to-day. There is no more important question than that which is contained in this proposition, at the same time there is none more difficult.

I. "The selection of the Charities most deserving of support would not be so difficult or so invidious a task if it did not involve a careful previous general inquiry, and a comparison of all the Charities and their objects, and modes of action and management, for the purpose of making the selection a just one; in fact, such an inquiry and comparison as Darwin tells us that Nature makes when she is engaged in the "elimination of inefficient competitors in the struggle for life." This is necessarily a painful operation, yet Nature performs it with the utmost rigour. Can we be more kind when we are trying to tell the very truth about the Charities, and to point out which of them are the most deserving of support?"

Such is the modest exordium, which, if it be truly intended, is likely also to be very useful. But let us proceed.

II. "The more the Charities have recently been examined into, the more unsatisfactory has been the result, and the less are they shown to have adapted themselves to the changing circumstances of the times. Indeed, most of them having been established many years ago, they have taken no account of the vast changes made by legislation, and by the altered conditions and modes in which the Poor Law has come to be administered. They are all built still upon the same old wooden lines. No two of them co-operate for any purpose, even for that of informing each other whether they are relieving the same applicants."

In our opinion this is far too hasty and far too sweeping a charge, and is in no ways justified by the facts of the case.

III. "Two classes of charities have lately been reported on by Special Committees of the most skilled persons connected with them, and of noblemen and gentlemen acquainted with the subject, together with members of the Charity Organisation Society. These are the Charities for the Blind and those dealing with Imbeciles. Of the Blind Charities dealing with the education of the young, and the training of adults, it may be safely said that the state of disorganisation could hardly have been more complete, nor the effects more disastrous. *It was proved that out of 3,000 blind in the metropolis,* industrial training was only available for about 50, and the number of adults who had been trained, and for whom employment was provided, was 150; yet the number capable of being trained was 1,000, and the sums raised by 26 Blind Charities for children and adults was £42,936. As to the principal charities for blind children, they could not, with the exception of the Normal College, be more inefficient. Educated at an annual cost of £40, and remaining for several years at the schools, not above 2 per cent. of them are afterwards able to earn a livelihood."

We do not profess to understand the "drift" of these remarks, which may be supposed to have a meaning.

IV. "The Charities for Imbeciles, receiving £54,460, were found to be excellently managed, but quite inadequate for the numbers requiring admission, excepting for London pauper cases, who are all taken by the Metropolitan Asylums Board and dealt with in an admirable manner. Outside the metropolis there are only three or four for all England besides, and the consequence is that cases from all parts of England compete with the lower middle and artisan classes for admission to the London Charities, and the few who succeed have to run the gauntlet of the voting system. The Deaf and

Dumb Charities are under similar circumstances. They receive £19,591. Those for children will not be at all required when the London School Board has completed its arrangements for educating the blind and deaf and dumb. Nearly all of these charities dealing with the afflicted classes cling to the voting system after its proved abuses, and add untold misery and degradation to these helpless outcasts."

"Latet anguis in herba" is the old proverb; and so all this plethora of words and facts is but the prelude to an attack on "open voting," accompanied by what we regret to have to call a *directly unfounded and unproveable statement.* We utterly deny that any such charge can fairly be raised against "open voting," the object of all this extraordinary animus against our system being to prop up another—namely, "secret voting," "committee selection," the inevitable sources of jobbery and favouritism of every kind.

V. "Of the nine Charities for Incurables, receiving £40,307 a year, a small part is given in the excellent way of pensions, but with the drawback of the voting system, and the rest is administered in institutions in which all classes are obliged to mix together, and town and country cases alike have to compete for votes in an expensive contest in which 90 per cent. are rejected. This whole class of charities for blind, deaf, incurables, and imbeciles, had amongst them last year £157,294. Some of them deal exclusively with the indigent classes, for whom, as we shall see, the Poor Law has made provision, and there is a consequent large diversion of charity funds to Poor Law purposes."

The voting system again is the cause of all the evil! How very absurd!

VI. "Ever since 1834 Guardians have been empowered by Parliament to pay for the education of all poor Blind and Deaf and Dumb Children, and since 1862 to pay their full cost at any institution, and without their becoming paupers, and since 1867 they have had the power to pay the full cost of any adult at any institution. There are similar powers given as to all poor, lame, deformed, and idiotic children, throughout England, whilst for London, under the Metropolitan Poor Act, 1867, asylums may be provided for all these classes, as well as "sick, infirm, and other class or classes of the poor." And Guardians are to provide "dispensaries, places where the medical officers may see the sick poor for advice, and also proper medicines and appliances for the surgical treatment of the sick poor." In addition to this, under the School Acts every child, including blind and deaf and dumb, is to be educated, and Industrial and District Schools are provided, and Guardians have the largest powers of "boarding out" poor children. The Metropolitan Board has also training ships for destitute children."

This paragraph puts us in mind of Mr. Weller's abhorrence, of "One of the advice gratis sort."

VII. "In considering the necessity for the bulk of the Charities, all this legislation should be constantly present to our minds, and all the more so because its existence is utterly ignored by them; and though quite unable to do more than a fraction of the work required, their existence suffices to prevent the establishment of Government institutions, and to relieve Guardians and others of their duties."

Then it is a "Paternal Government" we are to set up—a centralised Bureaucracy! What next?

VIII. "The class of General and Special Hospitals spends £543,000 a year. Their management is open to great objection, especially as regards their out-patients departments. Most of them admit without inquiry, and some on governors' letters used at random, and patients are admitted to their close, crowded waiting-rooms in such numbers, that proper attention cannot be given to their cases. There is no co-operation, and they have no investigating officers. They have greatly assisted to destroy thrift and independence among the people, and although the Boards of Guardians have 38 Free Dispensaries, to which all can resort without becoming paupers, and also excellent infirmaries for paupers distributed all over London, besides the hospitals for infectious cases maintained by the Metropolitan Asylums Board, no account is taken of all this, and Provident Institutions are directly discouraged. A small payment from out-patients at Hospital would promote independence and would help to pay the cost, as is the case of the Lock Hospital, which collects a large sum of money in that way. The same

may be said of the Free or "Improvident" Dispensaries, of which 33 receive nearly £26,842 a year, and five for surgical appliances, receiving £9,157 a year, although all poor persons requiring surgical appliances can be supplied free at the Poor Law Medical Institutions. The absurdly cruel application of the voting system made by the surgical aid charities has been recently exposed at the Guildhall by an old soldier who had to canvass for eighteen months to get tickets for a new wooden leg. Of this class of charities, spending altogether £96,783 a year, the 13 Provident Dispensaries, spending £8,638, and the 33 Convalescent Institutions, £40,265, and the 13 Nursing Institutions, spending £9,181, seem to be eminently deserving of support. Provident Dispensaries, however, should not require external aid after the first two or three years, and Convalescent and Nursing Institutions should be adjuncts to a well-managed General Hospital system. It is said that in London, Birmingham, Bristol, and other large towns, every fourth person is in receipt of gratuitous medical attendance, and by this misapplication of funds, the Provident system is well nigh impossible."

We entirely dissent on every ground from these deprecatory remarks as regards our "noble" hospitals. The allegation that they have assisted to destroy thrift and independence among the people is, in our opinion, a gross delusion, and a greater mis-statement. It is a little too bad. The argument as regards surgical appliances and the voting system is too puerile to notice

IX. "Pension Societies and Almshouses receive £417,636, and if well managed, and the proper classes only received, and without the voting system, they are commendable charities. Pension Societies, indeed, deserve to be largely extended, as with them the home and its influences are preserved, and aged or afflicted persons are not living alone as hermits, or herded together in institutions like prisons. The valuable buildings and land of nearly all such institutions should be sold, and out-pensions granted instead."

We are sorry again entirely to differ from these reformers. We want more asylums.

X. "There are 98 Charities for general relief, spending £777,000, of which a considerable proportion are Trade Provident Societies, and entitled to the highest praise, and there are 21 for food, &c., receiving £8,131, which are entirely unnecessary, and most objectionable, since the Poor Law recognizes its obligation to prevent injury to any poor person from want of food. Soup kitchens are a public nuisance unless they are self-supporting. The School Board has, after a long argument, wisely determined not to establish Day Industrial Schools on account of their pauperizing influence. The principal night refuges, of which four admit without inquiry, and receive £12,200 a year, are doing positive harm by competing with the Poor Law."

This last statement is simply ridiculous, but we are astonished at nothing during the present craze on the subject.

XI. "The 90 Voluntary Homes (£128,071), and Orphanages, Reformatories, &c., (£744,000),* are good so far as they deal with classes not covered by the Poor Law or the Industrial Schools Act, but some very largely deal with only those classes, and are worse managed than Public Institutions, and many of them are entirely unnecessary. Where they deal with the proper class of children it would be much wiser to distribute them over ordinary schools and pay for them there, where they would not be brought up as charity children. They are also without Government inspection and responsibility, and they divert charity into channels where it is not needed, and where its working is inefficient. The Metropolitan Asylums Board, the Industrial Schools, and the School Board have the duty of taking charge of all such cases among the poor; and if they were left to do it, charity would be able to deal with the classes who could contribute a part only of the cost, or who are otherwise objects for charity. These contributions towards the cost, whilst they maintain the feeling of independence, would furnish very large funds to the charities, and induce a wise benevolence to readily provide the remainder."

How anyone can venture to put forward such an idle proposition, betraying utter

* The figures throughout this paper are taken from that most useful and suggestive work, *The Classified Directory to the London Charities.*—LONGMAN & Co.

ignorance of the classes which such societies touch and benefit, we are at a loss to conceive.

XII. "It is said that £230,000 a year is levied by absolutely fraudulent and pretended charities, which it is very difficult to distinguish amongst the mass of mismanaged and ill-considered charities. They are chiefly got up by individuals, and some have sham committees. No single person ought to trust himself, or to be trusted with the receipt and expenditure of the public money."

That some charities are mismanaged and want looking after we do not deny. But reform is not revolution.

XIII. "The time has come when the whole system not only of charity but of the charities which assume its name should be thoroughly looked into and ventilated before the public, and it should be determined in what respects charityism is more respectable than pauperism. The want of a clear understanding of this is at the bottom of a large proportion of the unnecessary charities. A Royal Commission might bring out the whole case, and make it clear, and if that cannot be got a conference would assist. Organising the charities, or getting rid of even such a blot as the voting system, which reduces charity to a lottery of prizes and blanks, has been hitherto found to be impossible, and when we are asked to make a selection out of the 1,200 voluntary charities, spending £2,250,000 a year, we should be able to make only a short list of those we could thoroughly approve for both their objects and management. There is, however, ample need and scope for the highest and best charity, and what is wanted is to reform, improve, and adjust the charities so that they may mutually carry out their objects in the most kindly, considerate, and humane manner. We know of no truer charity than to look into the necessity for, and the administration of the charities, and to protect the benevolent from the mischiefs of indiscriminate charitable out-door relief, which is quite as bad as indiscriminate out-door poor law relief. The Public Authorities also require to be looked after, to see that they avail themselves of all the legal provisions for the benefit of the poor, and thus clear the way for charity to deal only with its proper objects. A propaganda for charity reform should be willing to court the necessary unpopularity that it might do the incalculable service of getting the benevolent public to administer its charity in the wisest way, for the relief of the suffering population whom it now vainly strives to reach."

We are sorry to differ "toto cœlo" with the conclusion, as we have with the various portions of this ill-advised and sensational deliverance. The great effort of all so-called reformers just now is to get rid of the open voting and substitute for it the secret voting and selection by an irresponsible committee. Under such a system charity will become not merely a sham and a bye-word among us, but will be "improved out of the land," leaving for us, and this seething mass of human suffering and want, nothing but "the baseless fabric of a dream." We therefore, believing that such reformers are making a great mistake, think it right to warn our readers against statements which are dubious, arguments which are fallacious, and facts which are fictions, and advancing arguments which are alike unsound, unfair, and allegations which are equally unfounded and unjustifiable.

LOVE AND MASONRY.

BY ADNA H. LIGHTNER.

From the "Masonic Review."

THE yellow sunshine was lighting up the little dancing brook, and leaving silver gleams amid the maple leaves that spread a green canopy over the farm house on the hill.

Isaac Greenleaf sat out on the old porch, his eyes dreamily fixed on the distant hay-makers in his own swelling harvest fields, thinking. He had sat there for fully an hour, doing nothing, seeing nothing of the rich landscape, broad meadows and laden orchards. The fact was the old gentleman was in trouble.

"Becky, do you know where Jennie went?" asked the farmer thoughtfully, tipping his chair back against the porch pillars, as his wife made her appearance with a pan of rosy apples in one hand, and a chair in the other, preparatory for a moment's enjoyment out from the hot kitchen, while she prepared the fruit for supper. "I do hope she aint out a galavantin' 'round the creek, for snakes is mighty plenty this year."

"I don't know whether she is or not," snapped Mrs. Greenleaf, "and what is more, I don't keer! Snakes! There is something worse nor snakes after our Jennie, or I'm mistaken."

"Why, Re-beck-y! exclaimed the astonished farmer, "It 'pears to me you're a leetle out of humour 'bout something, be'nts you?"

"Yes, Isaac, I'm out of humour, that's a fact, Jennie has bin gone all this afternoon over to Mary Siddon's, and I almost know that she sees that upstart of an artist every time she goes there. He will turn her head with his nonsense as sure as the world; and you know she is just as good as promised to Ebenezer Flint. Isaac, what do you think ought to be did?"

"Well now, Becky, that's just what I bin thinking 'bout this whole afternoon. Ebenezer come over inter the medder this morning, and sed that he believed the artist was making love to our Jennie, and I tell you he was powerful mad 'bout it. That was the very first inkling I had of the matter. I never seen the feller, nor I don't want to, but our Jennie must be larned her place. I've got to talk to that girl as soon as she comes home."

"Well, you will not have long to wait, for here she comes," said Mrs. Greenleaf, rising to her feet and looking down the grassy path.

Jennie Greenleaf, in her cool muslin, came slowly up the path, carelessly swinging her sun-hat by its blue ribbons, looking very fair and lovely. Her laughing eyes rivalled the modest violets peeping so coquettishly up from the grassy path, and the crimson roses blushed in despair at the warm, rich colour of her cheeks. The bright sun had touched gently the fair face and dimpled hands, but what did that matter. Had she not a whole battery of charms left? Nature had gifted her with the sweetest face that ever peeped out from beneath a sun hat, and a form light and dainty as the swaying willows by the little brook.

"Becky," said the farmer to his wife, as he caught sight of Jennie's graceful form, "hadn't you better go inside, for you are right smart out of sorts, and you might say something you'd be sorry for? Besides, I kin talk to her for both of us."

And as Jennie's little foot touched the step, Mrs. Greenleaf passed into the house, muttering about some folks thinking that they knew it all.

Farmer Greenleaf coughed once or twice, pulled his broadrimmed hat a little further over his face, gave old Rover a kick with his foot, accompanied with the words "git out," and then looked up at Jennie.

"Why, father, what has Rover done, that you should treat him so cruelly?" said Jennie, her blue eyes dancing with mischief, "I do believe that you are angry at something or somebody."

"Angry! I am upsot, and you're the cause of it all, Jennie. I want you to sit down in that chair while I larn you some sense. I bin hearing to-day that there is a young scapegrace from New York making up to you, and I just want to know if I have raised a child silly enough to be fooled by a city chap? Besides, I promised you to Ebenezer Flint, and he is everything I want in a husband for you. Rich, old enough to have some sense 'bout taking keer of you, and a Brother Mason."

"Ebenezer Flint!" exclaimed Jennie, whole sentences of scorn compressed into her clear ringing voice, "I will never marry him; he is old enough to be my father, and mean enough to be anybody or anything."

"Yes, child, but I've promised," said her father, very gravely, "and a good Mason never goes back on his word."

"Good Mason, indeed! I would just like to know what Masonry has got to do with my marrying Ebenezer Flint? He has had one wife, and that is enough for a man. It is no use a talking, father, I wont marry old Flint. There."

"You want to marry that city chap, do you?" said the farmer, his brow growing dark as night, "a low, sneaking, good-for-nothing adventurer! That's the reason you won't marry Ebenezer, is it?"

"He is not an adventurer, father, you have never seen him, and you ought not to say such things about him. How do you know but that he is a Mason?"

"Mason! Why, child, I will bet the best horse on the farm that there aint a Lodge in the State that would let him in. We don't let anybody but men in our Order."

And Isaac Greenleaf drew up his old form proudly as he spoke.

"Well, father," said Jennie, mischief chasing the angry lights from her eyes for the moment, "please tell me how Ebenezer Flint became a Mason, if that is the case?"

"Hush, child! Enough is enough. I say you shall not marry that sketching feller, and that you shall marry Ebenezer Flint, do you hear me?"

"Yes, father, I hear you."

And Jennie, with her blue eyes flashing, and her dainty crimson lips closely compressed, walked defiantly past him and up to her little room, fully determined to marry that "sketching feller," or die an old maid."

"Becky," called the farmer, as Jennie's light form disappeared, "come here, I guess I've made it all right with our Jennie. She is a spunky little tiger, but she has got some of her father's sense left, and she will see it just as I do in time. I've got to go up to New York to-morrow morning to see 'bout that money that was left to Brother Wilson's widder, and I don't like to go one bit. I'm pretty old to make my first trip to the city, but it can't be helped, I must go. You have everything ready, Becky, and be sure and keep a good lookout after Jennie."

"I'll tend to all that, Isaac, but you had better take Ebenezer with you," said Mrs. Greenleaf anxiously, "you know he is up to city ways, and would be a mighty sight of help to you."

"Well, now, Becky, I aint going to do any such a thing. I'm not in my dotage yet. I guess old Isaac Greenleaf can take keer of himself yet awhile."

Two fine looking young men were pacing slowly up and down in the depot at New York, waiting for the train to leave, and having nothing better to do, were scanning and commenting upon all who chanced to please their fancy.

"Ned, do you see that old gent with the broadrimmed hat on—there he is with one hand on his pocket book, and the other in his breast pocket, reading the notice "look out for pickpockets," and see that sharper just behind acts very much as though he had spotted him."

"Well, Harry, that is none of our affairs. He, like many others, will have to pay the penalty of being green. I bet, from the way he clings to his pocket book, that he has got the stamps."

"Ned, I've got to help that old codger. Don't you see that Masonic badge as big as a silver dollar fastened to his coat collar? He is undoubtedly a Mason, and if I mistake not will be in trouble before five minutes. Let us get a little closer."

"Well, Harry, this all comes of being a Mason. You bet I'll never bind myself to help every old clodhopper in the State. But if you get into trouble I'll stand by you, Harry, so come on."

The two young men pressed up through the crowd a little nearer the unsuspicious old gentleman, both fully convinced that the sharper intended business, and waited for him to make a move. They had not long to wait. The old engine came puffing and blowing into the depot, and as all were pressing forward eager to be the first on board the train, the light-fingered gentleman relieved the old man of his pocket book, and was in the act of possessing himself of his watch when the two young men, one on each side of him, very kindly requested him to return the pocket book, which the thief, finding

himself caught, was very prompt in doing, and with a good bye to Ned, the young man called Harry took the old gentleman by the arm, and, after seating him comfortably, returned him his money, saying :—

"Here is your pocket book, sir, which came very near bidding you a long farewell."

"Well, I declare to goodness! You don't say some New Yorker picked my pocket and I didn't know it? What will Becky say? Why, just as soon as I read that big card about pickpockets I had my hand on my pocket, and I don't see how in the world they got my money. But, young man, no one kin say old Isaac Greenleaf ever forgot one who was a friend in need, and here is an honest hand for any favour you may ask. What may your name be? I always want to know whom I'm talking to."

At the mention of the old gentleman's name, the young man started in surprise, but recovered himself in time to reply.

"My name is Harry Preston, sir. You need not feel so deeply indebted to me. I did but my duty as all good Masons ought to do.

"Harry Preston! 'Pears to me I've heard that name somewhere before. Well, it don't matter much about the name, there aint much in that anyhow. It's the man, and I wish we had more just like you who did things on the square. Anybody would know you was a Mason by the solid ring of your voice. What did you say you followed for a living, or do you just stand around in handy places helping foolish old Masons who aint got sense enough to help themselves?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Greenleaf," laughed Harry, "I'm not quite so obliging as all that, I am an artist."

"A picture painter! Well, now, I calculate you know a feller who comes down to Beverly, that's our town, every once in a while. His name is—well, I declare, Becky is right, my memory is leaving me, sure. But anyhow, he's dead sot after our Jennie, but that's all the good it will do him. She is promised to a first rate man, right jining farms with mine."

"I might possibly be acquainted with the young man, if you could remember his name," said Harry, with a very dejected look on his handsome face, "I am sorry for him, at least. And your daughter loves the young farmer, does she?"

"Well, I rather guess she don't. That's just where the trouble comes in. He aint a young farmer, and Jennie likes the painter man best. I tell you, we had a hot time 'bout it. Why, she flew all to pieces for all the world like a touch-me-not."

Harry's face cleared, as though a bright ray of sunshine had shot across his path, and his warm heart throbbed out the glad tidings that his darling was true as listed steel to him. He, in a very few words, stated to the old farmer that Beverly was his destination also, and Mr. Greenleaf cordially invited him to his home. For, as he said, "you might just as well taste my bread and butter, for you have saved for me what will help me to more of the same sort." Harry accepted the kind invitation, and then, in his own easy, graceful manner, sought to entertain the old farmer, and succeeded so admirably that long before the old homestead came to view, Greenleaf began to wish Ebenezer Flint was more of a man and less of a money-bag than he was. Mrs. Greenleaf, in her clean gingham apron and snowy linen collar, stood with sweet little violet-eyed Jennie by her side, straining her old eyes to catch a glimpse of her husband, both forming a sunny home picture that would have gladdened the heart of any husband and father.

"Here he comes at last, child!" cried Mrs. Greenleaf, a mingled feeling of relief and joy in her voice, "and I declare he's bringing company. Run, Jennie, and see if that everlasting old cat aint curled up in the rocking chair again. Don't forget to shake the cushion up."

"Yes, mother," answered Jennie, as she entered the wide open door, but not before she had recognized the familiar form of her lover, and now with throbby pulse she stands listening for the first sound of that clear ringing voice that is so dear to her.

"Becky," said the old farmer, this young man is Harry Preston, and I tell you he's bin a powerful sight of help to me. Now, wife, don't go to saying I told you so, for that always makes a man out of sorts, I'll give in, you was right for once anyhow. Where's Jennie?"

"You are welcome, Mr. Preston," said Mrs. Greenleaf, extending her hand with a warm smile. "But, Isaac, you don't tell me you had your pockets picked, do you? Didn't you wish for Ebenezer 'bout that time?"

"No, I didn't. I guess, though I aint sure, that I asked for Jennie," said the old gentleman, with a look he had intended for a frown, but which ended in a good natured smile.

A call from her mother brought Jennie, blushing like a moss rose, to the door.

"Mr. Preston," said the father, with a glance full of pride and love toward his child, "this is our Jennie, and a likelier girl don't live, if I do say it myself."

"I agree with you, sir," answered Harry, with a glance equally as full of love, if not of pride toward Jennie. "And with your permission, I would like to be included in, when you say our Jennie. I cannot enter your home and accept your hospitality under false colours. Mr. Greenleaf, Jennie and I are old acquaintances, and I feel proud to acknowledge myself her lover."

"Becky, don't you hear? This is the picture painter, as sure as I live. One more circumstance to-day will finish me. I declare I don't know just what to do. Jennie's promised to Ebenezer, and he's our nearest neighbour; but then you've done me a kind turn and I—"

"Don't let the thought of what I did for you interfere with your wishes," said Harry, with an arch smile, "but Mr. Greenleaf, you said I could ask any favour of you and it should be granted. I know it is hardly generous in me, but "all is fair in love and war," and I ask the hand of Jennie, knowing full well I have her heart, and will deem it a great and abundant return of my inferior service, if granted."

"Isaac, we better let him have her, for I am sure she will never have Ebenezer," said Mrs. Greenleaf, with a knowing shake of her head, and a sidelong glance of admiration toward Harry. "Besides, if you've promised him any favour I 'spect the young man has bin thinking of asking for our Jennie all the way along."

"And father, a good Mason never goes back on his word, you know," said Jennie leaving her lover's side and stealing her little hand into the great honest palm of her father. "I love Harry, and could never, even to please you father, marry that old miser."

"Harry, come here," said the old farmer, the great tears filling his aged eyes, "you have asked for the one joy of our lives, but Becky and I know what it is to love and be loved, if we be getting old. From the snap of Jennie's eye I can see where her heart is, and I read somewhere that 'when a woman will she will, and when she won't she won't.' And Becky, he's a Brother Mason—"

"Why, father," cried Jennie, "Is Harry a Mason? How I would like to see the Lodge foolish enough to let him in. And remember, you bet—"

"Hush, child!" said her father, laying Jennie's little hand in Harry's, "never mind telling the bet. I'll take it all back and give up; 'though Masonry is a good invention, it is nothing without love."

Review.

BULLS AND BEARS: A LAY OF LONDON CITY.*

WE are much pleased with this unpretending little work, which has much in it of most effective poetry, and sound, sage, moral advice to all classes.

As a satire it is thoroughly effective, and deserves to be most carefully read and considered. We recommend all to get it, and all to peruse it, inasmuch as it deals with one of the plague spots of our social system, one of those open wounds which serve to point to a very unhealthy state of our general constitution nationally and socially.

* Kerby and Endean, 190, Oxford Street.

We prefer, however, to let the able and anonymous versifier speak for himself :—

When joint-stock companies for trade
The promise of large fortunes made,
Enormous profits, mighty gains,
Without the help of hands or brains,—
Riches that certain were to find you
If you held your hands behind you,
Swallowing their reports and lies
With open mouth and fast-clos'd eyes,
Content in a fool's paradise ;
Blindly trusting to the snares
Of cunning clerks and secretaires,
Who hook you with a tempting scheme,
Then play you up and down the stream
Of your own fancies,—meanwhile you
Make them rare sport, and profit too.

Then rich and poor, and young and old,
Rattled the dice and threw for gold—
Gold, the fool's wisdom, that can make
The fool high worldly honours take ;
Dishonours honour, and the boast
Of infamy, when fame is lost ;
Lost virtue's solace, panders pride ;
Balm of hurt minds and sore-bruis'd hide ;—
Who shall its force on man decide ?

If such is the statement of facts as they are, how wise is the advice here given ?—

"Pause, pause, my child, before you take
A leap into the dark, and stake
Your happiness and fortune in
A lottery, where few can win.
I know, false Hope will say that you
May be among the lucky few.
But trust not to the cheating jade,
She is the shadow of a shade,
And never gives substantial aid.
She shows our wishes in a glass,
They seem as durable as brass
Reflected in a thousand ways,
That seem more real the more we gaze :
Fast fleeting forms that have the power
To wile us on, from hour to hour,
Through a long weary baffled chase,
To leave us in the close embrace
Of disappointment, and she soon
Shatters the glass, and all is gloom."

How true is what follows !—

It matters not to trace the way,—
It is a thing seen every day
That when a man has money gained,
Though every piece be dyed and stained

In foul pollution, honour comes,
And, like a cripple, begs for crumbs;
Limps after riches, and will press,
Like lackey, to arrange the dress;
Sprinkles the dirt with its perfumes,
And crowns it with a crest and plumes.

And so our hero had his share
Of honours due to fortunes fair,
For, by some sleight of hand in trade,
The sword was on his shoulders laid,
And he a brand-new knight was made.
And with this badge of chivalry,
Emblem of truth and loyalty,
Old honour's solemn pledge that shame
Should ne'er defile fair knighthood's fame,
He thought that he was fit to be
The chief in some new company.

Let us all attend to the following admirable description of a Bubble Company :—

One of those precious social things
That the full purse to cunning brings;
Begot in fraud, brought forth in lies,
It fattens on deceit, and dies
E'en in the first flush of its youth
If touched by honesty or truth.
Invented by the money'd race
All honest feeling to efface,
And with the lust of gain excite
Our greedy hopes and appetite.
Trading on these they gain their ends,
Traitors in trust and false to friends;
From budding fraud to fraud they fly,
Then leave the o'erblown cheat to die;
But ere they go, with quack-like skill
They to the last false hopes instil;
Call in the liquidating nurse
To stifle groans and steal your purse.

Have our readers ever met with the counterpart of the following hero ?—

And soon he found a cunning knave,
Whose practised skill high promise gave;
Could lie and cheat with subtle wit,
And business with his conscience fit;
So neatly was the dovetail made
That conscience seem'd a part of trade,
And never jarr'd or disagreed
When business sanctified the deed;
Who would no sin in sinning see
When he to business bent the knee;
Thought he was honest man and true
That he paid conscience all its due,
And did religion's laws maintain
If he but mumbled prayers for gain.
A fawning, cunning, scheming wight,
And fitting Squire for such a Knight.

Can we none of us recall a similar state of affairs ?—

Then restless Speculation raised
Her bloodshot eyes, and paused and gazed,
But not a ray of light could find
To guide or calm her troubled mind.
On, on it came, and darker grew,
As clouds of lies about it flew,
Which cast a deeper, blacker shade
Athwart the murky gloom of trade.
Then came reports, none knew from where,
While panic hover'd in the air ;
Then sudden as the lightning's flash
The storm broke with a fearful crash
Like tumbling thunder, houses shaking
That were years and years in making,
And when the sudden blast was o'er
All was uncertain as before.

And we some of us realize the following little episode :—

Now was the time the surly bears
Like furies seized on stocks and shares,
Trampled them all in mud and mire,
Tore them to ribbons by the quire,
Until the Stock Exchange was strewed
With bits of paper. Bad and good
Were involved in common ruin
By this war of Bull and Bruin.

O, most accurate of writers, how well dost thou describe the inevitable collapse :—

Then came the storm on that sad day
Which swept the hopes of years away,
And o'er the trembling City pass'd,
Destruction hanging on the blast,
Foredooming, in long, dismal moans,
The ruin of a thousand homes ;
Appall'd the timid sons of trade
By the wild havoc that it made ;
With terror filled the stricken mind,
For ruin rode upon the wind ;
Men walk'd about as shipwrecked men
Walk on a desert seashore, when
The furious hurricane that gave
Their vessel to the stormy wave
Has only left to their strain'd eye
The bits of wreck that floated by.
Thus did the troubled sons of gain
Their anxious, restless eyeballs strain
To watch the fury of the storm
That seem'd on wings of ruin borne,
Each fearing, by his terror led,
That it might burst upon his head ;
Then wildly on each other pressed
As panic flew from breast to breast ;

O'er friend and foe they hurried on,
A coward, eager, selfish throng,
Who in life's waste will never wait
For wearied or unfortunate,
But, pressing, crowd and reckless tread
Upon the dying and the dead.

With the moral we shall all agree :—

The tale is told, the lay is o'er ;
It will unheeded pass away,—
Lost in the noisy City's roar,
Will not a warning sound convey ;
Will pass unnoticed in the throng,
Unheard amid the busy din,
Like a poor singer's feeble song
Will fail a passing thought to win ;
And knights and squires will set their snares,
And City men their schemes contrive,
And dupes still speculate in shares,
And knaves upon their folly thrive ;
For nought that human voice can say,
Nor all that warning thought imparts,
Will in life's scale a feather weigh
Against the greed of human hearts.

We like this poem much, and think it likely to do good.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(*Continued from page* 559.)

"CONFUCIUS, the noblest and most divine philosopher of the pagan world, was the innocent occasion of the introduction of the numerous and monstrous idols that in after ages disgraced the temples of China ; for having, in his dying moments, encouraged his disconsolate disciples by prophecying, *Si fum yeu xim Gin*, that the Holy One should appear in the west to deliver them from sin ; they concluded that he meant the god Bhood of India, and immediately introduced into China the worship of that deity, with all the train of abominable images and idolatrous rites, by which that gross superstition was in so remarkable a manner distinguished. But the Holy and Illustrious Personage, about to appear in the West, to whom Confucius, in the prophetic spirit of the old patriarchs, alluded was *the advent of theMessiah in Palestine*, a country which is exactly situated after the manner described, and indeed is the most western country of Asia, in respect to China."*

* Mam. Ind. Aut., Vol. V., p. 798.

The Greeks having received their mythology from Egypt, were surprised to find deceased mortals, even though they had rendered essential benefits to their fellow creatures, placed in the empyrean as constellations; but having learned the Egyptian doctrine, that from such an exalted station in the vast expanse, they were enabled to overlook and influence the actions of men, they did not hesitate to admit them into their pantheon, and adopted them as legitimate objects of worship in the character of hero gods or mediators. And softening down the Eastern names of the constellations and signs to the genius of their own language, they adopted their mythological history to their own preconceived ideas of religion; or rather, perhaps, founded a religion on the astronomical facts and fancies which they gleaned from other nations of greater antiquity than their own.

On this principle the gigantic southern Serpent of Egypt, which occupies such a vast space in that hemisphere as to give it the appearance of a *river*, was called by the Greeks Hydra, from *υδωρ, water*; and the Indian ship, Agastya, was denominated Argo; while the Cneph or Canuphus of Egypt, a bright star in the rudder of that ship, was softened into Canophus. Typhon was embodied in the form of an enormous serpent qui homines ac bestias devorat, and called Python.

Dr. Lamb* is of opinion that the universal worship of the serpent originated in the expectation of a divine mediator. It had respect to the promised seed of the woman, that powerful Nachash, which should in due time come into the world and restore all things; termed by the Jews חבא (Habba), and rendered into Greek, ὁ ἐρχομενος—*He that cometh.* And this was strikingly represented in Phœnician mythology by a beautiful serpent entwined around an egg, implying that the seed was not yet come—was as yet in the womb of time.

Again, Ham, or the planet Jupiter, Hammon of the Egyptians, was transferred without alteration either in name or attributes; and that which was anciently known by the name of Aretz, became Αρης in Greek, and in Latin, Mars. The northern Bear was called in the ancient Sanscrit, Maharesha, which the Greeks changed into μεγας Αρκτος, Ursa Major; and the Indian constellations Capeya and Casyapa, Parasica and Antarmada were modelled into Cepheus and Casseópeia; Perseus and Andromeda.† And in the Orphic hymns Bacchus was worshipped in conjunction with a beautiful star. Isis seems at first to have been a star which the Egyptians called Sothis, and the Greeks Sirius.

These instances will suffice to show that the Hermesian allegories were propagated in every Egyptian colony, and afford no inconsiderable testimony to the transmission of truths which existed in times before the dispersion of mankind, especially when we consider that the Almighty preserved, even amidst the apostate nations, some evident witnesses of himself, and of the truth which were designed to be kept in remembrance amongst all the people of the earth.

Thus Abraham in Chaldea; Job amongst the Arabians; Jethro in Midian; and Balaam on the River Euphrates, contributed to preserve a knowledge of the patriarchal worship in their respective localities, and thus prevent it from being wholly obliterated, or the important prediction of "a Star that should have dominion," be lost.

It is quite clear that the same belief was prevalent in all other countries, for when the Capitol at Rome was destroyed by fire, and the Sibylline oracles burnt, deputies were sent to all parts of the world to collect materials from ancient tradition for another compilation of the same nature; and the testimony of all these traditions appears to have concurred in one universal belief, that at some future and distant period, "*a King should arise whose dominion should extend over the whole earth, and diffuse happiness and salvation to mankind; and that his advent should be marked and authenticated by a new Star, or miraculous appearance in the heavens.*" This was eighty years before the Christian era. But Pliny informs us that a new star had already appeared when this collection was made, which created great speculations amongst wise and learned astro-

* Hier., p. 109,

† Vide Maur. Hist. Hind. passim.

nomers, as to its peculiar purport, but nothing particular occurred except that sometime afterwards the Persian monarchy was destroyed. But this star was not like the star that appeared at Christ's birth, which possessed three properties peculiar to itself. First, it moved from the north to the south; secondly, it appeared in the lowest region of the air; and, thirdly, it was not eclipsed, or its light injured, as is the case with other stars, by the presence of the sun.

In the midst of all the astronomical absurdities which distinguished the ancient world, some rays of truth are clearly perceptible respecting the appearance of a Messenger from heaven to purify man's knowledge, and to pave the way for his restoration to the favour of the deity; and they were preserved and conveyed through the heathen world by means of the most sacred mysteries of their religion, which, for the sake of distinction, we denominate the Spurious Freemasonry.

Thus, it is a well authenticated fact,* that at the conclusion of the ceremony of initiation in Persia, the candidates were apprized, as a last great secret, of an ancient prophecy left by the founder of their religion, which he professed to have learned during his travels in India and Egypt, that at some future period a great prophet should appear in the world, who should be the son of a pure virgin, and whose advent should be indicated by a new and brilliant star in the heavens, shining with celestial brightness at mid-day.† The newly initiated candidate was enjoined to follow the direction of this supernatural appearance, if it should occur in his day, until he had found the new-born babe, to whom he was commanded to offer rich gifts and sacrifices, and to fall prostrate before him with devout reverence, as the Creator of the world and the Redeemer of mankind.

The same truth was hinted at by the Greeks when they changed the name of Zeratusht, the reputed founder or remodeller of the Persian mysteries, into Zoroaster, which, according to Clemens, was derived from *Astron Zoon*, the living Star. And it is remarkable that the mysterious words *Koux, Om, Pax*, which closed the ceremony of initiation in Greece, are pure Sanscrit, and are used at this day by the Brahmins at the conclusion of their religious ceremonies. In their sacred books they are written *Causcha, Om, Pacsha*. The first means the object of our most ardent desires; Om is the sacred monosyllable, which is applied to the deity; and Pacsha appears to be identical with the Latin Pax, or Peace, which was used in solemn salutations, Peace be with you. And the whole may correspond with those angelic strains which accompanied the appearance of the Star as the herald of the Prince of Peace. "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good will towards men."

This great deliverer had been announced by the prophet Malachi under the denomination of the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings, to signify that his light clears up men's understandings, and chases away the darkness of their minds, and that his rays and kindly warmth will heal all the diseases of their souls. Bishop Beveridge says, "what the Sun is to the world, that Christ is to His Church. As the sun gives not only light to the world, but heat, motion, and activity to all things in it, and invigorates the earth and makes it fruitful; so does Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, cause righteousness to spring up in His Church, and being long since risen, he shines continually upon it, with healing in his wings or rays, even the wholesome benign influences of his Holy Spirit, whereby He heals us of our unfruitfulness and all our spiritual distempers."

(To be Continued.)

* Abulfarag. Hist. Dynast., p. 54, Hyde. Rel. Vet. Pers. p. 382.

† In China the token was not a Star, which is the only variation we find throughout the whole world. It was in fact an extraordinary animal called Kilin; and they believed that when it should appear the people might expect some great manifestation of the divinity, in the person of a hero, or deliverer, who should cleanse them from sin, and elevate them to the highest degree of happiness which it is possible for humanity to attain.—(Martini. Hist. Sin. l. iv. p. 149.)

LOST AND SAVED; OR NELLIE POWERS THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. VII.—*Continued.*

THE captain made the man an offer of two dollars and a half for the animal; when the dealer in monkeys, in apparent disgust, turned his back to him, and began exhibiting to somebody else, who wanted to buy, on the other side of his stand.

"Let us move on," said the captain, "and if he does not call us back, which I think he will, we can buy it when we come back this way."

The captain, Harry, and Nellie then turned about, and began to walk down the street.

When the disposer of Darwins ancestors saw the party moving away, he shouted to them to come back. The captain returned, and told him that the lady who was intending to buy the monkey had decided that she could not give over two dollars for it, but said if he wanted to sell it for that he would call her back.

The dealer untied the monkey from the lot, and handed the string to the captain, at the same time asking for the two dollars, which Nellie came back and paid.

Harry volunteered to carry the "cunning little fellow," as she called it, for her, and took it in his arms like a child would a kitten. As they walked along, the monkey looked up into Harry's face in such a comical, satisfied manner, that Nellie broke into a hearty laugh.

"Harry, I am sure that monkey must know you," she said; why, captain, just notice the resemblance between them, and see in what a fatherly manner Harry looks down on his protégée, and the child-like confidence Jacko places in his new found parent."

"I propose," said the captain, "as we have got to name him, that we name him after Mr. Prescott—say, for instance, Harry Prescott, Junior, how will that do? I am not much at naming children, you know, and only suggest it, remember.

"Oh, that's jolly, captain, we'll name him after Mr. Prescott, but how will we distinguish one name from the other. I guess, after all, we had better call him Jacko, all monkeys are called Jacko. But, Harry, you must not neglect to acknowledge our kindness in remembering you, and, like a good godfather, you should make your protégée some handsome present."

"I did not think this of you, Nellie," said Harry, in good humour, "I think you are trifling with my affections," then, turning to Jacko, who had found a pocket, and was making quite free with the articles he found therein, he said: "If you do not keep your paws out of my pocket, I shall turn you over to your mistress, and see that she learns you how to treat your adopted father more respectfully."

"What! and a little thief too?" exclaimed Nellie. "Harry, you will be arrested for associating in such bad company."

"No danger, Miss Powers," said the captain, "we'll not lose Mr. Prescott for that reason; they don't arrest any one here for thieving. You have mistaken the place."

"It's yersilf that's roight, captain, I'm afeerd," panted Tom, all out of breath, "for I have the ividence of my own eyes that what you say is true; for, as shure as I'm as good a salt as iver Lot's wife was, them haythens have stole the silver, so they have, keg and all, and off with it."

Tom, with the third mate and Crony, had come ashore with the captain to manage the boat, and, as the captain was on his way to the consignee's office, he had brought the money sent to purchase the cargo with along with him. The money was in two iron-bound kegs, and the captain had left it in the boat until he should send for it.

On the wharf, where the boat had landed, was a small bath house, behind which the men had gone, partly to get out of the sun, and partly to see the performance of a snake man, who was amusing some sailors from another vessel.

Tom had sat for a few moments interested in the performance, when all at once the careless manner in which the money had been left flashed into his mind, and he got up to satisfy himself as to its safety, and looked just in time to see two stalwart men making off with the kegs.

"Heave to, you leather coloured haythens," cried Tom; "fast heavin' or I'll put a daub on your figure head that will spile the gildin';" and Tom was about to verify his words by deeds, having bared his arm and placed himself in front of the men, who were staggering under the load, when Radshaw interposed by saying:

"Hold on, Tom, perhaps the captain has sent for those kegs. Don't interfere with what does not concern you," he growled, and then in an undertone he muttered, "I'll be the cause of your turning up missing yet, to pay for your interfering in this matter."

"Perhaps he did, and thin agin perhaps he didn't;" replied Tom. "It's mysilf thats a goin' to find out. Clear sailin' an' no rocks is my motto." When he finished speaking, he started his dimunitive form a-going, very much like an engineer starts his engine, slow at first, and then off at the top of his speed. He made as good time as his rolling motion would allow him until he met the captain.

"You are sure of what you are saying, are you, Tom?" asked the captain somewhat excited.

"Shure, it's in course I be, or I'd not be givin' mysilf the strain I have, followin' in your wake. I put on the sail, sir, till me timbers cracked, an' the two masts in me was most torn out of their fast'nings, so they was."

"I am surprised that any one should take that money," said the captain, still in doubt whether or no Tom had his senses, "was not Mr. Radshaw there?"

"An' shure he was, sir, an' didn't he say he thought as you sint for it," said Tom, panting and puffing like a young porpoise. As Tom had supposed, the captain had not sent for the money, and now, leaving the passengers to follow at their leisure, he put back with all haste to where he had left the boat.

When he reached the boat, Tom's word was verified; the money was gone. Who took it? That was the question which no one seemed to answer. The mate said he had not detained the men because he supposed the captain had sent for it. The first thing to be done was to inform the wharf police, but that was a forlorn hope, the wharf police were generally in league with the wharf thieves.

Detectives were sent out from the consignees' house, and they, having a special interest in the matter, exerted themselves to the utmost, and succeeded along towards evening in overhauling the thieves, as they were fleeing on the road, about four miles from the city. The thieves, finding they were pursued, left their team and the money by the roadside, fled into the woods near by and escaped.

On the following morning the "Sparkling Sea" hoisted out her ballast, and began to take in a general cargo for Honolulu. From early dawn until late at night bumboats filled the harbour, propelled about by women in search of washing, or by vendors of corals, shells, parrots, fruits, tobacco and pipes, who hoped to turn their wares into money among the money-spending sailors.

"Isn't that a beautiful parrot, Nellie?" asked Harry Prescott, as a cage of these birds was brought alongside. "I'm going to buy one to keep the monkey company, they say some of them are quite amusing. Old fellow, see here, how much do you ask for that parrot?" and Harry pointed, as he spoke, to one of beautiful plumage.

There are several kinds of parrots. The common green parrot, which is called the West India parrot, the Brazilian, Australian, and South African. The last three varie-

ties are the best talkers, some of them being remarkable for their power of imitation and beautiful plumage.

After various attempts to make the bumboat man understand him, but without success, Harry induced the man to come on board and bring his parrots, and then, pointing to the same one as before, he asked how much. A light seemed to cross the dealer's vision, and holding the parrot on his finger, and placing six silver quarters on the palm of his hand, he pointed to them as much as to say that was the price of the parrot. Harry bore in mind the admonition of the captain, and remembered his success in purchasing the monkey, but he knew Nellie was looking on, so, rather than appear awkward, he handed over the money to the delighted merchant. The parrot took naturally to its new owners, but evinced a strong dislike for the monkey from the first, and between them began a warfare which finally ended fatally.

The captain, while in port, was busy attending to his various duties, and Harry and Nellie were left to take care of themselves. Together they wandered about the city, drove through all the beautiful groves that surrounded it, and visited all the places of interest in its locality. Together they sailed about the harbour, and with boat hooks drew the sea fans and corals from the shoals, and early on pleasant mornings they strolled along the beach, gathering quantities of beautiful shells.

(To be Continued.)

ON THE TESTING AND STRENGTH OF RAILWAY MATERIALS, &c.

BY BRO. R. M. BANCROFT,

Mem. Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society.

CAST IRON.

IN round numbers the strength of cast iron in compression equals the square of the tensile force; or, in other words, the resistance that cast iron of a good quality gives to a crushing or compressive strain is variously stated, by authorities on the subject, as from 40 to 48 tons per square inch of section, and from 6 to 8 tons per sectional inch for a tensile or stretching strain. Tabulated it stands:

	Breaking Strain.	Safe Working Strain.
In compression	40 to 48	7 tons
In tension.....	6 to 8	1½ ,,

It is clear from this that cast iron of good quality may, in compression, be strained to one-sixth of its greatest strength; and, in tension, to about one-fourth. Cast iron of good quality will, when first broken, have a crystalline texture, and a slight indentation will be made if struck smartly with a heavy hammer. Sometimes this metal is specified to bear a tensile strain of 2½ tons before loss of elasticity, and 6½ tons per square inch before fracture.

TEST BARS.

These should be run each day as the castings are being made, and a good plan is to specify that the test bars must be cast on to the ends of the castings. One test is that a bar 2in. deep by 1in. wide on bearings 3ft. apart, with a load of 25 cwt. placed on the centre, it should give one-quarter of an inch deflection, and carry 27 cwt. without breaking. A second test is that of a bar 1in. square placed at 4ft. 6in. bearing. In this test the bar should not break with a less load than 600lbs. placed on the centre. The above tests are for iron to be used in compression; when required to be used in tension even higher standards are advisible. Some engineers insist that these shall be dead

weights, and that no strain shall be applied in any way by test levers; and, in important contracts, bars must be cast in duplicate, one to test and the other marked with the date when run, and kept for future reference by the engineer. The area of the flanges of cast iron girders should, theoretically, be in the proportion of six or seven to one; but the upper flange, where the girder is isolated and not held in position by the structure itself, should be proportionally wider according to each particular case as it has to resist flexure, which would possibly deform it before compression of the flange could occur; but, where the web and the upper flange are supported by the structure itself, as in the cases of arches and flooring, the above proportion may be taken. As a a general rule we may, in designing cast iron girders, make the depth from one-twelfth to one-sixteenth of span; bottom flange, from two-thirds to three-fourths the depth in centre; top flange, one-third to one-half the width of bottom; maximum span, 25ft.; over this span, wrought iron becomes as economical and safer. I believe (says the author) some of our members are of the opinion that strengthening webs, sometimes called gussets or ribs, should not be cast on girders, as the metal is drawn away from the flanges in cooling; others that at the junction of web and flange, the rib, if broken away, will frequently be found honey-combed. In a paper read by the late Zerah Colburn, before the Society of Engineers, April 3, 1865, he describes the American practice of re-melting all the iron employed for cannon, and keeping it for some time in fusion. This practice at one time went so far as three and even four re-meltings—the iron being kept in the fluid state for three hours at each melting. In this way the tensile strength of iron, ranging from 5 to 6½ tons in the pig, has become 9 tons at the first casting; and, after remaining in the melted state for two hours, 13 tons at the second casting; and 15½ tons per square inch at the third casting, the period of fusion at each melting being from one to three hours. Castings overstrained in cooling are apt to break under even a moderate degree of vibration; thus, Hodgkinson's formula of six to one in the flanges of cast girders, are scarcely, if ever, carried out in practice; as, with these proportions, the casting would, in all probability, crack in cooling. Castings should cool equally in such a manner as not to leave them subject to considerable internal strains.

PORTLAND CEMENT.

Mr. H. Reid, C.E., in his "Science and Art of Portland Cement," sums up the points which indicate the quality of this material as follows:—

1st. That the clinker of the true quality should be a dark greenish mass, homogenous and slightly vitrified.

2nd. A clinker of metallic hardness, with a black lustre, is the result of an excess of carbonate of lime, caused by wasteful application of fuel, and its cost of grinding is high.

3rd. The true normal clinker exhibits, when drawn from the kiln, a rough, lava-like texture, having a tinge of green or bronze glitter when exposed to light.

Generally, the conclusions are: 1st, that a clinker of a brown colour, dusting freely, indicates an abnormal or dangerous cement, and weak in indurating power; 2nd, the blackish clinker, producing a bluish-grey powder, is unfit for use until matured by exposure; 3rd, the true clinker of greenish tinge, of light grey powder, can be used at once.

Experiments have proved, also, that the constructive value of cement when mixed with sand depends on its being finely ground.

LIVERPOOL COPORATION TEST.

1st. Samples of the cement being sifted through a No. 50 gauge wire sieve, must not leave a residue of more than 10 per cent.

2nd. Samples of pure cement will be gauged with water, and placed in the brass moulds used by the Corporation within twenty-four hours; the casts thus made will be immersed in still water, in which they will remain until the expiration of the seven days from the date of moulding, when they will be taken out of the water and tested,

to ascertain their tensile strength, which must not be less than 800 lbs. on the area of $2\frac{1}{4}$ square inches.

3rd. The slow-setting cement, when gauged neat in the mould, must not become firm in less than three hours; the quick-setting must assume a firm condition within half-an-hour. The test of firmness will be that of resistance to the finger-nail.

These tests are applied after each delivery.

As Mr. Reid attaches great importance to what is called "heavily-burnt" cement and reiterates his views on this point repeatedly, we may just remind the reader that some eminent practical authorities are not so decisive in regard to the advantage of vitrification. Mr. Grant, C.E., in the course of his papers on the "Strength of Cement" (read before the Institution of Civil Engineers), points out that the slow-setting of this heavily-burnt mixture renders it unsuitable for some positions (as in moving water) where a lighter cement would set more quickly. He added that "another inconvenience to which this heavily-burnt cement exposes the engineer was the almost certainty that it would not be properly ground. Theoretically the cement should be an impalpable powder, and every grain of sand a matrix round which the cement should form a film or coating, but this could scarcely be the case with a material which it was so difficult to reduce to powder as the heavy cement in question. On the contrary, if carefully scrutinised by passing it through a sieve, or by washing it, a considerable residue of particles resembling sand would be found comparatively inert in their character, with very feeble setting properties, and of a nature to diminish the amount of real sand which the cement would otherwise carry. He might also add that the coarsest ground cement being found to weigh the heaviest, the exaction of a very heavy specific weight, unaccompanied by any other restriction, offered an inducement to imperfect pulverisation.

(*To be Continued.*)

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Author of "Shakspere, his Times and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

GUSTAVE DORÉ is said to have produced not less than fifty thousand drawings, to illustrate various literary works.

Amongst the numerous useful public servants which Great Britain is fortunate enough to possess, I greatly question whether any can excel those of the Civil Service for industry, intelligence, and integrity. Yet I see certain of our newspaper writers are setting up their war-whoop because some of them indulge in literary occupations during their leisure; a pursuit I should have thought which was rather to have been commended than censured. If it can be shown that any of the Civil Service neglect their duties—even though it be for literary or scientific pursuits—there is a proper way of coming at them, as at other men. But really to blame them for what every Britisher ought to be rather proud of, is to "bang Banaghen," whoever that proverbial personage might be, and he, we are told "banged" a gentleman to mention whose name may not be quite parliamentary. I remember a friend of mine who, being then engaged to inspect iron for the purchaser, and having much leisure at intervals, occupied his spare time by correcting proofs of the literary articles which he had written when in his lodgings of an evening, whereupon he was reported to his employer, with a similar degree of justice to

the charge now preferred against the Civil Service. Had he spent his leisure in smoking cigars and chatting small talk over a glass of grog in a bar parlour, all would have been "quite the thing, you know,"—but to indulge in any literary occupation, was, in their poor jaundiced or purblind eyes, simply unbearable. My friend's employer found the complaint to be as foolish as I am sure the great British public will find that to be against the Civil Service. Charles Lamb persuading his learned antiquarian, but absent-minded friend, George Dyer, that Lord Castlereagh was the author of the Waverley Novels, and that the Persian Ambassador and his suite, as true fire-worshippers, went every morning to the top of Primrose Hill, to pay their devotions to the rising god of day, was not half so ludicrous as the charge of literature gravely preferred by enlightened editors in their luminaries against the Civil Service. I hope the curators of our museums will carefully preserve said charges, for future collections of the Curiosities of Literature.

Bro. T. B. Whytehead, an intelligent and energetic worker both in the Craft and Chivalric Degrees, has favoured me with a copy of his paper on "Freemasonry in York," read before the members of the Yorkshire College of the Soc. Rosicr., at their meeting in old Ebor, on the 26th of January last. In addressing the "R.W. Ch., Adepts and Fraters," Bro. Whytehead remarks:—"It has always appeared to me, that the study of Freemasonry is so intimately connected with that of Archæology, that the two may be fairly regarded as kindred or sister sciences. Not that every Archæologist must necessarily be a Freemason, although I quite think that such a condition of enlightenment would materially aid the student of the beautiful and the antique in architecture; but the converse certainly holds good; I mean, that every intelligent Freemason, and more especially a Rosicrucian, must be to a great extent an Archæologist. I do not, of course, suggest that he must be possessed of a vast quantity of technical knowledge, and have at his tongue's end all the *patois* of the architect or the builder. He need not qualify himself to talk learnedly of crockets and corbels, of foils and finials, of mullions and transoms, of spandrils and soffits, but he should certainly possess a general, what I may call a *dilettanti*, sort of knowledge of the general principles of that great science, and its history, which we are bound to regard as synonymous, throughout all past time, with the science and practise of that Royal Art, with which we pride ourselves on being connected." This is good, and the gradual growth of such ideas throughout our immense fraternity is one of the most hopeful signs of the times for Freemasonry. "The old capital city of the north," as Bro. Whytehead well remarks, "is so associated with both the legendary and the recorded history of Freemasonry, that over the whole globe, wherever that wondrous organization flourishes, the name of York is sufficient to warm into activity, in the breast of every brother, thoughts of our great unwritten history of the past." Referring to "the story of the Athelstane Charter," he remarks:—"Perhaps I ought not to use the term 'legend' in reference to this document, since our worthy Deputy Provincial Grand Master, Dr. J. P. Bell, who, you know, is not only an earnest Masonic student, but an author of mark, is firmly convinced that the 'charter' in question is still in existence, or at any rate that it did exist up to within a very recent period. Until this charter can be found, however, we can only regard it as a legend; but had the York Masons of former years possessed a quarter of the intelligent zeal for discovering the true history of the Craft which distinguishes Bro. Whytehead and others, we should have been in a very widely different position, as they would have aided us in our researches indeed, instead of mouthing words with maudlin simplicity, and thinking more of a flowing bowl than the progress of humanity. It is interesting to learn from Bro. Whytehead that a York brother has "been at very considerable pains to wade through the old minute books of the Corporation of York, in order to discover if any entry relating to the alleged visit of Sir Thomas Sackville to York is in existence, but he has discovered no allusion to anything of the kind; and I fear that we must admit that, so far, there is not a scrap of evidence as to any visit having been paid by the knight in question." I, for one, would have been delighted to have been able to prove Sackville a brother Mason; for he could write of Remorse of Conscience, as in the famous *Mirrour for Magistrates*, seven years before the birth of Shakspere:—

"And first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent
To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care; as she that, all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain:
Her eyes, unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die."

Surely Spenser would not have been ashamed of the foregoing, and of the symbolical representations that follow of Dread, Revenge, Misery, Care, Sleep (finely called "the cousin of Death,") Old Age, Malady, Famine, "pale Death," and

——"War, *in glittering* arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued:
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilt was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all:
Cities he sacked, and realms (that whilom flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule above the rest)
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consumed, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceased,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd:
His face forehew'd with wounds; and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide."

Such was that Sir Thomas Sackville, one of the authors of our oldest known tragedy (*Ferrex and Porrex*), whom Queen Elizabeth is said to have sent to York to inquire into Freemasonry, and whom we know she sent as ambassador to France in 1570, and to the Netherlands in 1587; and though the unprincipled Leicester flung him for a time into prison, was found worthy to succeed the Great Lord Burghley as Lord Treasurer of England, and was created Earl of Dorset. The legend of his visit to York, and his initiation there, must for the present remain as one of the noble traditions of the Craft; for, as the possessors of monastic ruins have rarely sought to preserve them until the elements and pilfering builders of cottages and pig styes have scarcely left a few fragments to preserve; so we modern Freemasons, after dozing over our pipes and grog, and forging all manner of lies to embellish the glorious old Craft that needed them not, waken up, and find the true ancient history of the noblest fraternity in the world has been allowed to be lost, whilst our brothers were idly "singing Old Rose and Burn the Bellows." Freemasonry had either to be purified from its dross—or rather from the expectorations cast upon it by its unworthy initiates—or to perish before the light of science; it is, thank the G.A.U., gradually coming out to the perfect light; and the day is fast passing away when an "incompetent brother" in his cups, could sit lolling at a public tavern, with the saliva running out at the corners of his mouth, as he boasted in his maudlin manner of having been "three times made a priest for ever after the manner of Melchizedek." The Masonic press, so much dreaded by the poor old fogies who have got slunk into the Craft—has helped to reform much of this; but there is still good work for all to do, before we can realize our glorious ideal, and can feel certain that no good man we propose will be blackballed in the ballot, and that all mere animal men will be denied admittance to those privileges which of right belong to worthy men, and to worthy men alone.

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